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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL

No. 1.] SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849. [PRICE 1½d.

A WORD TO MY READERS.

WHILE venturing this step in the universal march of periodicals, let it be understood that I am not playing with Fortune at "pitch and toss" in a desperate or calculating mood of literary gambling, nor am I anxious to declare myself a mental Joan of Arc, bearing special mission to save the people in their noble war against Ignorance and Wrong. I simply prepare a plain feast, where the viands will be all of my own choosing, and some of my own dressing, hoping that if what I provide be wholesome and relishing, I shall have a host of friends at my board, whose kind words and cheerful encouragement will keep me in a proud and honourable position at the head of the table.

I have been too long known by those whom I address, to feel strange in addressing them. My earliest rhymes, written from intuitive impulse, before hackneyed experience or politic judgment could dictate their tendency were accepted and responded to by those whose good word is a "tower of strength." The first active breath of nature that swept over my heart strings, awoke wild but earnest melodies, which I dotted down in simple notes; and when I found that others thought the tune worth learning—when I heard my strains hummed about the sacred altars of domestic firesides, and saw old men, bright women, and young children scanning my ballad strains, then was I made to think that my burning desire to pour out my soul's measure of music was given for a purpose. My young bosom throbbed with rapture, for my feelings had met with responsive echoes from honest and genuine Humanity and the glory of heaven seemed partially revealed, when I discovered that I held power over the affections of earth.

The same spirit which prompted my first attempt, will mark my present one. What I *have* done has found generous support,—let me trust that what I *may* do will still meet the kind hand of help. I have full confidence in my friends, and believe if I offer them the combination of utility and amusement, which I hope to be enabled to do, they will freely take the wares I bring, and not think worse of me for mixing with them in the market-place of Activity and Labour.

Let it not be imagined I am appointing myself any *particular* right to lead or teach "the people." Let it not be said that I am striving to become a moral "Mrs. Trimmer" to the million; rather let me confess that I have a distaste for the fashion so violently adopted of talking to "the people," as though they needed an army of self-sacrificing champions to do battle for them, and rescue them from the "Slough of Despond." I am only anxious to give my feeble aid to the gigantic struggle for intellectual elevation now going on, and fling my energies and will into a cause where my heart will zealously animate my duty.

It is too true that there are dense clouds of Ignorance yet to be dissipated—huge mountains of Error yet to be removed; but, there is a stirring development of progressive mind in "the mass," which only requires steady and free communion with Truth to expand itself into that enlightened and practical wisdom on which ever rests the perfection of social and political civilization; and I believe that all who work in the field of Literature with sincere desire to serve the many by arousing generous sympathies and educational tastes, need make little *profession* of their service, for few instances can be adduced where "the people" have not had sufficient perception to thoroughly estimate those who were truly "with" and "for" them.

I only ask a trial at the hands of those who have hitherto honoured me by their adoption. I will give them the best my judgment can offer from the co-operation of healthy and vigorous talent, and my own continued efforts. I have strong faith in being received by my "auld acquaintance" with gracious and familiar welcome; but, should I fail in my attempt to gain the patronage I [illegible] covet, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I have *endeavoured* to deserve success.

Eliza Cook.

CHEAP READING.

When the world was in its leading strings, it was usual to invoke some supernatural agent to fructify an author's brains; hence arose, no doubt, prayers to Apollo and the Muses. We, anxious in our endeavour to do justice at once to the progress of education, and the estimation of our readers, prefer for our literary Lucina that unromantic neglected genius—Common Sense.

The present era may be regarded as one of intellectual congestion and physical distress; the fever of the mind absorbs almost the pangs of hunger; the craving desire for knowledge keeps pace with the ravenous demand for bodily sustenance; the press is taxed for supply, and no pens need lie fallow if they possess but skill enough to conduct their hero to the end of a story, to be murdered or married at pleasure;

> "Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode,
> And tales of terror jostle on the road."

A man's thoughts find their way to the publisher's before he is aware that he has uttered them; and amidst all this plenty, it is absurd to suppose there is not abundance of real nourishment attainable; yet the mind may be crammed, not nourished, and the reckless abuse of literary profusion develope the superficial smatterer, instead of the nerved giant of deep thought. It is the province of Self-Discipline, to regulate the traffic of ideas on the mind's highway, not to suffer this last to degenerate into a common thoroughfare for all passengers, but to act as an honest collector by taking toll of the travellers upon this beaten track to ascertain their real character, that there may be fewer mischievous and disorderly vagrants about it.

Like all other super-eminent influences, the literature of a people is capable of the most tremendous opposites of good and ill, at one time becoming the prolific origin of social discord, at another the nurse of the affections, and the parent of domestic union. Montaigne complained that, "we only toil and labour to stuff the memory, and in the mean time, leave the conscience and the understanding unfurnished and void." At present our literature seems chiefly framed for amusement, and even upon subjects of vital influence to the State, the partisan is armed and the disputant provided with every weapon, except acquaintance with the first principles of his subject. But though the character peculiarly injurious to the public good is the merely superficial reader, yet the remedy to his mischief is not in reading less, but in reading more; and, therefore, let the fervour of intellectual pursuits be encouraged; but it should be after knowledge, not excitement, exercised not upon the fortunes of a fictitious fair one, or subjunctive hero, who might, could, would, or should, yet never has been, but upon the stern realities of actual life, breaking up the mist of prejudiced opinion.

"Wolverton! Wolverton! stop here five minutes, gentlemen!" There is a general rush; the living load issues from those ponderous vehicles, and scarcely one returns without some cheap publication. "The *Times*, —Morning Papers!" salute the ear; that long stand crowded with its particoloured volumes attracts the eye. Here is a difference to the wearisome journeys of old times, when the traveller between London and its sister metropolis of the north had an affair of days before him, during which his body, cramped in a cumbrous coach, was a type of his intellectual inertness, stagnating in somnolent stupor, or feverish fatigue; anon, alternating between the calculated approximation to his next stage, or the remembered accommodation of his last inn! Contrast the dreary drowsiness in the one, with the ceaseless process of thought and its material, in the other case, and recollecting that by the interchange of ideas, personally or in pages, the disposition of society is formed, estimate the immense responsibility attached to the increased facilities of this mental communication. The education of the intellect by perusal of newspapers alone, silently and rapidly extends to an inconceivable amount in every individual who reads them. By them we are brought within the radius of reality; men's acts here speak, the world is stereotyped, and facts constitute the food given by these gigantic granaries of intelligence to nourish reflection, as they concentrate to the focus of a glance, the virtues which sustain, the crimes which shock whole empires. Allow their opinions to be partial, judgment thrives upon attrition, and the contrast between rival champions and opposing causes, exercises the elements of each individual mind, to adjudicate the issue. Even in what is termed light reading, we desire to approximate to an accurate estimate of life, to distinguish the superficial from the solid, truth from theory, whereby weakness may not obliterate inherent good; but experience, speaking its resistless conviction, exhibit things just as they are.

The lightest works of fiction, if written with a moral aim, tend to universal exaltation; and let us not ungratefully forget what vast amount of benefit these attractive productions induce, by fostering a love of purer recreations than the young would otherwise cultivate, and by withdrawing the mind from habits of questionable or decidedly pernicious influence, to the sacred precincts of domestic affection. Every one creates for himself a home, —if reality denies one, he seeks it in the ideal; and as the last sign of utter depravity is the incapacity to imagine good, so a strong hand to lead back the wanderer is to apply representations founded upon probabilities, to beguile from vice by picturing virtue more attractive. The labour, therefore, employed by the writers of fiction, derives no unworthy meed in the augmented tenacity with which they lead us to cling to the hearth of early-loved associations; so that in the lulls of our after being —the intervals of the tempests of life—enthusiasm of feeling is cherished, and the pathway of the affections kept open by the myriad reminiscences connected with some favourite tale perused in that circle—"home"—before the young heart had become touched by worldly selfishness. Who among us shall outgrow the memory of the fresh hopes, glad impulses, and eager interests that kindled within us when we first read "Robinson Crusoe," and who shall glance back on those precious emotions without a mother's image, a father's voice, and the "old familiar faces" coming thick upon us with their refining and sacred influences.

It is upon the true, whether in morals or science, the works of modern literature should be based; nor will either amusement or pathos be wanting. So long as man continues what he is, Democritus will not need a subject for a smile, nor Heraclitus for a sigh. In fiction, congeniality with fact—in humorous composition, some fair ground whereon wit may shape its weapon, should be preserved—whilst in the perusal of political or moral science, opinion must not be handed over utterly to the thraldom of pedantic empirics, who, tottering from the altitude of their own pretence, threaten to involve the public also in the ruin of their fall. The vague apprehension entertained by some that an aristocracy of intellect would unsettle the fabric of society, is but the nightmare of a narrow mind and a willing ignorance; for no question can exist as to the increase of moral gain resulting from the pre-eminence of subordinate reason over rebellious brutality.

The province of the literary philanthropist is clear—to circulate widely, under every shape, elements of truth; to strengthen the bands of society by instruction, and to cement national union by social and domestic recreation. The love of families engendered by this potent, but quiet influence, extends and evolves itself into patriotism, and a correct sense of social and political freedom, grounded on the only safe basis—discipline of mind. It circulates the healthy current of the affections, and elevates and strengthens at the same time. Men, notwithstanding their vaunted independence, love to get others to think

for them, and to this, perhaps, are owing many errors in what we do know, and the vast number of remaining pages in the great volume of Nature, which, with all our researches, we have not yet turned over. Since, also, the development of one fact leads not to another single discovery, but to a whole series in relation to that one, (thus light through a crevice irradiates indistinctly, but still universally,) so the advance of knowledge is in exact proportion to the certainty of our cognizance of first principles, and of their separate and united operation. To these the royal road of reading can alone conduct all classes; for its end is the endowment of power to frame others and ourselves to good. By instructing the faculties to exercise their proper duties, so that the will may give energy to act, without the tyranny of passion, by instituting an intellectual comparison of human capacities in others, and by prompting how, and what to do, to rise higher in the scale of intelligence, so will "cheap reading" affect society, and by a wide diffusion of moral happiness and healthy principles, tend to create wise rulers and an enlightened people.

"PROTEUS."

THE THREE HYACINTHS BEFORE HEAVEN.

BY SILVERPEN.

WITH his own hand, as the way-worn pavement, the dusty, little, low set window, and even Covent Garden clock could have told, he had done for nigh forty years, old Jan Blum, the Dutch florist, had swept out his queer old shop that morning.

For nigh full forty years the process had been the same; which was, that as the scraps of string and straw, and bass, made a little heap beside the kennel's edge—a very little heap, for the florist was thrifty even to a fragment of string, he settled his spectacles more steadily on his old thick Dutch nose, and bending stiffly—as little old thick-set men do, hunted amidst the heap before him, as diligently, as cunningly, as acutely, as sharply, as a monkey for a nut amidst the leaves, or as Teniers' miser amidst his bag of guelders. After the rescue of five scraps of string of undue length, old Jan's broad Dutch thumb and forefinger came upon what almost any one else would have mistaken for a pickled onion; a cloven, mouldy, withered, miserable, little bulb. This, after sundry looks, and doubts, and pinches, was consigned again beneath the brush, and swept into the kennel.

And there it lay,—lay till the chilly evening drew around; lay till every figure on the clock was blank to the upturned gaze of passers by; lay till the churchyard gravestones showed no calendar of age or time, of wealth or poverty, of reputation or obscurity; lay till the bloom on clustered grapes, on pine, on ruddy Norman apple, on pearly hued camellia flowers, or those vermillion tinted, on thick set bunches of geraniums, was only fitful to the eye in the little artificial light yet shed; lay till prowling misery began unseen to search amidst the garbage of the market, and the rich odour of a hundred dinners from the wealthy taverns around lured men on to these taverns' warmth, and light, and luxury.

At the same moment as two children crossed to the pavement with a carrot they had found amidst the rubbish, to examine it by the light of the old florist's one little oil lamp, a carriage of unusual splendour dashed up and stopped before the door. Two footmen descended, and came to the carriage window nearest the pavement.

"No," was the brief answer to their inquiry, "I alight," and the door being opened, the far younger of two ladies within the carriage descended, and guarded by the "silver sticks-in-waiting" from the unholy touch of the two prowling children, swept into the shop.

"I want some purple hyacinths," she said in a voice that would have been beautiful had it been less haughty, "of double blooms; you have such, have you not?"

"I have, but they are costly;" and the old florist, as laconic as this Duke's only daughter was haughty, still kept his arms folded on the little yellow leaved, dog eared ledger which lay before him

"Price is no consideration; shew me them."

Slowly and with an expressive rub at his old thick set nose, the florist unlocked a drawer in the dusty shelves behind him, and bringing six large sized bulbs from thence, placed them before the lady.

"These," he said, "are cheap at the price," and he named a costly sum, "for they have double blooms, and the true hue. But this one," he continued, and picking an extraordinary sized bulb from amidst the set before him, "will prove a matchless flower for bloom and odour."

"Purple?"

"Yes, though the depth and richness of the colour almost wholly depend upon the quantity of light and warmth such bulbs require, and are accustomed to."

"Just mark it. My servant, who has some knowledge of these things, shall have particular instructions, as I am desirous of a fine flower of this colour, for a certain table of my boudoir; the draperies around being of the richest yellow, and needing a contrast."

The lady had referred the old man to the Duke's house-steward for payment, and swept across the shop towards the door, when she stepped back a pace or two, and said,

"Have you yellow hyacinths, and what's their price?"

"I have a few that would have flowers as golden as a new minted sovereign; their price about five shillings a bulb."

"I'll thank you to rear me one, for our gardeners have wholly failed in this colour, and I will call again at the close of winter. Good day," and the proud lady retraced her steps.

"And yet," chuckled the old man, when the costly bulbs had been deposited in a brown paper bag, and delivered to the "silver stick-in-waiting," and the carriage had left the door; "they may be seen in the homely windows of middle class streets; they'll thrive in the smell of cheese and candles, of tailors' shreds and booksellers' paste, in dull rooms, and above smoky fireplaces, and yet, be often as golden hued as the brightest sovereign in our pocket; aye, aye, and shed a light about, which purple cannot. But I hate poor and rich, the one for its pride, the other for its poverty."

And so he did, this old Covent Garden florist, for the tax-collectors dreaded his growl, especially Mr. Thumble, who came quarterly for the poor rate, and who, not only confided his trepidation on the particular mornings to his barber, but never failed purchasing a little extra pungent snuff, to stimulate his courage, as he said, against this "Greenland bear." As for the rich, not one amongst them would have entered his shop, but that his great wealth enabled him to keep a rare stock of such luxuries as they sought. Beyond this, of giving money's worth, and taking money, the old florist acted, and through life had acted, as if every man's hand was raised against him, and his own against theirs. Moral justice or gospel truth he knew not; his whole code of living well consisted in living in hostility with all men.

When it had grown fully dark, and the one little miserable oil lamp shed but a sickly glare across the shop, he chained the door, and went into the little back room, which served him for the purposes both of parlour and kitchen. Rousing up the bit of dull fire in the little stove, and placing the tea kettle already on the hob, over it, he set a tea tray on a small round table beside his old greasy leather chair, got out a cup and saucer, a teapot with a tin spout, a modicum of moist sugar in an old blue finger-glass, from a little three cornered cupboard, and lighting a candle in an old tin candlestick, sat down in his chair. Whilst he evidently waited for some further addition to his tea-table before that meal commenced, he whiled away his time, by taking from a low shelf close beside his chair an old dusty cracked hyacinth glass, stopped up the fissure with a bit

of putty, poured into it some composition from a bottle, and then taking an ordinary looking bulb from the same place, stuck it in the top. Whilst he was examining this achievement, and meditating a place of deposit, amidst the heaped up litter on shelf and table, a side door, evidently leading from a passage, was opened, and an old woman came in, bringing with her a small loaf, a piece of butter, and two kidneys in a scrap of paper. She placed them on the tray, and then eyed what the old man had been doing.

"Don't stand looking there," he said, at length, with one of those growls Mr. Thumble had specified to the barber; and when he had duly examined the kidneys, the butter, and the loaf, "but just give me the toasting fork; these kidneys are uncommon small, Mrs. Wink—and just find a place where this thing can stand. D'ye hear?"

Mrs. Wink, with a grumble, took up the candlestick and went round the room, specifying as she did so, shelf and lidless box and drawer, all literally heaped up with the florist's priceless treasures; but this place was too dark, the other too cold, and so on, till arriving at a little old fashioned table opposite the door by which she had entered, she half dropped the candle from her hand, when she saw before her, on the top of an old dusty herbal, a small piece of rich needlework about the size of a child's sampler.

"Lord, Sir," she exclaimed, "if here ain't small Charlotte's primroses."

"Just mind your own business, Mrs. Wink," replied the old man, turning round his head, and holding forth the toasting fork as if it were a sword, "or else we shall settle our account very briefly on Saturday night. Is there a place I say? Or, stop, come and hold the two kidneys—they are uncommon small, whilst I see; for you are duller and slower than ever."

Obeying this mandate, Mrs. Wink came towards the fire, where resigning the toasting fork to her charge, the old florist took up the hyacinth glass and bulb, and went round to the small semi-circular table opposite the door, on which stood, on a tattered, faded green cloth, a very thick old Dutch herbal in the midst, and on either side, a pile of dog-eared books, a mouldy ink-horn, and a scattered litter of papers and old pocket books. On the top of the great thick Dutch book itself, lay a multitude of odds and ends, chiefly scraps of paper; these he pushed aside, set down the hyacinth glass, with strict injunctions to Mrs. Wink not to lay an unholy finger thereon, and then took up the little piece of embroidery. It was to put it away, to lock it safely up, till the bankrupt house-painter and decorator on the second floor could pay the month's rent due that morning, and this he had taken into a sort of pledge (there being little else left) knowing the value small Charlotte's father set upon it.

This done, he resumed his place by the fire, finished his meal, and was about to return again into the shop, in order to close it for the night, when Mrs. Wink stayed him by asking him for sixpence in advance of her weekly fee of eighteenpence.

"What's it for? eh? You can't want it, Mrs. Wink; eighteenpence on Saturday night, and gone already?"

"Lord a mussy, what's eighteenpence to get coal and candle—and—"

"There, there," interrupted the old man, "I pay the poor rate, and that's all I've to do with poverty, or all that concerns me. And recollect, that if you have this sixpence, let it be the last you ask for, or you and I shall settle accounts on Saturday night. Do ye hear?"

The old woman made an humble obeisance which showed she did, waited till the florist brought her sixpence in coppers from the shop, and then set about clearing away, mending the fire, and filling the kettle. As soon as this boiled, and her household duties were over for the night, she, under pretence of fetching the old man's nightly half-pint of beer, brought in with her a new half quartern loaf and two ounces of butter; and finding as she hoped he would be, still away in the shop, she put the loaf and butter in, and the kettle beneath her apron, and going through the little door, opposite the new set hyacinth, pulled off her shoes and crept up the dark dirty staircase to the second floor, where beneath a door a narrow streak of light shone; she tapped as gently at this door as she had crept up stairs, and then went in. A girl of about eleven years of age was seated by so small a handful of fire, in a large old fashioned grate, as to look like a nut in a cauldron, engaged in embroidering pieces of canvass, with silk and wool of rich colour, which lay sorted in little skeins on the small round table before her; she used her fingers with such dexterity, as to at once show what practice she had; but staying them, and lifting up her face, burst into tears, as the old woman came and crouched before her.

"There, there my dear," spoke the old woman, half sobbing herself, for the father's poverty and the young child's sweet nature had endeared both to her heart, "fretting won't mend the matter, I know what he's done; but when times are better, the rent'll be paid, and you'll get it back again, so——"

"But my father will miss it," spoke the child, "as he was making a little frame for it, and will be sure to ask for it to morrow. To see him busy and amused was worth so much, amidst our despair, that——"

"I'll speak to him, I'll try and touch him," interrupted the old woman, as with a corner of her apron she wiped the child's large rolling tears; "but here's the kettle, dear, nearly boiling, and a loaf of bread, and a bit of butter. You can say you got a little credit for them, and——"

Whilst she was thus speaking she had risen, and was now settling the kettle over the fire, when an unmistakeable voice from the staircase called out—

"Mrs. Wink!"

"Lord a mussy, there he is," exclaimed the poor old creature; and half upsetting the kettle in her tremor, she dropped the loaf and butter from her apron, and hobbled from the room.

The old man, with the shop lamp in his hand, met her at the foot of the staircase.

"Again tampering with my lodgers, eh, Mrs. Wink? Again serving them at my cost, eh? Again troubling yourself, whether other people live or die, eh? Very well, here's twelve more penny pieces, and our Saturday night's settlement is to night. There's the door, and recollect, if you ever again cross it, I'll——"

The threat was not destined to be recorded, for the old creature interrupted him, by pleading her poverty and asking mercy. "I tell you what," he answered "I've no concern about the matter, there's the door. My way of reading the text 'do unto others' is to pay 'em their money, and there the matter ends."

He half pushed the aged creature to the door, latched it upon her, locked himself safely into his own apartment, and rousing up the fire, lighted his pipe, and meditated over this dismissal of Mrs. Wink, and his next experiment, as regarded domestic assistance, coming at last to the conclusion that he would try a "cheap boy."

But, never conscious once through all this meditation, that an invisible chain of causes links creature unto creature, poor unto rich, rich unto poor, evil unto good, good unto evil; that no despair existing, no misery endured, no sorrow disregarded, but what bear up, and set in motion, their own great principles of final truth and justice. Never was once conscious that the dull and husky bulbs and roots around his walls held each within them, in their germs of beauty and fragrance, a protest against his most unchristian creed; being unlike and different in odour and in hue, yet when germinated, severally beautiful, and, as a whole, necessary to the divine purposes, of HIM who made them ONE.

He was unconscious of these things! But the golden-

coloured hyacinth was set, and the germination of odour and beauty was begun!

The Duke's horses, in bearing away the carriage, had scattered the little heap from out the kennel with their hoofs on to the pavement before the florist's door, so that when the two prowling children turned from the window, through which they had been intently watching the lady, the little scraps of strings and straw, and the miserable bulb, which even avarice had disregarded, lay at their feet. The younger of the two lads saw it first, and seizing it, held it up with an exulting grin.

"Halloo, Swallowtail! got a quicker eye than you'rn. See here." The child evidently mistook it for an onion, for he set his teeth into it like a famished dog; but a moment convinced him of his mistake, and he spit it out on to the ground. The other lad, who might be twelve years old, was evidently named from the garment he wore having been originally a man's full sized dress-coat, for it was as long as he was tall, and, consequently, the taper ends trailed in the mud which lay upon the streets, picked it up again with some curiosity, and examined it by the light of the street lamp under which they now stood. When this was done, he thrust the uneaten modicum of his own share of the carrot into the other's hand, as a sort of tacit barter for unreserved possession, and then, without a word, dived down an alley in the purlieus of Drury Lane. He had evidently some purpose in view, for though the a-la-mode beef, and tripe, and pie-shops, were especially fragrant and tempting at this hour, and the chance of filching best, just then as customers streamed in, he kept on, till after threading a multitude of short but intricate gullies and lanes of the lowest and most squalid character, he reached a sort of yard, or court abutting on one of those narrow plots of burial-ground which disgrace the civilization of our age, and the decency of human nature. In this yard were a few old dilapidated houses, whose chambers were reached by a common staircase, and whose windows, from the blank wall turned towards the yard, were evidently so placed as to look fully on the burial-ground. Lurking in the shadows till several persons had passed to and fro to the staircases, he crept into one of the passages, and up to a door in its extremity. Though closed, light streamed through its dilapidated chinks, and the clink of a cobbler's hammer on a lapstone was plainly heard. For a long time, more or less, this continued monotonously; and before it ceased all the clocks round had gone ten. At length the door opened, and a man, gaunt and threadbare, and advanced in years, came out, and passed into the yard. For this departure the boy had waited, for he immediately lifted the door latch and went into the room. There was abasement and timidity in the tread of his naked feet upon the floor, as he approached a woman binding shoes at a small table, quite different to that with which they ordinarily leapt and bounded along the pavement of the streets. The woman, as she heard the step, looked up into the boy's face, but never spoke, though her silence implied either anger or sorrow.

"Don't be hard on me, mum," at last spoke Swallowtail, "it was them as did it; though I was cotched, you know it mum, and that's how the three months was got."

"I give you up, Swallowtail," replied the woman, with much coolness. "I did take compassion on you when your mother died on our staircase three years ago, and done my best ever since, though the Lord knows our poverty's a hard thing on us, but its no use; three months more on it, and in the old company, and what's a lad, or what's the use I say of forgiving?"

"But it is use, Esther," continued the lad contritely, "'specially if you says it. Don't make me bad outright, Esther, as you may. But it ain't bin with other lads; it's separate up at Brixton where I bin, and there's what they says on me, both the schoolmaster and the chaplain." He brought a scrap of paper from his pocket and read it to the woman. Her gaze softened, and her eye fell more kindly upon him; and thus intuitively assured of forgiveness, he knelt, and grasped her coarse hard hand. Still more kindly at last she said,

"When did you get out?"

"At twelve. A lot on 'em got out then."

"And where have ye been since?" She asked this question with something like doubt in the tone of her voice.

"Didn't dare to come 'afore, mum, 'cause o' the old man, he ain't like you, Esther; and so as I was hungry, I went with Ned to Covent Garden to find a scrap, and that's the truth." The shoebinder raised up the miserable child's face, and reading truth there, pressed down her lips upon his forehead.

"Do be a good lad, Swallowtail," she said, "for my heart's bin sore about you; and don't be a going with 'em any more so as to drop into their traps." As he made a fervent promise, she recollected he was hungry, so rising and going to a closet, she brought out, and gave to him, the portion of a loaf and a scrap of cheese, and rousing up the narrow fire, set on a coffee-pot; and when she had made him some coffee, she drew up the table to the fire, and the lad crouched beside her as she continued her labours.

At length, when he had satisfied his voracious hunger and regarded her face for some moments with an earnestness as profound as it was touching, he produced the miserable, cracked, and bitten little bulb from the only present pocket of the swallowtail garment, and laid it on the leather she was binding. She mistook it for an onion, and said so.

"No, there'll come a flower on't. There was some on 'em growing in the turnkey's lodge this morning, and that's how I know."

"But what's the good on 'em to folks like us, as have no gardens, or mould, or even a flower, in places such as this?"

"It only wants water," replied the lad, "to make it grow; and I should like you to take the care of this for me, Esther, and see what'll come on it. You've often wished for a flower for the window there, so, if this was to come to one, you might be glad." And then he entered into the full history of this little, miserable, bitten, discarded thing, minutely describing the old florist's shop, the grandeur of the carriage, and the great lady who had descended from it. The shoebinder had listened more and more attentively, and now as the crouching child described, with almost Dutch graphicness, the colour of the Duke's gorgeous livery, and the beauty of the lady's features, she dropped her work and exclaimed,

"It is no other than the Lady Augusta you saw, Swallowtail, and the great Duke's daughter, where our little Kitty lives kitchen-maid."

"Him as is the Parliament Duke the old man goes on about, eh?" inquired the lad, with an acute earnestness, which showed how precocious were his wits, and how these sort of subjects had been discussed in his hearing.

"He goes on about all them sort of folks," rejoined the shoebinder; "but perhaps on this one more than the rest, because of his doings and speeches about the poor; looking down on 'em, as father says, and treating 'em like children, instead o' giving 'em laws by which they could help themselves. And so as this sort o' thing rankles sore in his heart, charity instead o' justice, he hates Kitty being there, and 'll never be friends with her whilst she eats this bread of unjust pride and wealth. So this is why him and me are always a squabbling; and when I sometimes get hot on him, and tell him what Kitty often tells me, when I go and take a cup of tea with she and Mr. Wink in the pantry, about what a deal Lady Augusta gives in charity, and what a good man the Duke is, he always stops me short, and tells me to talk no longer of pride and selfishness. But I tell you what I think it is, Swallowtail, and I've told the old man so more than once, its ignorance of the truth on every side;

the rich not knowing the poor, nor the poor the rich. But I think, if the hearts of all on us could be seen by each other, as God must see 'em, how much charity, and good, and love, there is in the natur' o' the very worst among us, and how that wealth and high places are as full of evils in the way o' shutting up the human hearts o' the great, as poverty and ignorance among sich as us, our wisdom would so grow, and our charity so increase for one another, as to make us all understand, that it ain't by putting up, or down, or trampling on, or destroying, that we shall make the world and its evils better; but by coming to understand, that as different flowers grow side by side in a garden, so human natur's stand before God, with their biggest duty, to be wiser and better, if they can, whilst cheerful in heart at the place they stand in, and willing only to change it, by being worthy of a better."

Thus speaking with the best measure of philosophy she had, Esther, now much interested about the miserable little bulb, so lately rescued from the kennel, rose, and, assisted by the lad, found up an old glazed teapot, lidless and cracked, but which answering its purpose well, when fitted with an old spoutless tin funnel, and filled with water, received the bulb, and was carried and placed upon the rotten window-sill.

So, by the time the outcast of the streets nestled to the bit of rug the poor shoebinder had spread for him, upon some shavings in a sort of closet beneath the staircase, the text of Truth and God began to write itself, by its own signs:

Amidst gorgeousness, artistic beauty, and wealth:

Amidst plainness, unused riches, and common-place life:

Amidst poverty, honesty, crime, and ignorance:

AND YET ONE GOD AND HEAVEN WERE OVER ALL.

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Weeks passed on, and winter fell, before the genial goodness of the spring!

And like this goodness of dear Nature in another form, the genial influence of the poor shoebinder's honest virtues warmed into life the latent virtues of the wretched outcast lad. Through this influence he again resumed his old place in an adjoining ragged school, and through her kind words and her own honest labour, earned a few weekly pence by running errands for some printers in a neighbouring garret, and secured a daily meal and nightly shelter. Here was the true secret of the growing change; this security against need of vicious companionship. And lo! the little, miserable, bitten bulb, began to grow in the old teapot on the rotten window-ledge, much to the amusement of the old saturnine cobbler, as he sat stitching shoes, and meditating public wrongs. But, as it thrived and threw forth little leaves, though pale in their poor greenness from the want of sun and air, and thrust out little fibres far down into the old teapot, the lad, creeping there of an evening when the old cobbler was away, watched its growth with singular curiosity. This, in itself, generated a strong interest in the old florist's shop, in its dusty roots and bulbs, and in the old man himself; and looking often in, as he passed on his errands for Esther or the printers, he began at last to identify himself with it, and to wish that he could stand behind the counter, and learn the secrets written on the slips of wood, thrust here and there between the heaps of bulbs. Telling these things to Esther, and her interest awakened, both by the growth of the poor root in the teapot, and the singular pertinacity of the lad in visiting this strange old florist's window so often, she one day passed it purposely in order to look; and doing so, her eye rested on a slip of paper yellow with dust, on which, she had just scholarship enough to decipher, was written, "Wanted a lad, wages a shilling a week, and no victuals." Now, it happened that some weeks had passed since Mrs. Wink's dismissal, and no lad had yet bid for this tempting office; so that when the poor shoebinder, thinking of Swallowtail, stepped in and made inquiry, the old man's growl was not so fierce as usual. The truth was, that he had lately had an uncommon fit of the rheumatism, and had found shutting the shutters, and lighting his bit of miserable fire, irksome tasks, so that when Esther spoke of her ability to procure a recommendation from the lad's schoolmaster, and one from the printers, he consented to take him upon trial, if such recommendations proved satisfactory. They did so; the printers amongst them found up an old coat, trousers, and hat; Esther was able to procure a second-hand pair of shoes on credit; so that in a week, under his real name of Joe, the poor outcast, who had so lately fed upon the garbage of the market near, stood behind the old counter, amidst the latent glory of a million flowers.

There was but one fear or doubt in the heart of the poor shoebinder, and this was, lest the lad should again get inveigled by those who had profited by his outcast life, or who finding his advance into a place of decency and trust, should, through intimidation or persuasion, make him the tool of their arts, in order to compass some design upon wealth, so proverbial, as was that of the Dutch florist's.

But there was no fear; and none should have been in the heart of the poor shoebinder, considering the worth of all her anxious care and service, her self-denial, so that hunger should offer no temptation, her appeal against the saturnine remonstrances of the old man her father, and her earnest words to Joe; never put in the shape of a homily, but quietly as a prayer to affection and to duty: and in no barren soil this good seed fell. In a week or ten days, a customer might have thought Joe had been amidst bulbs and brown paper bags all his life; and as he could light a fire and shut the shop, and never asked questions or made any reply to a dozen or so of those growls so dreaded by Mr. Thumble, the poor rate collector, the old man and his "cheap boy" got on fairly, more especially, as the misery of his late single-handedness was still fresh upon his mind.

Thus installed into something more than Mrs. Wink's place, having more duties, and being there a greater number of hours, Joe soon began to distinguish from the footing of the officials and their clerks, who rented the first floor as an office, certain little steps, heard on the old dirty staircase, especially after this office had closed. As he had had strict injunctions from the old man, never to ascend this staircase, except on a special and ordered errand to the third floor, where the spare stock of bulbs were stored, it might have been some time before he had really learnt to whom these little steps belonged, but that good Mrs. Wink, living in a near neighbourhood, soon discovering he was errand boy, made herself known to him, and entrusted him with divers messages and humble love tokens to small Charlotte, to deliver which, unsuspected by the old man, required no common amount of tact and ingenuity. Thus did Joe, ready of ear and quick of foot, soon rival Mrs. Wink in good offices, whilst by degrees he gathered from her some outline of their poor lodger's story.

That this small Charlotte's father was one of those, by whose exquisite taste and genius, too often unregarded, wealth is so much indebted for the artistic grace and beauty it can gather around it. He could be hardly called either a house-painter, a designer, or a decorator; but somewhat all combined in a rare and exquisite manner. He adapted colours in decoration to one another, such as costly draperies to their aspects, and the walls around; he hung pictures with masterly effect as to light and shade; he disposed of statuary; and had been consulted in general decoration, from the placing of golden shields, and cups and salvers, upon a royal buffet, to the vase and its exotics in a drawing room. But in the midst of a most prosperous career he had fallen into bad health. To meet some heavy demand, which fell upon him

at that time for decorations he had to provide, he had borrowed of Blum; who, to his trade of florist, added secretly that of usury. At this time, an application was made to this poor man of genius, to design and procure draperies for a private suit of rooms belonging to the great Duke's daughter, of this story, which, unusually costly, drew largely on his finances. Their colour was the deepest golden, and their fabric the most georgeous satin the looms of Lyons could produce; but when up, they were, merely, for what appeared to be no more than a whim of the moment, disapproved of, ordered down, and replaced by others. The draperies were retained, and the fabric paid for; but recompence for design and labour refused by the Duke's man of business, as an impossible claim, considering the fact of disapproval. Thus, the designer was a ruined man, for he had to satisfy the claims of workmen he had employed. But in extenuation, these circumstances had never reached the ear of Lady Augusta; she had only to say "I will," or, "I will not," and all the rest was referred to the solicitor or the house-steward; and that any one would be ruined by a mere wish, had possibly never entered her mind.

But it did ruin the poor designer, did consign him to the tender mercies of old Blum, who, being by far the largest opposing creditor, consented to waive his present claim to a little annuity tied up to the poor designer's only child, and on which the money had been borrowed, on condition that he received yearly two-thirds of this sum, and that the designer rented two empty rooms upon his second floor, which considering the rent he asked, he could let to no one else. This was bondage over them; this the secret of his hostility.

Broken in health by these misfortunes, and by the death of his wife, and almost incapable of labour, the wretched father and the little child had, for months, dragged on a weary life, mainly supported by the industry of the child, in working small rugs for the bazaars and shops, and embroidering velvet bags. These sold rapidly, for the child was a genius—a genius of no common-place kind. Inheriting all her father's masterly eye for colour, and intense perception of grace in its disposal, this little soul found in her great duty, one of love. Though she could draw beautifully, drawing would not give bread, so she wrought flowers and fruit, which Flora would have bent before in adoration. It seemed as if the soul of this sweet creature had walked with Eve, and seen the flowers of Paradise, in the freshness of the vernal morning, and viewed with Claude the matchless sunsets of the south, or with Rubens the garments of the Sabine women. And thy heart was true to this great nature in thee, sweet one!

Sitting up in that old room, nature was not, nor had not, been shut out. There was a little glimpse of the market to be seen every morning, in spring and summer, especially when flowers were bright. And these looked on, were nature's patterns to the child. She had no others.

Thus roses and water lilies, jonquils and convolvulus, carnations and anemonies, died not, though the summer died, but carried as it were to that old story, lived there again in freshness and in splendour.

The spring before these hyacinths of our story had been set, sweet Charlotte saw, after a week of dull and rainy days, a tuft of early primroses upon the dank and dirty pavement of the market. This had so pleased her eye in its pale yellowness and greenness, as to make her imitate it upon a little piece of canvass, and place it before her father one evening. He said he had never seen a thing so beautiful; and prized it as it deserved.

This was the tuft of primroses so worked old Blum had seized, and which had excited the lamentations of Mrs. Wink. In this case, old Blum, with his usual sagacity, had, like Shylock, laid claim to a veritable pound of flesh, which he knew must be redeemed, as it was, through the poor father pledging his sole spare coat at the nearest pawnshop; so that, when poor Joe slipped in with the kettle secretly boiled, Mrs. Wink's ounce of butter, or a little loaf, there it hung above the tall old fire-place, like a sign of spring laid on by nature's hand.

These little services, and the repeated absence of her father, either for the purpose of disposing of the little rugs, or in search of such light employment as might suit his weakness and declining health, made sweet Charlotte, in the dull loneliness of this old house, soon cling with unfeigned sympathy to poor Joe, so ready to oblige her and so docile to her will. As the old florist had been unable to stir much from home, between the time of dismissing Mrs. Wink, and the hiring the "cheap boy," he soon began, when he found Joe worthy of trust, to retain him after the shop was closed of a night, whilst he indulged in a sixpenny supper of tripe, at a tavern in Drury Lane, or went, on monetary business, to the far off regions of Finsbury. As Joe soon discovered, that whenever he undertook this latter expedition he put on his old snuffy coloured top-coat, and duly inserted into the breast pocket a leather pocket-book, with a tremendous lengthy strap, he began to make such evenings those of pleasant license, by creeping up stairs to sit with the poor designer and the little child, or by admitting Mrs. Wink to a tender embrace with Charlotte, or else on those evenings, when the designer was absent, getting her to come down stairs, and warm herself a bit, by the old man's fire, whilst they turned over his great Dutch herbal, and wondered together at the coloured prints it held; Charlotte being able to tell him so much, teach him the names of the rich colours, and pointing to the shelves around the walls, show him the bulb which belonged to the tinted flower upon the open page before them. I scarcely think this pleasure would have been so great, even taking into account the usual freedom of childish friendship, but that there was sympathy of tastes between the two, though one was so immeasureably advanced beyond the other. But that same touch of nature, which had led the lad to set the bitten bulb in the broken teapot, which had made him haunt the florist's window, and be so eager to learn and know, was indirectly the same which led the child to take delight in and contrast colours, and be so passionately fond of flowers of any hue or shape. Thus, that old herbal looked at with beating hearts, and with the sense of listening as keen as that of a frightened mouse, lest the old man should return, was a sort of garden to them, full of new freshness, though so often seen.

As I have said, many weeks had passed by; and now the golden hyacinth, which, carefully tended by the old man, had flourished so wonderfully in both leaf and fibre, began to put forth its splendid and its gorgeous blossoms, though only here and there these were opened into flowers. Both children, who had watched its growth so heedfully, were charmed as pendant bell came after bell, for one so rare had no likeness in the herbal. So Charlotte's eye revelling in a flower sweet and rare like this, brought down stairs one evening, when, taking the signs of the coat and pocket-book, it was supposed old Blum was off to Finsbury, some canvass and a pencil, and silks and worsted, in little threadpapers which Joe had made her, in order to copy it as she had done the knot of primroses. This little holiday was all the sweeter to the child, for the reason that her father had been more than usually complaining for several days, and she had been closed in continuously with him; but coming down stairs and finding the fire bright, made so with an old broken box Joe had brought from the shop, and the old florist's leather chair set for her, and Joe on a little stool on the other side, and the old cat tucked up like a grand pincushion on the table, and the thick Dutch herbal near, and the cracked hyacinth glass, and its rare flower set on the top, she was never happier or more delighted with a coming task. So drawing the outlines of the stalk and leaves with a pencil, she began with the needle to clothe them in greenness; Joe snuffing the candle and watching her intently, whilst Mr. Bob enlivened the treat

with the murmur of his roundest purr. All at once, however, a shadow fell upon the candle and the work. Looking up at the same instant, the children beheld the face of Blum, leering above the candle with his broad Dutch grin. Too terrified to move or speak, Joe sat as if nailed to the stool, whilst Charlotte dropped the needle from her rigid hand.

"So," spoke the old man at last, "this is the way my coals and candle are burnt, is it? So ——," and he growled in a manner which would have killed Mr. Thumble outright.

Joe's first impulse was to fly to the door, the next to remain and defend the child. But for this the old man did not wait; he brought down his broad Dutch hand upon Joe's head, and next seizing him by the collar of his coat, dragged him across the room, along the passage, opened the street-door, and then with a kick, and a monstrous "there," which left him as breathless as a stranded whale, he thrust him out, closed the door, and doubly locked it.

The herbal and the hyacinth had been removed to their old places by the time he returned; the cat was gone; no light and gentle feet were on his hearth; so when he had closed the door of his little room, he vowed a vow, never henceforth to be burdened with "old women" or "cheap boys." This done, he rubbed his nose, and taking off his coat, and lighting his pipe, put his feet on the fender; but a desolation slowly came and weighed upon his soul, such desolation as he had never known or felt before!

The garret-printers, who were just then in full work, readily received poor Joe back again, and Esther did her best to console him under his discomfiture; even promising to go in a week or two, when the old man's wrath might be cooled, to "reason with him." To this course of things might now be added the lessened hostility of Esther's father to the poor lad. Therefore, instead of disputing with his daughter, he soon began to invite Joe to sit by him of a night, and thus instruct him in the woes and wrongs of the nation, and their remedy by fire and slaughter.

"The rich," he argued, "are hard and selfish, and knowledge brings to them no love for other human cre'turs. We'll bring 'em down, we the poor; we have no love for 'em, nor ain't necessary to 'em, nor wouldn't serve 'em, if we could. No! there's nothing in common atween us."

Saturnine old man! The poor bulb in the cracked teapot standing on the window, by its odour shed around on anything which might be near, gave out another text than thine. It was weak, and pale, and faint, and single blossomed; it wanted more sun, more air, more nutriment, more tendance; and not to be made fainter or weaker, or less odorous!

Still as he sat and worked he grew to love the flower, and Esther, as she stood at work beside this window-sill, began unconsciously to link its pale, faint beauty, with one she had called "Mother," in the churchyard sod below.

Joe had been exactly a fortnight away from the florist's, when one night the printers, going out to the play, left him in care of their fire and garret. He had rolled himself up in an old watch-coat, before the fire to sleep, when about midnight he was aroused by some one tapping lightly at the door. Thinking it was the printers returned, he hurried to it, when to his astonishment he beheld the vagrant lad whom he had last seen the night they had prowled together to scour for the garbage of the market. The child whispered something to him, which was no sooner heard than he hurried down the staircase to arouse Esther and her father. Whilst doing so, the printers came, and they informed thereon were equally eager, and not waiting till Esther or the old man could dress, hurried off with Joe at their head to the nearest police station. As they reached it, the clock struck two hours past midnight!

Strict to his stern determination, the old florist admitted neither "old women" nor "cheap boys" after the memorable night. Still more inflexibly he avoided all intercourse with the child or her father; and though he knew they must be destitute, as they were in two months' arrears of rent, he kept his room-door locked against them, and closed his ear when he heard sweet Charlotte's foot upon the staircase. He paid poor's-rate, and owed no man a sixpence; for the rest what cared he?

A fortnight had gone by, when one evening his neighbours remarked that the old florist had closed his shop unusually early. This was true, for he had felt strange and out of sorts all that day; so much so, that when he had closed himself well in, and got his pipe, and sat down in his chair, he began to wonder what could be the matter with him. Sometimes he felt cold, and sometimes hot, and his sight seemed dim and glazed. Then trying to recollect when he had first felt so, he remembered it was soon after going up to his two old warerooms on the third floor. Whilst he thus thought, it all at once occurred to him that he had heard nothing of Charlotte or her father for several days. Could they have escaped him? That was impossible; for where were the houseless and destitute to fly to. At length he came to the conclusion, that it was useless to think more about the matter, as it was really no consequence to him; but in trying to dismiss it from his brain he found he could not, and the solemn silence of the dreary house haunted his ear more awfully than the tread of a million hostile feet could have done. As his heart throbbed, as his breath grew short, as his pipe fell from his shaking hand, he felt that at that minute he would give half his wealth to hear that little gentle foot once more upon his dusty stairs.

He put down his turn-up bed, for he slept in this room, made it (in this matter he always missed the services of Mrs. Wink amazingly), and went to bed, leaving a rushlight to burn as usual upon the table. After long watching, he fell asleep; the old clock ticking to and fro, going onward with the hours in dull monotony. It might be midnight, when he suddenly woke again to the consciousness of being very ill, racked with intense pains at every joint, and so burnt up with fever, as to feel like one stretched across a molten fire. He tried to move, he could not; he tried to lift his head upon the pillow, and he could not; he was as powerless as one bound by a thousand cords, and yet his thirst so raged as to make him feel that he must drink, or die a raving madman. Yes, he would have given any one of the gorgeous bulbs around him, narcissus, tulip, hyacinth, or jonquil, for one cup of water from the closet near; or, as this raging thirst increased, a fraction of his wealth, for power to summons aid, though it were no other than Joe's or Mrs. Wink's. But in the pride and strength of his unholy creed of isolation, he had shut out all human sympathy, and now he lay like a rat in a sinking ship. The very silence of the house seemed like a monstrous night-mare stretched across him. It would have been life to hear that little foot upon the stairs; he listened, but it came not, though his ear was so acute as to have caught its lightest fall. Thus, as he lay choked, thirsty, half delirious, all his cruelty to this little child haunted his brain with more terrible significance than all else which had sprung up out of his iron creed of isolation. Every childlike and gracious act, every sympathy she had shown him, every kind word which had fallen from her loving lips, weighed tenfold on his soul as accusations of injustice. Every tear she had shed fell anew before him; and to wipe them away as they thus fell anew, was as impossible as to dry up an ocean of the earth; and of those bitter tears, the last and deepest were, those she had shed for the tuft of primroses. Oh, had he prized them as this child had prized them; oh, had he looked upon them and shown less harshness, and less cruelty; his wandering, half delirious brain knew, that in little gentle acts of mercy and care, their spiritual similitude would now have crowded

round his pillow, and cooled his parched and fevered lips!

He was suddenly aroused out of this lethargy of slow torture, by a creaking, jolting noise in the shop beyond. He turned his glaring eye-balls to the door which led into it, though he was powerless to do more. After some minutes silence, again he heard it; then again, after a pause, there was a noise like a scratch of a rat, made continuously in one direction. Terror was now added to fever and delirium; his glaring eye-balls watched the door with fearful earnestness; his brain could just comprehend that more than one person was in the shop, and to recollect that in the old buffet beside his bed, was a large sum in specie, received that day. At last, as in this maddening terror he anticipated, the small bolt of the separating door was slowly moved back by some process on the other side; the door gently opened, and a man's face was seen, then his hands, then his whole body in a crouching form. In an instant this figure was creeping towards his bed, followed by another in its shadow. Fear, horror, fever, all combined, his glaring eye-balls sank, his eye-lids closed, and he was senseless; though as sense waned into this senselessness, for a moment, he was conscious that he was rescued, and that the police were there. Only once more for many hours this consciousness fitfully returned, and no longer then, than to half dream, as it were, that many faces crowded round his bed, many feet were tramping on the staircase; and some one said, that a man up-stairs had been found dead, and a young child, helpless from fever, in the same chamber.

An April morning rose upon this night, and cast its richest rays across the shadows of the golden draperies, and on the gorgeousness of the full-blown purple hyacinth. It rested in a Parian cup, which the hand of Thorwalsden had chiselled, and which for its great grace might have borne the Theban lotus. As thus it stood in the soft morning light, and adding richer odour to the many odours shed around this private chamber of the great Duke's daughter, the door opened, and Lady Augusta came in, leading the way before a stately, middle-aged man.

They stopped together before the hyacinth, for thus to see it the Duke had been brought by his daughter. Struck by its extreme beauty, and its contrast with the draperies around, he made some comment thereon.

"Yes, papa," she answered, "these are the original draperies, and since they have been up, many have been struck by their wonderful artistic beauty and grace, and the originality displayed. And I now often school myself for the whim I had concerning them."

But the loving father did not hear her words. Flowers and draperies had passed from before his sight, and he was only conscious of the lovely creature by his side, whose beauty had never seemed to him so matchless as in this freshness of the morning.

"You must be my donor to day, Augusta," he said at length, "and give the sums named in a list the chaplain will give you, to the several charities likewise set down. You will recollect they are your own bounty. And now, I think, I must bid you good day, as I have engagements this morning, and to night several bills are to be brought up for discussion, in the Lords', concerning the poor."

He was saying "good bye" when a servant almost abruptly entered, and said, the chaplain waited in an adjoining room to speak to him on most pressing business.

"Let him walk in," was the laconic answer.

A grave looking man came in immediately with a hurried step.

"My Lord," he said, "a most extraordinaay occurrence has happened through the night, in which, from certain papers found, your name is involved. In searching a house in which burglers had entered, the body of a man was found, who died, it is said, from fever and destitution; this destitution arising, not indirectly, from the ruin caused by your Lordship, and Lady Augusta, refusing to pay for some designs connected with draperies supplied. A little child was likewise foumd in a state of raging fever. There will be an inquest, and your Lordship will have to attend."

And they who had so lately talked of charity, the easy charity of wealth unearned, had been unconscious actors in this tragedy of injustice; the one, through a thoughtless whim of ignorance; the other, by referring such matters to agents and servants. The Duke, with the sterner nature of a man, hid much which passed within, and hurried from the room, with his chaplain, to meet the parties who waited below. But the Lady Augusta stood in the same spot for minutes, like one paralyzed, unable to meet the self-accusations which rose up before her, save by the plea of *ignorance* and *thoughtlessness*. It was not till half unconsciously she knelt in the presence of that Grace, whose giving hand was dust for lack of bread, that haughtiness and pride, simply as facts of convention, fell before the genuineness of her woman's heart, and natural tears brought with them the true thought, that *we are nothing unless we are human to each other*.

Three weeks passed on and brought an April Sabbath. It was that pleasant part of the afternoon when the sun is cheerfullest, that looking into the cobbler's little room, he was to be seen in his best coat and polished shoes, and Esther in her tidiest shawl and gown preparing for a walk; an unusual thing for the cobbler to take with his daughter. But there was something unusual in their whole appearance. Having given the fire a last little stir, and swung the kettle over, Esther took from a drawer an old blue pocket-handkerchief, and going to the window sill, wrapped it round the old brown teapot with its poor pale, single white hyacinth. There were tears in her eyes as she did this, as she had come to regard it as the type and sign of one in the burial-ground below, whose spirit had been so good and gentle—her mother; and since it had blown, she had taken to call this hyacinth, her "mother's garden."

Without a word, she and her old father went out together, and stood in no long time before the florist's door. No other than Joe, in a new suit of clothes, let them in, and gently led the way up stairs to that old second-floor room. The same bed and furniture were in it, the same tuft of primroses above the fire-place, but all else was changed in the way of cleanliness and comfort; and in this old bed propped up by many pilllows, sat sweet Charlotte, with something spiritual in her face, for so had sickness worn it, whilst on the counterpane was not only Mr. Bob purring and tucked up like a big stuffed pincussion, but a linnet in a little cage which Joe had brought her the day before. Esther went lightly in, and kissing Charlotte, said she had brought "Joe's hyacinth," and setting it down on the rush chair beside the bed, was about to say something more concerning it, when the door again opened, and there came slowly—very slowly—in what might have been called the shadow of the old florist; so fearful had been his passage through the shadow of death. As surprising as the rest, he leant on the arm of Mrs. Wink, who, robed in her poor Sunday gown, carried the golden petalled hyacinth in the other hand. Slow, very slow, the old man came towards the bed, and standing there, he feebly took the flower from Mrs. Wink, and held it towards the child.

"Take it as a gift, a very little gift," he said; "though let it be a sign, that I shall be no longer harsh and cruel Charlotte; for I'm altered. Joe knows it, and so does Mrs. Wink."

With this he hid his face, though the tears rained through his wasted fingers, whilst Mrs. Wink and Esther slowly helped him to an easy chair. There was a noise in the street, and Joe, the only one alive to what was going on outside, peeped out, and then went down stairs, soon returning in the rear of a lady and gentleman, and bearing what they had brought with them in the carriage, a little basket of fruit, some books, and lo! still in its cup, the

gorgeous purple hyacinth! Whilst the lady with gentle step went towards the bed,—where lent that little spiritual face, the Duke's chaplain, for it was no other, seeing the two flowers upon the chair, took the purple hyacinth from the lad, and set it down beside them. The Three thus stood together; the White, the Purple, and the Golden; and their odour filled the room!

Presently guessing the lady and the chaplain's rank, Esther and her father and Mrs. Wink were withdrawing, when the chaplain stayed them.

"No," he said, "I have come this afternoon to serve in my office beside this little bed, and, therefore, at such a moment, all human creatures are as one. Kneel with me, for we are before ONE throne and footstool!"

So kneeling, and all around him kneeling, except the feeble old florist, beside those hyacinths, the setting sun falling athwart them, and their odour filling the chamber like the incense of a swinging censer, thus at last he added to his prayers for the sick and those of low estate; for he was a stern and truthful man, and had searched into this little history far more in detail than I have here set down:—

"Father, let these thy flowers teach a true lesson to thy creatures. The purple sheds its hue upon the golden, the golden on the white, and each is richer for the beauty of its neighbour. The odour which in singleness would be faint, fills, through borrowing and lending sweetness, this chamber with the richest fragrance. Further, from these, let us learn, that if Thou thought it well to deck the earth with many hues like these, instead of one great sameness, though of beauty, teach *us* to understand that various degrees and qualities of men and mind equally enrich the earth, and beautify great nature. Therefore, it is no point for godly or wise men to wish or make a sameness, of which thy own great labour shows no signs; and, therefore, our true wisdom lies in these two things—the helping to harmonize this difference, and enriching and raising up to the same strength and beauty as this purple flower, the weak, and faint, and lowly, like this white one. Teach us to do this, and isolation will and shall no longer curse us; for what beauty is to the eye, sympathy is to human souls. Therefore, not to root up, or pull down, but to elevate; therefore, not isolation but unity; therefore, not disregard but sympathy, is taught by THY TRUE TEXT before us. Therefore, O Lord! make the acts and lives of us thy people like the odour and beauty of these HYACINTHS BEFORE HEAVEN."

He rose, and still the glorious sun fell down upon these flowers. And none were deeper touched than haughty beauty and exacting avarice; but it took more than this to touch the cobbler's soul; though it was touched and robbed of its last shade of saturnineness, when he saw that Lady Augusta *was* a woman, and could minister with infinite love to the sick child. The last fraction of the demagogue fell before this touch of nature.

Time has gone on, and the old florist and sweetest Charlotte, with Mrs. Wink for housekeeper, inhabit a rare cottage and rarer garden, amidst the greenness of the Surrey hills. The business being sold in Covent Garden, Joe has passed into the grade of an active shopman, mostly spending his Sundays with his old master, and vastly interested in Miss Charlotte's paintings and flowers; the latter of which the old florist rears for her with loving hand. He is happier, for newer truth has fallen on his soul. Whilst as for the cobbler, he has bought a bullfinch; and whilst taking to singing himself, goes with Esther now and then to fetch it groundsel from the Surrey hills.

Thus as I have indicated my philosophy, my service will be to bring it here in action. I shall recognise no class, whilst developing Truth, and Beauty, and Good; for my purpose is to elevate and create a harmony of soul. Therefore, in setting before ALL *Truth, and Beauty, and Good, it is simply commingling the colour and the odour of the* THREE HYACINTHS BEFORE HEAVEN.

THE EARLY CLOSING QUESTION,

AND ITS RELATION TO THE INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

THE worth of popular questions are usually best tested by steady and gradual progress towards definite results; just as in a sum of arithmetic, the product defines the proposition. In July, 1846, when we wrote our first article upon this subject, in the opening number of Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper, the Early Closing movement, as a question, was almost synonymous with one branch of retail trade and one body of intelligent men. It has now become an open question, in so many departments and subdivisions of the great mass of effective labour, and proves, by this process of its own development, two points of large importance; namely, that like all questions bearing relation to the Science of Society, it is a simple correlative of a profounder and more comprehensive truth, and therefore carrying forward with it other and equally important questions to general well being; and, next, that healthy popular intelligence is in no stationary condition.

To us, a thoroughly efficient and wide-spread education of the great middle classes of this country appears a matter so desirable, as to make whatever will promote it, even in a far less degree than what this time-question will, worthy that sort of advocacy which it is right to give to the largest questions of national salvation. For where certain results can be alone attained, through one class of means; where these results are of immense significance; where it is not one trade, one social section, or a party, but an entire community which is interested; where the result needed is the diffusion of sound common sense amongst an already grown and growing population, so as to raise its standard of capacity for judging, and acting upon questions deeply involving the greatest interests of this country, especially all such as relate, directly or indirectly, to the economical question of labour, nothing can overstate the worth of any direct method to this great end. It is, in fact, perfecting an already existing instrument for the greatest social operations.

Regarding the most progressive point of the movement amongst the higher retail trades of this metropolis, it is significant to see members of the working clergy stepping forward, as the first teachers of those benefited by abridgment of the hours of labour. This is exactly what should be. Educated upon system themselves, however far short their respective universities may have failed in widening their syllabuses of study to the necessities of the age and the extent of existing knowledge, still, as first guides to a large body of young men, possibly, as a majority, ignorant of any system whatsoever, in relation to study, nothing could have been devised more admirable or hopeful of results. It is beginning well, and knitting the bonds of religion and knowledge together; it is bringing into coalition, at its most effective point, two valuable sections of the community. In our opinion, the mere physical points of this abridgment-labour-question have been much overstated by both writers and public speakers. If the effects of the Early Closing movement were not, and would not be, other than the throwing open new dancing schools, or new singing classes, or thronging the streets at night, or by more densely filling places of public resort, we should say that it eminently failed as a moral process; but when, to our thinking, all the best portions of the physical benefits to be desired will be found co-existing with the advance of systematic education, with classes for mathematics and languages, with courses of general philosophy, with lectures or associations for artistic or economic purposes, it seems to us, desirous of what Lord Bacon calls "fruit," and connecting the progress of education, with the growth of self-respect in the individual, that no rational option lies between the acquirement of strength or the continuation of weakness. It is two paths, from which the very success of this movement precludes the rationality of choice.

In taking the metropolis as an example of the advance of the Early Closing question, and its combination with anything which may be called the commencement of systematic education, we do not suppose, that however far the time-question may be developed, or the clergy might be willing to assist, that this same exact point is reached in many of the provincial towns. We are assured of this by a fact. Conversing last autumn with a wealthy shopkeeper of a manufacturing town in the midland counties, this subject of Early Closing was incidentally broached. He heard our arguments for some minutes with a sort of quaint wonderment, till at last opening wide his eyes, and lifting up both his hands, he exclaimed, "So, *you* really are for this here closing of shops soon?"—"Yes, we are its advocates, and the friend of both employer and employed. What will benefit the one, will equally benefit the other."—"And so *you* really are for this early closing of shops?" again exclaimed this churchwarden, grocer, and common-councilman in one, and regarding us as he would a buffoon or a merryandrew, "Well there; just you come down to arr town, and see the smoking and the drinking, and all other sorts of wickedness in our streets, you'd say as I say, the young men would be better behind the counter. Yes! afore this sort o' thing come down to arr town, it was a decentish place; but the Lord held it now." This was the honest shopkeeper's logic, and he was steadfast to it; yet he did not want shrewdness, nor some portion of common sense. No explanation of ours, however, could persuade him that the effect was totally different in London, and that the evils he complained of arose simply from the fact, that a less degree of education did not yet allow the recipients of a benefit handed down to them from the higher civilization of the metropolis to rightly estimate or use the right acquired, or that improvement would alone be gradual.

In thus speaking of a general improvement in the education of the middle classes, we wish to show how necessary it is, before any great advance can be made in the questions agitating society. Great experimental statesmen cannot flourish, till a people make themselves capable of understanding them, and of appreciating the salvation they offer. It is moreover one of the characteristics of our social condition, that both classes and individuals are becoming, and most advantageous is it, more self-dependent; and, therefore, the education which will make this self-dependence most beneficial, both to the community and to the individual, is a problem not difficult to solve. It is the education, not of mere ideas, but the one which teaches experience through the aid of general principles. As for the dependence of literature upon the advance of middle-class intelligence, nothing can overstate it; whether it shall be profound or shallow, weak or nervous; whether it shall be a legislature ruling by masterly and logical truth, or through shallowness of argument, dogmatize and vituperate, instead of reason; whether it shall cease to assert those things as politically true, which are inductively false; whether it shall cast from it, as a leprosy, all which at present weakens and disgraces it, largely depends upon the young men benefited by this time-question. As for the movement of the best class of clergy, in the cause of the sort of education so much needed, it will prove one of the most pregnant means of healing spiritual and secular discords, and, irrespective of dogma, of bringing into *vital operation* all the noble morality of the Christian faith.

It is further within the ability of employers to extensively aid this sort of education, so immediately connected with their own interests. Not, we mean, by any form of patronage; that or subserviency we regard as quite incompatible with any present or future condition of labour, but by their countenance and aid. Special tyrannies may exist though shops be closed, and liberty be made a mere fiction. Nor do we think that in an educational advance of this character, is it unreasonable to admit the mass of young women. As far as fundamental education is concerned, we are of opinion that nothing but the state of popular intelligence prevents it being considered as one and the same for both sexes; and we do not see why YOUNG WOMEN'S CLASSES, superintended by the clergy, and aided by efficient teachers, should not co-exist with those for young men. Our space prevents our discussing this matter here, but we have a plan to propose, which shall be given in an early number of this Journal.

The Early Closing question is so eminently a moral one, as to be in itself a sign of a better state of things. The moral faculties cannot be cultivated, even when indirectly so, without lessening the relish for sensual indulgence. The time is still within remembrance, when the police reports teemed with committals for common assaults; and such misdemeanours, as scarcely to be classified as crimes, yet evidence a low scale of education and moral feeling. The worst features of Byron's poetry, or the half sentimental, half heroic, productions of fiction, were the literary stimulant; and young men from the counter and desk had no higher ambition than to compete with each other in the imitation of a Corsair or Don Juan; or, in place of this, copying at second hand the viciousness of a young aristocracy. Things are changed; a sober and intelligent body of young men have happily replaced the generation delighting in a siege upon door-knockers, or splendour in Byronic collars and clerical wristbands. Were there existing sufficient accurate returns of offences and occupation of offenders from which could be drawn the proportionate average of five, ten, or fifteen years, that is, three quinquennial periods, we are persuaded that the last period, during which this time-question has been so steadily progressing, would show a marked decreasement in the class of minor offences referred to. The moral elevation of any class is in direct proportion to the character of its educational advance; though this proportion is always more marked in a class which balances the extremes of wealth and poverty.

The intimate relation between morality and mortality will be shown as this question progresses. To expect a large average morality from a sickly and enfeebled class of society, is a fallacy as great as any of those exploded by the acuteness of Bentham or Bastiat. Health, as time and labour were, and is still, unfortunately, yet allied, cannot possibly exist. It is one of the most important facts brought to light, by inquiries into vital statistics, that so highly important a class of men as clerks stand lowest in the scale of four given employments, viz., clerks, plumbers, painters and glaziers; bakers and miners, whilst from the age of 20 to 60, their expectation of life is only 75 per cent. of the general average. The expectation of life amongst plumbers, painters and glaziers, in the same period, is equal to 81 per cent., miners 85 per cent., and bakers 88 per cent. of the general average.

"No tyrant ever made money," is an aphorism of the manufacturing districts; so most assuredly the employers who look to net profits, instead of the social condition of the employed, will, in the long run, find the debit against themselves. Perhaps, in an immediate and worldly sense, it may be considered more profitable to keep the machine of a large or small trade moving through the greatest possible number of hours, "for man," according to one of the aphorisms of an immortal mind, "always more readily believes that which he prefers;" but, paradox as it may be, he is simply a short-sighted reasoner, who sees only a narrow line of causes and consequences. By falling indirectly, the burdens of this short-sightedness may be lost sight of; but fall they do, and with accumulation. Whilst we thus plead for liberality and the exercise of judgment in the employed, it is in the spirit of a right, and not of a concession. It is the reciprocation of these rights and duties which constitute, to our mind, one of the largest benefits to be expected from this movement. Undoubtedly,

through the means of this reciprocation, there will arise a better adjustment of our present mode of social intercourse, so productive of innumerable evils, not only between the middle and working classes, but in the very heart of the middle classes themselves. Whilst the working classes see arrogance and submission so rife in the classes immediately above them, can they be expected to heal the discords in their own? The thing is impossible.

Socially, the employer must cease to be a patron and become a friend; socially, the employed must change the idea of mastership above them, for that of a more relative character, at the same time as their own self-dependance is preserved. Meeting, on this ground, the real truths of capital and labour, and the principles on which they must be adjusted will work themselves practically forward into all the most prejudiced sections of retail trade. It will become as disreputable, we hope, throughout the large circumference of public opinion, for employers to keep open their shops after a certain hour, as it is now for a man to be drunk or utter offensive language. Let it be a great duty, recognised by the most stringent opinions of moral law. Such would be growingly effective; whilst any legislative enactment would fall as far short of the needed remedy as has the time-bill of the manufacturing operatives. Large general questions are never served by the narrow particulars of temporary legislative acts. As a beginning has been lately made in the City of London, and has been for some time carried into effect in Manchester and Liverpool, in closing at mid-day on Saturdays all the large wholesale houses, we trust that the larger portion of Saturday will become as much a holiday to the employed as Sunday is now; that it be the recognised day of cheap trains, cheap excursions, cheap pleasures of all kinds; and that whilst the other five evenings of the week shall be those set steadily apart for that systematic education we so strongly advocate for the adult middle classes, *this* shall be recognized as the one wherein a true preparation for the Sabbath shall be made by communion with the freshness of nature. By such popular use of Saturday much silent improvement would be made in the morals of the lower classes, through the necessity of paying wages on Fridays. None but those who have statistically analyzed the results of the morals and manners of the labouring classes, can conceive the fearful extent of the misery, intemperance, and crime which arises out of the custom of payment of wages on Saturday nights. Thus is it, that the progressive reforms made by the more educated classes, are destined to influence the less degress of intelligence, and the lower sections of skilled labour.

Friends to Early Closing, Employers and Employed.—To promote in every practicable way your noble cause, is one of the earnest purposes of this Journal, both through advocacy of principles, and by a class of literature worthy your intelligence. For our own part, gaining our cherished *nom de plume* in your cause, and at the hands of our noble and most valued friend, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, it seemed a duty and a right, in ourselves, to again dedicate a portion of the first number of a new journal to your service. The pages of this Journal will be, we believe, no unpopular channel for setting into motion such abstract principles, as based upon scientific truth, lead not indirectly to the development of these highest truths themselves; truths which will lead us to a newer and to a nobler knowledge of ourselves and nature, and to a higher reverence for the beneficence of God.

SILVERPEN.

"MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

"MAN is born to trouble," most unquestionably. It is a fact continually and physically expressed, from the first shrill cry in our swaddling clothes, to the last breath heaved at the gate of eternity.

Setting this down as a leading and unalterable clause in Mortality's Act of Parliament, it seems but wise to meet the trials and crosses of every-day life with something like cheerful resignation, and blunt the sting of that very "busy bee," Trouble, by "making the best of it." Vainly do we grumble and repine at the innumerable incidents which occur to mar our wishes and derange our comforts. Weak and childish is the everlasting murmur on the lips of those who appear determined to be as unhappy as they can; for the indulgence of a rebellious and ungracious spirit only fixes vexation deeper, and makes the whole aspect of life gloomy and distorted.

All philosophers, in all ages, have asserted and proved that our great sum of happiness is composed of small social items; yet how strangely is this forgotten in the jostling, jarring, selfish conduct developed in simple instances of hourly exhibition! Strong heads and fine hearts will suffer themselves to be chafed into feverish excitement, or depressed into cold sullenness, by events and positions alike trivial and unimportant. The principle of natural benevolence, and the qualification of cultivated reason, are generally unemployed where they would be of the greatest service. They should operate on the jagged and minute angles of domestic circumstances, as light and science on the broken and sharp-edged bits of glass in a kaleidoscope; and the very material which too often only supplies matter for anger and discontent, would, if treated philosophically, be often converted into a medium of pleasure. This universal plague—Trouble—take what shape it may, has no more efficient antidote than a resolution to "make the best of it;" yet how we fail to apply the practice to the theory!

Who has entered an omnibus as the thirteenth passenger, and not found himself the "despised and rejected of all?"—treading on toes that pertinaceously refuse to accede an inch of thoroughfare—falling on shoulders that preserve as broad a character as possible, lest the luckless intruder should endeavour to penetrate beside them, and encountering a general expression of eyes which may be construed into anything but the word "welcome." Has he not been compelled to struggle into some homœopathic space, and sit pinched and perpendicular as if in a strait-waistcoat, much to his own discomfort and that of his immediate neighbours? Most of the passengers have distinct and elevated ideas of their own convenience, and deem it unbearable to exist in a crowded vehicle. They condescend to avail themselves of the cheap public conveyance, but they are annoyed at the pressure and indiscriminate order of company attached to such travelling, and think themselves personally wronged by a temporary infringement on their perfect luxury. Now, a little mutual civility and sense of justice would annihilate the derelictions from good nature and good breeding so often observed. We admit that omnibus travelling is not surrounded with charms for those who possess refined and aristocratic notions of transit. Six feet of "gentlemanly proportions," and as many yards of lady-like folds of satin, require more room for ease and display than can be afforded by Shillibeer's locomotive; yet why not accept the accommodation kindly and fairly, and render the Trouble less by "making the best of it."

Who has looked on at a "friendly game of whist," and not had frequent opportunity for pitying the folly and passions of one or two of its constituents? Who would fancy "amusement" is the avowed purpose, as the fierce rebuke or scowling glance is levelled at some unhappy victim who trumps with indiscretion, revokes in ignorance, or leads a wrong suit? The real and ultimate importance of the occupation is merged in good fellowship, and a furtherance of the purposes of civilised society; but, alas! many a disunion of well-intentioned minds has followed "a friendly game at cards," many a listening ear has been offended by intemperate language uttered in the heat of temper, and many a family circle disturbed by those who have neither sense nor feeling sufficient to take a "bad hand" or a "bad partner," and "make the best of it."

Who has failed to notice the peculiar tendency in many dispositions to magnify the various little ailments and accidents, which must and will happen to man, into colossal miseries? There is a morbid, whining, self-esteeming tone about some natures, that dwells on a cold in the head, as though it were the axis on which all the hospitals in Europe turned. A torn garment, a pinched finger, a badly-served dinner, or a wet day when a fine one is wished for, will elicit a never-ending tirade of dismal, lachrymose murmuring, reminding one of a "Lament in D minor" on asthmatic bagpipes. These people have a keen eye for imperfections. Take them into your garden, and they will tell you of the "common stocks" and "vulgar marigolds" which ought to be moved; this walk is too straight, and that too crooked; the earwigs are a nuisance, and the dahlia is condemned without mercy for its want of scent. Roses may hang as thick as June can fling them—the golden jasmine and sparkling azalia may choke the way with beauty and lusciousness—but not a word will you hear in their praise. Take these people to a party, and they will instantly detect all the plain faces in the group. They never dilate on the ices until they find one with the chill off, and swallow the finest wine without comment until the seventh glass, when they smile with delight, and loudly proclaim it "corked." They hint their suspicions the next morning that the "lobster salad" was nearly all "boiled sole," and insinuate a doubt as to whether the musicians were in perfect tune during the last quadrille. These people must be scrupulously excluded at pic-nics and rural excursions. Un-Soyer-like combinations of acids and sweets, and the too immediate conjunction of general edible opposites, are known to be very possible on the opening of hampers that have been well shaken over a few miles of cross road, and subjected to an inverted position. Wet evenings *may* come on after a lovely day, and Trouble *may* arise even on a party of pleasure; so keep this fearful class of bipeds out, for they were never yet detected in "making the best of it."

The power of meeting "Trouble" with calm endurance is admirably illustrated by those who, with large ideas and generous impulses, contrive to live honestly and respectably on "very limited means." Many a one who would poetically appreciate the grandeur of the Alps, glory in the possession of a Canova, and worship the altar-canvas of a Murillo, is condemned by fate to lodge in a close attic, and consult his liabilities as to whether he can, with propriety, undertake a trip to Kew Gardens, or invest a shilling in the bust of Pope Pius or Shakspere. Many an enlightened intellect, many a sensitive spirit, is bound to a wheel of grinding poverty, bitterly restricted in sympathies and hopes, yet wearing the mien and manner of elevated content. No splenetic wailing, no drivelling invective, is heard from this order of being. They are not ashamed to be deemed poor; they live humbly, but they think justly, act prudently, and "pay their debts." Their sense of right excludes the indulgence of their tastes; but an upright conscience, and high, moral pride, are stalwart supporters of the self-denial exercised, and such a combination of nice feeling, stern sense, and practical integrity, confer a "patent of nobility" far greater than that of the "house of Buckingham." This is a destiny more common than we imagine; and a strong lesson it is, when we see a mind and soul of Nature's finest workmanship take the scanty pittance doled out to them by Fortune, and bravely, honourably, and cheerfully "make the best of it."

A too usual evidence of our disinclination to "make the best" of the "Trouble" that arises from the sins and errors of social delinquency, is afforded by every gossipping coterie in civilized society. Put us on the lightest scent of fallen excellence by the report of dishonoured virtue or impeached responsibility, and we betray an innate propensity to quarry the game; and with the unchristian-like gusto of predatory animals, we not only gorge ourselves to repletion on the stricken prey in our fangs, but bury the carcase, and return to it whenever caprice or appetite requires a new supply of depraved stimulant. We seldom weary of another's "Trouble" that gives license for our oratory to arrange itself in philippics of censure, or lectures on "doing wrong." One unfortunate incident in a man or woman's life is remembered, and recorded with a devotional earnestness seldom bestowed on the commendable actions of our acquaintance; and sorry are we to confess, that a tithe of exaggeration in derogatory statements by no means lessens the attention of the jury, nor invalidates the testimony of the witness. Offences against the wisely-established rules of social propriety must ever merit and incur a degree of animadversion and odium. The whip of "public opinion" is a most useful and necessary instrument; but let us be sure the castigation is deserved before we award it, and even then tie no malicious knots in the thong. The "cat-o'-nine-tails," rigorously and indiscretionately applied, has changed many a good, though erring man, into a reckless villain, and the savage infliction of the lash of babbling tongues has transformed many a penitent sinner into a defying outcast, and defeated the purpose of "prevention of evil" by merciless and unmeasured "punishment." And, after all, what facts of ameliorating character may be observed in the paraded culpabilities of immoral convicts, if we will but investigate fairly and judge impartially! Never let us forget that "the trail of the serpent is over us all;" and when we hear some story of defamation eagerly related with all the coarse detail and flagrant addenda that loud-voiced scandal can give, let us gently insinuate to the immaculate conveyancer, that it better becomes the professors of religion and philanthrophy to look on the failings of our fellow-creatures with the mild and open glance of charity, than through the magnifying lenses of falsehood and prejudice. Let us rather seek to bind up the wounds of stained characters and desolate hearts. Let us try to soften the mass of "Trouble" centered in human frailty, by emulating the example of a Divine Teacher, and "make the best of it."

There is no better motto for the universal community than the exhortation contained in these five words. It is available in all stations and for all circumstances. It it is a watchword that will carry us through the revolutionary disturbances of life with comparative pleasure and safety; for we truly and unreservedly believe, that "Trouble" of any sort, from the loss of a button to a national bankruptcy, is neutralized most effectually by "making the best of it."

ELIZA COOK.

LOVE OF COUNTRY IN TOWN.

"To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look upon the fair
And open face of heaven."

WHAT a beautiful trait in the character of the English people, is their hearty love of everything that savours and sounds of "country!" It is a thoroughly healthy characteristic—deep-rooted, and not to be eradicated by the longest and most engrossing occupations of a city or town life. Many a fainting heart is cheered by the hope that one day success will crown the labours of years, and enable the industrious citizen to close his days amid the quiet of a green suburban retreat, or a country-house, far off among fields, hedge-rows, and bubbling brooks, with the flowers blowing, and skylarks singing at will, freely and joyously. This is the dream of youth, the hope of manhood, and the realization of age in the cases of many.

We do not wonder at the universality of this feeling among our countrymen and countrywomen. This old green country is worthy of all their admiration, love, and pride. It is almost a part of themselves, and associations connected with it are bound up with their being. Our poets have sung of it, till it has become mixed up with

their tenderest and strongest influences. History has made it venerable; its old castles, and abbeys, and churches—its battle-fields—its old halls and country-houses, are they not identified in history with the march of this great people in civilization and freedom? Then, there are the birth-places of its great men, the haunts of its poets, the stately piles dedicated to learning, the magnificent palaces of the nobles, the homes of the people, the huts of the poor, scattered all over this green land. There are the old forests, older than the Norman Conquest; and the old streams and mountains, older than all.

Country! The very word has music in it; it brings up thoughts of the merry maypole, the freshness of the woods and fields, pansies and spring violets, shady lanes, and rose-embowered lattices, the hum of bees, and the music of birds, the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle at eventide, clear skies from which the sun shines down among green leaves, and upon grass land, mossy banks, and gurgling rills, while trout and minnow

> Taste the luxury of glowing beams
> Tempered with coolness.

Country, however, we cannot all have; we, who live in towns and cities—the great accumulated deposits of civilization—must ply away at our several tasks, some with the hammer, and others with the quill; shopmen at their counters; lawyers in their chambers; needlewomen in their attics; merchants in their counting-houses; labourers at their daily work. But even here the love of country shows itself as strikingly as ever; the strong passion displays itself in a thousand forms.

We cannot all have the pleasures of a country life—true! But what remains? Why, we bring the country into our towns, into our rooms, into our windows! Here, in London, amid a population of some two million souls, we have struggled, generation after generation, and with no small success, to rescue and reserve green spots of turf and trees, every here and there, from the ever-encroaching and extending demands of population and commerce. Leigh Hunt, that kindly and loving-hearted observer of nature in all its moods, tells us, in his recent interesting book on "The Town," that "there is scarcely a street in the *City* of London, perhaps not one, nor many out of the pale of it, from some part of which the passenger may not discern a *tree*. There is a little garden in Watling Street! It lies completely open to the eye, being divided from the footway by a railing only." In numerous places, even in the heart of the City, there are to be seen trees and green spots, that surprise the observer in the midst of the noise and smoke. Then there are the fine *old* parks,—St. James's, that emerald gem, set in the very midst of the bustle and business of the West End. There are the modern parks—the lungs of the metropolis, Hyde and Regent's, every year becoming more and more beautiful. And, finally, there are the new parks, at Battersea and the east end of London. Nothing but the strong love of *the green*, and the laudable desire on the part of the Government to gratify this excellent taste on the part of the people, could have led to the appropriation of such large tracts of valuable ground in and about London, for the purpose of public recreation and enjoyment.

Go to Covent Garden Market any morning in June, and you will there find the general love of flowers and green leaves displaying itself in another form. The stalls are filled with endless loads of bouquets; the tables are gaily set out with their tempting array of calceolarias, geraniums, fuschias, cactuses, roses, and heliotrope, all nicely potted and mossed; and few there are who can resist the pleasure of having one or more of these in possession, and bearing them off in triumph. Many a longing look is cast upon these stalls by those too poor to buy. What would not many a poor girl give to be the owner of one of these sweet plants; reminding them, as they do, of country, and gardens, and sunshine, and the fresh beauty of nature? How often have we been gladdened by the sight of a flower in a poor city dwelling; there it shines like a star in the dark—a light in the humblest house. The love of flowers is beautiful in the young, beautiful in the aged. It bespeaks simplicity, purity, delicate taste, and an innate love of nature. And long may flowers bloom in the homes of our people—in their parlour-windows, in their one-roomed cottages, in their attics, in their cellar dwellings even. We have hope for the hearts that love flowers, and the country of which they are born.

See, perched in that window sill, high above the rushing tide of city life, a lark in its narrow cage. Its eyes upturned, and its feet planted on the bit of green turf, which its owner brought from under a great oak-tree in the forest, when on his last holiday ramble; it pours through its little throat a flood of melody and joy. Though confined, yet it sees the sun through its prison bars, looks up cheerfully, and sings! And its captive owner in that narrow room behind—captive by the necessity of labouring for his daily bread,—he, too, as he hears the glad melody, and as his eyes glance at the bit of green turf, and then at the blue sky above, feels joy and love "shed abroad in his heart," and he labours on more hopefully, even though the carol of the lark has brought his childhood's home, the verdure of its fields, and the music of its words, gushing into his memory. Sing on then, bird of heaven!

You see the love of country strongly displays itself on all the holidays in the year. Then you find crowds of men, women, and children, pressing and panting out of the towns and cities in all directions, towards the fields and the fresh air. Steamers up, and steamers down, stage coaches, "busses," and cabs; and above all, railway trains are, on such days, packed tight with passengers, all bound for the "country," for a day on the hills, in the woods, or by the rivers—a long day of fresh breathing and of pure delight. In the larger towns in the manufacturing districts, you will find railway trips made in all directions—some towards the sea to inhale the ocean breeze and gaze on the awful deep—some to old abbeys and old castles, full of historic interest—some to the moors, the rocks and fells, and some to the lakes; and thus tens of thousands of our artizan population now occupy their long summer holiday. Blessings on railways, which have thus been the means of bringing the enjoyment of this healthy and beautiful taste within the reach of so large a mass of our population.

We might say a great deal more of the thousand other forms in which this love of country exhibits itself among us—of the cottage gardening, the taste for which is rapidly extending among the people—the small allotments so eagerly desired by working men; the amateur gentleman-farming; of the love of rural sports, and games, and exercise; of our national literature, which is so full of the free breath of the country, of our poetry and song, which from Shakespere to Wordsworth has always drawn its finest imagery from nature, and has never struck the chords of the national heart with more electric power, than when appealing to country life and rural beauty. But here we stop, with the expression of our ardent wish that this natural and elevating task—this longing admiration for country life and country joys, may long form so prominent a characteristic of the English people. S. S.

PLATO had so great and true an idea of perfect righteousness, and was so thoroughly acquainted with the corruption of mankind, that he makes it appear, that if a man, perfectly righteous, should come upon earth, he would find so much opposition in the world, that he would be imprisoned, reviled, scourged, and in fine crucified by such, who, though they were extremely wicked, would yet pass for righteous men.

OUT of good men choose acquaintance; of acquaintance, friends; of friends, familiars.

LESSONS FOR LITTLE ONES.

By Peter Parley, Author of "Peter Parley's Annual," "Tales," &c.

Here I am, my little dears, your old friend Peter Parley. You have all read my Annual, I dare say, and will, I doubt not, read it again and again. But I have a few words to say to you here from week to week, and I trust my say may be useful to you.

Every one knows that Peter Parley likes to blend the useful with the instructive; that when he tells a story it is always with a moral aim; that when he writes a book he has always in view to make his little readers *better* as well as wiser. Peter Parley will not depart from his old plan in his parleying on this occasion.

Peter Parley desires at all times to see little children wise and good, cheerful and happy. He has seen many thousand children in his time. He has examined them in their studies, and engaged with them in their amusements, and the more he has known of them the more he has loved them; and he does love them very dearly.

I believe that little children love me, and that those who do so will hearken to what I am going to say, for I must tell you what I think of a little child.

A little child is a little bud not yet opened; and, as in a little bud lies folded up all the blossoms of a full blown rose, so within the mind of a little child lies enclosed that beauty which will grow and expand until it bursts into all loveliness and grace.

But you know that there must be a power to draw this blossom forth. A rose-tree would not grow, nor would the bud open, unless they were watered by the rain and cheered by the sunshine; neither would the mind of a little child come into blossom without something to draw it forth. That something is education. The word education means to draw forth the faculties, and the real educator will be the rain and the sunshine, the light and the warmth, to a little child's mind.

You know, my dear children, that the rose, after it has blossomed, dies; its leaves decay, and, however beautiful its blossom may be, it perishes; but behind all is the seed, and within the seed is the germ of another being—the principle of another life. So it is with a little child; it will grow; it will become a man or woman; it will blossom; it will fade; it will fall; but then shall arise the germ of its future being—to live for ever.

But have you not sometimes seen a little worm eating the rose bud away, and thus destroying it before it had time to blossom? Just as that worm would destroy the bud, so does sin destroy the human soul.

Did you ever see a rose-bush which had been neglected by the gardener, with its rude and crooked shoots entangled and massed with weeds, and choaked by briars, nettles, and thorns? Such is the state of a little child without education; its mind is choked with evil, and the soul, the germ of future existence, is cramped in its noble energies and its high desires, and cannot spring into the light of truth and goodness.

But education, like a gardener, comes and prunes the little tree, cuts off the straggling branches, digs about its roots, destroys the noxious weeds, trains the young plant into elegance of form, sustains and comforts it, and then it blossoms more beautifully, and bears more plentifully, than ever. I will be your gardener, my dear little children; and I shall not fail to look upwards to Heaven for the sunshine and the moisture, for the light and the heat, for the distilling of the dew upon the tender herb, and the small rain upon the grass.

I will now say a few words as to the plan I shall pursue in this publication. In my Children's Page I shall attempt variety, because to children, as well as children of a larger growth,—"Variety is pleasing." I shall bring before my young readers some of the wonders of God's beautiful creations in earth, air, sea, or sky. I shall tell them of different creatures, and of different nations, and from time to time say something of animals, plants, and minerals, and of the laws by which they are governed and sustained by their good Creator; and I shall not forget the great men who have lived in ages long ago; of their heroic deeds, of their noble virtues, and of what they have thought, said, and done. I shall not, at the same time, forget to tell my young friends some interesting stories, and show them how children can sometimes be heroes as well as men—how they think, feel, and act. I shall not forget to show them their faults, and their follies, and even their vices, in a glass of my own making; but, at the same time, I shall be equally anxious to reveal their virtues, to laud their good deeds, and to engrave, as upon a tablet of brass, their filial affection, their fraternal love, their sincerity, their disinterestedness, their devotion, their truth, and their goodness.

But I do not know that I shall have all my talk to the children; I hope sometimes to have a few words with fathers and mothers, and to tell them a story. To them are entrusted the destinies of the rising generation—to them future ages look with anxiety. Can it be wrong to say, that they sometimes require teaching as well as their children. All love their offspring; but, alas, the love that many feel is a mere animal fondness, and not a thinking love. Peter Parley, indeed, loves little children, but he does not like pert, vain, impudent, idle, troublesome, forward, fantastical children, which are generally made so by indulgence and bad management alone. He will, therefore, make it his business occasionally to have a word with parents as well as their children, in the hope of such being equally acceptable with the other writings of

Peter Parley.

BEING HAPPY.

There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants, or augment our means, either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which may happen to be the easiest. If you are idle, or sick, or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be easier than to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means, than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, sick or well, rich or poor, and if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

A child is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam; and he is happy, whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper, unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod was past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and 'tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mockery of men's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life which he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicitude.

TEN YEARS AGO.

INSCRIBED TO ALL WHO KNOW ME.

The robin had been dumb all day, the clouds were close and drear,
The oak leaf bent its wither'd lips to kiss the dying year;
The night was coming like a monk in dark and hooded guise,
And winter's voice breathed dolefully its heaviest of sighs.
My thoughts were sad as sad could be, and lone, and still, I gazed
Upon the shadows as they fell—the red coal as it blazed;
The room was bare—no forms were there—but memories went and came
With love and sorrow chequered, like the shadows and the flame.
Oh! my young heart's tide of happiness had ebbed a wave too low,
In that dim hour of twilight gloom, some ten years ago.

Old merry Christmas was at hand, as constant as of yore,
I counted those about me at the Christmas tide before,
And if I missed some two or three, that ne'er could come again,
No wonder that my bosom felt a gentle throb of pain.
The twilight deepened murkily;—I wept, but lo! there came
A branch of holly falling from an ancient picture-frame,
And as it shimmer'd at my feet, all fresh, and green, and bright,
It seemed to fill my drooping soul with music, mirth, and light.
A key-note of wide echoings that still around me flow,
Was that poor holly branch, that tumbled, ten years ago.

It conjured up with minstrel spell, a fair and merry throng
Of glad conceits, that found a voice and burst into a song;
I poured out ballad lines of joy above the shining bough,
While pleasure quickened every pulse, and danced upon my brow.
I gave that song unto the world, with secret hope and fear,—
I longed to try if I could win that world's broad, honest ear;—
'Twas done—applauding words of life came thickly on my way,
And those who caught my holly leaves, flung back a sprig of bay;
"We like your notes," the "people" cried, "come sing again" and so
My "Christmas Holly" bound me to ye, ten years ago.

Since then we've mingled cheerfully within our "Household Room,"
Ye've heard me sing "Old Dobbin's" worth, and tell "Old Pincher's" doom,
Ye hailed me in my "Murray Plaid," and listened to my strain,
When like a baby in a field I wove my "Daisy" chain;
Ye took my simple "Old Arm Chair," ye knew it was a part
Of Love's rich cedar tree, that Death had cut down in my heart:
Ye smiled to see my "Old Straw Hat" laid by with earnest rhyme,
And chorused when a "People's Song" awoke your spirit chime:
Oh! many a changeful carol-lilt has knitted us I trow,
Since first my "Christmas Holly" flourished, ten years ago.

I bring ye now a posy bunch of varied scent and hue,
And rather think "Forget Me Not," will anxiously peep through;
True loyal hands to Nature's cause, have helped to pluck the flowers,
And pray that ye will take them home to nurse in evening hours.
What say ye? will they gain a place upon the window sill?
Have ye some household nook to spare, which they will serve to fill?
And as ye took my sombre branch, in midst of wintry gloom,
Will ye as tenderly receive my bunch of spring-time bloom?
Once safe beneath your sunny care, oh! how the leaves will blow,
And proudly crown the hope you gave me, ten years ago.

Spring flowers are sweet in every place, we like to see them come
On upland sod, by roadside hedge, and round about our home;
The monarch lady bears them 'mid the jewels on her breast,
And Poverty will seek a bud to deck its tattered vest.
Oh! take my mingled offering.—I long to hear you say
Ye like the simple blossoms which I place upon your way.
It is the lucid dew of truth, that gems each painted cup,
'Tis freedom gives the fragrance, and my heart strings tie them up;
Oh! take them "gentle reader," let my "spring flowers" live and grow
With ye who reared my "Christmas Holly," ten years ago.

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

MIRTH.—There is a large class of people who deem the business of life far too weighty and momentous to be made light of; who would leave merriment to children, and laughter to idiots; and who hold that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips as on a gravestone or in a ledger. Surely it cannot be requisite to a man's being in earnest, that he should wear a perpetual frown. Is there less of sincerity in Nature doing her gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? And is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode with truth, and to let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it, and to smile upon it as a kind father or mother, and to sport with it, and hold light and merry talk with it, as with a loved brother or sister; and to fondle it, and play with it, as with a child. No otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with truth; no otherwise Cervantes and Shakespere.

IT is wise to consider the characteristics of youth as painters do colours in an unfinished picture; for then we forbear to criticise apparent austerities or to condemn the too vivid glow, since the one will be tempered and composed by the matured back ground of reason, and the other subdued,—alas! too often obliterated by long deep shadows of care.

MEMORY is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience, and the council chamber of thought.

ENTHUSIASM.—Many people are prejudiced against enthusiasm; they confound it with fanaticism, which is a great mistake. Fanaticism is an exclusive passion, the object of which is an opinion; enthusiasm is connected with the harmony of the universe; it is the love of the beautiful, elevation of soul, enjoyment of devotion, all united in one single feeling which combines grandeur and repose. The sense of this word amongst the Greeks affords the noblest definition of it; enthusiasm signifies "God in us." In fact, when the existence of man is expansive, it has something divine.

"SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nature," but too many in the world act as though it were the only one.

"NO MONOPOLY," said a sunbeam dispersing a dew drop that was hiding in the folds of a rose.

A VOW of Abstinence is a moral prison, and the appetite must have become criminal before it needs incarceration.

BAD TEMPER.—A jar of household vinegar, wherein all the pearls of happiness are dissolved.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The whippers-in of the human pack.

ALCOHOL.—The great Government contractor for straight jackets and coffins.

LOVE.—The atmosphere breathed by God.

THE HEART.—Nature's original bible, scarcely to be recognized in the world's translation.

BLUSHING is a suffusion—least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

COURAGE is often the fear of being thought a coward.

PARTIAL instruction may be a partial evil, but universality of knowledge, however high the standard, will never take the poor out of their sphere. Elevating the lower, without depressing the upper classes, it will be an unmixed good to both. The few will be still wiser than the many. The most ignorant will then run the greatest risk. In a general illumination, it is only the unlighted windows that are pelted and broken by the mob.

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THE SWARMING OF THE BEES.

WHEN Bees get too thick in the hive, and want elbow-room, they swarm; leaving their parent nest behind, they fly away, and commence business on their own account. And when the Bees of the human hive find their villages, towns, and cities, become too populous and crowded for the territory on which they are planted—when their denizens become pinched for room, pinched for food, pinched for occupation, and can only subsist by preying upon each other—it is then full time that they too began to think of swarming to other unoccupied regions of the earth, where the soil is as fertile, where the air is as genial, and where the remuneration for labour is much more ample than it is in old and over-crowded countries.

As with Bees, so with men. The young, the enterprising, the adventurous, go forth on their new career, leaving to the old members of the hive the enjoyment of their comfortable nest. The world is wide—the fairest regions of the earth are yet unpeopled—millions of square miles of fertile soil, rich with the decayed vegetation of ages, have not yet been trodden by the foot of man. These are the grand fields for the venturous enterprise of youth, whereon the destinies of future ages are to be unfolded; where, untrammelled by the barbarisms of the Old World, and free from those vices of class and caste which still cling to all the venerated institutions of Europe, the human race is destined to work out the great problems of civilization, social happiness, and civil and religious liberty.

Colonization is now the great subjugator of the earth, and the British people are the leaders of this movement. The Saxon race is planting its feet firmly in every quarter of the globe. In the United States of America, a mighty empire has been founded, already equal in enterprize, intelligence, wealth, and power, to any in the world. Another great empire in the Southern Ocean looms before us—the germs of which are already widely planted in the flourishing colonies of Australia. At the southern point of Africa, also, on a fertile soil, and under a beautiful sky, thriving colonies are now settling; and in Hindostan, Sumatra, Borneo, and China, there are already laid the bases of future empires. In all the quarters of the globe, therefore,—in America, Australia, Asia, and Africa,—the Saxon race, migrating originally from the northern shores of Europe, is rapidly diffusing itself, carrying with it everywhere the seeds of free institutions, of manly independence, of Christian civilization, of social prosperity and well-being.

The free states of the North-Western part of the American Union, and the British colonies in Canada, have hitherto been the favourite resort of emigrants from this country. In 1847, no fewer than 142,154 emigrants left this country for the States, and 109,680 for Canada. The great attraction of those regions for the emigrating population of Britain, doubtless consists in the cheapness of land there, and the facility of reaching their coasts. In the North-Western States and Canada, the richest land may be had for between 5s. and 6s. an acre, though in the neighbourhood of settled towns, it is, of course, considerably more; and the cost of a steerage passage to New York or Quebec, the chief emigrant ports, is from £1 10s. to £5 10. There is also, it is true, a long inland voyage to be performed; but, taking all things into account, it is cheaper and easier to get at the virgin soils of the States and Canada, than almost any other of the new lands now sought after by emigrants from European countries.

Nothing can exceed the fertility of that magnificent region known as the Great Valley of the Mississipi, a valley interlaced with 15,000 miles of navigable rivers, containing 700,000,000 acres of the richest and most fertile land, and competent to grow food for the entire existing population of Europe. The chief portion of this valley is yet waiting the occupation of man. Although equal to the maintenance of 150,000 millions of people, it is only here and there, at remote intervals along the banks of the great rivers which roll through it, cheered by the habitations of industrious and civilized men. The same remarks apply to the North-Western States of Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois, and to the extensive regions of Western Canada, which are competent to afford more than elbow room to the entire unemployed population of Europe, and to their swarms of emigrants, for generations to come.

Turn we now for a moment to the great south land of Australia—an island almost as large as Europe, fringed with a luxuriant territory, and with commodious bays and harbours in which the proudest navies may securely ride. Australia is as yet the youngest of all civilized countries. Its history is confined almost entirely to the present century. In 1801, its white population amounted to only 8,000, chiefly convicts. About this time, it was discovered that the country was eminently adapted for sheep, and the growth of wool; free settlers resorted to New South Wales, and it began to assume a flourishing aspect. New settlements were made around its shores, at Western Australia, South Australia, Port Phillip, and Port Essington. Already the population of these colonies amounts to about 300,000, and they export produce to the value of two millions sterling per annum.

Until very recently, the interior of Australia was as little known as the central regions of Africa; only a few fertile districts round the coast were settled. The greatest additions recently made to our knowledge of the interior, have been contributed by Sir Thomas Mitchell, Dr. Leichard, and Capt. Sturt. Sir Thomas Mitchell pushed his way into the interior, and then came upon a country which seemed to him "the fairest region on earth; plains

and downs of rich black mould, on which grew in profusion the panicum-læodine grass, and which was finely interspersed with lines of wood, which grew in the hollows, and marked the courses of streams." Of another part, he says, "the country is adorned by hills of the most romantic form, presenting outlines which surpass in picturesque beauty the fairest creations of the painter." In the course of his journey, he came upon the largest river he had yet met with in Australia, and which he named the Victoria. The whole country through which he pursued this magnificent river, was, he says, better watered than any other portion of Australia he had seen; the plains were verdant, and luxuriant pasturage surpassed in quality, as it did in extent, anything of the kind he had ever seen; and he adds, that it seemed sufficient to supply the whole world with animal food! All this splendid tract of country is as yet entirely unoccupied, and has only been trodden by the feet of the Australian aborigines. The knowledge that such a region exists in the heart of Australia adds vastly to the importance of that country, and proclaims the future greatness of that extensive portion of the globe.

While America and Canada seem destined to be the greatest wheat-growing countries in the world, Australia seems destined to be the greatest of all known pastoral countries. The extreme salubrity of its atmosphere, and the rich verdure of its soil, render it the very paradise of flocks and herds. The increase of these, within the present century, has been prodigious. Within the last five years, the number of sheep and cattle in New South Wales has been doubled, notwithstanding the numbers that have been slaughtered and boiled down merely for the sake of their tallow. Horned cattle have increased in that colony at the rate of 145,000 a-year during the last four years; although about 35,000 head had been slaughtered in each year for the tallow, while the carcases were thrown away as useless, there being no population to consume them. The food thus *wasted* yearly in the Australian colonies, would be more than sufficient to feed the entire population of Scotland! The number of sheep alone in New South Wales was, in 1847, above 10,000,000, and of cattle about 2,000,000; or about fifty sheep and ten horned cattle to every head of the population,—men, women, and children. The number of cattle and sheep in Port Philip and South Australia, as well as their extraordinary increase, are equally remarkable as in the colony of New South Wales.

The great difficulty is, to find shepherds to tend the flocks, and labourers to do the indispensible work of these colonies. The demand for labour is great; every arrival from Australia repeats the same tale. "We want labourers; we want shepherds; we want mechanics; we want women-servants." And our unemployed labourers at home, who have so long been waiting in the market-places, eagerly asking to be hired; shopkeepers and tradesman, who have, perhaps, been engaged in the losing struggle of competition, until their gains have almost entirely disappeared; many who have large families of growing children, about whose *future*, parents cannot help but feeling anxious; young men about to settle themselves in the world, and desirous of securing an honourable independence—these are now turning their eyes wistfully towards the young countries beyond the sea, as their wished-for homes and the scenes of their future labours. In those countries they see the prospect of abundant employment. Labour is there so well remunerated, and land is so cheap, that three or four years of steady application are commonly found sufficient to place the industrious man in a position in which he can amass sufficient capital to purchase a small property of his own. Labourers and mechanics in the towns can, in most instances, become proprietors, under circumstances which, in older countries, would condemn them to a long life of toil, without being able to do more than merely sustain existence on the most pinching scale. In the colonies, labour is sweet, because it is mingled with hope. In old countries, the labourer in most cases sees himself doomed to be a labourer for life; in the new countries, the labourer has in near prospect a farm and flock of his own. In all respects, the labourer acquires a greatly improved position by his change of country—he labours freer, more hopefully, more independently, and for a much more satisfactory rate of remuneration.

The classes of labourers most in request in Australia, are agriculturists, shepherds, miners, blacksmiths, and mechanics of various kinds. We would also observe, that emigration to Australia opens an avenue for the relief of the toiling classes of women—for the poor sempstress, the domestic servant, the shopwoman, the governess. The demand for the services of women in the colonies is great and increasing. Domestic servants, housekeepers, governesses, dressmakers, shopkeepers, and (let us whisper it) wives, are wanted alike in New South Wales, in Port Philip, and in South Australia. We know there is a delicacy which hinders female emigration; but it is matter for serious consideration whether this ought not to be struggled with and overcome, when the objects to be contended for are so laudable—honourable industry, useful employment, competence, and independence.

With these remarks as to the general importance of emigration, we introduce the subject to our readers; and purpose from time to time to enter more into detail as to the capabilities of those colonies which present the most inviting prospects to the swarms of intending emigrants from this country.

Biographical Sketches.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Perhaps there has never been a public man, both in his good and in his bad qualities, so thoroughly an Englishman, as was William Cobbett; certainly none whose life is more pregnant with meaning, especially to such as find themselves encumbered in their upward march by the entanglements and obstructions of adverse worldly circumstances.

William Cobbett was born at Farnham, in Surrey, on the 9th of March, 1762. It was impossible to have entered life with fewer outward advantages for a literary and political career. His father, though skilled in several practical sciences, was ignorant of the very rudiments of grammar; and, being only a very small farmer, his sons were employed in scaring crows, weeding, and, later on, in all the labours of the farm, so continuously as to render the attainment of even ordinary village learning a thing impracticable. Words of one syllable, and a rude hieroglyphical hand, were all he succeeded in acquiring from the Farnham pedagogue. At sixteen, he visited a relative in Portsmouth, and endeavoured to enter the navy, but was rejected by the captain he applied to, from motives of kindness. A taste for rambling had, however, been implanted in him, and soon after his return home, with a few shillings only in his pocket, he ran away to London. There was, however, small chance for an ignorant country lad, of clumsy figure, uncouth manners, and real ignorance, to succeed in London; and Cobbett was on the eve of returning, prodigal-like, to his father, when a linen-draper to whom he applied for a situation, insolently bantered him on his appearance, and on the absurdity of his thinking to do any good in London. As the "Edinburgh Review" proved to Byron a torch-hand to set in flames the smouldering elements of his volcanic genius, so the vulgar contempt of this linen-draper called into being Cobbett's future characteristics, determination, and proud self-reliance. It had been doubted that he *could* succeed in London, and that doubt determined him that he *would*! He left the shop resolved at all hazards to remain in London—to succeed or starve. Shortly after, he obtained a situation as copying-clerk to a small attorney in Gray's Inn Lane, where his hours of labour—let

the modern Early Closing gentlemen ponder it!—were from five in the morning until nine at night, without leaving the premises, save on Sundays. This was more than Cobbett could endure. Irresistible craving after knowledge had arisen within him, which under such a round of horse-labour he could not satiate. He, therefore, exchanged the law for the army, and enlisted in a foot regiment, then in Nova Scotia. The depôt was at Chatham, and there Cobbett remained for a year; and there also he laid the basis of his future greatness, in despite of Fate and Fortune. His pay was sixpence *per diem;* but from that scanty sum, he saved sufficient to procure a grammar, which he wrote out twice at full length, and committed, word for word, to memory. After that, he subscribed to a circulating library, and devoured all manner of literature from its shelves. The world has few examples of such prodigious industry, as was his at that period. He rose at four and studied till parade time; and yet, in the midst of these studies, observed his military duties so satisfactorily, as to be made a corporal in a few months. In 1785 he went out to New Brunswick, to his regiment. There he continued his studies and his zealous discharge of duty; and contrived, as well, to save in four or five years, one hundred and fifty pounds. There also he became acquainted with his future wife. She was the daughter of a sergeant-major in another regiment. Cobbett had admired

> "The household motions, light and free,
> And steps of virgin liberty,"

at first sight; he kept his eye upon her, until seeing her very early one cold winter's morning, busily engaged in household work, decided him; and when her father's regiment returned to England, Cobbett placed in her hands the whole of his savings, to preserve her from any inconvenience. In 1791 he himself arrived at Portsmouth, and immediately obtained his discharge; having been promoted to a serjeant-major, and never once, during all his service, reprimanded. He found his intended a servant of all-work in London, at five pounds a year wages; but in the face of all the allurements of a great city, she had husbanded his money, and returned it untouched. Such a woman was perfection to the thrifty Cobbett, and he married her almost immediately. Shortly after, having rashly made a charge against the officers of his late regiment, which he could not substantiate, he was compelled to retire to France. There he remained six months, during which period he grappled with the language in his own leviathanic manner, and mastered it sufficiently to write a grammar and compile a dictionary of that tongue. He then sailed to Philadelphia, where his wife joined him, and where he first settled down to enjoy the calm of a domestic life, which appears to have been one of stern frugality, ceaseless study, and sensible married love. His politics at this time were those of a Tory, so fierce and so rabid, that they resembled, when he was excited, the extravagancies of a monomaniac. Those who remember Cobbett as the fierce opponent of Toryism, will deem this an incredible anomaly. True, however, it is; and on examination, not so anomalous as would seem at first sight. Intrinsically, it was a love of justice and a hate of oppression, that made him so. He had come *from* a land where blood was being shed in horrible profusion by democrats; and he had come *to* a land, where thoughts and words were alike fettered, by a despotism of democracy as autocratic as that of a Russian Czar. Against all Philadelphia—against all America, well-nigh, Cobbett, therefore, defended England and Conservatism with all the force of his pen, by pamphlet, paper, book, or fugitive lampoon. Satire, humour, invective, scurrility—every species of composition, from the lowest Billingsgate personality to masculine diction and nervous rhetoric, he employed unremittingly. Thomas Paine and Dr. Priestly were the twain upon whom his wrath was the most unsparingly and incessantly outpoured. To the former, he addressed his "Letter to the *Infamous* Thomas Paine;" to the latter, his "Observations on Dr. Priestley's Emigration," beside attacking them perpetually in his "Monthly Censor," and afterwards in his "Porcupine Gazette." With the same assiduous and headlong fury, he also ridiculed and anathematized the natural customs, prejudices, and even the Government itself. Such a defiance of the country's feelings could not be tolerated, and after several unsuccessful attempts, Cobbett was convicted of libel, and fined so heavily as to render his return to England a necessity. In June, 1800, he arrived here, and instantly commenced afresh his literary efforts. Hating democracy and liberalism as the very incarnation of tyranny, he established a paper called "The Porcupine," and defended, in its columns, the ultra Tory principles, against France without and Radicalism within. No means were deemed by him too base to be employed, if they advanced the cause he believed in; he never separated men from principles, but endeavoured to extinguish the principles by abusing and ridiculing their supporters. The "Porcupine" was soon read by men of every grade in life, and while many detested its tendency, and more blamed its violence, egotism, and disregard for truth, all acknowledged and appreciated the genius that ever shone amid that noise and violence. The historian Müller said, that Cobbett's articles were second in fire and eloquence to the Philippics alone. He had not been many months in England, before, by his sheer force of mind and indomitable industry, he and his paper were regarded as not the least among the notabilities. His eyes then became opened, and he began to perceive that what was the tyrant in America was the slave in England; and he began, hating tyranny in all its shapes, to lean towards the persecuted Radical faction. A slight put upon him at this time by Pitt, annihilated what Toryism remained; and changing the title of his paper to "The Weekly Register," he flung himself, with his usual impetus, into the arms of the extremest Radicals. The paper under its new title was continued until Cobbett's death, and in its columns the man Cobbett unmistakably paints himself. Its broad principles never again changed, except, perhaps, to become deeper and deeper in their democratic tone. But in its *private* principles and friendships, there was no consistency whatever. One week a man was a patriot, and the next a coward, peculator, and tyrant. Friends and enemies to the cause he advocated, were alike knocked on the head by the merciless flail he wielded, whenever they had the misfortune to offend him personally. His passions were his sole law; and he would, at any time, have retarded the great cause he laboured for, rather than not have exacted vengeance for any slight he laboured under. Thus, while he became daily more looked up to by the people, as their most able champion, he amassed for himself more, and intenser, enemies than any man of his time. The talent of his writings manifestly improved with his change of principles, because Ministerial jobbing, State corruption and abuses, formed, when attacked, a far more propitious field for his irony and trenchant satire, than when they were the subjects of his eulogies and apologies. There never has been, before or since, a writer possessing the same power of fastening on an abuse and doggedly hunting it down, till there was not a corner for it to hide in. His unscrupulousness aided him in this; for whenever an abstract argument failed, he never hesitated to take advantage of any private scandal that he considered might advance it. Nevertheless, his productions were so evidently the efforts of a masterly, original man, as to force their circulation, even among men who held opinions exactly opposed to his. If to this we add, that as he grew older, the querulousness of age distorted his incongruities, and augmented his violence more and more; and that, as his circumstances became entangled, he not unfrequently assumed a tone of puffery in his paper, we shall have a correct history of Cobbett's political efforts to the end of his career. We must also, in justice, add, that to the last he maintained the reputation

he had so ably, so laboriously won, of being the most fearless, original, and vigorous natural genius, that has ever mingled in the confused vortex of our politics.

The chief features of his active life are soon told. Shortly after his adoption of Radical principles, he was tried for a libel on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and two of his officials; condemned to pay £1,000, to be imprisoned two years, and to give security for his good behaviour for seven. While in prison, Mr. Plunkett, Solicitor General for Ireland, brought a civil action against him, for a libel contained in the same article for which Cobbett was then suffering his heavy punishment; Mr. Plunkett obtained £500 damages. On July 1st, 1809, Cobbett was again tried for seditious writings, having commented severely on the flogging of some recruits in Cambridgeshire. He received a repetition of his first punishment; (we may here state that the articles for which he had been fined £2,500, imprisoned four years, and bound to good behaviour for fourteen, were not severer than now appear regularly in our most respectable papers, not nearly so severe as the majority called forth by the late flogging at Hounslow). In retaliation, Cobbett reduced his paper to two-pence, and redoubled his vigour and acerbity. In 1817, the "Six Acts" were passed, whereby the Habeas Corpus was suspended, and all meetings without the permission of a magistrate prohibited. This compelled Cobbett to fly, as he was well aware he could not escape the lynx-eyed vigilance of the Government, with such laws to aid them. He, therefore, departed for America, and from thence he poured into his native country a torrent of energetic writings. In 1819, the obnoxious Acts were repealed, and Cobbett immediately returned. In a fit of foolish bravado, he exhumed the remains of Paine, whom thirty years before he had accounted below the level of humanity, and brought them to England as the bones of a great and noble champion of Truth and Liberty. The Reform party celebrated his return to England by dinners and meetings of welcome at nearly all the towns he passed through. In 1820, he contested an election at Coventry, but was unsuccessful. In 1826, he essayed once more, at Preston, where he had a tolerable chance of success; but, unfortunately, he conducted his canvass in his lowest and most brutal manner, was hissed into silence on the hustings for his coarseness, and lost his election by his violence and disregard of decency and moral dignity. After that he became deeply embarrassed, and at length went through the Gazette. In 1831, the last Government attempt to silence him was made on a charge of sedition. But Cobbett and public opinion were now too strong, and a jury could not be found to convict him. In 1833, he was returned to the first reformed Parliament by the borough of Oldham. All eyes were now upon him in expectation and in wonder. His probable senatorial career was regarded by all parties with anxiety. But he disappointed his own, and gratified the opposite party, by his indifferent Parliamentary success. Not having the command of his temper, he failed in debate; the forms and etiquette of the House curbed that freedom of thought and language wherein his great strength lay; he lost his influence by introducing extravagant motions, such as impeachment of ministers, for which only two or three members could be got to vote; and, added to all this, the late hours were not congenial to a man, who during a long life, had been accustomed to retire at nine and rise at four. Notwithstanding, he attended regularly, and spoke frequently, until, without any previous illness, death suddenly ended his adventurous career, on the 18th of June, 1835, at the age of seventy-three.

Thus finished the life of this remarkable man. The above sketch has been almost entirely confined to his political efforts, because by them he achieved his celebrity, and in them have we his genius the brightest, and his faults the most conspicuous. His purely literary works are, however, noteable. If they be less strong than the others, they are also less violent and coarse; if they contain less of his genius, they contain, also, less of his vulgarity. They are, indeed, taken with his political labour, a mighty testimony to the power of human industry, a monument of a life of incessant work. Too numerous here, even to catalogue, the most celebrated are,—"The History of the Reformation," "The English Grammar," "Cottage Economy," "Paper against Gold," and the "Legacy to Parsons."

In private life, Cobbett was unexceptionable. His domestic life was that of a genuine man,—loving to his wife and children, at the same time reserving to himself the rule and governance of his own household, generous to all around him, but insisting ever upon the strictest economy, and the simplest food. He left a widow and seven children. In person, he was corpulent and very tall; remarkably for neatness of apparel and personal cleanliness; with silver hair, and a healthy florid face.

The life we have just narrated has a weighty two-fold moral. It tells the son of toil, deep-sunken in chaos of lowly life and perpetual labour, that to him, if he will it, is victory possible; that if he have it in him, he may enter into a hand-to-hand struggle with his untoward lot, and by steady thrift and dauntless determination, trample the encumbrances underfoot, and rise triumphant over them. It tells him, moreover, with emphatic warning, how the victory may be nullified, its usefulness retarded, and its very existence rendered almost questionable, if the Knowledge and Power, so nobly won, are ignobly suffered to blunder violently on, unguided by the dictates of Imperial Reason—unrestrained by the prompting of deep seated principle. J. S. S.

THE NEW CROCKERY-SHOP.

BY SILVERPEN.

Famous as it is for the varied character of its districts, London possesses not one more singular, yet at the same time less known, than the great region which intersects the various city docks. Opposed both in respect to aspect and inhabitants to the neighbouring districts of Spitalfields and Stepney Green, a sort of rude, and, what I may call, grotesque plenty is visible everywhere; and whilst in each shadow of its lusty draymen, its dock-cleaners, its shipwrights, its caulkers, its porters, three ill-paid Bethnal Green or Spitalfield's weavers might walk abreast; the mental distinction is equally remarkable. The weaver is a speculator, a thinker, a politician—wisely or not according to his education; but here, supreme indifference and ignorance prevail, in regard to all matters not immediately relating to the common events going on around, or to the rude plenty which fair wages allow. Still, amidst this dense ignorance and intellectual apathy, startling signs exist, that such rudeness and apathy are merely conditional, and that removal from the degradation of pauperism would soon exhibit the first elements of far higher and nobler things. The first narrow street which slopes to a dock-yard, or the river, proves this. Glance down into the caulkers' and shipwrights' little kitchens, often feet beneath the pavement which you tread, and the sight will rarely fail you of a gigantic shell, rubbed bright till its inner convolutes shine like a waxed cloth, standing conspicuously on the spare table, or the chest of drawers; or else over the fire-place, its original moulding now, perhaps, supplied by a piece of yellow paper, is nailed some old ship's cabin looking-glass; or on the clock, or cupboard-top, some quaint dilapidated figure-head, uncouthly retouched with shining paint. In addition to these, there are usually strange-shaped pipes of foreign make, dried sea-weed, miniature men-of-war, calabashes, and other domestic utensils of savage life, often hanging on old rusty clamps and nails, which have rivetted the mighty timbers of stout ships, and kept them firm, and tight, and wedged together, through a hundred storms and tempests of the pathless seas.

The class of draymen and porters usually lodge in the upper portions of these houses, and there betray the existence of the element I refer to in another sort of fashion. Instead of the shell, the glass, or the figure-head, is usually to be found a shining tea-tray, radiant with a gay parrot, a set of spare tea-things flaming in yellow and red, jugs bright with most romantic shepherds and shepherdesses, or, perhaps, a print coloured in all the luxuriance of gamboge and vermillion; or, like the Irish of St. Giles or Saffron Hill, this class of the population are as passionately fond of what is called "crockery," as the Bethnal Green weaver of his pansy or piccotee.

The shops, like the dwellings, are peculiar, and drive a thriving trade in the two great staples, clothing and food; for they not merely supply a vast stationary population, in the receipt of the best average of wages in the metropolis, but also the emigrant and export ships which fill the docks.

In a little narrow close street, which I shall specify no further, than that it lies contiguous to one of the largest docks, there were, about four years ago, two dwellings, nearly opposite on either side the street. One of these might be called private, for it had no shop-front, though in its capacious, old-fashioned sash-window, women's stays were hung up on a line, stretched at the rear of a very bushy and flourishing geranium; whilst reared against the pot in which this grew, was a framed and glazed little sign, important with the following intelligence: "Ann Gussett; Stay-maker—Stays Wholesale, and for Exportation." This fact of Mrs. Gussett's trade was further confirmed by glimpses passers-by often had, particularly when the thick tallow-candles were lighted at evening-time, and the blind yet undrawn, of some five-and-twenty or thirty girls and women busy in all the operations of the trade, from the apprentices boring holes and fastening in bones, to the more recondite mysteries of the journeywomen in "cutting-out" and "fixing." The house on the other side the street, a few yards further down, was occupied as an old crockery-shop, its two large dirty windows being filled with dusty cups and jugs, plates and basins, of the very coarsest kind and ugliest shapes; whilst on the street-pavement beneath the windows were rows of common red ware, which at night-time were lighted up for the scrutiny of purchasers, by pieces of candle stuck in two old dusty lanterns. Mostly through the day, and always at night, either an old man or woman tramped up and down the pavement beside this public display of their goods. These were the owners of the shop; and two more in keeping with its dirt and ugliness could not well be imagined. As rarely any distinction was made between their sex, when addressed, they were universally called "Moses" throughout the neighbourhood, though "Moses" was only the Christian name of the old man. Report gave out that this old couple were immensely rich, though the fact of their daily life sadly belied this; for when not at the shop-door, or within, serving customers, they led a wretched, miserly existence, in a little dark three-cornered room behind the shop, without other company than piles of plates and dishes ranged round the walls on deep shelves, an old blind croaking blackbird in a dilapidated cage, and a little parish apprentice, named Sue, whose miserable, half-fed little body, trembled under the heavy shop-shutters morning and night, and through the day beneath the dusty ware she was called upon to hold up and show to customers.

It was a most winterly evening; so sloppy and wet, from intermingled rain and sleet, as to make the scene behind the geranium plant and pendent stays pleasant to behold; for it being the tea-hour, five o'clock, and that meal constituting part-payment of each sempstress's weekly wages, a slip-shod apprentice girl or two had cleared the littered table, and now placed on it a heterogeneous assortment of tea-things, exclusive of an extraordinarily large black teapot, a huge loaf, and a great lump of the very best Dorset butter in a yellow basin. Having a thriving trade, and being good-tempered, easy-minded, and very kind-hearted, though a slattern in all excepting her business, Mrs. Gussett was generous to her apprentices and sempstresses, and always wished and persuaded them to make this one daily meal they took with her such a hearty one, that many a poor little stitcher economised, and making dinner a fiction, took this as the combined meal of the day. Nor of this, if even she thought of it, did Mrs. Gussett complain; but let them have tea and toast, and bread and butter, without limit; and encouraged them to laugh, and to joke, and be quite at home over it. Indeed, tea was such an important meal with herself, too, that though she invariably dined well, it rarely passed over without one of the apprentices being dispatched to the neighbouring cook, or confectioner, or fishmonger's shop for some little nicety or another—such as a few slices of tongue or ham, a sixpenny sponge-cake, or a plate of shrimps or periwinkles, which she never eat, God bless her, without a little feint (worthy of the purest angel's heart) that there was too much, and so dividing the dainty amongst the most delicately appetised of her young apprentices, tempted the poor pale-faced sickly souls to eat!

Though she thus allowed all to help themselves in this sort of homely and abundant way, she never consigned the important office of making and pouring out the tea to any less sacred hand than her own. Thus, even if she had never risen from her seat the whole day, yet invariably as the clock struck five, she got up, took the black teapot, went to her cupboard, put her usual measure of tea—always one small china bowl-full, into the teapot, and went from thence to the steaming kettle, swung above the large and mostly cheerful fire, though always dirty and uncomfortable hearth. On this evening Mrs. Gussett was most unfortunate. An apprentice coming to make some toast at the fire, pushed her so, that the steam from the kettle coming directly against her hand, the good staymaker dropped the teapot, which fell in twenty pieces on the hearth.

"Oh dear! dear!" she exclaimed, as she looked round with a blank face upon her astonished needlewomen; "five and twenty years I've made tea out of that teapot, and yet to be broken at last! I declare I would have rather lost the best order I ever had, than that this should have happened;" and half crying, for she had no grave sorrows, she came back to her easy chair, and covered her face with her apron.

"There, don't take on, ma'am," said her forewoman, tucking up her untidy hair, and putting her foot into her slipshod shoe, as she came towards her mistress, "we shall get another. There are plenty over at Moses; and rather than see you vexed, we'll subscribe round, and buy one; that we will." The girls, even to the last come apprentice said, "yes," for they loved their mistress.

"It isn't that, girls," sobbed Mr. Gussett; "but it was so seasoned; it made the tea always draw so well; and as a Staffordshire man, who came about with mugs and hare-skins, once said, 'its shape was so uncommon,' as it was; for a skipper's wife I knew brought it her very self from Delf in Holland. No, no! there'll never be another teapot again like that, I know." Hearing this, the girls suggested that one should be borrowed from the neighbours.

"Ann Gusset never borrows," spoke the staymaker with a very stubborn and characteristic sort of pride. "No, buy rather than borrow if it is only a penny's worth, so we must buy one, for you must have your tea girls; to put you all out of sorts for the night 'll never do," and saying this she looked up and dropped her apron. The forewoman and several of the apprentices offered to run over to Moses.

"No girls, no;" spoke Mrs. Gussett, determinately,

"it'll be bad enough to put up with the best of such black ugly things as they've got, for its too wet to go further to night, without having ten pence or a shilling of one's honest money put on above the reg'lar price, to add to their heaps and heaps in the bank. No, if we *are* to have a teapot of the sort, *I* must buy it; so get my old black bonnet, clogs, and shawl."

Thus equipped, Mrs. Gussett soon crossed over the street to Moses' shop, and such few neighbours as were at their doors and windows, marvelled at this visit, for the staymaker was rarely seen abroad except on Sundays, and her dislike to the dirty shop and its two owners was proverbial. It rained so, that little seas of water stood in the pots and pans outside the door, and the Moses having retreated to their small parlour behind the shop, these were now watched by little Sue, who, huddled on the topmost step without shawl or bonnet, made way for Mrs. Gussett to step in.

"*You* can serve me, my dear," spoke the staymaker in her kindest voice, as she stooped to the child and put a penny in her little worn and unwashed hands, "you'll do it nicely, I know, for it's only a teapot I want."

"I daren't," whispered the child as she huddled this precious penny into the bosom of her ragged frock, "you must go in, they're in the room." Mrs. Gussett muttered something to herself, went into the shop, and up to the open door of the little squalid room, where just putting in her head, she said very stiffly, "A teapot, ma'am." A duchess could not have addressed the Moses more curtly. The old man and woman were sitting at tea, in front of a little rusty ship's stove, in which was such a wonderful small bit of fire, as to make it extraordinary how it boiled a kettle even of the very smallest sort, for as Mrs. Gussett afterwards informed her apprentices, "it made her cold to look at it." Their miserly meal stood on a little round table between them, and Mrs. Moses herself, scraping a bit of butter from a gallipot on to a few mouldy crusts before her, was assisting her husband's treble voice with her shriller one, in a sort of united address to a little pompous, well fed, well clad man, seated on the only chair, a few paces from the table.

"So dull, so stubborn, so careless," croaked the old man. The parish authority, for he was one, coughed.

"And such an appetite," said Mrs. Moses, pointing down with the knife to the pieces of crust, and to the tiny little cup of milk and water. The authority coughed again. Mrs. Gussett, who knew what all this meant, could bear no more of it, so still more grandly she said, "a teapot ma'am! I'm waiting." Without a word, the little old man and woman glided into the shop together, and commenced selecting some, from a great dusty pile of teapots on the floor. But presently, both in a breath called the child. "There, there's dust; yes, here's setting up; here's broken lids; and yet parish authorities come to say, we ain't kind;" and they both at this moment looked so hard at the child, that she cowered down as if expecting a blow. Mrs. Gussett could bear this no longer, for her face was as crimson as her shawl, and what she might have said in quitting the shop, for every one of the dozens of black teapots was now so absolutely ugly in her eyes, that she would not have taken one, had it been given to her, it is scarcely possible to say, so overwhelming was her indignation. But at this moment, her attention was arrested by the entrance of two customers. Turning round as one of them spoke, she beheld a very delicate and pretty female, poorly clad however, and very thin, standing close beside her, and holding on her arm something wrapped in a green baize table-cover. This being unwrapped, there was seen not merely a very fair sized, but one of the most beautiful teapots Mrs. Gussett, or even many more of higher taste, could ever see. It was melon-shaped, and made of the richest china. On the ground colour, which was a superb blue, ran standing from it in relief, the most beautiful stalks and buds, and leaves and flowers, all richly coloured, and of the natural size, which after twining round the teapot, and leaving a knot of rich-hued trumpet honey-suckles for the spout, gathered together, and intermixed their stems and softest buds to form the handle. The lid was just as beautiful, and a cluster of white jasmine formed its drooping knob.

"Will you buy this?" spoke the girl, in a broken voice, "it would make a fine show-pot for your window. It's very beautiful. You see it is."

"Show-pot!" screamed old Moses in his shrillest voice, lifting the huge black teapot already in his hand, as if to make a parallel, "what do we want with sich things in this neighbourhood? No, no! poor folk's heads are turned enough now-a-days with schools, and books, and pictures, to want any more things of such a sort. There, go about your business."

"There's the pawn-shop," suggested Mrs. Moses; "Brown over the way 'll give you half-a-crown on it, I daresay."

"Half-a-crown," ejaculated the girl, "at the very least it's worth a pound, and I want to raise fifteen-shillings this very night. They'd give double that sum for it at the West End, but I'm too weak to go so far, and I dare not trust it to other hands. Oh, if people knew how much it was worth to me, it would not be dear at any price." The girl, whose breeding was above that of the common class, now sobbed in unrestrained grief.

As I have said, another customer had entered with the girl. He now came close up to Mrs. Gussett's side, and examined the teapot, for he himself had come in to buy a little painted drinking mug for his child, and had not yet been waited on. He was a tall lusty drayman, on whose arm this little child rested, as lightly as summer-down floats on the outstretched branch of some great forest tree; but though both the little mite and himself had looked through the whole range of dirty mugs, both on shelves and counter, yet none had pleased their eye. That this was not owing to insensibility to beauty was most certain, by his look of intense wonder and admiration at the teapot, and by the baby's little pointed finger; it saw the loveliness before it, and smiled down upon the flowers.

"Well there," the drayman said, as he drew his hand across his face, "if I was as I was in my single days my lass, I dare say I'd find a pound in my canvas bag for that. But there's my missis, and three little 'uns to think on jist now; and these make a working man short of cash belike. Never thee mind though, it's an uncommon purty thing; for poor folks, though not edicated like, have got eyes as God gave 'em, and I don't think, if us had a few bits o' platters, and dishes, and cups more comely like, we should be the worse on 'em, for even my little Ned here, as isn't much gone over two year, don't slop his pin'fore half as much on Sunday tea-times, when we've the cha-na out, as on t'other days. But co'ome, a lifts better than a knock my lass, so if thee'lt ha' this sixpence, thee'st welcome, that I know." As he spoke thus, the honest drayman drew a sixpence from his deep pocket, and placed it gently, and with much pity, in the hand of the girl. Mrs. Gussett now came out strongly in her way. From the very first moment she had produced her morocco leather purse, and now came out of it a bright honest sovereign.

"There, my good girl," she said, as she held out the money, and covered over the teapot with the green baize again. "Ann Gussett's house ain't nothing more than a staymaker's, but it's got some hearts in 't, as knows when the world's down with other folks. So there's the price; and if the pot be too grand for such a tea-board as mine, it 'll serve for to-night, and can go up in the spare cupboard to-morrow. Praps," and here her honest voice trembled, "days ain't always dark with us, and so my dear, there may come one to you, when you may like to set it up in your own cupboard again. Well? I shan't say no, I dare say." Before good Ann Gussett had thus

done speaking, the girl's head rested weeping on her neck. "You're wet and cold," she added, as her hand passed over the girl's apparel; "come, my lasses have got a good fire, and there's plenty of bread and butter on the table." The girl, passive from grief and exhaustion, was led by Mrs. Gussett across the shop to the door.

The honest drayman, evidently urged by an irresistible impulse, followed the staymaker, and just as she had reached the street, touched her on the arm.

"Bliss ye mum, and little Ned here'd say it if he could; bliss ye mum—recollect my name's John Mason, as lives Number 3 Thompson's Court, just down the street here; and if I can be doing yer a little sarvis at in'ny time, I'm the one." So saying, he reverently pinched the tip of his sou'wester, and allowed Mrs. Gussett and the girl to cross the street.

The very first thing she did when she was safe within her own warm kitchen, was to place the weeping stranger in her own chair, pull off her soddened shoes, rouse up the fire to its very highest glow, send off two of the apprentices, one for a new seed cake, and the other for a few slices of tongue and ham, which might, she thought, tempt the poor girl's appetite; and then, only then, when her own bonnet and shawl were fairly off, did she unfold the green baize, lift out the teapot, and place it on the tea-board before the astonished eyes of her apprentices. They would not have been more startled had a little cherub with fair wings come in when the door was opened, and now first discovered its angelic presence.

"There," laughed Mrs. Gussett, in her own merry way, "Moses does sell pretty things at last, doesn't he?"

"It never came from Moses'," said all the girls decidedly, in a breath.

"No, no, you're very right. It's this poor girl's, who has kindly lent it to us for to-night." Good soul, she would not say she had bought it, for her heart told her some touching story was annexed thereto. "And so, with her leave, we'll make a cup of good strong tea in it, and whilst we drink it, see how beautiful these flowers are. But stop, Maria, the tray must never be so sloppy with this teapot on it. Fetch a cloth, and just set the butter on a plate. We must be tidy, if we can!"

Oh, the wonderful influence of beauty on the souls of all of us! Even here it could not come without instant effect over rudeness, disorder, and the uncomeliness of unrefined life; for never, in the whole five-and-twenty years of her mistress-ship, had Mrs. Gussett ever once cared about the sloppy teatray, or ever once given her apprentices such a lesson upon untidiness.

With a preciseness which set quite awkwardly upon her, the good-natured staymaker poured out the tea, and attended to the wants of her guest,—now helping her to slices of tongue and ham, bread and butter, and cake, and then stooping, with all her heart in the office, to see that she was getting warm and dry. With her bonnet and thin shawl thus off, the girl was seen to be even more youthful; but what Mrs. Gussett more especially noticed was, the beauty and trimness of her hair, and the neatness of her dress, though so much poorer than that of any one of her journeywomen. As soon as tea was over, Mrs. Gussett, with her own hand, washed and set by the beautiful teapot, and after that, going busily to work again for a couple of hours, closed by nine o'clock, and dismissing her apprentices and women, provided a nice little supper from a neighbouring tavern, spread it on a small round table before the fire, and then sat down beside her guest.

"I did not say much before my women," she said, kindly, "for——," and here she stopped and looked into the girl's face.

"I'm sure you ought to know all my story," spoke the girl, as she raised her truthful face, and looked full well into that of the staymaker's, "for though a sad one, it is short. And please verify its truth by any means you like. Please good friend, do this!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Gussett, much touched, "go on. I've lived so much in the world, and have had so much to do with people, as to make me a pretty good judge of truth. Go on! I believe every word you say."

"My name is Madeline Barlow. My father kept a china shop in Oxford Street, for the sale of the more beautiful descriptions of ware, such as porcelain vases, jugs, brackets, and ornamental services. Some unusually fine specimens of modern pottery made him acquainted with a young Staffordshire designer named Hay, who coming up to London to attend a course of anatomical lectures, frequented our house, and at last entered into partnership with my father, who was glad by this means to secure his valuable assistance. He became tenderly attached to me, and the love being mutual, my parents, whose only child I was, agreed with pleasure to our engagement. My extreme youth was the only circumstance which delayed our marriage. Meanwhile, many preparations were made against its occurrence; amongst other things, Edward Hay designed a tea-service, and as he was often going down on business to the Potteries, he had it fabricated under his own immediate care. At last, when finished, and our wedding day fixed, it was sent up to town. Two days before it came, my mother died suddenly, and our marriage was of course postponed. My father took the matter dreadfully to heart; and so neglected his business when Edward was absent, that it soon fell comparatively away, and upon the sudden pressure for the amount of a large bill, which he had, quite unknown to his family, been persuaded to become answerable for, his bankruptcy was declared. He was too honourable a man to save much out of his estate. With what was left I took a small lodging, and tried to add to our scanty means by teaching; but his health became soon so broken, as to oblige me to throw up my engagements, for the purpose of attending to him wholly. Our poor resources, as you may well suppose, soon dwindled away, and we were obliged, as our means thus sunk, to remove from cheaper lodgings to cheaper lodgings; for it unfortunately happened, that Edward Hay had lost money by my father's bankruptcy, which compelled him to give up his furnace, and seek for some situation, and thus we were deprived of even his assistance. At length, extreme want necessitated us to take shelter with an old servant, who rented a little shop in a street close by. She did all she could to assist us, though her means were very scanty; but, just a few weeks before my father died, we lost even this shelter, as some wealthy relations hearing incidentally of her difficulties, removed her to her native village in some distant part of the country. I was now obliged to part piecemeal with our few remaining valuables. One by one, and as a last resource, the beautiful cups and saucers, and plates, and cream jugs, and a lesser teapot belonging to the teapot you've bought to night," ('No,' interrupted Mrs. Gussett with the tears in her eyes, 'not bought, but borrowed to be taken care of.') were sold or pledged, chiefly at one place, however; and you may think this was a last resource, indeed, when I had to conceal my so doing from my father, who would have perished, rather than what he knew I prized so much should in any way be parted with;—and oh! Mrs. Gussett," and here the poor girl sobbed as if her heart would break, "he died three weeks ago; and as I knew Edward was so very poor, I did not write to let him know, till after the funeral, and for this last sad office, even my clothes went. Nothing was left but this large teapot, which I have tried to save, because I know Edward prizes it as a model. But I came out to part with it to-night, to try and raise the fifteen shillings I owe for rent. Now you know all—I am alone, I have no friends but Edward, and—" and here, half suffocated by sobs, she bent down, and buried her face in the staymaker's lap.

When she had dried her own tears somewhat, for they had flowed from a deep and true fountain, Mrs. Gussett raised up Madeline with all the tenderness of a mother, and the natural goodness of her heart shone out divinely.

"You shall never want a home whilst I have one, my dear, and if you will not despise a humble friend like me, I'll be one to the best of my ability and power. For when, some thirty years ago, I was a shopwoman in Oxford Street, I well remember your good father and mother, and the many little civilities they showed me, for our shop was next to theirs. So, my dear, don't cry any more; you have got a home and a true friend, such as they are."

Finding Madeline to be thoroughly worn out and exhausted, she would not let her stop to talk more, but helped and put her to bed; and searching in one of her capacious and well-filled chests of drawers, brought from them one of those good silk gowns which had fitted her in her slimmer and younger days, and sat up far into the night, to lessen it, and lay it ready, with fresh and good linen, beside Madeline's bed. When Madeline came down to a comfortable fire, and cheerful well-supplied breakfast-table; she found her rent had already been discharged, and the few last relics of her better life secured and brought away, with the kindest and noblest consideration.

With a tact which seemed habitual to her, so that no one's feelings could be hurt by acts which by necessity were tacit reproof of disorder and untidiness, poor Madeline soon effected a comparative reformation in the dull, large, dirty kitchen of the staymaker. First, under the charming, gentle pretence, that do what one would, summer dust and winter smoke will discolour and destroy the tidiest things; she re-tied all the littered, ill-wrapped stock in fresh brown paper, and put them, labelled and numbered, in neat array, along the great shelf which ran round the kitchen. She covered the great leaded pincushions afresh, got a new ledger, and entered all the accounts, both debtor and creditor, in a beautiful clerk-like style; trimmed the ragged geranium, made Mrs. Gussett some neat caps, and did so many little things of this sort, and so unobtrusively, besides reading out through the long evenings from some newspaper or book, as to make all the apprentices and journeywomen, in spite that she was better bred, and so neat, and so very pretty, regard her too much to feel envy, and Mrs. Gussett to declare that she had never been so happy before in her whole life.

Several weeks had gone by, perhaps eight or ten, and Madeline had been made happy in hearing from Edward, who had now, though trade was dull, obtained some employment in Worcester, when Mrs. Gussett's birth-day came round. This good soul had for years kept it as a little festival; but this year, on its very morning, a sudden order for twelve pairs of stays, for a ship about to sail, came in, and all hands had, therefore, to keep at work through the day, in the hope of getting done by early evening-time. Mrs. Gussett, however, determined that the tea should be a comfortable one; so, though no one could lose a minute, the great plum-cake was cut up, the dish of extraordinary ham set forth, one small apprentice wholly devoted to the art of toasting, the best tea-tray, the best tea-things, the real silver spoons and sugar-tongs, and cream-jug, like a great butter-boat, were brought out, and Mrs. Gussett, in a new cap, with happy looks, and the glorious teapot before her, begged Madeline to make tea.

The nicely candied cake had hardly been tasted, before some one knocked at the door. It proved to be an old employer of Mrs. Gussett's, who being a ship-broker, and part-owner of two or three coasting vessels, contracted for the supply of various descriptions of outward bound cargoes. But he was one of that class of people, whose patronage or liking cannot be relied on; so it had happened on various occasions that he had given a very large order to a rival staymaker in a neighbouring street, who, as she said, "not having been long in the trade," Mrs. Gussett was somewhat jealous of. Yet, though on this occasion it happened just as she expected, Mrs. Gussett was too politic to quarrel with her customer.

"Well," said the broker, sitting down on a chair, placed near the tea-table for him, whilst he examined a little strip of paper in his hands, on which stood a column of figures, "this order for the English Sally, and the Bernares, outward-bound to New York and Calcutta, is fifty dozen in all; so I suppose I must give you twenty dozen, and Dobbs in the next street the other thirty. That's how it must be, eh?"

"As you please, Sir," answered Mrs. Gussett. "I'm always obliged by your custom, whether little or much." She said no more; though in her heart, she wished over and over again, for the whole order, which, when known, would make her look so respectable in the eyes of her neighbours.

After some further examination of his invoice, the broker looking up, saw the grand cake, the best tea-things, and the beautiful teapot. "Bless me," he said, "what have we got here? Why I never saw such a thing in my whole life; and I have, first and last, seen a good deal of foreign china. It's quite equal to anything I ever saw in an import of Sevres or Dresden china. Well, it *is* beautiful."

He now drew his chair nearer to examine it more closely, praised it much, asked many questions, and at last became so complaisant as to take Madeline's proffered cup of tea, and a slice of the excellent plum-cake. By-and-bye as he rose to go, he said, "with your leave, I'll step in again somewhere about eight o'clock, and bring with me, my friend Captain Jinks, who has a particular taste in these sort of things." Mrs. Gussett cheerfully consenting, the broker withdrew, though without saying another word about the order. At eight o'clock, and by the time the day's hard work was finished and cleared away, he returned, bringing with him the captain, who proved to be a very well-bred man, and owner of several merchant vessels. He had traded much in the Mediterranean, and with the French ports—had bought much foreign china upon speculation, and reserved the best of it to adorn a small bachelor's cottage of his own near Gravesend, which a maiden sister kept trim and neat during his voyages. He admired the teapot immensely—said it was a glorious work of art, and an honour to its modeller, talked much to Madeline, seemed intuitively to guess the love story, which made every flower upon it so precious, tasted the wine and plum-cake, and ended all, by inviting Mrs. Gussett and Madeline to Gravesend the very next Sunday. Mrs. Gussett was in her glory; in her whole life she had never felt happier; and when on rising to go, the broker said carelessly, "I think, Mrs. Gussett, you'd better have Dobbs's order into the bargain—that is to say, the fifty dozen pairs of stays according to the dates and particulars of this invoice," her triumph, her satisfaction, and her joy, were at a climax.

A merry night was made of it. Nevertheless, before the hour was late, Mrs. Gussett dismissed her young people, and retired with Madeline to their chamber. It was a large room, full of good furniture, amongst which were two great chests of drawers, and an old fashioned buffet. The latter Madeline had never seen opened; but now, even before taking off her cap, and in a way quite solemn and full of purpose, the good staymaker drew a bunch of keys from her huge pocket, and unlocking it, took out an old fashioned leather pocket-book, and came and sat down beside Madeline at the foot of the bed.

"My dear," she said, taking the girl's hand affectionately in her own, it isn't usual for me to talk of my affairs to anybody. But you have so won upon my love, are so much a daughter, and so grateful for the very little I have done for you; have made us all feel so much higher and better since you've been amongst us, that you must listen patiently to what I have to say, and what I mean

to do. Now, in the five-and-twenty years I've been in business, I've saved a nice bit of money. Perhaps, with what's in the bank, in public securities, and in the pocket-book here, I'm worth two thousand pounds or more. I've been thinking, therefore, my dear, and please don't say a word till I've done, if you was to get married to Edward, and have part of this money to set up in a nice shop with in this neighbourhood, what a good thing it would be. People, my dear, call this part of London low, but they don't know the good place it is for trade, or the plenty of ready money always flowing up and down. Now, my dear, I've got a mortgage on the two next houses; one is empty, and the other will be so in a month; and I was thinking, if the two were turned into one, a nice shop-front set in, and well stocked with china and glass, and you and Edward married and settled there, how happy *I* should be. And the folks about mightn't be a bit the worse, for seeing beautiful things before their eyes, and buying them instead of the ugly things at Moses's. For I don't know how it is, but me and my girls have been better since the night your teapot came. What's more, too, my dear, I'll buy a new table, cover, a new teatray, and we'll have the teapot used every night, for just see what an order it's got me. If it hadn't been for your teapot, Madeline, Dobbs would have had the thirty-dozen order, I'm certain." Thus Mrs. Gussett proceeded till far into the night; explaining, talking, confiding to Madeline all her secrets, and so planning everything, and so insisting that Madeline should accede to all which she proposed, as to make the grateful girl's heart overflow with intense joy and gratitude.

"And please, my dear, don't say another word of thanks," said the good staymaker in conclusion; and as she embraced Madeline, "I love you very, very much, and everything I have is yours."

Drest in her best, and very mysterious in her proceedings, Mrs. Gussett went next morning to her lawyer, from thence with him to the offices of a builder in Finsbury, and made all necessary arrangements, that the two above-mentioned houses should be immediately converted into one substantial dwelling, with a private door, a good shop, and every comfort and convenience. She on this very same day, too, without saying a word to Madeline, ordered new and appropriate furniture, and after some difficulty, found out an old foreman of Mr. Barlow's, and consigned to his care, under the control of her lawyer, the stocking of the shop when it should be finished. And now, from this time, whenever Madeline was abroad, and she had a spare half-hour, Mrs. Gussett might be found searching amongst all the long-hidden treasures of her buffet, and chests of drawers, and boxes, producing several pairs of sheets, yellow from long disuse, but just as new as when they came from the loom, damask table-cloths, Russia towels, curious old shaped silver tea and table-spoons, and many other things, all declaring that some great event was at hand. But she managed to keep the secret pretty well.

According to her promise, a new cover was bought for the large table, a teatray as well, the beautiful teapot brought carefully out every afternoon, and its use confided to Madeline. Though now quite smart and elegant since Mrs. Gussett had found so many "useless" (heaven bless this category of fictions) silk and chintz gowns and remnants of rich lace in her drawers, Madeline Barlow had too good a heart to assume any command over, or to dictate to others, though she had often to secretly lament over the untidy and slattern household. However, a change, though a very slow one, had been for some time taking place; and now that the teapot began to be used, and the teatray looked so neat, it was observable, that more care began to be taken in handing about the bread and butter, there was less upsetting of cups, and a trifle more courtesy in every action; besides, what was still better, the most untidy of the sempstresses were now, a few minutes before the tea-hour, to be seen adjourning to the little washhouse, there to set their hair to rights, to wash hands, and, perhaps, producing a neat collar and ribbon from reticule or pocket, set it trimly on before the looking-glass. Even Mrs. Gussett herself, began to talk of an afternoon cap; and as she soon began to find, that many of her best customers now called usually about the tea-hour, and mechanics' wives stepped in just then to inquire the price of articles in the window, her second best cap was brought down stairs every afternoon, and put on by tea-time.

(To be concluded in our next).

EDUCATION.

BY WILLIAM MARTIN, ESQ.,

Editor of the "Educational Magazine," and Author of the "Principles and Practice of Elementary Teaching," "Philosophy of Education," &c.

EDUCATION is all-important at the present moment in England. The power of the State is brought to bear upon the question for good or for evil. There will be no lack of quacks, no lack of nostrums, no lack of patronage, —and the spirit of centralization sits like a spider in his web, spreading his filaments in every direction. It is necessary for the public to keep watch.

The object of this department of the Journal will be to give the public information concerning the progress of education in this country, to propound the great principles upon which education should be conducted, and to offer to the teacher and to the parent practical information concerning the teaching and training of the young.

There is sufficient interest in these matters to engage every one. The disciplining of the human mind, the development of the affections, the regulation of the passions, is a work that bears upon every department of human knowledge, and therefore must be one well calculated to arrest the attention, and to create itself an appetite by what it feeds on.

With us, education has long had, and still has, a mere utilitarian principle, without any regard to the higher relationships with which we have to deal. We are not in it taught to devote ourselves to thought for thought's sake, and to render adoration to truth because it is truth, but rather to look at our acquirements only as they may turn to our temporal advantage. In every city, in every town, in every country village, the leading man in the place, the man who has the most reverence, is the man who has the most money. Our age has been called a golden age. Money is, alas, the main-spring of most actions—the first divinity of modern idolatry. In the present day, the most sublime conquests are made by the cunning speculator; to produce money is the universal aim of all our efforts, and the finest monument of our national architecture is the Bank.

But true education has not exclusive reference to the life of the body, nor is it merely the means of pushing our way in the world, but a principle of universality. Let the soul have elbow-room to propagate the reign of truth. Man born in relation to infinity, has infinite hopes, infinite desires; and Knowledge, expanded, ennobled, and sanctified by truth, bears him to the most elevated heights, and brings his fallen nature again towards heaven. In these higher regions of the spirit, education, in its true sense, becomes the sanctuary of the great discoveries of every age, of the glorious inspirations of every country, and of the imperishable thoughts of characters venerated throughout all time.

The possession and preservation of our more sensual and corporeal existence is not the end of society. The true end is the life of humanity, that life in which Divine love displays itself the most entirely—the life of the spirit; and it is the life of the spirit with which education has to do, has an atmosphere of good created by the development of its powers, and those capacities that lie deep in man. The being who only lives to satisfy the exigen-

cies of sense is an animal; and if his intellectual powers are used simply to perfect his earthly existence, and to increase his sensual pleasures, he is little beyond the brute, and only becomes MAN when he gives up the sensual and intellectual to the control of the moral; when he acknowledges that the guide and sovereign of life is virtue, and the great glory of the soul is religion.

In this manner it is that an aggregation of men, given up to animal life, is a *herd* but one degree removed from the brute nature. When the physical and intellectual powers are combined, and numbers join themselves together for mutual protection against hunger, cold, and foreign aggression, it is a *tribe* or *clan;* but when men unite together, physically, intellectually, and morally, for the development of the eternal germs of truth, and justice, and love, in wise laws and humane institutions, it is then, and only then, that they deserve the name of a NATION. A nation exists not in her capabilities of providing for, or sustaining her physical greatness, but in her intellectual brightness—her moral strength—her religious glory.

The arm of social government, and of education as its part, ought to be placed on the moral and not on the physical and intellectual condition of a people. They have not only limbs, and a stomach, and a head that thinks, but a heart susceptible of emotion. If a man be a social animal, he must acknowledge the existence of that principle which renders him social. Call it the social instinct, or by what other name we may, there is a part of us, or in us, which is our true selves, upon which part alone it is the business of education to act for the purposes of development. It comprehends the moral sense, the intellectual energies, the feelings, the affections; it is, in short, what we call, the soul, whose empire is the high and generous ideas of religion, of love, of duty, of truth, of liberty, of universality.

A small country is more powerful, and stands higher among nations with large territories, if the idea which it holds of religion is that of a verifying and saving spirit, which acts both for the government in which it moves, and for the spiritual benefit of the community; if the idea of right and duty identify themselves not with the penalties of the law, but with the obligations of humanity; if the idea of law be a representation of eternal justice; and if the idea of justice does not confine itself to the adjudications of tribunals, but, extends so as to comprehend every man in the original legality of his rights; if the idea of liberty, instead of evaporating itself in chartist demonstrations, and monster meetings, in tumultuous cries and cross-grained liberalism, it displays itself without obstacle to the development of the common good, irrespective of party, or of clique; if, lastly, the idea of country be not confined to the place where we build our workshops, but to the locus from whence the noblest ideas are born, where our struggles are endured to insure the conquest of civilization; that holy asylum of hearth and altar, where moral power can concentrate as in a focus, and acquire such an intensity from domestic virtue, that it will irradiate a world. Impressed with such notions of education, how great will be our social advancement and political elevation?

Let men go forth ripened by profound meditation, ennobled by the contemplation of moral beauty, and rendered energetic by the adoration of truth, and a love of true religion. Such men, instead of teaching their pupils to live by dark and crooked expedients, will show them how to walk with singleness of heart into the perfect day. Capable of every sacrifice, except the convictions of conscience, such apostles of truth, not animated by selfish ambition, which seeks to support itself upon false greatness in the low passions of a debased population, will go forth boldly, with the desire to elevate their fellow-creatures with real knowledge, and to live in the noble thoughts they have polarized in the community. Rich in the treasures of wisdom, and religion deeply hived in their inmost souls, and fired with the sublimity of patriotic virtue, — as the heart which circulates the principle of life to the extremities of the arteries, so will such men, from a common centre, disseminate truth and justice, religion and piety, through the deepest ramification of our social system, to the perpetuity of our noblest institutions, and to their propagation through every country of the world.

Pen and Ink Portraits.

THE OLD TRADESMAN.

IT is a trite aphorism, that "ancient prejudices must give way to modern improvements." Never did the ever-revolving wheel of human events touch upon an age so demonstrative of this fact, as the one in which we live, or in which the besom of progress was so industriously engaged in the sweeping away of social cobwebs; and although many of these meshes of the spiders of antiquity remain, yet they are marked for destruction by the masses, who entertain, almost to a mania, a horror of the "old." A battle of habits is going on; the Antique reluctantly giving up the ghost, and Novelty struggling into existence. Indeed, with the exception of "port," we can point but to few things bearing the prefix "old," that will recommend themselves to the admiration of "Young England."

To this spirit of progress, ever so antagonistic to antiquity, we are indebted for the extinction of the old stage-coachman, the old watchman, and the old hackney-coachman, who formed so prominent, if not an essential, portion of the under-current of society some few years ago; and we believe the time is fast approaching, when the character we are about to sketch will be as obsolete.

"Man is a bundle of habits," saith somebody. Now, the Old Tradesman, we venture to affirm, is a bundle of prejudices as well. Although all prejudices are habits, and frequently very threadbare and shabby habits, too, it does not necessarily follow that habits are prejudices; and in the present instance we show that the Old Tradesman is a bundle of prejudices within a bundle of habits.

The Old Tradesman is a species of the mercantile genus, and belongs to every and all trades. He abounds in the middle stratum of society, and is its inner, as the aristocracy is its outer crust. He is so far from having any feeling in common with his fellows, that while other classes of tradesmen change with the times, the Old Tradesman is the same from all eternity: properly speaking, he is not one of a class, but the excrescence of all classes—a man gone mad with a few ideas; in fact, a sharp tradesman run to seed, and, according to his own definition, he is common sense personified.

Other nations have been prolific in founding schools of painting and music; but it has been left for England, our mother-land, to found the school of commerce; and although very good copies of the "odd fish," of which we are treating, exist abroad, the original is only to be found in London, to which place he is indigenous.

The Old Tradesman, although not given to reeling imbibition, yet manifests a horror of internal hydropathy, amounting almost to hydrophobia. He will tell you that Father Matthew's principles is fudge; he knows when he's had enough, and why should not others? It is one of his characteristics to "use a house," a verbal coinage of the tradesmatic brain, which implies the nocturnal insertion of the *corpus humani* in a public-house; the parlour of which place forms the arena of his public life, and where he will tell you, "he goes to get out of himself," i. e. business, but where in reality he is more in himself, and endeavours to be everybody else, too, than in any other place.

Monopoly may be found in the constitutions of public-

house parlours as in larger governments, and the Old Tradesman enjoys the exclusive privilege of a particularly snug corner. Some of this genus have been known to occupy a particular corner, in a particular parlour, in a particular house, at a particular hour, in a particular manner, and imbibe a particular beverage, for thirty or forty consecutive years; particularity is their characteristic; in fact, they are the Byngs of *their* public circle, the fathers of the house (they use).

You may easily recognise the Old Tradesman. He is portly, usually has a red face and a bald head; his hat is generally peculiar, and his umbrella or stick, which he adopts as per weather, immense. In his dress he is one, and unmistakable; fashion is his abomination, and in general he is encircled in a waistcoat of dingy black, antique cut, and pockets of considerable utility; he affects a coat of rather huge dimensions, with continuations that have no pretensions to straps or smartness. He carries himself with the conscious dignity of "a man who has got on in the world;" and if you happen to be a stranger, the beams from his eyes, every one of which passes through a film of the precious metal, or a retina of lease or freeholds, will darken the light of your countenance with supercilious glances, until he is aware of your "respectability," i. e. metallic or parchment substance.

Every man has a stumbling-block in his path; it may be a mole-hill or mountain, it is his objective point, the focus to which shifts every subject before he looks upon it, and the Old Tradesman's rock-ahead is "progress;" that word is to him what "impossible" was to Napoleon, and "difficult," to Nelson, a lexicographical excrescence, a lot of letters that had got together by mistake, alphabetical rebels to be expunged from the language. He ever impresses upon his hearers the necessity of going into mourning for the "Good time going." He asserts that "things" are not what they were, and that the world is turned upside-down; and insinuates, that he is the only one who still maintains in this planet his proper and natural relation to the antipodes. He will ask you, with insulted feelings, whether there are any boys now? and if you answer in the affirmative, he will contradict, and tell you that boys isn't boys now—that they are all men before they are nether-garmented.

If your ill-fate leads your tongue to utter a word about the "international league," or the "peace movement," you had better have trodden upon a giant's corn, or pulled a hair from a freed tiger's tail; he will ask imperatively, "what you know of war?" He remembers "the war-time," when he was a boy; there was plenty of business then.

If you mention taxation, he will affirm that he has no objection to it, to none but a property tax—it is only vagabonds, men of straw, who want such a vile tax. As for other taxes, like war, they always seem to him to bring business with them; and as for the next generation, as it is called, he does not know that the last generation has cared a brass button for him, and why should he care for the next. He has a contempt, bordering on aversion, for young men; not because they are young men, but because they have generally a leaning to young ideas. He will chuckingly tell you, that while the "young men think the old ones fools, the old ones know the young ones are." Of his own family he seldom speaks, except it be to show what an exemplary parent he is; he has brought all his boys and gals up to work, and precious hard, too; it did them good, and they'd know how to take care of themselves, besides its being good exercise. As for "early closing," it was his opinion that it was intended to rob tradesmen; the age was all gone mad, and, although he said it with reverence, the parsons who voted for it were mad, too. Let all the work be done when it was to be done; and as for young men, if they worked when they were young, they need not do it when they were old—that was his motto.

By way of illustration of his anti-progressional principles, the Old Tradesman will relate tales of friends of his. One for instance: A jeweller, the circle of whose whole ideas was embraced in the money's worth of a gold ring, retired, leaving the business to his son; the latter sacrilegiously dared, in the absence of his parent, to affix, by way of ornament, a large looking-glass in his shop. The father visited, and his ire was raised at the innovation and waste of capital; the son's excuse was the demand of the march of intellect. "March of intellect!" quoth the irate pa. "March of —— impudence, I call it."

With regard to social topics, the Old Tradesman handles them after his own peculiar fashion. He entertains a mortal aversion to "Sanitary Reform." He likes not the new-fangled name of the thing, and he likes still less its first expense; but his principal and main reason for hating it is, that no such thing was wanted or heard of when he was a boy. In fact, he has an instinctive affinity with dirt; it is, in his opinion, the initial of industry, and he judges of the distance of a tradesman from the Gazette by the absence of cleanliness from his windows.

He looks upon education as a kind of arsenic, which being dropped upon one of the working classes, poisons the whole generation; he cannot see what knowledge working men want, more than that of knowing how to get their living. He is for the improvement of the mind on practical principles—such for instance as the Wellerian system, which expands the infant intellect on pavements, and the genial gutter streams of London streets. Of authors he entertains the most profound contempt, and terms them legalised vagabonds, except when he happens to be in the book-trade, and then he treats them as mental mechanics, who grind their brains to make his bread.

The Old Tradesman has a few judicial periods in his life, as, when he serves on juries. He then *feels* the rights of an Englishman, and endeavours to recollect something he has read about trials by jury. Notwithstanding he is a juror, he troubles himself but little about the meaning of the term, or its responsibilities; and although he grumbles at the waste of time, he knows his importance; he has some indistinct idea about being superior to the judge, as the jury decides the cases; but he is somewhat in awe of the judge, and leans a little to his lordship's way of thinking in the summing up, because he has upon his books a few forensic customers, ergo, the judges, or even a barrister's opinion, has a marvellous influence. He has a substantial style of talking, and accordingly his brother jurors elect him foreman. He knows a rogue by the colour of his hair, and is frequently so acute a judge of character, that he will find the accused guilty, in his own mind, before the indictment has been read. In these cases, he fancies himself an instinctive Lavater.

The Old Tradesman has but small faith in railways, and less in California. He likes nothing but what is safe; his maxim is, that more money is saved than made. He is full of wise saws of the penny saved, and penny earning order; and what is more, he acts upon them. In politics he calls himself a Tory; he does not like the Whigs, because he has been told they once had something to do with a revolution; but Radicals are his abomination; he thinks they are workhouses let loose, headed by the kings of the beggars; and on the whole, he has the same opinion of Radicals, that little boys have of ogres and giants—that they are waiting to eat him up. Socialism he does not understand the meaning of, but fancies he should not dislike it, as the name sounds rather jolly. If an election takes place, he becomes inflated in mind and body, and talks loudly of his independence, at the same time clapping his hands upon his pocket significantly, and he further proves his freedom of suffrage by the splitting of his vote between the rival and opposition candidates; and he regards with

disgust any unfortunate critic who should happen to insinuate, that neutrality at least will be the consequence of his vote; and further extenuates his conduct, by disclosing the important fact, so dear to the Old Tradesman's mind, that they were both "customers."

The Old Tradesman is frequently to be found in the ranks of those august bodies—Parochial Authorities, the necessary consequence of which is to add to his stature, in imagination at least, some inches, and by the weight of his metal he wedges himself into importance, and makes himself the terror of the paupers, and the envy of his compeers. And here again he asserts his independence of action; he is an unpaid authority—he works for honour instead of money, and doles out largesses of benevolence accordingly. This is his amusement, and he is as much attached to playing at House of Commons when at the Board, as little boys are of playing at soldiers. In fact, he is ever talking, and acting upon what he calls "common sense," though it is the only sense perhaps which he does not allow other people to hold in common with him, and the one sense which he posseses the least of—but of that we leave our readers to judge.

The Old Tradesman dies and leaves a legal relict, whose very regret is of a questionable kind. She is his widow, but not a sorrowing one, for she is "provided for." As for his children, they have been taught a life's long scraping up of gold in the "diggins" of trade; they have been taught to earn, and told to save, and the only motive for the latter was, to save. The chain which bound them is burst. They are free at last! Having lived for years the life of grubs, they are changed to butterflies, and the accumulation of the Old Tradesman's sixty years, is probably squandered in two or three.

WILLIAM DALTON.

Notices of New Works.

A Book for a Corner; by Leigh Hunt; 2 vols. 12mo. Chapman and Hall.—The great places and the high places of the world are, it is generally allowed, by no means the most comfortable. It is in the quiet corners and remote nooks, cosy, and impervious to

"The madding crowd's ignoble strife,"

that the experienced amateur in the art of comfort seeks for his dear delight. Now, this dear delight, this rest and stillness, can only be thoroughly enjoyed by those who are fortunate enough to be compelled to toil with head or hands during a great portion of their life. We use the word *fortunate* advisedly; for, is it not fortunate, that external circumstances should force us to that labour, which is essential to our spiritual development and consequent well-being? "Labour is" indeed "divine;" and by her alone can a man obtain all that makes it life to live. . . . . Among the blessings with which this fair-featured but hard-handed goddess endows mankind, is *Repose*, a blessing which none but her votaries can fully appreciate. Here is one of them, who in a green and smiling old age, has come forward with a sort of Manual of Quiet Comfort, for the express delectation of his fellow-workers in their hours of repose. "A Book for a Corner," and by Leigh Hunt! Think what it must be to have Leigh Hunt in his pleasantest mood, all to yourself in a corner, the corner of a thick branched wood, that looks out over a sun-lit landscape of soft swelling hills, green pastures, and bowery homesteads; or haply, the corner of a bay-window in an old country-house, that overlooks a quaint garden, redolent of roses and the apple-scented eglantine; or, yet again, a fireside corner, in any sort of house, any where, in a stormy winter at any hour, aye, even though we heard the midnight chimes, and were obliged to get up at what time the lark tunes "his preposterous matins," as Charles Lamb calls them. Think of what such pleasure would be; and then take an honest critic's word for it, there is a reflex of such pleasure in store for you, on the next holiday in this "Book for a Corner." In it you will find favourite passages from familar authors, with graceful comment and the most refined literary chit chat by their collector himself, so worthy to contribute to the gems which form his text. These two volumes are suited for all sorts of readers; for young and old, men and women, grave and gay; the man of business, and the idler; the literary man, and the general reader. But it is the universalists, "the sympathizer with the entire and genial round of existence," for whom, as their author says, "these volumes are emphatically intended. He then goes on to describe the nature of a universalist as regards books in particular. Our readers will, we think, be glad to hear him speak on a subject with which he is so well acquainted.

"A universalist, in one high bibliographical respect, may be said to be the only true reader; for he is the only reader on whom no writing is lost. Too many people approve no book, but such as are representatives of some opinion or passion of their own. They read not to have human nature reflected on them, and so be taught to know and to love everything; but to be reflected themselves, as in a pocket mirror, and so interchange admiring looks with their own narrow cast of countenance. The universalist alone puts up with difference of opinion, by reason of his own very difference; because his difference is a right claimed by him in the spirit of universal allowance, and not a privilege arrogated by conceit. He loves poetry and prose, fiction and matter of fact, seriousness and mirth, because he is a thorough human being, and contains portions of all the faculties to which they appeal. A man who can be nothing but serious or nothing but merry, is but half a man. The lachrymal or the risible organs are wanting in him. He has no business to have eyes and muscles like other men. The universalist alone can put up with *him*, by reason of the very sympathy of his antipathy. He understands the defect enough to pity while he dislikes it. The universalist is the only reader who can make something out of books, for which he has no predilection. He sees differences in them to sharpen his reasoning; sciences which impress on him a sense of his ignorance; nay, languages, which if they do nothing else, amuse his eye and set him thinking on other countries. He will detect old acquaintances in Arabic numerals, and puzzle over a sum or problem, if only to try and taste the curiosity of it. He is the only man (except a soldier or a gardener) to whom an army list or an almanack would not be thoroughly disgusting on a rainy day in a country ale-house, when nothing else readable is at hand, and the coach has gone 'just ten minutes.'"

To such a man, indeed, nothing will come amiss; but perhaps he, more than all others, will delight in the old loves which are assembled here; in the extracts from "Robinson Crusoe" and "Peter Wilkins," from "Gil Blas" and "John Buncle," Marco Polo and Cook, Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. Inchbald, Cowley, Shenstone, Thomson and Gray, Steele and Goldsmith. For the man of abstract scientific pursuits, and for the boys and girls who seek only amusement and unconsciously find instruction in it, the "Book for a Corner" will have many charms, as its author hopes it may have, in his beautiful introduction. We do not think it necessary to apologize for giving our

readers another passage, from this certainly not the least interesting portion of the work.

"There are Robinson Crusoes in the moral as well as the physical world, and even a universalist may be one of them; men cast on desert islands of thought and speculation—without companionship, without wordly resources—forced to arm and clothe themselves out of the remains of shipwrecked hopes, and to make a house for their solitary hearts, in the nooks and corners of imagination and reading. It is not the worst lot in the world. Turned to account for others, and embraced with patient cheerfulness, it may, with few exceptions, even be one of the best. We hope our volume may light into the hands of such men. Every extract which is made in it, has something of a like second purpose, beyond what appears on its face. There is amusement for those who require nothing more, and instruction in the shape of amusement for those who choose to find it. We only hope that the 'knowing reader' will not think we have asserted inquiry too often. We hate, with our friends, the little boys, nothing so much as the 'moral' that officiously treads the heels of the great Æsop; and which assumes that the Sage has not done his work when he has told his story. It is bad enough to be forced to interpret wisdom of any kind; but to talk over such transparent lessons as these is over-weeningly horrible. The little boys will find nothing of the kind to frighten them in this book; and they need not look at the prefaces if they have no mind for them. It is beautiful to think how ignorant our grown memories are of prefaces to books of amusement that were put into our hands when young, and how intensely we remember the best extracts. What grown-up people in general know anything of good Dr. Enfield or didactic Dr. Knox, or even of Percy, the editor of 'Ancient Reliques?' Yet who that has read the 'Speaker' and 'Elegant Extracts' ever forgets the soliloquy in 'Hamlet,' Goldsmith's 'Beau Tibbs,' and 'Continental Beggar,' or the story of 'Robin Hood.'

The reasons why these, and other as well known things, are omitted, and others, as familiar to every reader, are inserted in these volumes, cannot be better given than by Leigh Hunt himself. We are content to let a better man speak:—

"Those exquisite humours of Goldsmith, and the story of Robin Hood, we have omitted, with a hundred others, partly because we had not room for an abundance of things which we admired, chiefly because they did not fall within a certain idea of our plan. The extremely familiar knowledge also which readers have of them might have been another objection, even in a work consisting chiefly of favourite passages; things which imply a certain amount of familiar knowledge, if not in the public at large, yet among readers in general. If any persons should object that some of these also are too familiar, the answer is, that they are of a nature which rendered it impossible for us,—consistently with our plan, to omit them, and that readers in general would have missed them. We allude in particular to the 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard,' and the 'Ode on the Prospect of Eton College.' It is the privilege of fine writers, when happy in their treatment of a universal subject of thought or feeling, to leave such an impression of it in the reading world as almost to identify it with everybody's own reflections, or constitute it a sort of involuntary mental quotation. Of this kind are Gray's reflections in the church-yard, and his memories of school-boy happiness. Few people who know these passages by heart, ever think of a church-yard or a school-ground without calling them to mind. The nature and the amount of the reader's familiarity with many other extracts, are the reasons why we have extracted them. They constitute part of the object and essence of the book; for the familiarity is not a vulgar and repulsive one, but that of a noble and ever fresh companion, whose society we can the less dispense with the more we are accustomed to it. The book in this respect resembles a set of pictures which it delights us to live with, or a collection of favourite songs and pieces of music, which we bind up in volumes, in order that we may always have them at hand, or know where to find them. Who, in such a room-full of pictures, would object to his Raphael or Titian? or, in such a collection of music, to his Beethoven, Rossini, or Paiesiello? Our book may have little novelty in the least sense of the word, but it has the best in the greatest sense; that is to say, *never-dying novelty*: antiquity hung with ivy blossoms and rose buds; old friends with the ever new faces of wit, thought, and affection. Time has proved the genius with which it is filled. 'Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its variety.' We ourselves have read, and shall continue to read it to our dying day; and we should not say thus much, especially on such an occasion, if we did not know, that hundreds and thousands would do the same, whether they read it in this collection or not."

The preliminary observations to the various extracts are replete with that cheerful wisdom and light delicate criticism, for which the author is so justly famed. Of soft lazy Thomson, Leigh Hunt glides into the following remarks on a truth which is not as generally recognized as it deserves to be. We, for our part, are certain that the best lovers of the country are fully alive to the advantages which can only be had in a town:—

"It must be observed of Thomson, however, that he lived so near town as to be able to visit it whenever he chose. His house was at beautiful Richmond. I doubt not he would have been happy anywhere with a few trees and friends, but he liked a play also, and streets, and human movement. He would fain not go so far from London as not to be able to interchange the delights of town and country. And why should anybody that can help it? The loveliest country can be found within that reasonable distance, especially in these days of railroads. You may bury yourself in as healthy, if not as wide, a solitude as if you were in the Highlands; and, in an hour or two you can enhance the pleasures of returning to it with a book of your own buying, or a toy for your children. To resign for ever the convenience and pleasures of intercourse with a great city, would be desired by few; and it would be least of all desired (except under very particular circumstances) by those who can enjoy the country the most; because the power to discern, and the disposition to be pleased, are equally the secrets of the enjoyment in both cases. These, and a congenial occupation, will make a consciencious man happy anywhere, if he has decent health; and if he is sickly, no earthly comforts can supply the want of them, no—not even the affection of those about him; for what is affection, if it show nothing but the good hearts of those who feel it, and is wasted on a thankless temper? Acquirement of information, benignity, something to do, and as many things as possible to love, these are the secrets of happiness in town or country. If White, of Selbourne, had been a town instead of a country clergyman, he would have told us all about the birds in the city as well as the suburbs. We should have had the best reason given us why lime-trees flourish in London smoke; list sof flowers for our windows would have been furnished us, together with their times of blooming; we should have been told of the ratopolis under ground as well as of the dray-horses above it; and, perhaps, the discoverer of the double *spiracula* in stags would have found the reason why tallow-chandlers have no noses at all."

As every extract in this work is good in its kind, any special criticism is superfluous. All that is necessary for us to do, in an official way, is to indicate the passages that are the most likely to have the charm of novelty for

young readers, in addition to their other beauties. These are the selections from Marco Polo, especially the account of Kubla Khan's Palace, with its glorified reflection in Coleridge's poetry; the passages from Amory's "John Buncle," the extract from "Nature and Art," a novel which is not so well known to this generation as to its predecessor. The same may be said of Mrs. Radcliffe's works, and the "Spectator," and "Tatler," and "Guardian." Cowley and Mackenzie on the pleasures of a garden, and Richardson on the pleasures of a taste for painting, with the genial sunny talk of Leigh Hunt about them and their subjects, will be very attractive to the young men and maidens of the present day. Near the close of the book, we have pleasant fancies about the houses in which a corner might be found fitted for its perusal. After speaking of old country seats and lordly halls, beautified by wealth, and hallowed by genius,—after dilating on the appurtenances of the right sort of warm, cosy, irregular, country-house, its acres of garden and miles of view, he suddenly remembers, that this can only be for the few, and adds, with truth and beauty, such words as these:—

"But hold!—One twentieth part of all this will suffice, if the air be good, and the neighbours congenial; a cottage, an old farm-house, anything solid and not ugly, always excepting the more modern house, which looks like a barrack, or like a workhouse, or like a chapel, or like a square box with holes cut into it for windows, or a great bit of cheese, or hearth-stone, or yellow ochre. It has a gravel walk up to the door, and a bit of unhappy creeper trying to live upon it; and under any possible circumstances of quittal is a disgrace to inhabit.

"As to the garden, the only absolute *sine qua non* is a few good, brilliant beds of flowers, some grass, some shade, and a bank. But if there is a bee-hive in a corner, it is better; and if there is a bee-hive, there ought to be a brook, provided it is clear, and the soil gravelly.

'There in some covert by a brook,
Where no profaner eye may look;
Hide me from day's garish sky;
While the bee, with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such concert as they keep,
Entica, the dewy feather'd sleep.'

"Beware though, as Gray says, 'of *agues*.' It is good, in the land of poetry, to sleep by a brook; but, in Middlesex, it is best to do it in one's chamber. The best place to take a nap out of doors, in the lovely, but moist country, is a hay field."

We must not forget to recommend to the notice of our readers the beautiful wood-cuts which ornament the "Book for a Corner." They are excellent specimens of this kind of illustration, both as regards design and execution, and add very much to the worth of the book; we do not mean in the money sense of the word, though they do that too, but the enjoyable sense—because they are in almost every instance animated by the best spirit of the subject, and help to convey it to the reader's mind. Among the various contributions to a library for all readers, Leigh Hunt's two last works, "The Town," and "A Book for a Corner," may be reckoned with the certainty that no such library would be complete without them.

THE POST.

There is, perhaps, no possible event that would cause so great a revolution in the state of modern society, as the cessation of the post. A comet coming in collision with the earth, could alone cause a greater shock to its inhabitants. It would shake nations to their centre,—it would be a sort of imprisonment of the universal mind, a severing of the affections, and a congelation of thought. It would be building up a wall of partition between the hearts of mother and child, and husband and wife, brother and sister. It would raise Alps between the breasts of friend and friend; and quench, as with an ocean, the love that is now breathed out in all its glowing fervour, despite of time or place. What would be all the treasures of the world, or all its praise to a feeling heart, if it could no longer pour out its fulness to its chosen friend, whom circumstances had removed afar off? What could solace the husband or the father, during his indispensable absence from the wife of his affections, or the child of his love, if he had no means of assuring them of his welfare and his unalterable love; and what could console him could he not be informed of theirs? Life, in such circumstances, would be worse than a blank, it would be death to the soul, but without its forgetfulness. Write soon—pray do write soon and often—are among the last words we breathe into the ear of those we love, while we grasp the hand, and look into the eye, that will soon be far from us. What other consolation or hope is left us, when the rumbling wheel or swelling sail is bearing that beloved being far from us, while we stand fixed to the spot where the last adieu was uttered. The post is the most perfect system of intercourse that has ever been devised—it scatters wealth and happiness in a thousand directions. No place is too distant for it to reach—no village is too insignificant for it to visit. Like the sun, dispensing delight, it goes its daily journey. The heats of summer and the cold of winter are not allowed to intercept or retard it. In spite of Malthus and all the economists, it carries on the important business of courtship, and leads to matrimony, whether for better or worse. It solaces the lover's sorrow, and transmits hope through many a cruel league. The bashful bachelor, who has not the courage to make a personal declaration, may do it through the medium of the post; nay, if he prefers it, he may even put the last question itself into the hands of the postman.

PROGRESSION.

In all preceding times, this common principle of humanity has assumed the influence of a potent, but equanimous instinct. Now it developes itself with all the vehemence and intensity of a passion—the "Passion of Progression." Our great grandsires (honest souls!) seem to have been well content to pursue "the even tenor of their ways" in a quiet and homely jog-trot. They had no conception of scampering along the road as though endeavouring to evade the clutches of that "bum—universal time." Instead of seeking protection in flight, they appear rather to have contrived bulwarks to set his authority at defiance. Look at their corpulent conveyances, of aldermanic proportions—like some civic gastronomer returning from "Codger's Hall;" they groaned along the road with the burden of their own corporeal iniquities. See the "doughty men of old," in their ostensible skirts and magnanimous bob-wigs, surmounted by a triangular of overpowering dignity; one might imagine they were made up for an artist's study, and were in case for a comfortable longevity, instead of the periodical space of twelve or fifteen hours. Review those illustrious tomes—the tall copies with pompous black letter and superfluous margins; surely such were not constructed on the modern principle—that he who *runs* may read.

Our knowledge of the intellectual machinery of man, we candidly confess, is extremely deficient. Whatever may constitute the motive power, common experience demonstrates that a vast augmentation has recently been made. Some new fly-wheel has been appended—debilitated springs have been removed for the substitution of others of superior temper and elasticity—the former

rusty cranks, spindles, and pinions, have undergone re-adjustment and lubrication, and the entire concern has been set in motion by an impetus which every hour increases in intensity, agreeably to the laws of geometrical progression. A moral volcano has broke forth! All human energies—spiritual and physical—mental and corporeal—are in a state of excitement.

What may we anticipate! When we peep into the kaleidescope of futurity, and descry the magical mutations and transformations there in operation, we are literally dazzled by the consequences of this "Passion of Progression." Such racing—jostling—flying—tumbling—scrambling; such steaming—smoking—whizzing—hissing—whirling, that our "tight little island" appears positively shaken from its intuitive sense of decorum. Imagine every galloway metamorphosed into a Pegasus—Turpin's historical feat held in esteem of a snail's gallop—the great St. Leger starting-post removed to the Georgium Sidus—people of *ton* taking a turn round the sphere terrestrial, *via* the "South Sea Suspension Bridge," prior to luncheon. Valetudinarians in small "sparrow wherries," inhaling ether pure in realms etherial; the "fancy fair," on butterfly pinions, transporting their Lilliputian wares to the bazaar of Constantinople, for the special benefit of superlunary refugees; and, last in order as in merit first, gentlemen of the press on patent "lightening conductors," racing like shadows of a thought with opposition reports of the "universal scientific association," such being convoked at the Half Moon, at the earnest solicitation of philosophers under the influence of that celestial body.

But let not individuals of narrow prejudices and equally limited comprehension wrap up their conservative hobbies in a fanciful belief that our omnipotent "Passion of Progression" will be confined to purposes of transit; the palace, the senate, the bar; powers, legal, clerical, and medical, moral, political, or economical, all the faculties, functions, and humanities must be brushed up and set in motion, to keep time corresponding with the expeditious tendencies of the age. And Parliament must also be susceptible of a respectful hint for the expediting of their oratorical motions.

The planetary system will be called upon for an acceleration of motion, to keep pace with the progressive intelligence of the age; old mother Earth will no longer be allowed to move quietly on at a monotonous rate, to which she has given a preference for the last six thousand years, and Archimedes' lever will be brought in action, to afford the venerable dame a circumvolutory lift.

A WORD WITH MOTHERS.

BY PETER PARLEY.

MATERNAL influence is acknowledged by legislators, philosophers, and divines, to be one of the principal causes which gives character to nations as well as to individuals. This truth, so generally allowed both through history and experience, ought, Peter Parley thinks, to be sufficient to induce all who value the interests of society or themselves, to inquire how this influence can be made the most of, and if there are not ways and means to be made available to render a mother the first and best agent in education.

The relationship in which the mother stands to her child is such, that it requires on her part all that intelligence can command, all that self-discipline can accomplish, to enable her to fulfil the important office with which she is invested by nature. The introduction of a thing of helplessness to a sphere of activity—the development of the unfolded germ of human existence, and the sentient principle, and, above all, the fitting of the immortal part for the performance of its duties here, and for an eternal hereafter; this mighty work devolves upon the mother.

To render the mother equal to the sorrows, the trials, the anxieties, and the cares incumbent upon the maternal state, nature, or rather the divine Author of nature, has implanted in the mother's breast a love for her offspring dearer than life itself; but this holy, this beautiful affection, requires to be supported by the highest intelligence, and to be regulated by the most comprehensive knowledge. The mother must reflect that the instinctive affection she feels for her offspring, she shares in common with *what are called* the *lower* animals; but the thinking love, which will alone enable her to perform her duty to her child, is the result of experience, and is dependent upon the reasoning powers. The affection shown to a child, which has not its basis upon reason, is liable to bring the child to shame, and the parent to sorrow; and hence we frequently observe, in every grade of society, that the maternal love is not returned by filial affection, and that disobedience and slight is shown where the deepest veneration ought to dwell. How often does the fond mother exclaim to her petted darling, "Aye, you will not love me, when you grow a man;" a prophecy suggested by every-day examples of disobedience, which are too fearfully realized.

Why is this? Simply because it is the fashion to let education take its course; because it is the fashion not to study human nature; because the mother knows little of a child's mental and moral economy, and thinks it too much trouble to inquire. In the earliest periods, how often is the child the victim of his own self-will? how often the plague of a whole household, the cause of contention between parents, of anxious days and sleepless nights? As the sun of life arrives, it comes not as a herald of joy, it brings forth no buds of promise, no blossom of hope, but stands "all in a hot and copper sky,"—scorching rather than illuminating, and blighting rather than developing.

The mother must reflect that education, in its true sense, is not a mere mechanical task, a set of patent processes, an accumulation of profound dogmas, or a multiplication of cut and dried rules. Nor does it consist in a series of admonitions and corrections, of rewards and punishments, of imprecations and directions, strung together without unity of purpose or dignity of execution, but should present an unbroken chain of measures originating in the same principles—in a knowledge of the constant laws of our nature, practised in the same spirit, a spirit of benevolence and firmness, and tending to the same end—the elevation of man's moral nature, not only above the sensual but even over the intellectual. To this every mother stands pledged, and the great bond, the mind of her child, is drawn out ready for her to sign.

Thus the mother's great endeavour must be to build up humanity; the passions, appetites, intellectual power, mental energy, come alike under her attention in this work. It is for her to strip the grosser husk from passion, and to develope the germ of enthusiasm, which lies concealed within it, to purposes of good; not so much to repress the appetite, as to fix its impulses upon pure and wholesome food, with a view to its imbibing principles of conduct, to imbue the intellect with the morality of pure sympathy, and to turn those mighty manifestations of mind, which seem to rebound from the solid earth as in contempt of it, into the deep channels of humility, that they may run like gentle rivulets to fertilise and keep green the otherwise sterile and sere desert of human existence.

With these views it will be Peter Parley's object to aid parents in the holy work of education; while, in connection with the Children's Page, he will seek to afford lessons and examples, he hopes in the Mother's Page to set forth ideas and principles, that the understanding may be strengthened, and the will directed to the most proper methods of teaching and training, in unison with the laws which govern the human mind in all its operations, and with those eternal truths which are the light and the heat to the moral atmosphere of our feelings and affections.

THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.

I LOVED the Winter once with all my soul,
And longed for snow-storms, hail, and mantled skies;
And sang their praises in as gay a troll
As Troubadours have poured to Beauty's eyes.

I deemed the hard, black frost a pleasant thing,
For logs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out;
And wild birds came with tame and gentle wing
To eat the bread my young hand flung about.

But I have walked into the world since then,
And seen the bitter work that cold can do—
Where the grim Ice King levels babes and men
With bloodless spear, that pierces through and through.

I know now, there are those who sink and lie
Upon a stone bed at the dead of night.
I know the roofless and unfed *must* die,
When even lips at Plenty's Feast turn white.

And now when e'er I hear the cuckoo's song
In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer;
While my heart runs a cadence in a throng
Of hopeful notes, that say,—"Thank God for Summer!"

I've learnt that sunshine bringeth more than flowers,
And fruits, and forest leaves to cheer the earth;
For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bowers,
Light up beneath it with a grateful mirth.

The aged limbs that quiver in their task
Of dragging life on, when the north wind goads—
Taste once again contentment, as they bask
In the straight beams that warm their churchyard road.

And Childhood—poor, pinched Childhood, half forgets
The starving pittance of our cottage homes,
When he can leave the hearth, and chase the nets
Of gossamer that cross him as he roams.

The moping idiot seemeth less distraught
When he can sit upon the grass all day,
And laugh and clutch the blades, as though he thought
The yellow sun-rays challenged him to play.

Ah! dearly now I hail the nightingale,
And greet the bee—that merry-going hummer—
And when the lilies peep so sweet and pale,
I kiss their cheeks, and say,—"Thank God for Summer!"

Feet that limp, blue and bleeding, as they go
For dainty cresses in December's dawn;
Can wade and dabble in the brooklet's flow,
And woo the gurgles on a July morn.

The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread
If Winter's drowsy torpor lulled his brain;
Is free to choose his mossy summer bed,
And sleep his hour or two in some green lane.

Oh! Ice-toothed King, I loved you once—but now
I never see you come without a pang
Of hopeless pity shadowing my brow,
To think how naked flesh must feel your fang.

My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold,
And my ears listen to the callow rook,
I hunt the palm-trees for their first rich gold,
And pry for violets in the southern nook.

And when fair Flora sends the butterfly
Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer;
"Now for warm holidays," my heart will cry,
"The poor will suffer less! Thank God for Summer."

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

THE world is certainly more and more sensible of the truth that there is no wisdom, and of course no poetry, in exclusiveness; and that to promote the happiness of the masses is to promote that very improvement which will qualify them for enjoying those high and ennobling pleatures now so prized by the few.

IT were a strange fancy to build up the human character after the model of the four great orders of architecture, yet probity is firm but simple as the Doric, pride of loftier and more elaborate refinement as the Tuscan. Generosity with the beauty and grace of the Ionic, and love, excelling with Corinthian excellence, possessing the strength of all, equalled in exquisite ornament by none.

WORK is of a religious nature—work is of a brave nature, which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's; a waste ocean threatens to devour him, if he front it not bravely it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance, lusty rebuke, and buffet of it, behold how loyally it supports him, bearing him as its conqueror along.

WHATEVER instruction is reaped from history, may be reaped from a newspaper, which is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with which we are, consequently, more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance.

FASHIONABLE society is a merry-go-round, that first makes us giddy and then sick.

KNOWLEDGE without justice becomes craft; courage without reason becomes rashness.

THE human mind should be a globe of humanity moving on the poles of truth.

HISTORY gives us many illustrious villains, but never an illustrious miser.

NONE are more to be pitied than those who have the means of gratifying their desires before they have learned to govern them.

THEY who are very indulgent to themselves, seldom have much consideration for others.

WORTH without wealth is a good servant out of place.

BE deaf to the quarrelsome, and dumb to the inquisitive.

THERE are two kinds of geniuses, the clever and the too clever.

MOST men take conviction from an adversary as children do physic, with a struggle and a shudder.

To a liberal mind, poverty is a stimulant, meanness a refrigerant, selfishness an opiate, and ingratitude a poison.

MANY lofty intellects are like high mountains, covered with perpetual ice; others, of more ardent constitution, use their fire like volcanos, for destruction.

GOOD intentions will never justify evil actions; nor will good actions ever justify evil intentions.

GENIUS is the wand of an enchanter—talent the strength of a giant.

"THE human face is divine, when not degraded by the vices of society."

"IT is to live twice, when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life."

LOVE labour; if you do not want it for food, you may for physic.

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YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

ONE of the most hopeful signs of our times is, the ardent desire for knowledge which has taken possession of the young minds of the community, and which is displaying itself in the establishment of numerous Mutual Improvement Societies in all our large towns and populous districts,—societies, which are almost entirely originated and supported by young men belonging to the working classes of society.

Formerly, the educational means available for the rising generation of the country were mainly supplied by the patronage of the rich; now, however, we find the classes the most deeply intrusted in their own education, taking the matter into their own hands, and prosecuting it with a diligence and success that must be regarded as praiseworthy in the highest degree.

While insisting on the importance of the Mutual Improvement Societies for young men now referred to, we would not ignore the important question of efficient provision for the education of the whole children of the community; for we regard it as one of the first and most urgent duties of a civilized nation, to provide for the efficient elementary instruction of all its children. In this respect, education in England must yet, we regret to say, be regarded as having made comparatively small progress. It has but touched the loftier summits of society, as the rising sun tips the mountain tops with his radiance, while the deep and low lying valleys remain enveloped in a dark, thick, and impenetrated darkness.

Still, we find a large and increasing number of the young men belonging to the neglected classes awaking to a sense of the importance of education, and endeavouring to make up by diligent application in their adult years for the deficient or altogether neglected education of their childhood. Many young men and women frequent the Mutual Improvement Societies now in existence, for the special purpose of learning to read and write; others, to re-learn these acquirements, forgotten in the pursuits of daily labour; others, to cultivate their minds, and gather knowledge by instruction, reading, and lectures.

The origin of these societies is generally in this way: One or two of the reading young men of a district get together, and, seeing what other young men elsewhere are doing with so much success, they ask themselves whether something equally beneficial ought not be devised for their own neighbourhood. These young men are very often tee-totallers, and having abjured the demoralizing stimulus of drink, they seem resolved to create for themselves a stimulus of a higher and more enduring order. They discuss the matter, name it to others, the scheme is approved; and some untenanted cottage is hired at a small rent, and the Mutual Improvement Society is started. It works away humbly and untiringly—the young men who started it, for some time, its only teachers; their names are scarcely known or heard of—they make no noise—no brilliant demonstrations accompany their efforts—they have not even the encouragement of praise—they are satisfied with adding members to their institution, and with opening to new minds the pleasures and blessings of knowledge.

Yet, humble though the operations of those young men are, how noble, how truly glorious, are they! What a false estimate has gone abroad in the world, as to what constitutes true glory! Stars and garters—high-sounding titles, and heavy money bags—successful carnage on a battle-field, or unprincipled manœuvring exercised in the art of diplomacy—high seats in the world's arena, and glare and glitter in those who occupy them—such is glory according to the vulgar, the fashionable acceptation!

But how much more truly glorious is it, without show, or noise, or barbarian clangour, to go quietly and perseveringly onward in the work of developing and improving human faculties, and opening them to the contemplation of great truths and principles. To awaken and arouse a mind—to feed it with instruction, and to implant within it true principles of judgment and action—is a more glorious work—is a far greater service done to the cause of truth, of virtue, of religion, of humanity, than the gaining of any sort of battle with swords, or the realization of any sort of mere worldly fortune, no matter how splendid. The young man who instructs his untaught brother man in the simple art of reading, is putting in his possession the key to all written knowledge; he is placing within his means the greatest power in the world—the power of thought; he is admitting him to a converse with all the enlightened spirits of this and of by-gone ages—unbarring to him the greatest stores of knowledge and experience contained in BOOKS—enabling him to sit at the feet of the greatest teachers who have ever lived—and planting his steps firmly on the ladder of knowledge, which reaches up even into the heavens.

In addition to the numerous Mutual Improvement Societies established by young men in their immediate localities, many others have recently been established by lodges in connection with Odd Fellows' Societies. And when we consider the extensive organization of Odd Fellowship throughout Great Britain—that the various societies of this kind probably include not less than half a million of persons, it will be obvious how powerful an instrumentality for good would be such institutions, if directed to the moral and intellectual improvement of the working population. Already in many of the large towns, Mutual Instruction Classes have been formed by them, at which reading, writing, and the ordinary branches of instruction, sometimes including foreign languages, are taught to the members, and others; weekly lectures are delivered; and

useful libraries for the use of the members are in course of formation.

The Mechanics' Institutes are also engaged in some quarters in forming classes of the same kind. They have peculiar facilities for carrying forward the work of adult instruction; they are already organized. They possess, generally, efficient libraries; and they may be regarded as the centres of the educational movement of their neighbourhoods. It may, therefore, be considered as the peculiar duty of Mechanics' Institutes to give every facility to the education of youth, by the establishment of Mutual Improvement Societies.

Even when a young man has had the advantage of a good school education, a great deal remains to be done before he can call himself an educated person. Education, in its highest sense, has scarcely commenced at the age at which the boy leaves school. The mind has yet to be actively exercised; principles have to be acquired, or at least matured; the judgment has to be trained and strengthened; and opinions have to be formed. All that self-education does, has yet to be done; and in almost all cases, the education which a man gives to himself is by far the most valuable. No man can be thoroughly well educated who is not in a great measure self-educated.

Every man possesses a free activity in himself; he has a power of *will*, an innate energy and means of action, which enable him in a great measure to act the part of his own educator, his own emancipator. We are not the mere slaves of circumstances, thrown upon the current to mark its course, but are to a large extent free agents, independent existences, endowed with power to battle and contend with adverse circumstances; and by dint of perseverance and valour, to overcome them, and rise above them. Resolute purpose, perseverance, and strong will, are the great essentials. Fortified by these, the greatest men of all ages have risen up from the lowest stations of life, even from out of the huts of the poorest. Difficulties the most formidable have been surmounted by them—poverty, ill-health, blindness, slavery, the harrassment of labouring for daily bread—adverse circumstances of all kinds,—have been conquered by men eager and determined in the pursuit of knowledge.

It is the great distinctive characteristic of man in a civilized state, that he is ever aiming at progress—at advancement to a higher and better state of things. He may be thrown back, but if his will be firm, he will rise again and force his way onward. Difficulty and opposition but serve as stimuli to the true-hearted labourer. They bring out the best qualities of his nature; impose upon him more diligent self-culture, and more rigid discipline. By self-culture, the young man improves himself, and acts beneficially upon those about him. No one can work for his own advancement in the highest sense, but at the same time he is working for the advancement of his brother men; and no one can profitably labour for the improvement of others, but at the same time is labouring diligently for the improvement of himself. The success of one man helps forward the success of others. His labours are not lost—they are propagated through all time; others take up his work when he lays it down, and thus improvement goes on without ceasing. The future thus co-operate with the present, and the present with the past; the living, active man is the link that binds the two ages together—the age that is coming, with the age that is passing away.

We might here speak of the duty which each member of society owes to his neighbour, to impart to him a portion of that culture which society has given to its possessor. The knowledge which each man possesses is not the product of this age alone, but has been elaborated by the industry of all preceding ages. Some, more favourably circumstanced, have acquired a larger portion of it by education than others; and such are bound, by all moral and social duty, to impart to others what has been imparted to them. Knowledge and culture ought to be regarded as the property of society at large, and no man has a right to monopolize their benefits to himself, and to refuse to impart to others a share of what is common property.

Individuals can individually do much to impart education and knowledge to those who stand in need of them; but, by combining their efforts for the elevation of the moral and intellectual improvement of their brethren, they can do much more. By getting together in a common fund, as it were, the moral and intellectual possessions of a large number of persons, and opening this fund for the free use of all, the possessions of the whole are greatly extended. The deficiencies of one individual are corrected by the culture imparted by others, and the common possession of the whole may thus become the property of each. No one will be impoverished in proportion as another gains; on the contrary, the mental wealth of every member will be increased, and his hold of knowledge be strengthened by the very effort made to impart it to others. The free activity of all, combined for the purpose of improving all, is, we believe, a great lever, by means of which the moral world is to be raised!

Such is our view of the important bearings of the Young Mens' Mutual Improvement Societies, the progress of which we shall have pleasure in noticing from time to time in the pages of our Journal.

FOOLS.

"Ay! marry! Now, unmuzzle your wisdom."
AS YOU LIKE IT.

SOME modern writer is of opinion, that fools were sent into the world to afford amusement and relaxation to the wise men, who would, it is to be feared, lead a very dull sort of life without them. Being, as I am frequently told, no little of a fool myself, it will not, I trust, be deemed presuming in me to offer a few observations upon these, my numerous and extensively influential relations. They take, I have reason to believe, a very different view of the matter from that of the writer just alluded to, and firmly believe, that the wise men were sent on earth to be laughed at by the fools. In numbers, there can be no doubt that the fools have the superiority; and, therefore, whenever ridicule is made the test of truth, it is no wonder that folly is victorious over wisdom; in fact, if numbers and noise carried the day in mundane affairs, as they sometimes seem likely to do, this were a fool's paradise indeed, and the sooner the wise folks made their way out of it the better. But a sharp scrutiny into history will show us, that it is not in virtue of their *much* folly, but of their *little* wisdom that fools are so powerful on earth. "To get the fools and knaves of a country well governed—that is the problem for all states to solve," says Carlyle. True; and as yet no state has arrived at a thoroughly satisfactory solution. Every little helps; even a few honest words about fools, from a half-caste of that mighty race, may not be quite useless. Of the knaves, who are only a bigger sort of fools, I will say nothing, leaving them to be dealt with by stronger hands. Let me also caution the grave and wise reader, not to expect any profound observations or ingenious theories from me. Have I not honestly confessed my affinity (not *elective*, certainly,) with my subject? It is my misfortune to be compelled to speak according to my folly; and, therefore, my discourse must needs be rambling, disjointed, and regardless of unity of effect. I have taken heed to the words of a modern philosopher,—"What thy own dæmon prompteth, that speak thou out freely." Now, *this* is what my own dæmon prompteth.

"As one star differeth from another in glory," so does one fool differ from another fool in folly. They are alike, but not identical. There is the vain fool, and the proud fool;—the learned fool, and the ignorant fool;—the talka-

tive fool and the silent fool;—the clever fool and the stupid fool. All these require examination; and with your consent, good reader, we will attend to the matter now. And before we proceed any farther, I should like it to be distinctly understood between us (confidentially, of course), that I think it highly probable you, as well as I, may be a party concerned. What made you pause when you saw the title of this article,—dip into it, and then begin to read it? You had a sort of semi-consciousness, that there might be something in it which concerned *you*. Do I speak too plainly? Well, remember I warned you that I was a fool.

"What can we reason but from what we know;" saith the poet; and all the world knows that poets, in general, are little better than inspired fools.

Ah me! I would I were not a simpleton, that I might prove to the world the sanity of true genius. It is the sanest, fairest, best, most honest, most loving thing in this weary world. If it were not for occasional communings with it, even I, fool as I am, would as lief lie down and die.

> "And though some, too seeming holy,
> Do account thy raptures folly,
> Thou dost teach me to condemn
> What makes knaves and fools of them."

"There we are again!"—Withers has brought us back to our subject. As I said before, dear reader, *a propos* of foolishness, it seems to me most probable, that you as well as I have "a touch of that same." Pray do not look indignant and brim full of positive negatives. In cases of mere folly, as of decided madness, one of the surest symptoms of the disease is the patient's disbelief in his own malady. Besides, let us comfort ourselves with the reflection, that we are in the majority. Come, then, my friend, let us quietly, and as gracefully as may be, put on the cap and bells, and take a survey of our brethren.

Pre-eminent in foolishness is the Vain Fool; but he is, for the most part, more harmless than the rest; besides, he is fair game for those who love a laugh at the absurdities of their fellow-creatures. The most comfortable thing in this uncomfortable world is the vain fool. Confidence in other people's good opinion of him wraps him round like a garment, or, rather, it encloses him like a coat of mail, and is proof against every sort of sling and arrow that sense or satire may aim at him "Happy man!" Vain fools are generally great busybodies. They all believe they are born with a talent for managing other people's affairs; some believe they are born to regenerate society, and if they happen to be rich, these last live in a state of continual beatitude; or, as it were, in a field of ever-flowering clover. There will never be wanting plenty of people, who find it their interest to persuade such fat oxen, that each of them is, verily, a genuine god Apis. Great is the vain fool's faith in the sentiments he inspires; child-like and undoubting, he has no misgivings, but believes, without a moment's hesitation, all that he wishes to believe. If a man behave with kindness and civility to him, the vain fool sets him down directly for a devoted friend and admirer, and treats him accordingly. If a woman smile at him good-naturedly, he takes it for granted that she is distractedly in love with him, and makes a greater fool than ever of himself, in consequence. This style of fool is bland, complaisant, and patronising in his manner. He carries his head high, and his mouth half open. He pays great attention to his dress and demeanour. Among his fellows he passes for a clever gentleman, and a man of great benevolence; other people believe that he is nothing but a silly coxcomb, and that his benevolence is, nine-tenths of it, vanity. But, not to be severe, we must add, that he is active, and when well directed by a wiser head than his own, he and his money often do good in the world. The vain fool is the last species of the genus one should wish to see die out.

The Proud Fool is almost as happy in his opinion of himself as the vain fool in his belief of the opinion of others concerning him. But the proud fool's happiness is not of a lively, expansive, social kind, like that of the other. No! A proud fool is solemn, slow, sententious, and reserved. He is often suspicious too. You may laugh without fear at a vain fool;—it would never enter into his head that you were laughing at him; but beware how you indulge a mirthful spirit in the presence of a proud fool. If he did not know exactly what you were laughing at, he would take it for an uncivil certainty that you laughed at him, and would nourish a venom against you in future. He is not without a nervous fear that he is under-rated, and his life is a continuous effort to keep up his own dignity. He acts the part of a great man to himself; he looks on at his own performance, and applauds. He is cautious in action, generally, for fear of compromising his own dignity; but occasionally Lucifer prompts him to do something that exhibits the preposterous amount of his foolish pride to the gaze of the amused multitude. He is very reserved in speech, for fear of committing himself; but occasionally he says something that makes him the laughing-stock of the world—like that high and mighty peer of this realm, who, when his wife once happened to put her hand on his shoulder, while she was talking, rose from his seat in indignation, saying—"Madam! my first duchess was a Percy, and *she* never ventured to take such a liberty." The proud fool is the most unpopular of the whole genus; because the little mind that he has is always occupied with himself. If he would send it abroad to give it an airing, he might perhaps cease to be a fool; for he is not without the germs of good sense, only pride floods all and will not suffer them to grow.

The Learned Fool, again, is tedious and ridiculous, without having any suspicion of the fact. He lives in the pleasing delusion that the reading of books is synonymous with the acquisition of knowledge. Few people read so much, and apprehend so little of the meaning of what they read. Yet he prides himself upon being a man of vast reading; and will talk away in a sort of bookish mosaic, so that you would say he had picked up a great quantity of valuable matter in his studies, without having any clear idea of why he did so, or what was the use of it. The only thing he is thoroughly master of is the use of big words. He pours forth polysyllables and derivations from the Greek fluently. He imposes upon women and simple-minded persons by his terrible setting forth of unheard-of epithets. "He draweth the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument;" and as to his quotations from all dead and living tongues, you would swear that "he had been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps;" and that he ought to have been chief interpreter at Babel. There is no harm in the learned fool,—no *malice prepense;* but he is liable to talk you dead, and to turn his own foolish little brain, by trying to cram into it matter enough to fill one of Baconian capacity.

The Ignorant Fool is empty, dull, and quietly conceited. He knows nothing, and supposes that he is as wise and as witty as his neighbours. He firmly believes that all men are born equal in intellectual capacity; and, for his part, he never reads, because he fears to spoil the originality of his genius;—he never knew any good come of much reading. The only books looked into by this class of persons are the Almanack, the Cookery Book, and sometimes the Racing Calendar. Like our well-beloved Goodman Dull, "He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not ate paper—as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts." For all *that*, he does not lack pride, but is, as it were, a pretty mixture of the pig and the peacock.

The Talkative Fool may not be the worst of fools, but he is decidedly one of the most unpleasant. Ye

gods! how he will talk! In season and out of season, by day, by night, in the market-place, in the church, in the theatre, in his own house, or in yours, wherever you are unlucky enough to encounter that man, you are "a gone coon."—The clapper of a bell, the continual flowing of water, give but faint ideas of this man's talk. Windy, frothy, inane, rapid, senseless, and semi-articulate,—he will go on for ever, without breathing pauses or full stops. It is useless to wait in expectation that something will come out at last. Nothing ever does come out of such a mind, for there is nothing in it; it is as barren as the east wind, and quite as likely to give delicately constituted people the ear-ache. Oh! while you live, my friends, shun the talkative fool.

The Silent Fool is of a very superior nature. He is respectable; and although he is a fool, he holds his tongue and makes no boast of it. "Silence is greater than speech," say the modern Pythagoreans; and, therefore, the silent fool scorns oratory. There is a sort of dumb wisdom in him, which is his glory, and which never departs from him until he opens his mouth. Unhappy fool! Why not keep ever silent, and look serene, and shake your head gravely, so that people might always "think there is something in it."

The Stupid Fool is the acme and crown, the *ne plus ultra* of foolishness. This is that sublimity of denseness, that pure, opaque stupidity against which, as Schiller says, "the very gods fight in vain." Great is the power of Stupidity!—deadly is the life within her. Cold, impurturbable, and inanimate, her votaries rule and conquer by the greatest of all forces, the *vis inertæ*. The stupid fool unites the attributes of nearly all other fools in his person. Moreover, he is the most obstinate animal on earth. He boasts that he never alters his mind; that he "always did think so and so, and always shall." This is sad license of language; because, properly speaking, the thinking of the stupid fool is a nonentity—he cannot think. Over the vast inane of that which he calls his mind, no light ever gleams. He is vain, proud, ignorant, talkative, and silent, by turns; but he is never *learned*, because he has not even that last resource of the specious simpleton, a good verbal memory.

Of the Clever Fool volumes might be written. He is every body's friend but his own. He suggests ideas, which other people work out. He prefers pleasure to business, and scruples not to say so. While he says witty things, the stupid fools eat up all the best things on the table. He is often absent in mind, and takes away another man's hat or coat instead of his own; but the exchange is sure to be his disadvantage. He tells truth *mal a propos*; and whenever he tries his hand at a fib, for a kind purpose, he is sure to be found out. He never has an eye to the main chance, but is always running astray after smaller ones. He has fine intellectual qualities, but they are not well balanced; there is a screw loose in his mind, and this screw he often tries to find and fasten, but cannot succeed. The clever fool is often the most amiable of men. Men love him, they hold him in their hearts, and laugh heartily at and with him; but they cannot transact business with him, they will not give him a high stool in their counting-houses. Yet, will he prove a true *friend*; for what says Charles Lamb on this very subject of fools? "I have never made an acquaintance since my childhood, that lasted, or a friendship that answered, with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding." In that veneration do I most heartily join. After all, what a dry thing is unassisted common sense! A spice of folly gives a zest to life. In heaven's name, then, let us cherish the fools; lest in the improvement of the race, they become extinct, like the Dodo; for be assured, gentle reader, notwithstanding the few words we have bestowed on our subject, in goodnatured sport, that none on earth are so truly foolish as those who are *always* wise; and that the easy, *deshabille* garment of "motley," is as valuable an article in our human wardrobe, as the senator's robe, or preacher's gown.

JANE.

THE NEW CROCKERY SHOP.

(Concluded from page 25).

At the end of three months, the builder and painters had finished their work, and the scaffolding being removed, disclosed to the eyes of the neighbourhood, a very handsome shop, and stone-fronted building. Curiosity was soon further excited, when vans began to deposit, at night-time, new household furniture of the very best kind. After this came crates packed with straw, and with "glass" written very conspicuously on every one. But curiosity remained ungratified, for the shutters were kept up; all that could be seen or learnt being, that a little old man, with an apron before him, went in in the morning, came out at night, and kept the door carefully locked.

During this interval there had sprung up between Madeline and Miss Jinks a particular liking and friendship for each other. For the first visit, made at the time before specified, had been followed by others, sometimes in company with Mrs. Gussett, and sometimes alone. Now, however, that affairs had reached this point, the good staymaker took an entire day, and started off to Gravesend alone, very early one morning, dressed in her second best silk gown, and Sunday bonnet. Captain Jinks welcomed her himself, for he was just home from one of his Mediterranean voyages, and with his kind little maiden sister, entered into all the business of the approaching wedding—for it was about Madeline's wedding Mrs. Gussett had come, with the fullest pleasure, and went into all the detail about Madeline's new dress, as if it were to be of gold, and for their own and sole adornment.

"Now," said Captain Jinks, when the well-cooked little dinner was removed, and a bottle of sherry, which had gone several voyages, placed upon the table, "Edward Hay, you say, is at Bristol just now; well, couldn't he come, and meet Madeline here, and get married at the little country church hard by, and let me give the wedding breakfast, and Mary here make a first rate plumcake? Why, this *is* the very thing."

"To be sure," echoed Miss Jinks, "it would be the most pleasant thing that has happened to me and John for many a long day! You're sure I'd do my best to make them comfortable. Besides this, you and dear Madeline could come from town the afternoon before, and bring the dresses so nice in a large box, and Edward could sleep in the town, and not come till the morning, and so make the surprise the greater. Now, doesn't this make your plan still better, John?"

Captain Jinks thought so, Mrs. Gussett thought so; and in this way everything was arranged; Captain Jinks himself undertaking to write the important and happy letter to Bristol.

"And then to think, by this plan, how nice we shall be able to manage the surprise about the shop," said the good-natured staymaker, with tears in her eyes, "and how nice everything can be placed in order whilst they're away; and the 'Crockery Shop' opened the very morning they come back."

As thus arranged, everything was proceeded with; and on the appointed Monday morning, about a fortnight after the above mentioned visit, Mrs. Gussett and Madeline left Blackwall for Gravesend. They had a hearty welcome; the cottage and pretty garden were in beautiful order, and the next morning rose as fair as ever morning of a marriage day. As soon as Madeline came down, looking so graceful and so modest, there was Edward to fold her in his arms, and kiss away her natural tears at so long a separation, and so joyful a return; and there was Captain Jinks in perfect ecstacy, and several

bachelor friends, in nearly the same condition; and Miss Jinks all spirits and smiles, and Mrs. Gussett so well dressed and so personable and neat, as to make Captain Jinks then and there advise her to follow the coming example; but she laughing, shook her head, and said she had Madeline for a daughter and wanted nothing more. And, before they set off to church, Captain Jinks put over Madeline's neck a valuable watch and chain, and Mary Jinks fastened the bosom of her dress with a brooch, and as they passed through the little parlour, where breakfast was all arrayed for their return home, Madeline's quick eye detected amidst cake and fruit, and potted meat, and nice things of every sort, decked with the choicest flowers, some of those beautiful cups and saucers made for her other wedding day. She could not speak for emotion; yet she had only to look up into the honest face of Captain Jinks, to read a true heart there, and all the secret! From brokers-shops, from pawn-shops, from curiosity-shops, he had rescued these remnants, and here they stood to grace this marriage day! God bless such hearts, they make of earth a heaven whilst we are of it!

The little old grey country church, with its storm-worn gravestones, stood a bow-shot from the cottage, upon a grassy knoll, which sloped in green declivities to the ship-studded river. It was a beautiful morning, a lovely scene, and leafy woods upon the uplands, and quiet fields. They went from the silent grave-path into the cool shadows of the little rustic church aisle, stood before the altar, and the morning sun fell lovingly upon them. The service was said, the ring was on; so that thus, he who had had a love of the beautiful, and she who had prized to the last extremity his marriage gift, were one. They came forth together on the grassy knoll; the tide sparkled as it swept on, the ships glided by with their white wings, and the very spirit of life and joy seemed to enwrap the earth, and make it fairer than a dream!

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The next day the good staymaker returned to renew her wonted labours, and make divers preparations for Madeline's arrival after the wedding trip to Dover. Mrs. Gussett had not been home more than a day, before many things concerning little Sue at Moses' reached her ears. These rumours increased in their seriousness; and at last a neighbour telling her that the child had not been seen for some days, Mrs. Gussett took the opportunity afforded by the leisure of Sunday evening to call with a respectable neighbour upon the before-mentioned official. He looked grave at the information, and returned with them to Moses' house. With some difficulty they gained admittance, and found the old man and woman in their triangular room, in their usual dirt and squalor, busy over their account-books. At first they said Sue was out; next, that she was ill, and could not be seen; but at last, when pressed upon the matter, and no excuses allowed, they unlocked a small door, and there the child was discovered sinking from neglect and ill-usage, lying upon a wretched flock bed, in one corner of a windowless sort of closet. Neither Mrs. Gussett, nor the beadle, nor the neighbours present could control their indignation; the good staymaker took the child in her arms, sat down in the little triangular room, and bathed its face with water.

"This treatment will annul the apprenticeship at once," said the beadle. "*Our* churchwardens, thanks be to God, *have* hearts, Mrs. Moses."

"And can go to law and recover damages," followed an irritated neighbour, who looked at the two Moses, as if he should then and there like to turn them into butter-boats, or pipkins, or basins.

"*How* you could do so," spoke at last the staymaker, pathetically, "*I* don't know. So patient as the girl has been, through cold and wet, so obliging and civil to customers, always dusting the crocks at the door, and lifting great weights, and——"

"No, no," interrupted the old man and woman in a breath, "so untidy, so idle, so cruel to us, so——"

Nature has many ways of declaring truth against a lie, many ways of vindicating the innocent, many ways of justification for the wronged; so now, even now, whilst their lips gave the lie, the old blind blackbird Dick, distinguishing perhaps the presence of the child, pushed open the door of his old wicker cage with his beak, and hopping down, alighted upon her shoulder, with poised wings and nestling bill, as if asking for its customary caress; thus did Nature deny the accusation of cruelty. The old man drove off the bird at once, but not before all present were convinced that the child must have been tender and gentle, even to the poor blind bird.

Mrs. Gussett carried home little Sue in her arms, put her to bed, and sent directly for a doctor, who attended her so well, that in a few days the child was so much better, as to be able to come down stairs, and to hear from the beadle that her term of apprenticeship to Moses was cancelled, and that Mrs. Gusset had promised to be her friend as long as she was a good girl.

As some assistance would be wanted in the New Crockery Shop, and that of little Sue's would be the very best in the world, Mrs. Gussett had some of her's and Madeline's old gowns converted into frocks for her, bought her shoes, and made her altogether quite smart and tidy; so that by the time of Madeline's return, the neighbours could hardly recognize the child.

Every thing was at last ready; and in the stillness of a Sabbath evening, Madeline and her husband were welcomed to their new home, and in its snug little parlour, so well furnished, so commodious, and situated just at the rear of the shop, poured out the fulness of their grateful hearts to this good friend of their better fortunes.

At last the important Monday morning came; the shutters were removed, the windows burnished up, and by the early dinner hour of twelve, young Hay and the old shopman had decked them out with such a marvellous display of well-shaped jugs, melon-shaped breakfast cups and saucers, tea-services of delicate pencilled patterns, plates with rich fruit, and flowers, and birds, and sea views, and rural landscapes, prettily painted thereon, and children's mugs of gayest colours, and teapots of red earth and antique shapes, and cream-jugs flat, like Roman lamps, and pretty vases of the same hue, and chimney ornaments of graceful shapes, yet, all so cheap, and so many of them within the means of the humble mechanics, and shipwrights, and draymen, so much better shaped, yet, quite as cheap, or even cheaper than anything at Moses', that the neighbours and passers by were so fairly astonished, as to make the New Crockery Shop the theme on every tongue. It was quite pleasant to see the young wife all that day serving draymen's and shipwrights' babies with pretty mugs, mechanics' wives with teapots, with which they hastened home as if they had got a wonder, and single young journeymen with a new cup and saucer, or a jug, or vase for their one-room chimney piece.

Weeks progressed, and with them the trade of the new shop,—for beauty is too essential an element in the philosophy of progressive social life to be long disregarded, wherever it exists, and is attainable. In points like these, where it enters into the associated circumstances of daily life; where it appeals, partly to the mental, largely to the sensuous faculties, it becomes eminently an agent of civilization, and makes men, like Felix Summerly, the greatest benefactors of an age. Poussins may arise; Claudes may paint their glorious landscapes; Raphaels their divine countenances; but pictures such as these are not always accessible; and even when accessible, not always intelligible to mental faculties, wholly or partially uneducated. But a well-shaped jug, or cup with a hanging bunch of flowers, or pastoral landscapes on them, in these our days of cheap and

cheapening art, in relation to domestic life, can go every where; and the germ of many a great intelligence will be fostered, by thus placing the true foundation of progressive art in ALL the forms which minister to the conveniences of every-day life. The vital impulse necessary to artistic love and artistic excellence may be given to the child by the figure on his dinner-plate, or the form of his drinking cup; and it is not till we enrich the present penury of objects calculated to awaken, stimulate, and expand the best of human faculties, that we shall call into activity *half* the powers and capabilities which yet slumber within the life of the masses. Narrow circumstances, and a narrow range of routine toil, belong to too many of us, not to make it desirable to bring into existence *all*, which will essentially increase the simple riches and tastes of the one, and lessen the deadening influences of the other. For it is not artists alone we want; it is not solely the creative faculty we require to stimulate; but rather to awaken in the mass a craving for, and a capacity to appreciate, the great intellectual labours of their kind. The understanding of beauty, even in its simple elements, is quite half way towards assimilating action, life, and taste to its most refining and elevating influences. Hence is it, that considering these simple elements of beauty to be the necessary foundation of the higher; considering that till it is thus understood, till it is, as it were, incorporated into the elements and things which minister to the routine of daily life, art will never rest on, or expand from, a permanent foundation; we believe that in no age, so well as in this, has this primary principle of art been understood. And it is for this reason, from this induction from essential laws, from this generalization of principles, that I believe the foundation of a great and permanent age of art is already laid, and that combined beauty and usefulness flowing from so many collateral circumstances to one common centre, will mightily influence the intellectual and social progress of our kind.

A year went on, and with it the increased trade of the New Crockery Shop. For it was not merely the labouring classes who became purchasers, but ship-brokers, emigrants, and captains of outward-bound vessels. At the end of this time, his well economized profits enabled Edward Hay to enter into partnership with a large manufacturer in Staffordshire; and thus becoming his own fabricator, he was enabled not only to buy the best, but design his own models, and make articles at a rate still cheaper, and still more accessible to the varied means of a dense population. During his necessary absence from town, Madeline, assisted by the old foreman, and, little Sue, managed the business, and when a baby came, the little girl proved very useful indeed. One morning, just as Mrs. Hay had entered the shop, and as Sue stood dusting some jugs beside the door, something popped across the street, recognized her as if by instinct, and flew upon her shoulder. It was Dick, the old blackbird, who, so long imprisoned, had made good his first opportunity of escape, and hopping about his own shop, had evidently heard and recognized Sue's well known voice across the street. The old foreman carried him home; but the Moses were so indignant, as to vow, if the bird came there again, they would wring its neck; whereupon it was carried back, a fine new wicker cage bought for it, which all the week-days hanging in the shop, is now opened every morning; and if it be sunshiny, for Dick loves the warmth, he is to be seen perched in the window, or hopping on the counter, follows Sue as she moves about the shop, and even when particularly bright, and in spirits, chirps one of his sweetest old songs. But though he has the opportunity, he has never once hopped back to his old home. No, no! the voice of love and kindness flows round the universe, and links the smallest units, and the largest fractions, into ONE.

In due time Mrs. Gussett was persuaded to have her own house set in order. Accordingly it was rebuilt; and now a small shop fronts the street, whilst behind stretches a well ordered work-room, with another small room at the rear of this, for the daily meals to be set and taken in, and not, as heretofore, thrust amidst the work with coarse disorder. The work-room is lighted by gas; and Madeline has framed certain rules about order, personal neatness, and so on, which the good-natured forewoman, now quite trim and smart, has strictly carried into effect, much, as she finds, to the benefit of the business, and the great improvement of the young people.

But time has worn on, and the business of the New Crockery Shop still increases and flourishes. For as things were never cheaper or more beautiful, it is pleasant to observe their artistic effects upon the surrounding population. The little black classic figures upon the teapots have led to a taste for plaster casts; and poor Italian lads have lately found here some of their best customers. The Girl taking a Thorn from her Foot, the Dancing Hebe, the Child at Prayer, Eve at the Fountain, are some of the casts and statuettes, which have replaced the hanging tomahawk, the gilt tobacco-box, the rude figure-head, or the flaming shepherds and shepherdesses. Neat tea-services have likewise led to many a well scrubbed table, a cleaner hearth, a cheerfuller fireside, the cheap publication, and such sound comforts as lead men and women from the gin shops. The City Missionaries of the district say, that it is not the same as it was three years ago; and passing by open doors and windows on Sundays, nothing can be pleasanter than to see the neat tea-tables, the small efforts at refinement, humble as they are, on chimney-piece, spare table, or buffet; decent mothers and little children gay in their Sunday gowns and frocks, and bronzed-faced sailors dotted here and there amongst them, telling to their little inquisitive ears and upturned gaze, the wonders and perils of the mighty sea. Nor is this all. Since the date of the Crockery Shop, a Mutual Improvement Association, a Temperance Society, and a Lending Library, have sprung up in this very district, where in the length of one street *thirty* gin shops might be counted consecutively. The working classes themselves are aware of this change, are proud of it, and always passing Moses' shop, make their humble purchases at the new shop. When the news, some time since, was carried from house to house by one of the visiting missionaries, that Edward Hay was about to open two other shops, one in Lambeth, and the other in Shoreditch, one and all said in almost similar words, "Well, he deserves to prosper, and so do the shops; for the rich little think how much better we feel for having nice things about us, cheap and common though they be, and how far we feel lifted above our common lot by things which often bring to us good thoughts of God, and one another."

Thus it is indeed time to say, that Art is invested with a sublime prerogative, when it can thus raise and elevate the common round of daily life. This prerogative becoming still diviner, will bring about benefits, not seen yet, nor prophecied, except by few; the few who have looked attentively into the *greatest* of all sciences—the SCIENCE of SOCIETY. Therefore, in every cup, jug, dish, glass, basin, knife, fork, spoon, chair, table, clock, fender, fabricated on principle, a power, a germ may be set, which shall not only serve as an important instrument of National Education, but elevate the moral being of the population, and perhaps, in the end lead the individual to do justice to his own nature and the benignity of God. Therefore, good FELIX SUMMERLY and thy DISCIPLES, beautify what thou canst for the people; and not only adorn the homes of the rich and high, but give beauty to poor places; and set it, as a holy thing, before us, about us, and around us!

REPENTANCE without amendment, is like continual pumping in a ship, without stopping the leak.

ROOKS AND ROOKERIES.

Rooks are remarkable for three things—intelligence, populousness, and universality. If it were possible to take a census of the tribe, the returns, even for Great Britain, would exceed all rational belief; and we know from the concurrent testimony of travellers, that the crow is found everywhere, and everywhere the same—totally unaltered and unmodified by climate. Yet, with all these claims to attention, there are few, if any, of the fowls of heaven that are exposed to greater persecutions. At every little interval we hear of anti-rook associations—combinations that are carried to a ridiculous length; and I well remember the period, when the great Lord Erskine became counsel for the winged delinquents, and pleaded their cause very manfully in verse. The complaint against them is, that they tear up the seed wheat in open winters, attack the potato roots in spring, the turnip seed in summer, and last of all, the grain crops at the approach of autumn. But, to borrow the language of Sir Roger de Coverley, much may be said on both sides; and my opinion is, that these curious birds do far more good by destroying insects, than they can possibly do mischief by a partial inroad on the farmer's corn. It often enough happens, that the seedsman and the ploughman are seen at work in the same field; and if a colony of rooks happen to be on the spot, they, to a bird, leave the harrowed ground untouched and unvisited, and congregate among the furrows in quest of worms. Now, a fact of this kind is worth a hundred arguments, and establishes completely that rooks prefer worms to corn whenever they can get at their favourite food.

The rook belongs to the order of birds, which Linnæus denominates the *pie* kind, at the head of which stands the raven. Birds of this family frequent most parts of the globe. They are met with in nearly every country, and are useful to man in devouring animal matters, and destroying a variety of noxious insects, which would prove fatal to his grain and root crops; for with their bills they separate the small portions of earthy matters, and thereby allow the delicate and tender roots more easily to penetrate the soil.

The rook differs from the raven and carrion crow in size, being smaller than either of them; the membrane in which the nostrils are placed, is rendered tough in the adult bird, by the abrasion of the feathers from that part, in consequence of the habit of digging with the bill. Hence merely the stumps of the feathers are left projecting from the membrane.

No bird has a quicker discernment of coming spring than the rook. As soon as the snow-drop glints forth, and long before the violet and primrose appear, the operations of the rookery have commenced. And during the season of their breeding, they live together in large societies, always near or around the habitation of man, and occasionally build their nests in the midst of large and populous towns. They are found even in the most crowded parts of London. All who have been accustomed in their infant years to observe the labours of these early harbingers of spring, must recall with delight the many happy hours they have passed in contemplating the toilful working of the rooks, in collecting materials for their nests; in listening to their noise; and in witnessing their bustle, when occasionally strife and contention arise in punishing the detected pilferer.

The business of building begins often in March, or even earlier in mild seasons. For the sake of security the tallest trees are selected, such as the ash, the elm, and the fir, and in large woods they always prefer that part which has the loftiest trees. As soon as the nest is completed, incubation commences. The female lays from three to five eggs, of a pale green, with brownish-coloured spots; she sits three weeks or more. During this period, she receives the most affectionate regard from her mate. To prevent her quitting her eggs, the male feeds the female from the contents of his own crop.

Notwithstanding the prejudice of farmers against rooks, arising from a belief that they feed exclusively upon grain, and consequently are destructive to the crops, there can be little doubt that the services they perform are infinitely greater than any injury they occasion. The rook is rather to be considered an insectivarous than a granivarous bird. It prefers at all times the dew-worm, and other worms, grubs, larvæ, grass-hoppers, and all sorts of insects, to grain or any other food. It will be found that it is only in moments of necessity that it preys on the grain or root crops. In spring, when the dryness of the ground renders digging for insects or worms difficult, it then occasionally preys on sown or potato fields; but it always takes to such a change with reluctance, and abandons it as soon as rain has moistened the earth, and prepared it for its bill to dig in.

We have just remarked that the dew-worm forms a principal part of the food of the rook, and as this worm disappears soon after sunrise, he is obliged to be on the wing earlier than any other bird. To be thus prepared for early rising, he always selects the tallest tree of the grove for his roost, and thence more readily catches the first beams of the rising sun.

From extracts of men learned in the habits and characters of birds, it will be apparent that rooks feed more on insects, larvæ, and worms, than on grain roots, and thus protect the labours of the husbandman from the ravages of many noxious intruders; and that it is only when compelled by necessity, that they plunder to any extent our corn and potato fields.

It is not a little remarkable, with what wonderful acuteness a flock of rooks will discover their insect food while flying over a field, covered apparently with the healthiest vegetation. In an instant the flock will alight, will commence tearing up the plaintain, the dandelion, the hairgrass, and the moss, to get at the grubs and larvæ.

Some have maintained, that rooks materially injure the tops of the trees on which they build. But it will be found, on a close examination, that the injury sustained by the trees is slight. The trees generally selected for the nests, are for the most part those which are showing symptoms of decay, such as being stagheaded. And as the young are reared, fledged, and on the wing before the spring shoot is matured, and before the summer shoots have made their appearance, these shoots can sustain no injury from the rooks, who rarely return, and only at short intervals, to the rookery, before the succeeding spring.

Much as has been said in praise of the stork, I incline to the opinion, that the rook possesses an equal degree of intelligence. For one thing, he seems to calculate distances with the greatest accuracy; has a pretty good idea of how far a fowling-piece will carry; is tamer and more confident on Sundays than any other day in the week; and can discriminate perfectly between a gun and a walking stick, though he sometimes mistakes a scarecrow for a man. The swallows, wind and weather permitting, are wonderfully regular, in flocking together, when about to emigrate to a warmer climate, and Huber was so confident that the working-bees set apart a particular day of the year for massacring the non-productive members of the hive, that he used to exclaim, after the cruel era was past, "now there is not a drone alive in Europe." The rooks, too, possess the faculty of measuring time very accurately; perhaps from the shadows the sun casts on the mountains' sides, or some other *horologe* as simple as that consulted by St. Pierre's children of nature, who thought it time to go to bed when the tamarinds began to close their leaves. This, however, is an accomplishment that should be still more conspicuous in their cousins, the daws—birds that, like the fashionable world, aspire to a residence in both town and country, and are most

familiar with steeples and steeple clocks. With none of these aids to guide them, the crows in winter leave the roost every day at the same period, and however remote the feeding-fields may be, are found to loiter so little by the way, that they always reach their dormitory with day-light. Indeed, at the close of a short winter's day, it is beautiful to see them trooping homewards, all in marching, or rather flying order, with a few stragglers behind and before, that seem to constitute the rear and advanced guard, while the phalanx in the centre moves as steadily, though with far greater speed, as an army does when deploying on the day of battle.

Rooks, like men, have not all the same nice sense of justice. Some of them are honest, obliging, and industrious; others knavish, idle, and mischievous. In the spring months, in particular, when they are all busy building nests or repairing old ones, certain evil-doers invade their neighbour's store of sticks, to save themselves the trouble of collecting materials in a more laborious and lawful way. This, to some, may appear a very venal crime, but what a plank is to a carpenter, a twig is to a crow, and to pilfer the one is just as bad as to purloin the other. But as often as offences of this kind are detected, a complaint is made to the proper quarter, and the delinquent tried and punished by his peers. Some veteran bird acts as chief justice, and from the bustle that goes forward, the cawing of some rooks, and the silence of others, it is plain that the court proceed upon system, though I cannot subscribe to the startling opinion, that they examine witnesses and impanel a jury. The presiding rook, who sits on a bough above all the others, is heard croaking last of all, and when sentence is pronounced, punishment follows very promptly. Either the culprit is seized and pecked most severely, or the nest containing the illgotten twigs is pounced on and demolished, until not one stick is left upon another. Some people may laugh at these details; but if they will turn to Goldsmith's chapter on crows, they will find still greater cause to lapse into incredulity, and assume importance by denouncing the marvellous.—*M'Diarmid.*

PEOPLE WHO DO NOT LIKE POETRY.

We have often heard Poetry spoken of by certain shallow-hearted, hammer-headed people, as an indefinite something of meretricious nothingness, if one may use an Irishism. They look upon Poetry as a sort of fantastic, gossamer cobweb, woven by the hand of unrecognized insanity, and wonder it should be permitted to flit about the highways of the world; they flout it as a trumpery and contemptible production of no earthly *use*, and of course their practical statistics never descend to the question of *ornament*. They are totally ignorant that Poetry is identified and incorporated in the primitive elements of all that makes God visible, and man glorious; they know not that poetry is co-existent with a flourishing state, and a great people; they know not that it is poetic instinct which prompts a Washington to free his country, and calls the tear of repentance into the felon's eye, as he wakes from a dream of green fields and his mother. They only comprehend there is something arranged in syllables, that this something is unprofitable and ridiculous, composed of imaginary trash, and called poetry. It is "stuff," "rubbish," "nonsense," and in the arrogance of their self-sufficiency, we have heard these people rash enough to assert, that they could see no great use in Shakespere's plays. To listen to the arguments, or rather declarations of these dealers in hardware, one would think the great Creator had sadly wasted his might and ingenuity in scattering the profusions of exquisite matter about us, which we have yet been unable to convert into tangible utility, or mercenary profit. One would be induced to fancy that the myriads of sweet bosomed, bright-headed flowers, flung on the untrodden vallies and mountain sides, should be exterminated from the land, since they cannot be packed into bales of merchandize, nor cast up in day books. We should begin to interrogate the wisdom of sending unnumbered nightingales and thrushes, for the express purpose of whistling away with all their might in the green boughs, and yet yielding nothing in the great "commercial account." Be it understood, that by "people who do not like poetry," we have no intention of alluding to those who may have no special devotion to measured feet and gentle rythm. We advert not to the myriads who go about their business in every day sobriety; who live, die, woo, wed, make fortunes, or become bankrupts, and fill up the ranks of life without the slightest knowledge of poetry in its tangible and professed sense.

Such heads may be totally unacquainted with the classical existence of a Helicon. They may never dream deliciously in the fairy-land of a Spencer, and even be unfamiliar with the voice of a Goldsmith. Yet, we see hundreds of these people, with the spirit of poetry playing about them in revelling gambols, at every opportunity the chances of fate may offer. The most exquisite love of the Ideal, and the most ardent glow of Enthusiasm, often abide in the bosom, that knows not the names of its residents, and many a rough-hewn denizen of earth goes from his cradle to his grave, full of rich, sweet poetry, without even a suspicion of the "divinity that stirs within him." No! it is not these people we anathematize, for these are the mysterious and ceaseless echoings of the first great Voice that pronounced all things good and beautiful. These unconsciously pour forth the perfumed incense of immortality, purifying the foul vapours that gather so chokingly in God's Catholic temple. No! it is not these we denounce, for we worship and honour the untold numbers, who think and feel poetry in its noblest essence, yet, never breathe, and seldom read a line of printed cadence.

It is the flinty, crude mass of "utilitarianism," the hard, unbending, unit of creation, standing in upright frozen selfishness, entertaining no speculation, but, that depending on a thriving railway, and respecting no laws but those of Blackstone and Coke; those who depreciate all knowledge, save that denominated "worldly;" a knowledge too frequently testified by conduct, that would bear the less equivocal term of "craft;" those who sneer at a sentiment, and despise a feeling that may go an inch beyond the very commonest of sense; it is such we most heartily pray to be delivered from during our sojourn here below. They may be useful and necessary—so may the cholera, but in honest simplicity, we desire to keep clear of both inflictions.

These people have no ear for music in a "babbling brook," without the said brook turns a very profitable mill. They find no "sermons in stones," beyond those preached by the walls of a Royal Exchange. They see nothing in a mob of ragged urchins loitering about the streets in a spring twilight, busy over a handful of buttercups and daisies, lugged with anxious care from Putney or Clapham—they see nothing but a tribe of tiresome children who deserve, and sometimes get, a box on the ears for "being in the way." They see nothing in the attachment between a poor man and his cur dog, but a crime worthy the imprisonment of one, and the hanging of the other. Indeed, we have remarked that these "people who do not like poetry," seldom have sympathy for mendicity of any description. If a sick woman with a sicklier child, or an old man with palsied limbs, solicit a halfpenny, these people have a stereotyped knack of parading the comforts of the "Union," and the audacity of "going about begging." If an orphan boy of Seven Dials' genealogy is recommended by some benevolent idiot to clean boots and shoes, "they will have no such young scamp about them." "But he has not yet done anything dishonest," says the pleader for poverty. "No matter," is the reply, "I shan't take him, and there's an end of it." Ah! these people are doubtless

"wise in their generation." It is too true that imposition and ingratitude are stalking about us everywhere; the pale woman and the trembling man may not be quite so wretched as they seem, and the offspring of ignorance and misery may not prove a moral Crichton; yet, with a "day of judgment" in the Christian's distance, we have a prejudice in favour of giving an odd penny now and then, without too strict inquiry as to whether the applicant's cup of sorrow is brimfull; and we have a prejudice equally strong, that it is not contrary to human philosophy, to endeavour to "snatch a brand from the burning," and give the chance of honest pursuits to the children of infamy, even though they have "no character" to begin with.

"People who do not like poetry" have rarely much participation in the elasticities of our mortal lot. Eating, drinking, sleeping, and "looking to the main chance," generally form their whole consecutive occupations, but, if any occasional development of humour and cheerfulness occur in the genus, we have observed that it usually tends to "practical joking and coarse badinage." This is the lowest and apparently the only grade of wit they are capable of exercising with any facility; but with the utmost touchiness, at the same time, if any responsive liberty be taken with their own respected person. The spirit of poetry at least instils the justice of bearing that which we are eager to award; but our utilitarians have no notion of this. Some of them even advocate the strong practical joke of killing off the superfluous population, but we never find their own names on the superabundant list.

"People who do not like poetry" are invariably the most revengeful in their animosities. They hold malice with strong tenacity; forgiving and forgetting are not in their creed; and their bosoms seem charged with an ascetic vengeance, that is never neutralized by the weak, ridiculous, humanizing spirit of poetry.

"People who do not like poetry" are the worst possible companions, in any shape. Take them on a tour through a lovely country, and they see nothing at all in the tumbling waterfall or Elysian valley, but are eternally breaking in on your rapt admiration, with some abrupt and common-place jargon, that raises an incipient desire to serve them as Crooked Richard did his nephews. Have them at a social dinner-party, and they strenuously seek to limit the conversation to "dry and dusty business" of some kind or other; party politics, state of dividends, joint-stock companies, the cotton market, or some such themes, are all they can dilate on; and with loud and pertinaceous determination they "stick to their last," to the exclusion of general and polite interchange of discussions and opinions. Walk with them into an exhibition of paintings, and, most likely, you will have to blush up to your ears, for they treat all things connected with "Fine Arts" as mere trumpery, and, of course, make very audible and very ignorant remarks on matters, concerning which, the slightest poetical delicacy would make them silent. Meet them when you are attired in a new garb of deep mourning, and their first question will be, "Who have you lost?" Let a child cry in their presence, and they instantly express an impatient disgust, that would warrant one in supposing that they had passed through infancy without a single kick or scream. Let an old horse, that has worked twenty years in their service, be pronounced unfit for his duty, and they coolly take sixty shillings and consign the worn-out beast to cruelty, starvation, and "a sand-cart," without a ghost of conscience.

Oh! these "people who do not like poetry" are sad thorns in the side of refined humanity. We repeat, they may be useful; but we honestly confess, if we have one prejudice stronger than another, it exists against those animated fossils who "do not like poetry."

ELIZA COOK.

A DREAM OF THE STEADFAST.

In the winter quarter, there is a season of the day peculiarly dear to the contemplative. It is when the sun sets early in the afternoon, and a premature darkness steals around, and a lull comes over the whole household, at a moment when, in lighter times, all is activity and noise. In such moments, the mind enters into a bosom-friendship with the fire. The mellow lustre of its crimson flames, as they roar up the spacious chimney, and battle with the outer gloom, have an irresistible charm; and you can sit, at least I can, for hours, wrapt in strange musings, upon all manner of subjects, sober and fantastic; and regard it almost as an intrusion upon holy ground, when tea and candles come to banish the phantasmagorial universe, and to let in again the everyday materialism of ordinary life.

The other afternoon was damp and dreary, as with drawn curtains, and a glorious fire, I sate in our old, oak-pannelled parlour, in my great grandfather's chair, which is our chief household relic, and gazed, with my elbows on my knees, vaguely into the fire, immersed in dreamy thought. On the flaunty modern sofa, with its amber damask mocking the sterner beauties of the older furniture, were my aunt Margery, and a friend of hers, who, like her, was far advanced into the region of a venerable spinsterhood. As I said, I was immersed in dreamy thought. Upon all things in heaven and earth my vagrant fancy lighted; and butterfly-like, was away again, unresting. Now I was with some historic hero, rushing undaunted into the very whirlpool of the battle; now with some lowly peasant, who, by his native stream, drank in God's melodies, until the world knew him for a poet; now with an illustrious patriot, fighting his country's conflicts, with the might of eloquence, before the senatorial narrowness of his age; now with some quiet man of good, in remote village or populous town, doing the duty, that lay before him, faithfully, and adding noiselessly his contribution to the sum of human worth. Nor was I indeed bounded by the earth. I was away in the midst of Fairyland, with Puck and Oberon; in the grim Swarzthal, with the water-spirit Kühleborn; or caught up with Dante and Beatrice to the loftiest heavens. And yet, throughout, I had a confused knowledge of the conversation my lady-companions were holding, all too fluently, close at hand. I did not follow its intricacies, nor was my attention at all directed to them; but still I understood its tenor, and drank in its spirit imperceptibly; and, every now and then, a sentence would pass without effort on my part, word for word, through my mind, and extort a half-audible comment from me.

They were talking of an unfortunate love-case in our neighbourhood. How a young couple had betrothed themselves, long before marriage was possible, and for ten long years had been faithful to each other; how the lady had refused, I know not how many, moneyed alliances; and how, just when the great consummation should have come, Death stepped in, and forbade the banns for ever.

"Now," said my aunt Margery, with acerbity, "look at the poor, foolish creature. She is a girl no longer—she has thrown herself completely away—she has refused the best offers one can imagine, and may be considered as shut out of the marriage circle altogether. For my part, I have no patience with your long engagements!"

"'*Man is a creature of long engagements!*'" I muttered solemnly, quoting the master-spirit of the age; and thereupon I fell into a reverie, and a vision came up before me, of an ideal pair, who, amid a false and fickle world, were yet true and steadfast. It was of a youth, who, placed among the ceaseless distractions of the "working-day world," in the very centre of the vortex of business and hard mechanism, still maintained his nobler, spiritual nature supreme, nor suffered his manly purity

and vigour to be stifled by the foul materialism round about him. To him trade profits and bankers' balances were but useful auxiliaries, not heaven upon earth; the din and clatter of the Exchange were not celestial melodies to him; beyond the smoke that dimmed and disfigured his daily horizon, there was an infinite blue of hope and faith; the broad, green earth was dear to his soul, and the sun, and the moon, and the troops of starry diamonds, were bright eyes looking down in pity, and in encouragement, from a higher and a better sphere —teaching him the mighty, and, alas! the now unheeded lesson, that it is better that the body hunger and thirst all its days, and be environed with dissatisfaction and distress, if needs be, rather than that the strength and integrity of the soul be sapped and sullied.

To him, if to any, it was natural that love should be communicated in its pristine, spiritual, depth and truth. He saw that the Great Father sends his beings forth in pairs; and that to every man is there given an eastern star, which he must look for, and wait for anxiously, with his treasures and spices ready, until it stand in the heaven still above him, and he bows before it. As yet this soul-star had not been revealed unto him; but he toiled cheerfully on, prepared when it was revealed, did all the universe say nay to him, to acknowledge that soul and be faithful to it.

There was, also, in my vision, the shadowy form of a dear and lovely woman; who, educated amid all the sickly imbecilities and artificial manners that disgrace our land in all our plans of female culture, had not sunk the woman in the lady; but while a lady was still a woman. From her open brow, the black hair parted and hung in graceful waves upon her slightly coloured cheeks; the raven eyebrows and the fringed lashes, also, were very lovely, and the large, dark, earnest beaming eyes gleamed forth, unclouded and serene beneath them. The soul was worthy the casket that enshrined it. She, too, though not clearly defined, had a sense of what love was. The empty flatterer, the long-pursed coxcomb, the earth-bound plodder, could not satisfy the restless cravings of her heart. She was waiting the time until the destined one arrived.

How these souls, so long unknown became known; by what casuality they were drawn together, my vision was not minute enough to say. Sufficient that they did meet,—that their whole hearts, that every pulse in their frames, and every emotion in their minds rose up in giant strength when they did so meet, and proclaimed proudly through the remotest channels of their beings, that they could never again become unknown to each other; but that, while life lasted, each was to the other dearer even than life. So speak the inner voices; but how spake the outer calculating world? They were young, it said, and Fortune had not showered wealth upon them, nor was there any chance of a speedy improvement; before their love could possibly, in prudence, become a realised fact, long years of toil and patience must of necessity intervene. To banish the idea of love between them, as a chimera and a sentimentality, was, therefore, the counsel of the world. But in their great hearts such counsel had no weight; what if the need was not close at hand,—what if it never came—that was uncertain; but it was certain that they loved, certain that it would be akin to crime to smother and repress that love. And so he told her, in impassioned truth, the innermost feelings of his spirit; laid before her, in glowing picturing, what he was, what he had, what he *would* be, what he was likely to have, and offered her his whole self entire; and she, resolute, dear spirit that she was, looking into his eyes, calmly and mildly answered, "Be it long or be it brief; through sorrow, or through joy, dear heart, I am thine for ever!"

Surely, it was a noble thing, that of two human beings, thus steadfastly confronting unknown years of toil and abiding, and saying, not in hot passion or reckless enthusiasm, but in sober confidence and sedate determination—"For thy sake, O my beloved, I will endure that toil, and abide that long a biding." Surely, it was a grand and heroic thing what my vision next revealed to me, of the many years that rolled over them, and as each died away into the past, left them as faithful and as patient, as when its first morning dawned upon them. I followed him through his fierce battling with the haps and chances of busy life, and battling also with his own rebellious passions and spiritual mutinies; pursuing at once the winning of a home for his beloved, and the purifying of his heart and life, till it should be worthy her. I saw him, day by day, plunging into the labyrinths of trade, and working there uncomplaining; toiling, also, late in his midnight study, that the bodily wealth should not be purchased by the loss of the intellectual. I saw him in temptation, amid noisy bachanals and light profligates, and saw him conquer them, for her and by her, and rise, unpolluted, over them; he could not join in drunken revelry, nor listen to loose converse, with the chain she wove him round his neck, with the ring she gave on his finger. I saw him, moreover, in his moments of despondency, when the length of the journey, and the uncertainty of the victory lay heavy in his heart, and when he almost longed to relinquish his labours, and go away in peace; and I saw him as he dashed such unworthy thoughts on one side, and recommenced his efforts with a three-fold energy, when he thought how selfish such recreant abandonment would be, when he remembered for whom he toiled and struggled.

Nor, though less actively laborious, was her life a whit less intrinsically heroic than his? Nay, it was even more so; for in the hurry and the conflict of his disturbed endeavour, there was a kind of wild excitement which was altogether wanting in her lot. She had but to remain in quiet, and endure, unchanging; and was it nothing that in serene tranquility she did so abide? that while she beheld her school-mates and companions marry, and ride perchance in carriages, in swift succession, until she seemed stranded, as it were, on a solitary island, that she still remained the same patient, unrepining, truthful being; thinking it a higher privilege than all their carriages and money-matches, that she had a soul like his to wait for?

I grew strangely interested in my own creatures, and felt an affection, and a curiosity, as though they had been real individualities, and not mere imaginative shadows; and when, at last, I arrived at that point when victory was gained by them, and their reward arrived, I experienced a joy and a rapture, as though it had been myself who had so fought and conquered.

The last glimpse I had of my heroic lovers, and wherein they faded from my view, was thus:—

It was a mild and tranquil summer evening, by the margin of the great deep. The sun was sinking behind the western waters, and tipped the breaking crests of the advancing waves. A fuller purple was upon the mountains, and a melancholy evening anthem was chaunted by the retiring birds from a neighbouring grove. The blessing of the God of Peace appeared to be in every leaf and wavelet. In a small chamber that fronted the beach, with the casement opened, so that the cool breeze fanned their face, side by side the united lovers sate together, and looked forth in silence, more reverent than uttered prayer, more eloquent than studied oratory, upon the setting sun and the incoming tide. He, with his arm entwined around her, was pressing her to his bosom, and she, with her large dark eyes, clear and lustrous, looking love into his soul!

"I have just been saying," said my aunt Margery, as I started from my reveries, "that love-matches are absurdities,—now don't you think so too?"

I was in no humour to reply to such a question; and so, giving a short negative grunt, I broke up the fire and rang for tea.

J. S. S.

THE INSIDE OF AN ENGLISH OMNIBUS.

By the invention of the omnibus, all the world keeps its coach! And with what cheapness! And to how much social advantage! No 'plague with servants;' no expense for liveries; no coachmakers' and horse-doctors' bills; no keeping one's fellow-creatures waiting for us in the cold night-time and rain, while the dance is going down the room, or another hour is spent in bidding good-bye, and lingering over the comfortable fire. We have no occasion to think of it at all till we want it; and then it either comes to one's door, or you go forth, and in a few minutes see it *hulling* up the street—a man-of-war among coaches—the whale's back in the metropolitan flood,—while the driver is beheld sitting, super-eminent, like the guide of the elephant on his neck.

Being one of the chance fares, we enter an omnibus which has as yet no other inside passenger; and having no book with us, we make intense acquaintance with two objects; the one being the heel of an outside passenger's boot, who is sitting on the coach top; and the other, that universally studied bit of literature, which is inscribed at the further end of every such vehicle, and which purports, that it is under the royal and charming jurisdiction of the young lady now reigning over us,

V. R.

by whom it is permitted to carry "*twelve inside passengers*, AND NO MORE;" thus showing extreme consideration on her Majesty's part, and that she will not have the sides of her loving subjects squeezed together like figs.

Enter a very precise personage, certainly "well off," who seats himself right in the midway of his side of the omnibus; that is to say, at equal distances between the two extremities; because it is the spot in which you least feel the inconvenience of the motion. He is a man who seldom makes a remark, or takes notice of what is going forward, unless a payment is to be resisted, or the entrance of a passenger beyond the lawful number. Now and then he hems, and adjusts a glove; or wipes a little dust off one of the cuffs of his coat.

In leaps a youngster, and seats himself close at the door, in order to be ready to leap out again.

Item, a maid-servant, flustered with the fear of being too late, and reddening furthermore betwixt awkwardness, and the resentment of it, at not being quite sure where to seat herself. A jerk of the omnibus pitches her against the precisian, and makes both her and the youngster laugh.

Enter a young lady, in colours and big earrings, and excessively flounced and ringleted, and seats herself opposite the maid-servant, who beholds her with admiration, but secretly thinks herself handsomer, and what a pity it is she was not a lady herself, to become the ringlets and flounces better.

Enter two more young ladies, in white, who pass to the other end, in order to be out of the way of the knees and boots of those who quit. They whisper and giggle much, and are quizzing the young lady in the reds and ringlets; who, for her part (though she knows it, and could squeeze all their bonnets together for rage) looks as firm and unconcerned as a statue.

Enter a dandy, too handsome to be quizzed; and then a man with a bundle, who is agreeably surprised with the gentlemanly toleration of the dandy, and unaware of the secret disgust of the precisian.

Item, an old gentleman; then, a very fat man; then, two fat elderly women, one of whom is very angry at the incommodious presence of her counterparts, while the other, full of good humour, is comforted by it. The youngster has, in the meantime, gone to sit on the coach-top, in order to make room; and we set off to the place of our destination.

What an intense intimacy we get with the face, neck-cloth, waistcoat, and watch-chain of the man who sits opposite us! Who is he? What is his name? Is his care a great care—an affliction? Is his look of cheerfulness real? At length he looks at ourselves, asking himself, no doubt, similar questions; and, as it is less pleasant to be scrutinized than to scrutinize, we now set him the example of turning the eyes another way. How unpleasant it must be to the very fat man to be so gazed at! Think, if he sat as close to us in a private room, in a chair! How he would get up, and walk away! But here, sit he must, and have his portrait taken by our memories. We sigh for his plethora, with a breath almost as piteous as his wheezing. And he has a sensible face withal, and has, perhaps, acquired a painful amount of intellectual as well as physical knowledge, from the melancholy that has succeeded to his joviality. Fat men always appear to be "good fellows," unless there is some manifest proof to the contrary; so we wish, for his sake, that everybody in this world could do just as he pleased, and die of a very dropsy of delight.

Exeunt our fat friend, and the more ill-humoured of the two fat women; and enter, in their places, two young mothers,—one with a good-humoured child, a female; the other with a great, handsome, red-cheeked, wilful boy, all flounce, and hat and feathers, and red legs, who is eating a bun, and who seems resolved that the other child, who does nothing but look at it, shall not partake a morsel. His mother, who "snubs" him one instant, and lets him have his way the next, has been a spoiled child herself, and is doing her best to learn to repent the sorrow she caused her own mother, by the time she is a dozen years older. The elderly gentleman compliments the boy on his likeness to his mamma, who laughs, and says he is "very polite." As to the young gentleman, he fancies he is asked for a piece of his bun, and falls a kicking; and the young lady in ringlets tosses her head.

Exit the precisian, and enter an affable man; who, having protested it is very cold, and lamented a stoppage, and vented the original remark that you gain nothing by an omnibus in point of time, subsides into an elegant silence; but he is fastened upon by the man with the bundle, who, encouraged by his apparent goodnature, tells him, in an under tone, some anecdotes relative to his own experience of omnibuses; which the affable gentleman endures with a variety of assenting exclamations, intended quite as much to stop as to encourage, not one of which succeeds; such as "ah"—"oh"—"indeed—"precisely"—"I dare say"—"I see"—"really?"—"very likely;"—jerking the top of his stick occasionally against his mouth as he speaks, and nobody pitying him.

Meantime, the good-humoured fat woman having expressed a wish to have a window closed which the ill-humoured one had taken upon her to open, and the two young ladies in the corner giving their assent, but none of the three being able to pull it up, the elderly gentleman, in an ardour of gallantry, anxious to show his pleasing combination of strength and tenderness, exclaims, "permit *me*;" and jumping up, cannot do it at all. The window cruelly sticks fast. It only brings up all the blood into his face with the mingled shame and incompetence of the endeavour. He is a conscientious kind of incapable, however, is the elderly gentleman; so he calls in the conductor, who does it in an instant. "He knows the trick," says the elderly gentleman. "It's only a little bit new," says the conductor, who hates to be called in.

Exeunt elderly, and the maid-servant, and enter an unreflecting young gentleman who has bought an orange, and must needs eat it immediately. He accordingly begins by peeling it, and is first made aware of the delicacy of his position by the gigglement of the two young ladies, and his doubt where he shall throw the peel. He is "in for it" however, and must proceed; so being unable to divide the orange into its segments, he ventures upon a great liquid bite, which resounds through the omnibus, and covers the whole of the lower part of his

face with pip and drip. The young lady with the ringlets is right before him. The two other young ladies stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and he, into his own mouth the whole of the rest of the fruit, "sloshy" and too big, with desperation in his heart, and tears in his eyes. Never will he eat an orange again in an omnibus.

Tempers are exhibited most at night, because people by that time have dined and drunk, and finished their labours, and because the act of going home serves to bring out the domestic habit. You do not then, indeed, so often see the happy fatigue delighted with the sudden opportunity of rest; nor the anxious look, as if it feared its journey's end; nor the bustling one, eager to get there. The seats are most commonly reckoned upon, and more allowance is made for delays; though some passengers make a point of always being in a state of indignation and ill-treatment, and express an impatience to get home, as if their house were a paradise (which is assuredly what it is not, to those who expect them there). But at night, tongues are loosened, wills and pleasures more freely expressed, and faces rendered less bashful by the comparative darkness. It is then that the jovial "old boy" lets out the secret of his having dined somewhere, perhaps at some Company's feast in Goldsmiths' or Stationers' Hall; and it is with difficulty he hinders himself from singing. Then the arbitrary or the purse-proud are wrathful if they are not driven up to the identical inch of curb-stone, fronting their door. Then the incontinent nature, heedless of anything but its own satisfaction, snores in its corner; then politicians are loud; and gay fellows gallant, especially if they are old and ugly; and lovers, who seem unconscious of one another's presence, are intensely the reverse. Then also the pickpocket is luckiest at his circumventions; and the lady, about to pay her fare, suddenly misses her reticule. Chiefly now also, sixpences, nay, purses, are missed in the straw, and lights are brought to look for it, and the conductor is in an agonizing perplexity whether to pronounce the looser an impudent cheat, or to love him for being an innocent and a ninny. Finally, now is the time when selfishness and generosity are most exhibited. It rains and the coach is full; a lady applies for admittance; a gentleman offers to go outside; and, according to the natures of the various passengers, he is despised or respected accordingly. It rains *horribly;* a "young woman" applies for admittance; the coach is over-stocked already; a crapulous fellow who has been allowed to come in by special favour, protests against the exercise of the like charity to a female *(we have seen it!)*, and is secretly detested by the least generous; a similar gentleman to the above, offers to take the applicant on his knee, if she has no objection; and she enters accordingly and sits. Is she pretty?—is she ugly?—above all, is she good-humoured?—a question of some concern, even to the least interested of knee-givers. On the other hand, is the gentleman young or old, pleasant or disagreeable; a real gentleman, or only a formal "old frump," who has hardly a right to be civil? At length the parties get a look at one another, the gentleman first, the young woman suddenly from under her bonnet. Ought she to have looked at all?—And what is the particular retrospective expression which she instinctively chooses out of many, when she has looked? It is a nice question, varying according to circumstances. "Making room" for a fair interloper is no such dilemma as that; though we may be allowed to think, that the pleasure is greatly enhanced by the pleasantness of the countenance. It is astonishing how much grace is put, even into the tip of an elbow, by the turn of an eye.

There is a reflection which all omnibus passengers are agreed upon, and which every one of them perhaps has made, without exception, in the course of their intellectual reciprocities; which is, that omnibuses are very convenient; "an astonishing accommodation to the public;"—not quick,—save little time (as aforesaid), and the conductors are very tiresome; but a most useful invention, and wonderfully cheap. There are also certain things which almost all omnibus passengers *do;* such as help ladies to and fro; gradually get nearer to the door whenever a vacant seat occurs, so as to force the new comer further up than he likes; and all people stumble forward or sideways, when they first come in, and the coach sets off before they are seated. Among the pleasures, are seeing the highly satisfied faces of persons suddenly relieved from a long walk; being able to read a book; and, occasionally, observing one of a congenial sort in the hands of a fellow-passenger. Among the evils, are dirty boots and wetting umbrellas; broken panes of glass in bad weather, afflicting the napes of the necks of invalids; and fellows who endeavour to convenience themselves at everybody's expense, by taking up as much room as possible, and who pretend to alter their oblique position when remonstrated with, without really doing it. Item, cramps in the leg, when thrusting it excessively backwards underneath the seat, in making way for a new comer,—the patient thrusting it forth again with an agonized vivacity, that sets the man opposite him laughing. Item, cruel treadings upon corns, the whole being of the old lady or gentleman seeming to be mashed into the burning foot, and the sufferer looking in an ecstacy of tormented doubt whether to be decently quiet or murderously vociferous,—the inflictor, meanwhile, thinking it sufficient to say "very sorry," in an indifferent tone of voice, and taking his seat with an air of luxurious complacency. Among the pleasures, also, particularly in going home at night, must not be forgotten the having the omnibus finally to yourself, re-adjusting yourself in a corner, betwixt slumbering and waking, and throwing up your feet on the seat opposite; though as the will becomes piqued in proportion to its luxuries, you always regret that the seats are not wider, and that you cannot treat your hat, on cold nights, as freely as if it were a night-cap.

CLUBS.

Far from originating in sociableness, professional sympathies, or a love of intellectual improvement, many of our modern clubs, enrolling without associating a mob of strangers, are simply and solely founded upon selfishness and sensuality. What are their leading objects, is thus stated by a writer in one of our magazines:—"Epicurism, in the least elevated acceptation of that misunderstood word—to place the greatest possible luxury, but more especially the pleasures of the palate, within reach of the lowest possible sum—to combine exclusiveness with voluptuousness—to foster, at the same moment, the love of self, and the alienation from others—to remove men from their proper and natural mode of living—to enable five hundred a-year to command the state, style, and splendour of five thousand—to destroy the taste for simple and domestic pleasures—and to substitute a longing for all the expensive and sensual enjoyments that might have gratified an ancient Sybarite."

A professional or exclusive club is the most shy, sullen, reserved, and unamiable of all institutions. Its union of one class is a separation from all others; the junction of its members is a dismemberment from the general body of citizens; it is dis-social in its very association.

If the division of the male community into grades and classes be a confessed evil, what shall we say to the wide separation of the sexes which this club-mania tends to effect. It will be admitted, that man and woman were meant for one another, collectively, as well as separately.

Socially speaking, they are as naturally married to each other, in the aggregate, as are the individual husband and wife; and whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder? The beneficial, the civilizing

influences, which the sexes mutually impart and receive in society, are best to be appreciated by the deep and instant degradation which nature, who never suffers her laws to be violated with impunity, has invariably entailed upon their disjunction. For evidence of this fact, it will be only necessary to refer to the monasteries and convents.

In the society of man, the softer sex acquires mental corroboration, and is imperceptibly imbued with the best and finest emanations of masculine character. In female society, the lord of the creation, losing the ruggedness, arrogance, and licentious coarseness of his nature, becomes softened, courteous, and refined, chastening himself with feminine excellencies, while he loses not a fraction of his manliness and dignity.

Acting at once as a stimulant and a restraint, the social intercourse of the two sexes draws forth and invigorates all the purifying, exalting, and delightful qualities of our common nature; while it tends to suppress, and not seldom, to eradicate those of an opposite character. From this unrestricted communion flow the graces, the affections, the charms, the sanctities, the charities of life; and as benignant nature ever blesses the individual who contributes to the advancement of his species, from the same source is derived our purest, most exquisite, and most enduring happiness.

It may be laid down as a broad, incontrovertible axiom, that no married man has a right to belong to a club, and to become an habitual absentee from his home, indulging in hoggish epicurism, while his wife and family are, perhaps, keeping Lent, that he may afford to feast. What hath he sworn to in his marriage-oath? merely to maintain his wife, and to make her the mother of his children? No such thing; he hath sworn to forsake all others, and to cleave only unto her, until death shall part them. Is it consistent, either with the letter or the spirit of this vow, that he should deprive her of his society, and continually seek his own exclusive pleasure? The little occasional bickerings, from which few married couples are totally exempt, not unfrequently prove, under the soothing influences of children, and the pleasures of the domestic meal, a renewal and confirmation of love; but if the sullen husband escapes to his still more sullen club, he becomes embittered by feeding upon his own angry heart; a reconciliation is rendered every day more difficult; he begins to hate his home, and his occasional absence is soon made habitual. Meanwhile, the children lose the benefit of the father's presence and example; the father, whose loss is of still more mischievous import, is deprived of all the heart-hallowing influences of his offspring; and the neglected wife, thinking herself justified in seeking from others that society which is denied to her by her husband, is exposed to temptations and dangers, from which she cannot always escape without contamination. To overrate the conjugal and domestic misery now in actual progress, and all springing from this prolific source, would be utterly impossible.

How many married couples are there in the middling classes of society, the course of whose alienation and unhappiness might be traced out in the following order:—

"Husband.—The club; a taste for French cooks; expensive wines, and sensual luxuries; fastidious epicurism; a dislike of the plain meals which he finds at home, although the only ones adapted to his fortune and his station; confirmed absenteeism and clubbism; indifference to the wife, who reproaches him for his selfish desertion; late hours; estrangement; profligacy; misery!

"Wife.—Natural resentment of neglect; reproaches; altercations; diminution of conjugal affection; dissipation, as a resource against the dullness of home; expensive habits; embarrassment; total alienation of heart; dangerous connections; infidelity; misery!"

Of this account-current, the items may vary, either in quality or sequence, but the Alpha and Omega will ever be the same.

MY SHIRT BUTTONS.

"Ye Married men of England!
Each one whose wife *will* leave
All buttonless, a thousand times,
A collar or a sleeve!—
Your desperate voices raise again,
To watch the female foe;
And keep murmuring deep,
While your shirts unbuttoned go," &c.

Flesh and blood can stand it no longer! Driven to the verge of insanity, I will confide my case to the public; as from the public feeling alone I can now hope for redress of my long-continued grievance.—*Tailored* man, seedy, and out-at-elbows, can get his outer integuments brushed up or fine drawn, until fortune presents him with a new suit; but, *sempstressed* man cannot get a button put on his shirt in these days. No! not if he were to crack his heart-strings in the asking, and were to give his "womankind" work-boxes of Californian gold, in guerdon. Driven, as I before remarked, to the verge of destraction, by my wife's negligence in this particular, I feel compelled to turn social reformer, and prove the truth of the great poet's aphorism,—"All partial ill is universal good." May my particular misfortune be the little seed, from which shall spring a birch tree, big enough to whip all feminine creation into the path of duty. Like most other reformers, my mind has been led to a consideration of the magnitude of the general evil, by having had a pretty bitter taste of it in my individual lot.

Now, understand me, good reader. I do not say that my wife is not a good wife in most respects. She is an excellent little woman,—a woman of superior sense and judgment; and, as such, is very much attached to me; and thoroughly appreciates my character. She is a very attentive listener whenever I talk upon uncommon subjects, or read aloud any remarkable leader from the newspapers. As I am a great politician, she takes an interest in politics, and enters into all my views; and it is charming to see the passion she will get into whenever my speeches in the vestry are badly reported. Besides this, she manages the house very well, and does *not* look as black as a thunder-cloud if I happen to bring in half-a-dozen friends unexpectedly to dinner, when there is nothing but a leg of mutton. Then, she deserves great credit for her method of bringing up the children, who are decidedly the best-behaved *I* ever saw in my life. Yes, I do not deny that in many respects my wife does her duty thoroughly; but,—she does *not* sew on my shirt-buttons. I can neither coax nor scold her into remembering the matter at the right time. She always says, "Oh! I am very sorry, I quite forgot it;" or, "Well! I never heard of a man who pulls his buttons off at the rate you do. It must be done on purpose." It was only last month that I really lost a capital stroke of business by the want of one of these confounded, beggarly buttons. I went down upon an important affair to Liverpool, to meet a man at nine o'clock the next morning, and was to decide upon a purchase, that, if made in time, would secure me a neat hundred. I was called at eight. Everything I wanted was ready to my hand; for my wife had packed my carpet-bag with her usual care,—razors, brushes, my own peculiar soap, clean linen, and all odd minutiæ were there.—"Good creature she is," thought I. "She really is worth her weight in gold;" and I was far gone in a meditation on the economy and convenience of matrimony, when I came to a halt suddenly,—"a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." My right hand held between its thumb and fore-finger the buttonless wristband of the left sleeve. Dismayed, I seized the other wristband; there was a button, indeed, but in the last stage of anatomy,—one that would not survive a thrust through its destined hole. I made a desperate dash at my throat, and (crowning point of misery!) my fingers grasped a wretched button that hung by a

thread, which they actually lost the power to snap. You might have knocked me down with that button. As I threw myself on a chair, my eye fell on the watch. Five minutes to nine!—Shade of Crœsus! Great Plutus, hear! I rang the bell furiously. I demanded a chambermaid with needle, cotton and buttons, immediately. "Yes, Sir; did I not want breakfast?" "No! no! no! Buttons, and a being that can sew them on." Whole centuries did it seem to me, while that young woman kept me waiting. She came at last; and whole Decades did it seem, while she was operating upon my luckless shirt, with her clumsy fingers. I sat like a martyr. Solemnly do I protest that I do not know whether that young woman was pretty or not; though in sewing the final button on the collar, her face was close enough for me to see (near-sighted as I am) that there was a lurking devil of fun in her eye. Once she gave me a slight prick with her needle; and when I started, she begged my pardon, adding, that it was "a ill-conweniency to have the buttons sewed, *after* a gentleman had put on his shirt." I groaned; it was ten minutes past nine. In vain I hurried through the rest of my toilette; in vain I rushed like the north wind to my rendezvous; I was too late, and a more punctual fellow got my bargain. Since then, my wife has never been allowed to forget that hundred pounds lost; and she does seem a little ashamed. I told the story to a young friend of mine, who has lately married, and whom I warned at the beginning of his matrimonial career, as to the importance of buttons to his shirts. Our friend laughed outright, and said, that he and his Fanny had come to a split on that subject already, as I should see, if I would give them the pleasure of my company to an early supper that evening. It was to be a gentleman's party, and to consist entirely of married men. My wife did not approve of my going, but I went nevertheless. Never shall I forget what I saw and heard that evening. I found my friend, surrounded by half a dozen other friends, all in the act of sewing buttons on shirts, while his wife sat, in high glee, laughing at them.

"Here comes another!" they all cried out, as I entered. "Now D——, my good fellow," said my host, addressing me, and taking up another shirt out of a basket beside him, "sit you down here, and sew the button on that collar.

"What's the joke?" asked I, very much amazed.

"It is no joke at all," said he; "but a very serious matter. We are to have no supper, until every missing button is sewed on my shirts."

Here Mrs. ——'s merry laugh attracted my attention, and looking minutely at her, I thought she did not look quite so pleased as she pretended to be. "What does all this absurd scene mean?" I inquired of her.

"Why, Mr. D.," she replied, with an arch smile, "I think it originates with you."

"With me, my dear madam!"

"Yes. You must know that Harry has complained that his buttons are not sewed on properly, and has teazed me most unmercifully about woman's duties. This morning, he told me that you were always 'great' on the subject of shirt-buttons, and that he had no doubt your wife was a pattern of precision in that matter. Now, he called on you this morning, and you told him to play me this trick, did you not?"

"I! my dear madam? Why, I only told him a story of my wife's unpardonable negligence about my buttons, and what I had lost by it."

She looked rather relieved, and glancing at her husband with a smile, in which there was as much affection as fun, she said, "Well! he came home, and said *you* had told him how he could shame me into sewing on his buttons. You had advised him to invite a party of gentlemen, (persons with whom I wished to stand well,) and that on their arrival, he was to be discovered with a pile of clean shirts before him, diligently sewing on the buttons; and when asked why he was employed in that extraordinary manner, he was to tell them that *I* never would do it, and therefore *he* was obliged to do it himself after business. He vowed he would do this, on your recommendation; and you see he has done it."

"My recommendation! My dear Mrs. ——, I beg you to believe——." Here Fanny and her husband laughed heartily; and at last, the latter explained that he was the inventor of the joke, which he had intended as a punishment to his wife.

"Come, my dear Harry," said Fanny, "you had better all of you lay aside your unaccustomed tools, and come to supper. You have no idea how supremely awkward you all look," and she led the way into the supper-room. As we went down stairs, I heard Harry say to one of his friends, "That stroke will tell double. My Fanny will take the hint, and use her needle in future; and D. will learn not to make such a tremendous fuss as he does, about a button more or less."

Harry is mistaken; I have not learned yet to take the want of a button quietly. As the only source of discord between my wife and myself is this one of shirt-buttons, I am determined to try and remove it. Private remonstrance is unavailing; the thing occurred again this morning, and now I am resolved to effect a radical reform all over the country. My present object is, to form an Anti-Buttonless Shirt League, and to agitate the question in every legal way. We will have monster husband meetings at Exeter Hall, that stronghold of female benevolence, where the wives of England will be addressed by Mrs. Ellis on the subject. It shall be proved to them, that it is a just demand we make. We merely ask, at first, "A fair amount of buttons for a day-shirt." Afterwards, we will assertour right to a due number for our "nightly wearing." In fact, dear reader, this is a question that ought to become national, since it comes home to every man's bosom. I am so convinced of the great prevalence of this evil, and the strong feeling of discontent which it has produced, that I entertain no doubt that these few words, feeble as they are to "reach the height of this great argument," will be like the little match which fires a train of gunpowder.

In all great popular demonstrations, shibboleths, and anthems or songs sung in chorus, are considered necessary. Remembering this, I have ventured to adapt a certain well-known national song to this important question, in hope that it may be sung at all the popular meetings of the Anti-Buttonless Shirt League, and with this song I will conclude my present address to the public:

"Ye Married Men of England!—
Each one whose wife will leave
All buttonless, a thousand times,
A collar or a sleeve!—
Your desperate voices raise again
To match the female foe;
And keep murmuring deep
While your shirts unbuttoned go;
While your collars fail you, short or long,
And your wrists unbuttoned go.

"Corazzas need no bulwarks
No sleeve or front in heap;—
Their pride is simple fit, and fold,
And buttons that will keep.
With common sense, in modern days
Fashion at last began
To cut the cloth, and make the shirt,
According to the man.
Yet his collars fail him even now,
And his wrists unbuttoned go.

"The snowy shirt of England
Shall be the cause of strife,
Till every button be sewed on
In time, by every wife.—
Then, then ye Female Peace Makers!
Our Song and Feast shall flow,
To the fame of your name,
When our shirts well buttoned go;—
When our collars fasten, short and long,
And our wrist-bands buttoned go."

CATO THE LITTLE.

LESSON FOR LITTLE ONES.

"PLAYING AT SOLDIERS;" OR, HOW TO BE A HERO.

"WHEEL about, take close order. Step forward, heads up; m-a-r-c-h!" said a young cavalier, with a voice like a trumpet, to half-a-dozen little fellows that composed his army. Droll enough these little fellows looked; some of them had helmets made of pasteboard, swords made of lath, long sticks for guns, and handkerchiefs upon bean stalks for flags. They were playing at soldiers.

And very earnest indeed they seemed to be; and as important in their own estimation, as real soldiers often are; such order and disorder, such arranging in line, such forming in column, and—"you stand here," and "you stand there." "Now, make ready;"—"present,"—"fire!" "Charge—bang;" here they all rushed forward, and one had a tumble.

Arthur, the general, was woefully incensed, and ran up to the fallen hero, and before he could well get up, gave him another push down, saying fiercely, "What do you get out of the line for? If you don't do as I tell you, you shan't play;—stand up, I say, and hold up your head, and m-a-r-c-h!" "I can't march," said little Edwin,—"I have hurt my knee; do stop a bit." "But you must march," replied Arthur, "you shall march; mind I am general, and you shall all do as I tell you. I will have it all my own way, or else I will not play at all. So, stand up, I say." So saying, he gave Edwin another push which threw him down backwards."

The little boy who fell down was much less than Arthur, and never quarrelled with any one. He was rather delicately made, with light hair and eyes; and had on a white pinafore, with a little frill round his neck.

He shed a few tears at being thus thrown down in the dirt, more on account of his clothes than himself; and one of his companions came up, and said, "Never mind, Edwin, I dare say Arthur did not intend to do it."

"Did I not?—but I *did* though," said Arthur. "Why did he not stand up when I told him. A general has a right to make him stand up if he likes; and he *shall* stand up when I tell him—and he *shan't* go out of his line—and he *shall* march forward at the word of command—and I will have my own way; so m-a-r-c-h!"

Immediately all the boys fell into line; the one with the fife began to play a tune, and they all marched boldly with Arthur at their head, till all at once he said, "Halt!—right about face—stand at ease."

Poor little Edwin was in great pain with his knee, and stooped down to rub it.

"Why *don't* you stand at ease," said Arthur, rushing up to him in great anger, "hold up your head—heads up," and he gave the recruit a chuck under the chin;—"stand at ease, I say."

"I can't stand at ease," replied Edwin, "for my knee aches so."

"But you *shall* stand at ease—you must—I care nothing about knees—*you* are a *soldier*—*I* am a *general*—so attention—shoulder arms—right shoulder forward—take open order—make ready, present, fire—c-h-a-r-g-e."

So saying, the whole company rushed forward in the most heroic style, with the exception of Edwin, who was beaten-down and trampled on in this grand display of valour.

When the charge was over, the boys gathered round Edwin, and instead of comforting him in his trouble, began to jeer him. One told him he was a coward—another said he had no pluck, and Arthur (the general) told him he had better go home to his mother—that he would never be a hero.

Just at this moment the party were startled by the bark of a dog, and soon afterwards saw a little lamb scampering down the bank of the next field. The dog gained upon the lamb, which ran as fast as it was able toward a river at the bottom of the dell.

Presently the dam appeared on the brow of the hill, bleating loudly. She looked towards the water, and ran to the brink of the river.

The poor lamb, to get away from the dog, had rushed into the stream; the dog had followed it. "Catch him boy—bite him boy—halloo, halloo," said Arthur; and this was echoed by all the boys, who thought it good sport.

Not so with Edwin; he rushed boldly forward. First, he turned his little gun at the dog, threw two or three stones, but the fierce beast would not leave the lamb, which he had seized by the haunch, and was dragging under water.

Edwin now jumped into the stream, which was up to his arm-pits; he waded till he got near the lamb, but the stream carried the lamb and the dog both from him in their struggle. He, therefore, being a good swimmer dashed boldly from the shore, and in a few minutes drove off the dog and got the poor lamb out of the water.

When the little creature reached the shore, it gave a spring and a bound, and ran towards its dam, who came trotting down the hill to meet it; and the joy they seemed to feel was a great reward to Edwin, who beheld it with tears in his eyes.

Thus my young friends can see, that to be a hero, it is not necessary to have flags, or drums, or guns, or trumpets. The true hero is one who will bravely defend the weak, the poor, and the wretched.

There is not much valour in marching about with flags, and guns, and trumpets. There is more real heroism than in standing before the cannon's mouth.

True heroism may, and very often does, consist in very different things. It is the very height of heroism to stand up against a great wrong, to brave the opinion of the world, when launched like an arrow against the innocent, to advocate the cause of truth while it is unpopular. These things my young friends may scarcely understand at present; but I can tell them, that without wearing red coats or blue jackets (though goodness knows, Peter Parley loves the blue jackets dearly) young men and boys, aye, even little children, may be heroes.

It is heroic to tell the truth in spite of blame, it is heroic to withstand the temptations of evil companions, it is heroic to make the best excuse we can for another's fault, it is heroic at times even to be humble, and it is always heroic to forgive those that do us wrong.

In this sense, Peter Parley would have all his young readers heroes, and although he cannot insure them a knighthood, or a dukedom, or a star, or a garter, or a grand cross, he can impart to them a higher dignity and nobler honours. The dignity will consist in the moral elevation of ourselves, and the honour, in feeling that we may be meek without being mean in spirit.

PETER PARLEY.

NATURAL LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS.

THE hand has a great share in expressing our thoughts and feelings; raising the hands towards heaven, with the palms united, expresses devotion and supplication; wringing them, grief; throwing them towards heaven, admiration; dejected hands, despair and amazement; folding them, idleness; holding the fingers intermingled, musing and thoughtfulness; holding them forth together, yielding and submission; lifting them and the eyes to heaven, solemn appeal; waving the hand from us, prohibition; extending the right hand to any one, peace, pity, and safety; scratching the head, care and perplexing thought; laying the right hand on the heart, affection and solemn affirmation; holding up the thumb, approbation; placing the right forefinger on the lips perpendicularly, bidding silence.

WE should never divide from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with us in that, from which, within a few days, we may dissent ourselves.

PRIDE.

Though Pride may show some nobleness
When Honour 's its ally,
Yet there is such a thing on earth,
As holding heads too high!
The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flower springs low;
And we must stoop for happiness,
If we its worth would know.

Like water that encrusts the rose,
Still hard'ning to its core,
So Pride encases human hearts
Until they feel no more.
Shut up within themselves they live,
And selfishly they end
A life, that never kindness did
To kindred, or to friend!

Whilst Virtue, like the dew of heaven
Upon the heart, descends,
And draws its hidden sweetness out,
The more—*as more it bends!*
For there's a strength in lowliness
Which nerves us to endure;—
A heroism in distress,
Which renders victory sure!

The humblest being born, is great,
If true to his degree,
His virtue illustrates his fate,
Whatever that may be!—
Thus, let us daily learn to love
Simplicity and worth;—
For not the eagle, but the Dove,
Brought peace unto the earth!

Charles Swain.

MAY.

May! lovely May! "the sweet season," "the savourous time,"—the month of love and jollity, when everything grows gay, and the malicious cuckoo "mocks married men" with his two ominous notes. What a hard-hearted muck-worm must he be, who does not feel this delicious part of the year tingle along his nerves like sparkling champagne. Yet, alas! such there are, who know not what it is to offer up a fervent prayer, in the face of heaven, to Him whose beautiful works surround us; while the dews of the morning descend blandly, as if they were a visible answer, assuring us that the breathings of a sincere and simple heart are never rejected by the Great Father of all. What man or woman, of the least sensibility, would not feel re-invigorated, nay, created again anew, as it were, by the western breeze—the odoriferous breath of spring, blowing briskly in his or her face, clearing the eyes, and causing them to gulp down whole draughts of freshness, bracing and stimulating as soda water! The motley blossoms of the orchard-trees hang over us, as we stroll along green lanes, between high hedges of the sweet hawthorn and the elegant wild briar,—while the sight of their banks, soft with thick young grass, and "cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head," invite us, with dumb, but most potent eloquence, to take a roll.—"To take a *roll!*" This is the best idea, after all, that we can give of the overwhelming beauty of the landscape; yet only think, propriety and decorum-loving reader, of—rolling under a hedge, like a little boy, or a cow!!! Suppose we are caught in the fact,—yet one may do worse than smother our face in a watery bed of cowslips, wet with May-dews.

DIAMOND DUST.

It sometimes happens, that men who make the most dangerous deviations from the laws of society and the principles of virtue, owe their crimes, in a great measure, to the very benevolence of their hearts; and that in the midst of all their guilt, we find a dignity of soul, which commands our admiration.

Nature is an Eolian harp, a musical instrument whose tones are keys to higher strings in us.

It is the Poetical principle through which we commune with all that is lovely and grand in the universe. If this precious gift were annihilated amid the common-place and the actual, we should lose the interest of life. The office of this Divine Spirit is to throw a redeeming grace around the objects and the scenes of being. It is the breeze that lifts the weed on the highway of time, and brings to view the violets beneath. It is the mystic harp, upon whose strings the confused murmur of toil, gladness, and grief, loses itself in music.

Experience, though the most valuable, is the most despised product of human labour.

Prejudice is opinion without judgment.

A man's mind may be compared to a book, of which the body is the binding: sometimes in calf, but gilt; sometimes in plain boards. Of this volume, the title-page is the face; the epistle dedicatory, the profession; the table of contents, the characteristics and principles; the correct passages, are the virtues; the errata and corrigenda, the faults; it is much to be regretted that, owing to a bad impression, these last occupy the larger portion. So much depends upon the "getting up" ("the education") for the final success of the work, that we often see productions of first-rate talent spoiled by inferior finish; and others not worth reading, universally admired for the excellence of the paper and the beauty of the type.

One of the difficulties of life,—talking to a deaf person in an omnibus.

One of the pleasures of life,—taking off new boots, and putting on old slippers.

One of the rarities of life,—a woman thoroughly satisfied with her daughter-in-law.

A truly good memory is only forgetful of injuries.

Death is the sleeping partner of life.

Delicacy and respect are the fruits not so much of intellect as sensibility. We are considerate towards others, in proportion as our own consciousness gives us universal insight; and sympathies are the best teachers of politeness.

Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he wants. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

Nature abounds with those fitnesses which harmonize with the mental constitution in a *state of health*. Christianity, as being a *restorative* system, abounds in fitnesses to the same constitution in a state of disease.

It has been asked, why Poetry, being so unnecessary to the world, occupies so high a rank among the fine arts? The same question may be asked with regard to music; poetry is the music of the soul, and above all, of great and feeling souls. One merit of poetry few persons will deny;—it says more, in fewer words, than prose. Horace says, there can be no great poetry without great wisdom.

Love is the embroidery of imagination on the stuff of *nature*.

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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL

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PROVIDENCE AND SELF-HELP.

THOUGH many of the ills of life are the result of circumstances, over which individuals have little control, many also are caused by the want of proper reflection, care, foresight, and economy on the part of those who suffer. We are all too much disposed to blame others rather than ourselves. We blame, above all things, Government, forgetting how very small a part of the ills of life Government can either cause or cure. A Government cannot make a drunken man sober, a thoughtless man prudent, a wasteful man thrifty. It cannot make him moral, virtuous, or religious. The highest sources of human happiness and improvement lie altogether beyond its reach. These are within the power of the people themselves, and they, as individuals, can bring improved circumstances to bear upon their own social condition and well-being; for, each man has within himself the capability of free will and of free action to a large extent—to a much larger extent than most men are disposed to admit, or at least to act upon; and the fact is proved by the multitude of men who have successfully battled with and overcome the adverse circumstances of life in which they have been placed, and who have risen from out the lowest depth of poverty and social abasement, as if to prove what energetic man, resolute of purpose, can do for his own elevation and advancement.

Now, we would not ignore the abuses and oppressions of Government—far from it; but to discuss such matters in these columns would be out of place. Our object at present is, to point out what individual men can and ought to do for themselves. And the greatest of all reforms—the reform of a nation—must be effected through individuals,—through individual improvement, individual reform, individual elevation. Nations are made up of persons; and as the individuals are, so will the mass be. Every man's first duty is, to improve, educate, and elevate himself in the social scale, helping forward his brethren at the same time by all reasonable means. Let him resolve and determine that he will advance, and the first step of advancement is already taken. The first step is half the battle; and in the very fact of advancing himself, he is in the most effectual possible way advancing others. He is giving them the most eloquent of all lessons—that of example; which always teaches far more emphatically than words can do. He is doing what others are by imitation incited to do. Beginning with himself, he is in the most emphatic manner teaching the duty of self-reform and of self-improvement; and if the majority of men acted as he did, how much wiser, how much happier, how much more prosperous as a whole, would society soon become. For, society being made up of units, will be happy and prosperous, or the reverse, exactly in the same degree that the individuals which compose it are.

Society only reflects individual conditions. If we are bad as men, we are also bad as society; and if we are good as men, so will society be good in the same degree. We say again then, that the reform and elevation of society is to be accomplished by the reform and elevation of individuals; and if men would really advance society, they may begin at once—with themselves. We fear that most men are readier to begin with their neighbours; while some are particularly anxious about persons, communities, and tribes, very much further off. Let us reiterate the maxim—that the first thing for the zealous reformer to do is, to resolve well as to his own improvement, and then perform resolutely what he has so resolved.

The first thing which a man so resolved has to do, is, to practice self-denial. "Ah," says some one, "I have enough of that already!" Well, perhaps this one is right; but there are others, many others, among the working classes, who have yet to learn what self-denial means. Think of the millions of pounds sterling spent by the working class every year in drink and tobacco, and how very far this means, so wasted, would go towards enabling individuals to improve themselves, and to lay the basis of independence and comfort for life. We know of several institutions, in one large town in the manufacturing districts, where, for three shillings a year, or one shilling a quarter, working men may secure admission to excellent lectures, a library, a news-room, and mutual improvement classes. A shilling a quarter is less than half a farthing a day; and yet all these benefits are given for so small a sum. Such are the advantages of co-operation for a noble object. Why, an ounce of tobacco, or a glass of beer weekly, costs four times more than the admission to all the high and intellectual advantages just named. If you take the intrinsic value, they are worth one hundred times the sum charged for them. If we look also at the excellent Mechanics' Institutions throughout the country—and there is now scarcely a town or village in which such institutions are not now founded—we find that advantages of the same kind are given at not much higher charges. The admirable institutions of Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds offer advantages superior to those of many of the best colleges of the olden times; and they are open to the working classes, at rates, the highest of them, not above threepence a week! The excellent Mechanics' Institution at Leeds, containing a library of 7,000 volumes, supplied with the leading periodicals of the day, with its varied lectures and classes, is open to the use of working men for less than threepence a week, or less than the cost of a pint and a half of beer! Then arithmetic, algebra, mathematics, and mensuration, are taught for a penny a week extra, in the evening classes, or for less than the cost of half an ounce of tobacco! Grammar, and composition, geography, and history, are also taught for a penny a week; and so on with

other branches of knowledge. Nearly the same advantages are now offered by other first class Mechanics' Institutions throughout the country.

Now, to have access to these branches of education—to have a free admission to the mighty store of knowledge that lies in books—to hold communion with the great spirits of this and of past ages—to cultivate the mind under the direction of competent instructors,—is it not a very small sacrifice to ask of a working man, that he should give up one glass of beer daily, or say three glasses weekly, when, by so doing, he can accomplish objects so great, so truly elevating and ennobling? What will he lose by giving up the one indulgence, and how much will he gain by entering on his new pursuits? He will lose headaches, but he will gain self-respect. He will deny his throat some unnecessary moisture, but he will elevate his calling, and improve his character by the cultivation of his mind and the acquisition of knowledge. And let a man be once well educated, and he cannot be deprived of its consequent advantages. He must rise, as an individual; and let all working men become so educated, and they, in like manner, cannot fail to rise as a class. An enlightened people must be an advancing people; a people possessing intelligence must be superior to any other power, and their progress and advancement cannot be withstood.

Another important point for working men to aim at, is, to place themselves in a position above the accidents and ills of life—above poverty, and all the misery and evil that it produces. It must be admitted, that men of all classes are, as yet, too little influenced by this consideration. We are all apt to live beyond our incomes—at all events, to live up to them. The upper classes live too much for display; they must keep up their "position in society"—they must have fine houses, horses, and carriages—give good dinners, and drink rich wines—their ladies must wear costly and gay dresses; and thus the march of improvidence goes forward, over broken hearts, ruined hopes, and wasted ambitions. The vice descends in society,—the middle classes struggle to ape the patrician orders; they flourish crests, liveries, and hammer-cloths; their daughters must learn "accomplishments"—must see "society"—play at cards—frequent operas and theatres. Display is the rage—ambition rivalling ambition—and so the vicious folly rolls on like a tide. The vice still descends; the working classes, too, live up to their means, much smaller means it is true, but even when they are able, they are not sufficiently careful to provide against the evil day; and then only the poor-house offers its scanty aid to defend them against total want.

Now, we are not blind to the numerous instances of working men acting the part of prudent and far-seeing economists. If we look to the Savings' Banks, to the Building Societies, to the Benefit Societies of the Odd Fellows Order, we indeed find the most cheering examples of provident economy on the part of working men. But we say it advisedly, and it will be confessed to be true, that a very large proportion of the working classes allow their means to run to waste; and that a very large number of them, who, by frugality and careful economy, might lay up a store of savings, which might secure for themselves an honourable independence for their old age, waste their means, often spending them on drink; and, when their years of health and strength have passed away, they are left stranded on the stern shores of poverty and want, destitute and desolate. The gains reaped in times of prosperity, are not garnered up, but spent; nothing is saved, and what is the consequence? Frightful misery in the time of need. Instead of its being one of the first thoughts, when a man marries, and involves others in his fate, it is one of the last—that he should make such a provision for these other beings dependant on him for their subsistence, as his means will fairly allow. From the very first earnings of every man, a small portion should at once be set apart, as a matter of course, as a fund for misfortune, sickness, or old age. And those who have not observed, would be astonished to find what a few pence set apart weekly will do towards establishing the perfect and noble independence of the working man in all the vicissitudes of life, and, on the failure of his strength, in its decline.

We would speak of this as a duty of the most binding kind—that of economizing and husbanding surplus means,—in order to provide against the day of death, the time of sickness, and the period of adversity. Does not a man incur a responsibility of the most serious kind when he marries and becomes the father of children? These helpless ones plead to him most eloquently. Are they, in event of his early death, to be left to buffet with the rude world unaided? The hand of charity is cold, the gifts of charity are valueless, compared with the gains of industry, and the honest savings of frugal labour, which carry with them blessings and comforts, without inflicting any wound upon the feeling heart. Let any man who can, therefore, endeavour to economise and to save—not to hoard without an object, but to nurse his little savings, for the sake of promoting the welfare and happiness of himself while here, and of others when he has departed.

A saving of sixpence a week will amount to forty pounds in twenty years, and to seventy pounds in thirty years. By prudence and economy, it would not be difficult for many working men to save that sum, or double, or treble that sum; and such a sum, as a capital, would add to his self-respect, to his dignity and independence, and remove the evil day far from him, or keep it away altogether. There is a dignity in the very effort to save with a worthy purpose, even though the attempt should not be crowned with eventual success. It produces a well-regulated mind; it gives prudence a triumph over extravagance; it gives virtue the mastery over vice. It puts the passions under control; it drives away care; it secures comfort. Saved money, however little, will serve to dry up many a tear—will ward off many sorrows and heart-burnings, which otherwise would prey upon us. Possessed of a little store of capital, a man walks with a lighter step—his heart beats more cheerily. The face of nature will assume, in his eyes, a more joyous character; the fields will appear more green; the groves more vocal. When interruption of work or adversity comes, he can meet them; he can recline on his capital, which will either break his fall, or prevent it altogether. By such prudential economy, we can thus realize the dignity of man, life will be a blessing, and old age an honour. We can ultimately, under a kind Providence, surrender life, conscious that we have been no burden on society, but rather, perhaps, an acquisition and ornament to it; conscious, also, that as we have been independent, our children after us, by following our example, and availing themselves of the means we have left behind us, will walk in like manner through the world, in independence and happiness.

Abundant opportunities present themselves now-a-days to the working classes, for the economizing of their small gains. There are now established, in almost all the large towns, Land and Building Societies. There are also the Savings' Banks. The Benefit Societies of the working classes are also instruments for the same object; they afford the opportunity of a saving fund, available in time of sickness. There are also the available methods of Life Assurances and Deferred Annuities, by which, in the first case, a considerable sum can be secured for a widow, or a family, on the death of a subscriber; or, in the second case, by which he can secure for himself an annuity, on which he can subsist comfortably after reaching a certain age—say fifty-five or sixty—by the payment of a comparatively small sum monthly or quarterly. To these methods of economising, we may yet take an opportunity of directing the attention of our readers.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

A WORD in season, how good it is! and right good and seasonable are those old maxims, which, with emphatic brevity, give courage to the desponding, and new vigour to the weary, when homilies and exhortations are powerless. We could readily enumerate a hundred or more such

> "Jewels five words long,
> That on the stretched forefinger of old Time
> Sparkle for ever."

Perhaps, not one of them, excellent though the others may be, has so much virtue and efficacy as this hopeful ejaculation—*Nil desperandum.* The lot of man is disappointment, but his worst enemy is despair. Resolute confidence, when all other means fail, may often avert danger, and overcome difficulty; nay, more, it may convert the bane into a blessing. We learn this in our infancy. What says the Nursery Rhyme?—

> "Tender-handed touch a nettle,
> And it stings you for your pains;
> Grasp it like a man of mettle,
> And it soft as silk remains."

Bulwer has truthfully observed, that the most valuable characteristic of fame, is the laborious and long-continued struggle which it almost invariably imposes upon its votaries. Similarly excellent is the discipline of disappointment. If life were exempt from trial, the sterner virtues—fortitude, patience, courage, and perseverance, would be uncalled for. Sybarite ease might abound, but Roman excellence would be wanting; life might be luxurious, but men would be worthless. It is a bitter truth, perhaps, but sorrow and suffering are a man's best teachers, and to render their teaching efficacious, they must be encountered by steady, enduring resolution.

Humbled, but not conquered,—disappointed, but not dismayed, we must bend before the blast, only to rise again with new energy. *Nil desperandum* must be the watchword cherished in our hearts, even when its utterance would sound like mockery.

Look at history—and history is a teacher, second only to experience. Who are the men great in their own generation, and honoured by the homage of posterity? Who are the men at whose histories our hearts burn, and our eyes glisten? The men who were ignorant of the word despair. Was that baleful influence felt by the Genoese, whose untiring faith won a world from the unknown? *Nil desperandum* was the motto of Columbus, as with weary feet, but undrooping heart, he travelled from court to court, vainly soliciting aid for the discovery of a new hemisphere; and in that most anxious hour when defeat seemed imminent in the moment of victory, when the perils of the voyage were surmounted, and the land of America, all but within sight, the sailors' courage failed, and declaring the project a delusion, they insisted upon abandoning the mighty enterprise, *Nil desperandum!* exclaimed Columbus. His life was menaced by the mutineers, but hope still urged him on. "Give me three days," he cried; and before three days had passed, he had, with "a grand step," trod the shores of the New World.

All ages tell the same tale. When the armed thousands of Xerxes threatened the annihilation of Greece, *Nil desperandum!* cried Leonidas, although the cry seemed madness, and with three hundred followers he encountered the Persian hosts. The dead bodies of the Grecian heroes strewed the battle-plain of Thermopylæ; but, the Persian host retreated, and the salvation of Greece was achieved.

Volumes might be filled with similar examples of perseverance, and difficulty, and hope, in the jaws of destruction; for the history of these virtues is the history of all the great and good that has ever been accomplished. It is easier to say what a man *may* do than what he may *not*, if he put his shoulder to the wheel with a hopeful resolution. Who, for example, would not have ridiculed the presumption of that gipsy-tinker who, while repairing the grate at a wealthy painter's house, was captivated by the beauty of the painter's daughter, and demanded the lady of her father. Doubtless, the painter thought to convince the youth of the folly of his suit, by declaring that the lady should only be the bride of a greater painter than her father. Did the gipsy youth hang his head in despair? *Nil desperandum!* he cried, as he flung aside the pincers and seized the palette. Years after, that painter's daughter actually became his wife, and still in the list of Spanish artists the title of Zingara (the gipsy) attests the genius of Solario, and perpetuates the memory of his triumphant perseverance.

Then, faint not, drooping hearts! all you now suffer, men have already undergone. The very difficulties which threaten to overwhelm you, brave souls have already surmounted. Struggle on while breath animates you. Cowards alone turn and flee.

To give up is to lose. The battle of life resembles the stone of Sisyphus; it must be fought up-hill. If we relax for one moment in our exertions, we do not stand still—we fall back. All the past labour avails nothing; and the despairing man is crushed by the difficulties he should have, and might have surmounted.

There are, it must be admitted (and the admission should cover us all with the blush of shame), there *are* many impediments thrown in the path of the struggling and the poor, by the faulty constitutions of society, and by the sins of individuals. Not in our lauded England is a fair day's wages always the meed of a fair day's work. Nevertheless, to every individual yielding to despair, we say, "Hope on a little longer, brave heart! Three days more and land may be in view!" Moreover, the fortitude and the resolution necessary to *bear* the storm, will go more than half-way towards surmounting it.

Corneille says, "To conquer without peril is to triumph without glory." But with all due deference for the opinion of Corneille, we should rather say that, without peril is no triumph at all.

"In the sweat of thy face, thou shalt eat bread." Such was the edict which imposed upon man the lot of labour, and promised for that labour a recompense; and to this hour the promise has been verified. *Without* labour nothing great can be achieved, while *with* labour all things may be done. Let every honest heart cry shame on all who infringe the Divine commandment. Shame on the idle ones, who, wholly dependant on other's toil, would "eat bread, forgetting that

> "The richest crown-pearls in a nation
> Hang from labour's reeking brow."

All honour to the earnest-hearted ones who, amid the hard struggles of a toiling life, still put their shoulder to the wheel, and cry, *Nil desperandum.*

ON THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

THE child is rich in hope, and longs to be a man; the man has his treasures in memory, and wishes that he had always been a child. We are all pleased to look back upon ourselves as school-boys, and recall, with a mournful tenderness, those thoughtless happy days when we had masters to instruct us that we were born to suffer and to die, but when the feeling was, that we had life within us, whose principle was enjoyment, and whose duration without end. Whether our school-days are the happiest of our lives is a contested question; but there can be no doubt, I think, as to those of them passed out of school. I have no great favour, I confess, for masters, and cannot conscientiously defend the agreeableness of lessons, or the pleasing propriety of being flogged for not attending to them; but the play-ground! and the holidays!—no, there is nothing like them afterwards.

How beautiful is that law of playfulness, which governs

the youth of all created animals! How glorious that short-lived era of the blood, when school-boys, and puppies, and kittens, caper and dance, by a sort of instinct, or necessity! This irresistible gaiety is not the result of superior health and strength; it is the exulting spirit of mere life in the newly born—an elementary joyousness, which requires no aid from without, which is not excited in them, but is a part of them. The child, in proof of its being, might say, in the spirit of the philosopher—I rejoice therefore, I am.

This triumphant sense of life has different degrees of duration, according to varieties in moral and constitutional temperament; it may give way, before its natural period, to the shocks of accident; sometimes it is prolonged almost to that term which we call our years of discretion; and sometimes it bursts out in brief transports, through the gloom and the cares of perfect reason and melancholy maturity. Once in a way, in a spring morning, perhaps, a gentleman of sober habits feels himself, on the first taste of the air, very unaccountably disposed. If he be in the country, he falls incontinently to rolling in the grass, or takes to kicking his heels, or tries a short run with a jump at the end of it, with other caprices of motion, which have nothing at all to do with getting on, and for which, very likely, he heartily despises himself. He is soon relieved. His habitual feelings, and numberless little circumstances of his daily experience, are at hand to quell his romping vivacity at a moment's notice. He feels a twinge of the rheumatism, or recollects a bad bargain,—and we see no more of his jumps.

Oh! for the secret of commanding such a spirit at all times; the noble art of going through life with a hop and a skip! How grievous it is that we cannot always be boys; that we cannot grow from three feet to six, without an absolute change of nature! Lady Mary Wortley observes, with her usual liveliness, "It is a maxim with me, to be as young as long as one can. There is nothing can pay one for that valuable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine, groundless hopes, and that lively vanity, which make up all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification, I find myself growing wiser and wiser every day." "'Tis folly to be wise," is not a mere conceit. But we can't help it. The most limited experience of life is sufficient to dispel the charming illusions of ignorance. Every day, from the hour of our birth, takes from us some happy error, never to return. The fugitive enchantments of our swadding clothes are superseded by the frail wonders of short coats; these again we are soon taught to despise; and so, as we live, we are reasoned or ridiculed out of all our jocund mistakes, till the full-grown man sees things as they are, and is just wise enough to be miserable. Ah! a Jack-a-lantern! At this hour of my sad maturity, I remember the throb of heart with which I used to welcome this metaphysical stranger; how I chuckled and crowed, as my dazzled eye followed him through the changeful figures of his fantastical harlequinade. What it was, or how it came, it never occured to me to inquire; it was regarded simply as one of the delicious accidents of life, sent on purpose to puzzle and to please. Soon, however, a tender instructor broke in upon my senseless delight, and explained to me the cause of phenomenon. From that moment the sprightly meteor danced and gambolled unheeded before my eyes. Who remembers, without regret, the extinction of his thrilling belief on the subject of that grim couple in Guildhall—Gog and Magog? "And do they really come down?" Who cares for Punch, when he is nearly certain that he is not alive? and what do we go to a play for, after the time when we turned to mamma to beg her not to let the man stab the lady? And then the Man in the Moon!—not to mention the precision with which you absolutely made out his face! Can we forget that such things were, and can we forgive ourselves that they cease to be?

But if we regret the changes which time and knowledge produce in the sights and sounds of the physical world, as they affect our young fancies, how much more may we grieve for those which they establish in our moral attributes, our passions, affections, loves, and aversions.

The school-boy looks forward with rapture to the time when, says he, "I shall be my own master." Idle anticipation! His first essay, perhaps, as a free agent, is in the critical business of love; his young heart burning for the realities of that tender passion, which he has doted on in the creations of poetry and romance. He is informed, however, that he must not love Miss Brown, for whom he is really dying, because she is only beautiful and amiable; he must learn, nevertheless, he is told, to love the disagreeable Miss Jones, because she is rich, with the same sort of respect for his natural predilections, as was shown when he was formerly taught to swallow rhubarb without making faces, like a man. He has a sincere friendship for an old crony of his school days, because he admires his talents, and honours his principles; but he must learn to give him up, or see him at the risk of being disinherited, because he is wickedly of a family opposite to his father in political interests and opinions. He has a just indignation against a certain patriot, who sold his conscience for a place; but he must learn to treat him with respect, because who knows what may happen. He is disposed to be on very easy terms with an agreeable foreigner who falls in his way; but he must learn to be shy and distant, because nobody knows him; while he must go premeditatedly to dine with Mr. Crump, notorious only for his dullness, because, in fact, he lives at the next door but one, and is an old acquaintance. And this is being his own master.

No pity for simple nature, straight-forward will, and comfortable ignorance. Learn—learn—is the cry, till we give up all we love, and bear all we hate. While yet untaught and unpractised, how eager are we to trust all that smile upon us; to give all we can to all that want; to love and to hate as the heart directs; to speak what we think, and all we think; to despise all that is despicable; to cherish those that have served us; to love our country for its own sake; and to love religion for God's sake! But, alas, what sad havoc do instruction and fashion make with these native impulses and fresh desires. Confidence must learn to look about her; charity, to listen to reason and to self; love, how to keep a house over its head; hate, not to make faces; sincerity, to hold its tongue; scorn, to be polite; gratitude, to forget; patriotism, to get a place; and religion, to be a bishop.

"Men are but children of a larger growth," might be a high compliment to human nature; but unfortunately, it is not true. If old age could be regarded only as a condition of ripe infancy, it would be full of attraction and endearment; but, stamped with the impress of the world, with all its tricks, its shuffling wisdom and callous experience, it no more resembles the open soul of childhood, than a sallow and wrinkled skin resembles the smoothness, and softness, and bloom of its smiling face. Once in a century, indeed, one meets a man who may seem to make out the vision of the poet—one who has borne the shock of conflicting interests and passions, untaught, or at least unchanged; who has pushed his way through the crowd of this villanous world, and yet, in every respect of moral simplicity, still wears his bib and tucker, and eats with a spoon. Such a person makes but a bad figure "on 'Change," and will be out of all decent costume at court.

I have known one individual of this description, and only one; a joyous baby of threescore, with whom I once went a bird-nesting in company with his grand-children. It was in a spring morning, early, when the dew still sparkled on the grass, and all nature was an image of youth and freshness. The grey head of my companion might be considered a little out of season; but his cheerful eye, his lively talk, and ready laugh, were in perfect keeping with the general scene. Time had set his mark

upon him; but, like an old thorn, he blossomed to the last. Age had stiffened his joints, and hardened his sinews; but his affections were still full of spring and flexibility. He could not exactly play at leap-frog; but he could stand still and look on with wonderful agility. I would not have these considered as the happiest instances of his childishness. The simpleton, after sixty winters, was still warm-hearted and disinterested; had still faith in the natural kindliness of man; and an immoveable conviction, that to do good was to be happy, and to be happy, the end of his living. He was not ignorant of the use and the power of money; but somehow or other, it was seldom connected in his mind with any more dignified association than bull's-eyes and sugar-balls; and he never could be brought to admit, by any force of calculation, that it was a component part of love and friendship. He had many other peculiarities, which he cherished with a reference to his own feelings, rather than the opinion of the world. He had a shocking habit of laughing at grave faces, and at all sorts of gravities not founded in sincerity. He could look sad, and be sad at a tale of distress, and had a laugh always ripe for a joke, or even the intention of one; but the artifices of affectation, mere physiognomical solemnity, or a smile discovering more teeth than pleasantry, excited in him no kind of emotion. His sister, who, in relation to him, was altogether of the antipodes, was perpetually oppressing him with the remark,—"Brother, you ought to know better." But, poor man, he never improved—like all children, he was very impatent of leading-strings, and would be running alone, though he got many a bump on the head for his pains. He died, I grieve to say, a martyr to a game at nine-pins.

Such characters, according to my observations, are among the rarest in the motley crowd of mankind. An "old buck," and an "old boy," are the common phrases. *A fine "old boy,"* is one somewhat shrunk, perhaps, in the legs, and a little protuberant about the waistcoat, but active withal—who wears buckskins—is carnivorous—no flincher from the bottle, and can walk up stairs without touching the banisters. I by no means wish to undervalue the merits of such a person. It is said of him, "that he wears surprisingly well," as one says of a pair of boots; and that, let me tell you, is something. The "*old boy*," however, whom I describe, is quite of another description; he would answer better, perhaps, to the world's denomination of an *old fool*; one whom a knave might cheat, or a hypocrite over-reach, somewhat more easily than they could practise upon other people; and with whom they might have gained all their ends, fairly and openly, by trusting to that benevolence which was as little able to deny as to suspect. The Vicar of Wakefield, when he suffered himself, in his wisdom and experience, to be cheated out of his horse by the cosmogony man, was certainly an old fool. His son Moses had the excuse of youth, and the fatalism of his thunder-and-lightning great coat—but the great monogamist—what shall we say for him? This same vicar, indeed, is a delicious example, in all respects, of the kind of old boy so much the object of my love and respect; and as I have mentioned him, I will leave the associations inseparable from his name, to perfect and embellish for me the character that I have been aiming to illustrate."—*Richard Ayton.*

The most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy within ourselves, when home is our content, and all in it, even to the dog and cat, share our affection. Do not refine away happiness, by thinking that which is good may still be better.

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart."

THE GLASS OF GIN.

BY SILVERPEN.

PART THE FIRST.

There had been a sale the day before, at the dead surveyor's cottage. The garden, hitherto so very trim and beautiful, as to be celebrated for many miles around the country for its exquisite arrangement and trimness; its privet fences and its spreading oleanders; its masses of roses, from the little yellow dwarf, not larger than a daisy, to the large double damask rose, with rich fringed golden petals, was now all littered with little scraps of straw, and string, and matting; the lattice windows were all shuttered, padlocks were on the dairy-hatch and stable-door, and the old mossied dog-kennel was drawn from its long-accustomed place, beneath the wood-house eaves. An air of desolation was over everything. Not even the rich glory of the waning sun, as it fell athwart the ripening orchard-croft, could dissipate this visible aspect of desolation; and as the orphan sisters came along the garden-path, from the shuttered house, towards the old-fashioned country chaise, standing awaiting them before the garden-gate, there seemed a sudden shadow across the sun itself; which shadow, in another instant, had settled upon the very faces of the grouped villagers. The sisters were clothed in deep mourning. As they reached the rustic wooden gate, the younger turned to cast a parting glance upon her cherished home; and then looking round again, smiled through her tears upon the honest, sympathising faces of the villagers. The eldest sister never once looked round, but gave way to passionate and convulsive grief.

"Come, come, Mary, this is a very trying moment, I know; but do strive to be stout of heart. I shall win a way, I'm sure; and London, dear, is not so far off; it is not in America or India, but what we *can*, and *shall* come back again, when we have cleared the mortgage, and I have earned enough, in addition to your small annuity, to keep us independently. Come, come! everything is bright and hopeful. We've secured a good and careful tenant for the cottage; have paid all our father's debts, except the mortgage; got £30 in cash, from the sale of the furniture, my mother's favourite silver tea-service, and health and life before us. Come, we shall do." As the bright-hearted little sister said this, she turned towards the villagers, amongst whom were their old gardener and their nurse, the parish-clerk, the farrier, and a dozen others, all, without exception, bearing some little testimony of their respect and duty. It being full summer-time, amongst these little presents were fruit and flowers; the former from the dishful of ripe gooseberries, to the little rustic basket neatly packed with luscious wall-fruit, a cream cheese, a new loaf, a fresh killed fowl, eggs, and a jar of butter, to the blind school-mistress's neatly knitted mitts and garters. No little love-tokens were ever more touching and expressive; for they were the signs of truthful, if uncultivated, feeling.

"Why, Mary and I shall never eat these raspberries in a month," spoke Alice gently, as she placed the farrier's basket beside her in the chaise; "or your luscious peaches, Budd," she added, as she turned towards her father's old gardener. "I fear, with all this thought of us, you fancy we shall never taste such things again. But London is not a wilderness, old friends; only, for a time, just the place to work and strive in. As for friends, too; haven't I Mary here, and dear old Pincher, the dog, whom we will not part with, come what may. But where is Pinch?" As she thus inquired, the gardener shrilly whistled, and presently there came bounding from among the outbuildings of the cottage, an old grizzled dog, very sharp, and alive, and knowing, but in no ways handsome or small. There seemed a spice of wilfulness, too, in this Mr. Pinch's nature; for though he came with cocked ears and tail, and with full speed as far as the

wicket, he there thought proper to wheel round and retrace his steps, and just, seemingly by way of a last diversion, snuff in the pig's-trough, peep between the railings of the sty, give a scratch at the stable-door, into which he and old Dobbin had for a series of years so amicably retired together, popped a time or two into his old kennel, being thereby rewarded with the discovery of an ancient bone, and finishing all these divers hasty recreations, by chasing an excessively fat sparrow round the grass-plot, on his way back to the wicket, with panting breath and outstretched tongue. He leaped up into the chaise, just as Alice bent down to Mary with whispered words of consolation; which words being repulsed by some harsh reply, she stooped lower, with a heart bleeding at its secret springs, and buried her face in the neck of the old dog. But her grief, though deep, was inaudible; and when she looked up again, those standers-by had bidden the boy drive on, and now waved the adieus they were unable to speak.

And now, with straining eyes, Alice took a last look at her whole life's home. Its verdant orchard, its wide and luxuriant garden, its glassy skirting brook, and its pastoral meadows, stretching away in the blue distance to Salisbury Plain. The chaise rolled onward—the village, the old church, even the quaint parsonage, in which Alice had reaped almost her only learning, of these the last look was taken—the journey of life was begun.

It was past dusk when the sisters reached Salisbury. The good landlady of the inn, from whence the night-coach started, and who had known the dead surveyor many years as a friend and customer, had tea all ready in her pleasant parlour, and received them with a hearty welcome. As the coach did not start till half-past nine, the sisters had time to talk over their projects with her, and to tell her that they were going to take furnished apartments, and that whilst Mary tried to obtain needle-work, or copying for a lawyer's office, Alice would go out as a daily teacher.

"And I think we shall do very well," said Alice, cheerfully; "both of us working, and depending on our own exertions. Besides, I think lodgings will be so much cheaper than housekeeping; and to make them comfortable, and give them an air of home, we have kept unsold all the sheets, and blankets, and table-cloths, and two best counterpanes, and brought them with us; or, at least, they are in the four large boxes which went by the waggon last week. Yes, too," spoke Alice, who was one of the very best of little housekeepers, "and I had them all washed last month; so that when we unpack them in our lodgings, they will smell of the old hawthorn hedge on which they were dried. We have brought, beside them, a little down bed, some curtains, china, and other odds and ends, to make us comfortable."

"I fear you will find the rooms in London very small for all these things," said the landlady.

"Perhaps so," continued Alice; "but I want Mary not to miss every tie of home. And if we meet with friends, as I hope we shall, they will be able to do more for us, by way of recommendation, than it is possible for any one about here."

"Well, as for that," rejoined the landlady, "you ought not to have to look far, if Lucy Morrison, now Mrs. Phillips, remembers but one quarter of what your poor father did for hers, when his old estate went to rack and ruin. Why, bless me, everybody in Salisbury knows he paid her last year's schooling out of his own pocket; ay, and gave her a home with you when her father died. What was more, too, as Mrs. Jones, the milliner in High Street, told me, he paid for the very dress in which, at the assize ball, she first met and captivated lawyer Phillips. Well, if one good turn ought to be paid by another, she'll stand by you, and be the very best friend you have in the world."

"I hope she will," said Alice; "for papa would, and said no unkindness should ever make him forget how many, many years, he had been Mr. Morrison's agent; and till his dying day he never ceased lamenting that such a fine estate and fortune were so wasted."

"The morning, however, will prove," said Mary, arousing herself from a sort of sullen reserve; "for I wrote to her myself, to say we were coming. But I have my doubts; as she has been twice to the assizes with her husband, without coming to see us, though she must have heard of our troubles, and my father's illness."

"I am sure, dear Mary, she will be kind," interrupted Alice; "for recollect how indulgent you always were to her. She'll be at the inn to meet us in the morning, I have little doubt, and be ready to take us home to breakfast, just as we, Mary, always took care to have tea ready when papa fetched her on a visit, or at the holidays. But there's the horses in the mail." As she spoke thus, and the preparations for immediately starting were distinctly heard, Alice jumped up, and put on her bonnet and shawl; so that the moment the waiter came to say, that all was ready for starting, the "good-byes" were said, the little baskets and parcels were ready, and dear old Pinch, quite elated at the prospect of travel, was ready too, running out and in the opened door, bolting at the cat, and diving into the bar, to the vast consternation of a blinking raven; though coming at last to a more sedate mood, he followed his mistresses to the yard. As Alice was far more of an economist than Mary, she had, as it was the brightest time of the year, taken outside places for her sister and herself; though Mary had reluctantly acquiesced, for she had "never yet travelled on the outside of a coach, and what was half-a-guinea?" However, she mounted up by the side of Alice, on the seat behind the coachman, and the coach set off. No sooner, however, had it gained the more open part of the country, and blue moorlands began to stretch far away on either side, and the night to close around dank and chilly, with a thick mist, than she upbraided Alice for advising her to such an act of parsimony, and said many things which were otherwise unkind; Alice made no reply. When Mary was in this sort of mood, such reproaches were customary things; and of late these moods had been of very common occurrence. Still loving her with infinite truth and devotion, she made no reply; though, when Mary had fallen asleep, comfortably supported by the great leathern letter-bags, and the coachman's great-coats, her tears rained out, as she buried her weeping face in her hands. For though, with this sister at her side, her secret heart told her she was utterly alone in life; though the more she became conscious of this great fact, she tried to crush her belief in it, and to feel, that it ought, that it should be, a sacred duty with her, to undergo any self-denial for Mary's sake. Yes! she would try to work out their mutual independence, though Mary so deeply ridiculed her talents and her judgment. Thus resolving, and all this time of secret tears, Mr. Pincher's nose being poked up, as if to inquire what they were all about, till at last he had bored a way into those little close pressed palms, she tried to dismiss these thoughts, and look cheerfully upon the misty night. But the bright summer moon waded slowly through a heavy pile of clouds; it was only hours after, and in the farthest horizon, that it struggled through them, and was lost to sight in the fuller brightness of the morning.

The mail reached its destination about eight o'clock. Many well-dressed people were waiting in the inn-yard, to welcome friends, but Mary and Alice in vain looked for the Phillipses. After standing about for some time, and making many inquiries, they went into the inn and ordered breakfast, thinking perhaps it was too early for their friends, and that later in the day they would be sure to arrive. But though they were some time breakfasting, and, after it, unpacked a trunk and put on their better walking dresses, still neither messenger nor note arrived.

At last at noon, when fully weary of watching from

the dull window of the dull little parlour in which they had breakfasted, they set off to find the street where their friends lived, a matter of no great difficulty, as it lay in a well-known quarter. A man servant opening the door, ushered them into a magnificent hall, to their surprise, strewn about with packages and boxes. After sending in their names and waiting some minutes, the servant returning, led them into a luxuriously furnished room, where, at that late hour, they were seated at a breakfast table, Mrs. Phillips in the act of taking her coffee, and Mr. Phillips arrayed in a flowered dressing gown, leaning back in a low American chair, reading the morning paper.

"I—I—I—thought you would get my letter," faltered Mary, when Lucy Phillips had returned her warm greeting, with one of those cold nips of the hand, and a momentary touch of the lips, mistakingly called a kiss.

"Oh, yes," coughed Lucy, "I got your letter. But we are always late people, and felt sure you would find us. Perhaps, however, you haven't breakfasted? The tea in the pot is yet very good."

Mary's heart was very full; she had always lavished so much on Lucy, and expected so different a return. Now inexpressibly wounded, she bent down her head and wept.

Before this moment, Lucy had scarcely condescended to notice Alice, save by one of the before-mentioned freezing nips of the hand; but she now turned to her and said, "Poor thing, her sorrow is very great, I dare say. But are you really coming to reside in London?"

Perfectly astonished at Lucy's barefaced pretence, for within the three past months Mary had written to her at least ten full and explanatory letters, detailing the most minute circumstance of their affairs, Alice looked and was about to make some answer, when Lucy continued, "If you are, you will have to look out for lodgings, I suppose?"

"Perhaps, in a few days, if——," and here poor Alice faltered, for it had been tacitly understood, nay, what less could be expected from one who, for years, had been sheltered by their father's roof, and supported by his bounty, that for a time at least, they could make her home theirs; especially as at this time of year Lucy and her husband quitted town for some weeks. "If—if—," faltered poor Alice again, but she could say no more.

At this moment, it seemed as if Mr. Phillips was going to say something to his wife, in favour of the sisters and their claim upon his hospitality, as he held aside his paper and leant anxiously forward, but his wife giving him an imperative nod to keep silence, added, "As you are going to stay here, it is right you should lose no time in procuring a home. Mr. Phillips starts for the country in another half-hour, so I'll put on my things and accompany you in your search." Mary at this moment would have spoken, but Mr. Phillips looking angrily at Lucy, threw down his paper, and hurried from the room. His wife immediately followed him, and in a minute or two the sisters heard fierce invective and wrangling from an adjacent room. It was not long before this was sobered down into what seemed one continuous appeal from Lucy's voice, and as this presently died away into still softer words, harmony was probably restored. This was the case, for when some twenty minutes after Mr. Phillips entered, dressed for his journey, a cab awaiting him and his luggage at the door, Lucy, dressed for her walk, was full of smiles, as she fetched and folded up his paper.

"Well, good day, ladies," said Mr. Phillips, as he held out his hand to the sisters.

"Cannot we stay a few days, at least?" asked Mary, as she pressed forward with an anxious face.

"Why, really, ladies, I must leave all this matter to Lucy. Good day, I am rather pressed for time." A "bless you, dear," a kiss, and after this a dozen nods from above the blind as he stepped into the cab, was the reward of the truculent husband, and the sisters were thus left to the tender mercies of this heartless, mean, and narrow-minded woman.

Chagrined and disappointed in all her foregone visions, Mary Clive sunk down into a sort of sullen stupor, and pleaded fatigue as an excuse for not accompanying her sister and Mrs. Phillips; and Alice, urged to a step she had not even thought of, followed, it might be said, her friend mechanically, scarcely knowing whither she was going, or what for. Yet Lucy all this time affected the greatest kindness and politeness. After passing through several streets, she stopped abruptly in the middle of a large square, and said, "You surely have thought of some part of the town where you would like to reside?"

"No," replied poor Alice, "I am quite a stranger here, and do not know one street from another. I meant to be guided by the nature and locality of such employment as I may obtain."

"It's very odd;" and Lucy bit her lips with chagrin, and made little holes in the gravel with the point of her parasol.

"Stay," spoke Alice at length, urged to say something. "I think, in once looking at an old map of London, papa had, I said I should like, if ever I came to London, to live in some of those streets leading from a place called the Strand. Do you know it?"

"Perfectly well. This way. We'll walk quickly, for it is some distance;" and thus saying, and like some mariner, seeking to heave out the friendly ballast, which had kept his bark hitherto afloat and steady for much of the foregone voyage, on the first shore he might find, hospitable or unhospitable as it might happen, Lucy Phillips led the way to those streets which lie between the Strand and the river, and commenced her inquiries quite coolly and methodically, by rapping at the door of each house which had a ticket in its parlour windows. This inquiry was quite farcical. The London season was at its height, and many of the lodgings were three, four, and five guineas a week. When at last poor Alice stammered out the truth (a truth which Lucy Phillips knew as well as she did), that she and Mary had but forty pounds a-year to depend upon, the reply was, "Well, you should have said this before. If you cannot afford a parlour, we must inquire for a garret."

"But do be patient," urged Alice at last, "please give me time to think, and make inquiries, perhaps——."

"You must have lodgings," interrupted Lucy, "and why not one here as well as any where else. I tell you I'm going out of town, and shall leave the servants on board wages. It is really quite provoking you are so difficult to please."

But Alice thought of Mary, thought of what she had been all her life accustomed to, thought of the little home she hoped to find for her, even in this wilderness of London; and this made her resist Lucy Phillips's persuasiveness.

"Well," spoke Mrs. Phillips at last, when they had scoured one of the nearest streets to Temple Bar, and irritated because Alice would not yield to the tempting offer of a garret next the roof, at seven shillings rent per week, "the truth is, I suppose, you are determined to take none at all. Well, at mine you cannot be, so ——."

"Lucy——," and Alice, though she only spoke this word, spoke volumes by its manner and its tone; and Lucy, quailing beneath its eloquent meaning, trembled from head to foot, and moved rapidly on. She never moved or turned for many streets, till she stopped abruptly in a dull, flagged thoroughfare, and rapped at a door, at the parlour window of which a "to let" was hung. A dirty slip-shod girl, with disordered hair, showed the ladies up stairs to a second-floor back parlour, very dull, very dirty, and meanly furnished; with a little bed-room, the door of which was closed, leading from it. Alice Clive, worn with

fatigue and heat, and weeping bitterly, was now almost passive in the hands of her heartless friend. The hasty bargain was just concluded, when Alice raising her head, saw the bed-room which the girl had just opened. This place for the bed beggared description. The filthy paper hung in folds from the walls, the bed was a mere stretcher, and the dusty finger-seamed window looked out on the dead wall of the next house, not three feet apart from it. One glance was quite enough for Alice.

"Oh, Lucy," she said, "Mary never can come here. It would break her heart,—it would break mine. Oh, give us time, pray."

"Well, as for that, ma'am," began the landlady, who had appeared, and was a ditto of the maid, "I'se had real gentry here, and——."

Lucy, now afraid of a scene, or being called upon to pay something, sneaked down stairs, leaving Alice to the virago and her maid, who had both so much to say about the touched honour of their establishment, as to be only sufficiently pacified to allow Alice to depart without abusing her.

Lucy Phillips, on reaching her home, called Mary Clive, who still sat inert upon the same seat, into her bed-room, where they were for a long time closeted. When Mary returned, it was to scold Alice; to reproach her with the bitterest invectives,—even saying, she was the curse and evil genius of her life; all this for the simple reason, because Lucy Phillips had been able to persuade her, that Alice had behaved with insufferable rudeness, and used insulting language. Poor Alice!—In vain she pleaded, in vain she spoke the truth! It was Mary's misfortune to lean to and believe her enemies rather than her friends.

After a long absence (which had been occupied by the refreshment of a full sized mutton chop, some gooseberry tart, and four glasses of fine old port), Lucy came in full dressed for dinner; and the servant man uncovering the dishes on the table, displayed six minute sausages (sausages in the height of June!) and a profusion of potatoes.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, as she helped the sisters, "how much cook has wasted these sausages; they were quite large when bought. But there 'll be enough, I dare say, as the heat has quite taken away my appetite. Really I must have a tonic mixture." And then she added, as she looked hard at the dish of potatoes, holding enough for four Irishmen, "Pray, help yourselves, pray help yourselves; make yourselves quite at home. Cook has not dished all,—has she John?

"Oh! dear, no ma'am; she strictly obeyed orders as to the wegetables."

These sausages and potatoes, with a trifling modicum of cheese, composed the hospitable dinner, after which, leading the way to her richly-furnished drawing-room, Mrs. Phillips sat down to the piano, and regardless of her guests, played on till it was twilight, and the servant brought in the lamp and tea-things. After tea, she again disappeared, and when she did return, it was to sit down as before to the piano.

At last, as the clock struck ten, Alice went timidly up to her, and said, "We shall be able to remain for the night I hope, Lucy? To-morrow Mary and I will seek out a lodging."

"I have no spare bed."

"But the large couch, in the dining-room, will accommodate us comfortably."

"The truth is," said Lucy, turning coolly round on the music-stool, "I cannot, and I will not accommodate you. My cook has procured you a lodging, which is ready for you whenever you like to go."

Alice scorned and despised this woman's heartless nature too much to reproach; but Mary, less able to resist the strong impulse of the moment, commenced a storm of angry words, which were as warmly returned. In the midst of this scene, Mrs. Phillips rang the bell, and ordering up the cook, bid her show the ladies to their lodging, whilst John carried the portmanteaus. Alice, without a word, dressed her angry, weeping sister, and leading her from the room, followed the cook to the hall door. Her sister once safe in the street, she returned into the hall and met Lucy. "Recollect," she said, in a voice forcible from its very calmness, "how many years you shared my father's roof, and Mary's lavish goodness. I leave you to that memory, and the results of this night."

She said no more, but going gently out again, heard the door closed like a thunder-clap behind her. This evidenced what power her words had had, for Lucy hated Alice, from the very bottom of her soul, with that measure of strength with which the mean ever hate the superior. One true and dear old friend, who had been parted from them all day, now licked their hand, and jumped up wild with delight. This friend was no other than Pinch, who became in nowise sedate or calm by the time they had reached the lodging. This proved to be at a tailor's shop, in one of those long streets which intersect Marylebone. The shop, which had two little windows on either side a door, was closed, so knocking at a sort of private entrance, they were presently admitted by a decent looking woman, the mistress of the house. As soon as the servants had set down the boxes and parcels, and were gone, she ushered them up a narrow uncarpeted staircase, to a first-floor back room decently furnished. Though very different to anything Alice had hoped for, with its scanty piece of carpet, its wooden bedstead, and blue cotton counterpane, its rush-seated chairs, its uncurtained window, still all was fairly clean, and after that day of sad experience, the power to call it their own, to rest in it undisturbed, to find that it would and could shelter them, conferred on it a sanctity I can scarcely describe. Scarcely a chamber in this wide London but what has been, from circumstances like these, a palace in the souls of some one creature or another, so omnipotent is love or hate, so powerful the contrast of even the smallest degree of comfort over misery. It is these contrasts, and the rare pleasures annexed, which make the lives of the rich so poor beside those of struggling thousands. Experience can alone afford this class of pleasures; to imagine them is as impossible as to ride the winds.

The door was no sooner closed upon the sisters, than poor Alice's long pent grief burst forth; she fell on Mary's bosom and wept passionately. As she grew calmer, her first office, as usual, was to prepare their toilet for the night, and missing a little parcel they had brought, she took the candle and went down stairs to seek for it. At the bottom of the staircase, a woman was leaning with her head upon the banisters, and Alice as she picked up the parcel and returned, held down the light and stopped beside her, for the woman leant as though she were sick or faint. "Are you ill?" asked Alice, touching the woman's clasped hands, which seemed to burn her own by this mere contact. But she repeated her question several times without receiving an answer.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, ma'am," said a decent middle-aged man in his shirt sleeves, as he opened and looked through a door beside the foot of the staircase, "she's only exceeded her usual quantity of gin, more's the pity." And as he spoke thus, he reached his arm across and shook her lustily. "Get up, will you, Mrs. Topple?" he continued in an authoritative tone, "get up to your room, and be ashamed of yourself, if you can." At this command, the woman raised her head just as Alice passed her on the staircase, half appalled by the brutalized, stolid look, the chalky, pallid cheeks and lips, the glazed and unrecognizing eye. It was her first near sight of a drunken woman, and a cold shudder, a something she knew not what, ran through every nerve, as she ascended to her room. She made no comment to Mary, though for a full half hour, this woman could

be distinctly heard staggering up-stairs to the second floor.

By a sympathetic impulse, the result of powerful feelings in the hearts of both sisters, they knelt down beside the bed together. This impulse could not be the result of custom, for all their lives they had occupied separate chambers, but possibly arose out of the sorrow of the night, and from the mutual, though tacit, recognition of both natures, that in union lay their only trust and stay. Thus as they knelt, an oblivion of past sorrow seemed to steal over them, and Peace herself, divinely hovering with angel-wings, to whisper, "Pray to God—and let the harmony of such prayers take the last shadow from your sister-love."

(*To be continued.*)

HUMILITY.

Every considerate mind must allow that humility is a highly necessary and proper disposition. There is abundant reason to believe that it contributes materially to make us comfortable to ourselves and approved of by men. Yet, strange to say, it was a virtue of no great importance in the first ages of the world. No ancient book of morals recommends it. Heathen morality entirely dismissed it from the catalogue of virtues. The Greeks and the Romans discarded it. The Jews, though they seemed to have been peculiarly sensible of its excellence, rarely practised it. It is distinctive only of modern morals. Every code of ethics now strongly recommends it.

"Pride was not made for man," was the observation of an apocryphal writer. The saying has passed into a proverb. If man sprang from the dust, what has he to be proud of? Is it birth, beauty, or bodily strength? Is it intellectual faculties, or moral qualities? Not one of these is a just cause for pride. As to birth, is it not more honourable to work out one's own dignity—to be the architect of one's own fame and fortune—and to derive esteem in the world from merit and virtue, than to be the mere offspring of an illustrious family? Strength and beauty have their triumphs. These, however, are but of short duration, and give no ground for pride. A fit of sickness will destroy both. Should they escape such a stroke, the course of a few years will be sure to complete their ruin. Have we any greater reason to be proud of our intellectual faculties? They are equally liable with our bodies to decay, and even to perish, by a thousand accidents. If a man has good moral qualities, these ought not to swell his pride; for who that ever seriously examined his own heart, and the past actions of his life, but, in the progress of that examination, found much greater cause for shame and confusion of face, than for pride and arrogance? Pride, then, is unreasonable in such imperfect beings as we are. The evils it produces are great and numerous; many public and private calamities result from it; its genuine offspring are envy, jealousy, discontent, contemptuousness, and contention.

Pride is generally said, and frequently found, to attend on superior talents and attainments. In consequence of this opinion, we often see those who are destitute of both affecting that vanity which they suppose to belong to them. By assuming the appearance of the fault which they imagine is connected with genius and talent, they endeavour to gain the reputation of superior excellence. On the other hand, those who really possess the qualities which others would affect, are continually aspiring to greater degrees of excellence; and, finding that their high attainments always fall short of their wishes, are taught, even by these attainments, the virtue of humility. Socrates, the wisest man of antiquity, confessed that he knew but one thing, and that was, that he knew nothing. Sir Isaac Newton, the wisest man of modern times, made a similar confession. It is said, also, of Cicero, who excelled in the art of speaking well, and who had measured all the sciences, that he considered himself in his old age to have been crawling along like a blind man, in his researches after wisdom. There is not an individual, however learned he may be, who, if he were to sound his attainments, would not deem himself ignorant. It is only those who have the most exalted, but, at the same time, the most false, ideas of themselves, or whose notions of excellence are not raised very high, who are easily satisfied with their acquirements, and proud of such things as would to others appear subjects for humiliation and distrust of themselves. A really able man is generally humble; and sense, which is a jewel, always shines the brightest.

When we reflect upon our past faults and errors, our present weakness and imperfections, and the exalted purity at which we should aim, we essentially check every vain and presumptuous thought, and teach ourselves "lowly-mindedness." Yet, this reflection should never discourage our hopes, nor induce us to neglect to exert our best endeavours to improve our powers; nor should it dispose us to carry to excess the sense of humility. It is a mistake to suppose that we cannot be too humble. This is the case only with respect to the Deity. We cannot, by the utmost exertion of our faculties, measure the distance between Him and us, nor prostrate ourselves too low before him. But, with regard to our fellow-creatures, the case is different; a certain degree of respect to ourselves is necessary to obtain a proportionate degree from others. Too low an opinion of ourselves will also prevent our undertaking what we are very able to accomplish, and thus prevent the fulfilment of our duty; for it is our duty to exert the faculties given us to the utmost, for good purposes; and how shall we exert abilities which we are too humble to suppose we possess?

Humility is not a poverty of spirit, nor a slavish compliance with the wills of others. It is merely a consciousness of our own insufficiency. Every man who is sensible, is, therefore, more or less humble; he takes a near view of his own imperfections, undisguised by that false colouring, which, while we are engaged in society, our passions are apt to throw over them. At the same time, the sense of his own weakness teaches him to be more indulgent to that of others He is not so apt to inveigh bitterly against the levities, misfortunes, or indiscretions of others. He remembers how he needs the extension of charity, and he notes the errors of neighbours and servants with a tolerating spirit of benevolence. Thus, a man who is wisely humble, manifests his opinion of himself by universal kindness to his fellow-creatures.

Among the many virtues which are requisite for the right governing of the passions and affections, humility may well claim a forward place. This virtue is not only excellent in itself, but useful towards the obtaining of the rest. It is the foundation on which all the others must be built; and he who hopes to gain them without this, will be like the foolish architect of old, who built his house upon the sand.

THE LITERATURE OF THE NURSERY.

——where is passed the glory and the dream!

In the days of unbreeched infancy, the imagination revels on the most substantial food. The child builds puddings in the air, instead of castles. In his dreams he contemplates imposing shapes—figures of gingerbread, arrayed in golden decorations—the *beau ideal* of stall-attractions, that shine more brightly on his fancy than the contents of the mines of El Dorado! What a place is the ideal London of the provincial enthusiast in petticoats! Palaces of apple-dumplings; spires of *elecampane*; pavements of pancakes, expand before him! He is gloating over the glory of grease and sugar, seen in his mind's eye, when, judging by his external orbs of vision, he would be pro-

nounced to be occupied with his catechism. Urchins of moderate desires may set up a queen-cake as the boundary of their wishes; or, at most, in a sanguine moment, may represent to themselves the possibility of realizing Mr. Horner's Christmas dish; but the poetical fry, the ambitious spirits of five and six, give a wider range to their reveries, a bolder direction to their hopes. They fix their affections and their thoughts at once on a pastry-cook's shop; and it becomes to them what America was to Sir Walter Raleigh—a fairy land, an Atalantis, Utopia, the *summum bonum*, the goal of life's race, the vale of Avoca! The snowy surface of a twelfth-cake (grander far than the snowy summit of the Himla chain), presents to these a field of chequered and opulent delight, that dazzles the senses, and converts the mind of the youthful observer into a magic lanthorn, reflecting a long succession of sweet and luscious magnificence. There are gilt coaches, drawn by sleek horses, alike sublime to the sight and taste! Potentates, whose crowns are studded with plums, and whose sceptres are of lemon-peel! Ships of cinnamon, bridges built of almonds, castles of curdled cream, and shepherds and shepherdesses of sugar-candy! And all these are to be eaten as well as looked at! What interest this single consideration gives to the picture! The lips instinctively lick themselves as the gay prospect opens. Wordsworth talks in raptures of five sparrow's eggs as "a vision of delight;" if they be so, it must be admitted that five tartlets form a vision of ecstacy!

A period, however, at length arrives, when this palatable pageantry begins to pall upon the sense; we no longer love lollypop as we have been wont; if we still occasionally ogle an orange, it is only under the immediate and near temptation of the wheel-barrow. The appetite is now more cunning than keen; we become rather connoisseurs than cravers, and have *sang froid* enough to discover that plums and pears are not so delicate as peaches. It is then, under the languor of satiety, that the youthful imagination seeks new stimuli; and the delicacies of the library, particularly if their binding be calculated to raise old recollections, and gently agitate former desires by its resemblance to the contents of the gingerbread stall,—supply powerful attractions. This is an era that generally remains included within the limits of the memory of the man—and we ourselves feel that we may describe it with the fulness which memory warrants. What enchanting details lurked under the variegated cover of Mother Goose! How exquisite the perfume of Mother Bunch's darling nose-gay! Our literary horizon in those days was peopled with dragons, was lit up with chariots of fire, and beautified with magical rainbows! The landscape before us was ever fresh, ever graceful, ever changing. Now Blue Beard swept by—a stern image of mysterious and ferocious pomp, composed of Persian Satrap and Grand Turk, with all the parade of camels and slaves, and waving banners in his train. At the next moment, we would be attempting to penetrate the high and tangled woods in which the Sleeping Beauty lay concealed. Then how sweet it was to accompany poor Little Red Ridinghood, on her walk by village lanes, girded with hedges—not without taking a wistful peep at the "cheese-cakes," and the "little pot of butter," in the basket which she bore on her left arm! Those niceties were for her old grandmother; but her grandmother never enriched her toast out of the pot which Little Red Ridinghood carried! The deceitful monster's fatal reply to the innocent ejaculation—"Grandmama, what great teeth you have got!"—continued to startle us at every reading with undiminished effect, as if we had heard the gnash of the ravenous seizure, and the crackling of the unfortunate child's bones! We used to gaze on Cinderella's face, where she sat amongst the cinders, as if it were a lily in a wilderness of foul weeds; but our greatest favourite, if we recollect rightly, was the description of the feats of the White Cat, her delightful hunting array, and all the attractions of the feline court. This we consider still as a truly elegant tale. What reader is not charmed by the silent attentions of the lovely mouser, her anxious care of the beautiful prince, and the exquisite fricassée of "the fattest mice imaginable?" The exordium of each of these histories is of sublime simplicity, calculated to rouse the attention, which has seldom or ever reason to complain of disappointment.—"Once upon a time," "In the reign of King Arthur," or, better still, "In days of yore!" Who has not longed for the cap of Fortunatus, still more than for his purse? Who has not reverenced batter-pudding for having given that needful shelter to the hero Thumb, which the royal oak afforded to Charles of blessed memory? The Bean-stalk is still with us an object of veneration, as we walk in the fields, because of its connexion with the famous legend of Jack. We may, we believe, boast of having seen the most favoured specimens of the present generation of cats, but we candidly confess we have never had the good fortune to meet with one individual whose talents and carriage were at all comparable to his of the "Boots." There is nothing, we think, in Dante or Cobbett more tremendous than his threat uttered to the trembling reapers:—"Good people! if you do not tell the king, who will shortly pass this way, that the meadow you are reaping belongs to my master, the marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince-meat!" And yet how insinuatingly respectful was the same blusterer to the unsuspicious ogre, who treated him "as civilly as an ogre could do," and of whom puss in return made a meal! The consummation of this interesting history is worthy of its noble cause; the master of the cat married a princess, and the "cat became a great lord,—nor ever after pursued rats and mice but for his amusement!"

We must crave permission to proceed a little further; for really there is more pleasure to us in the names of past delights, than in most of the realities by which we are surrounded. Fortunio, and her band of seven, with their expressive titles, should never be forgotten. It is in this tale that we find the following magnificent description of an ogre:—"Galifron is a giant as high as a steeple; he devours men as an ape eats nuts; when he goes into the country he carries cannons in his pockets to use as pistols!"

> "Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum!
> I smell the blood of an Englishman!
> Be he alive! or be he dead,
> I'll grind his bones to make me bread!"

What is well worthy of admiration in the above, is the accuracy with which the giant disposes his vowels; but the horrible intimation of these mysterious monosyllables will never, in after life, cease tingling on the ears of those who have heard them pronounced with becoming solemnity in their infancy. Let us wind up the series with Tom Thumb; he of whom his poetical historian thus speaks:—

> "An oak leaf he had for his crown,
> His shirt it was by spiders spun,
> With doublet wove of thistle's down,
> His trowsers up with points were done,
> His stockings, of apple-rinds, they tie
> With eye-lash pluck't from his mother's eye;
> His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
> Nicely tann'd—the hair within."

The lore of the nursery, however, we must contend, has gone retrograde.

The nursery songs and stories, to have their proper effect, should be permitted, like the common law, to depend greatly on tradition. They are now, however, we grieve to say, even illustrated in every variety of way. They are no longer sacred. When people can read in a book, "here we go up, up, up; and here we go down, down, downy;" or, "I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb;" one may be as sure that they have lost their empire in their proper sphere, as that the songs of the Highland bards are no longer sung by the Highlanders since Macpherson translated and printed Ossian.

The moment modern criticism can be brought to bear on the solemn traditions of a people, their power of inspiration may be pronounced to have become extinct. But graphic illustrations have given the mortal blow to the charm. Mother Hubbard and her Dog were beings of too ideal a cast to be visibly represented without losing, like Falstaff, the greater part of their efficacy. Then, again, what sort of prints are they, that the child is now called upon to admire? The glaring colours of the woodcuts with which the favourite stories of our childhood are now decorated, form a striking contrast to the dark, shadowy figures with which they used formerly to be accompanied. Whatever mere artists may say, we are sure to have all true poets, and lovers of poetry, with us, when we affirm, that these old-fashioned affairs, however occasionally clumsy and irregular, possessed a higher character, and created a deeper interest, than the flashy pictures now presented to the notice of juvenile amateurs. There was a sense of mystery conveyed by the undefined, cloudy shapes and countenances, that formerly looked forth from the page of a dull grey. The story was then inseparably connected with the picture, and the picture with the story. Now they may be separated; the picture is now a fine thing by itself. We well remember, still, the impression made on our fancy by the dim delineations in our old copy of the affecting history of the Babes in the Wood! We still recollect the feelings excited by the dark, grim figure of the wicked uncle, sitting by the bedside of his dying brother and sister! The ink with which it was printed had run into a blot, in the blackness of which the human lineaments and shape were just discernible; and thus was aptly and forcibly typified to the child's imagination, the foulness of his heart, and the atrocity of his infernal conduct. Then the dying parents lay in white—a faint outline indicated their feeble bodies,—and the bed-clothes, too, were left in white—emblems rather than representations—while all the rest of the apartment, where death and guilt presided, was sunk in an awe-inspiring gloom. The staring prints in the children's books, now sold, do not make either an equally forcible or equally desirable impression upon children. It is the pretty picture, not the pretty story, that now chiefly interests; and thus the interest of each is lessened. Formerly, the cut required much explanation; and reference was laboriously made, through the mother or nurse, to the reading, in order to satisfy the curiosity excited by its sublime indistinctness. The embellishment never went before the meaning,—never anticipated it, but rather rested modestly and decently a little way behind, as a servant in attendance, ready to aid, but never forestalling.

Indeed, we confess that we behold, with a saddened glance, the march of intellect that has so trampled out the magical mystery of the literature of the nursery.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN CLASSES.

In the good "old times," and, in Scotland at least, at no very distant period, there was a constant, and friendly, and most familiar intercourse between the higher classes of society and the lower; and long after the chief and the vassal had ceased to feed at the same table, and share together the fatigues and the pleasures of the field, the "laird and the tenant" were in the habit of coming frequently and cordially together. We have no decided or lurking partiality for ancestry, for a race who came in at the time of the Conqueror, or have warmed the same hearth since the days of the Bruce; and yet we cannot help thinking that the honest rustics felt far more attached to the "laird of the auld family," who stopped to talk with them about the deeds which his grandfather and their grandfathers had done together, than they can feel in the place-man, tax-gatherer, army-contractor, or even merchant, who speaks to them by no mouth save that of his "man of business," and in no language save the words, "Give, give!" Hannah More, we believe, considered *juxta-position* as being productive of more marriages than all other circumstances taken together; and, if careful analysis were made, we suspect it would be found that upon it hinge almost all the bands of civil society; and if the rich will turn away their nose, and look upon the poor only as machines which are to receive support merely that they may do their work, just as a steam-engine is supplied with coals, or a mill with water, they cannot expect that the poor are to treat them with respect and ceremony, far less with regard. The poor have feelings as well as the rich; and these feelings, as they are less disguised by education and habits of policy, always express themselves more openly, and we may add, in a manner which is more true to nature. The veneration and affection which all rude nations have for their rulers, and chiefs, and great men, even when these are neither very wise nor very well-behaved, shows plainly that the principle of showing deference to place and wealth is inherent in human nature; and if at any time the affections and veneration of the poor be estranged from the rich, it may be laid down as an axiomatic truth, that the rich are in fault. And should there be at present on the part of the poor in this country any animosity toward the rich, farther than that which is forged out of the misrepresented voice of real distress, and the clamours and calumnies of alarmists, the fault must be in the rich themselves, and cannot be averted but by them. Whenever we find a landlord liberal, and kind, and familiar with his tenants, we find him respected and almost adored by them, down to the humblest ploughman and the meanest cottager; and wherever we find the same conduct in the master of a manufactory, or other work, toward those whom he employs, we are sure to find similar fidelity and attachment in them. We could mention many triumphant proofs which have come within our own observation; but the introduction of real names might seem invidious, and fictitious ones would not answer the purpose. We believe that the instances which could be related from the manufacturing world are not so perfect as those which could be drawn from the agricultural. But this is easily accounted for; the manufacturing labourer is less localized, and at the same time he is more in the way of temptation; but, notwithstanding all this, the position which we have laid down could be proved even here.

The feelings and sympathies, the loves and attachments, of human beings, were implanted in them as the bands of mutual good offices, and they cannot be purchased with money. You may buy any man's labours, and even his words, but no price will purchase the human heart. It calls for reciprocal esteem; and if that be withheld, however much interest and hypocrisy may conspire to hide its feelings, it turns away in disgust from the offered price; and, even though it be so much lost and corrupted as to take the bribe, and do that for which it is given, it uniformly, though sometimes secretly, loathes and despises the briber. Upon this principle, we find that the hirelings upon whom any person or government lavishes merely pecuniary rewards, are always the first to desert and betray even the bribers, when they are reduced to that state in which they can bribe and reward no more. The disciple who betrayed our Saviour was not he who leaned on his bosom, but he who bore the purse.

Great deeds are great legacies, and work with wondrous usury. By what man has done, we learn what man can do, and gauge the power and prospects of our race. A great career, though baulked of its end, is still a landmark of human energy.

A cheerful happy temper keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, excludes each gloomy prospect, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Notices of New Works.

Frank Forester and his Friends; or, Woodland Adventures in the Middle States of North America; by Henry William Herbert. Richard Bentley, 3 vols., post 8vo.—We have much pleasure in introducing to our reader's notice a new work by this writer, who has attained so much celebrity among our transatlantic friends. In doing so, it may not be unnecessary to say a few words concerning Mr. Herbert's doings and deservings in literature. He is not only one of the best translators of modern languages in the United States, but is also one of the very few really original writers that they have yet produced. His style is fresh, sharp, "go-a-head," sensible,—in short, *Yankee*, in the best sense of that word; perhaps, we ought to say, *Anglo-American*.

He is full of love for the sports, scenery, and peculiar habits of his country; and out of the fulness of the heart, his mouth speaketh. Therefore it is that Mr. Herbert's pictures, and descriptions, and sketches of character are none of them made after a pattern, however good, of some European school, but are genuine American produce. Rough enough, sometimes, it may be, but unadulterated—thoroughly *original;* which is, after all, the most important quality to be considered in a literary commodity, although not the only one. "Field Sports in the United States," and "Marmaduke Wyvil," are, we believe, the best known of this author's previous works. Whether Mr. Herbert be American by birth, we know not, but the land of his predilection, and of his literary birth, is America.

All English sportsmen, or lovers of the woodlands wild, will find "Frank Forester and his Friends" congenial companions. They will learn much from it of the difference between the shooting and hunting of this country, and those of the gigantic land over the Atlantic. They will believe Frank Forester pulls a long bow, when he talks of two friends of his out in the Warwick Woodlands, ten years ago, who bagged one hundred and fifteen woodcock and quail, between sunrise and sunset. But it is *fact*, nevertheless. And if they stare at the sport of America, what will they say of her sportsmen, when they read the following remarks on Tom Draw, the innkeeper, one of Forester's friends. He is exceptional, certainly; but as a thoroughly American sketch, we give it. It is a good specimen of our author's humorous style:—

"'I discovered him,' said Archer; 'and it's not the act of my life of which I am the least proud. I expect that I shall go down to history, at least, side by side, with Columbus and Vasco di Gama, and such-like worthies, as the discoverer of Tom Draw, the great American original.'

"'He is, indeed, an original!' said Forester.

"'He is *the* original—the only original I have ever met with in the United States. It is an odd thing, and I cannot account for it, but original and eccentric characters appear to me to be the growth of old countries.'

* * * * * * * *

"Just as he uttered these last words, they reached the top of the hill, and descried coming up the opposite side of the ascent, in his large two-horse waggon, the renowned Tom Draw.

"His large double-seated waggon, of a bright green hue picked out with black, was almost entirely concealed in the mass of buffalo hides, among which, occupying almost the whole width of the front seat, the fat man sat sublime. His horses, full sixteen hands in height, the one a magnificent red roan, the other an iron gray, breasted the steep hill with arched crests and high round action, at full ten miles the hour; and, as Harry was wont to say, but for the trifling difference in their colour, few gentlemen in any country could boast a handsomer or better matched pair, not to say as good travellers, as that of mine host of Warwick.

"But the man—the fat man!

"A volume would scarce suffice to describe his outward man; a library would fail to convey a just idea of the excellences, the oddities, the humours of this most worthy, most original, most happy of characters.

"Wrapped in his ample overcoat of drab pilot cloth, with buckskin mittens on his hands, and a huge fur cap on his thick iron gray locks, beneath which shone out, beaming with mirth and gaiety and genuine good humour, the broad expanse of his ample and handsome face. Fred Heneage thought he had never beheld such a mountain of flesh.

"As he sat in his waggon, perched on the high soft cushion of his easy seat, with all the lower part of his person enveloped in the warm buffalo robes, the effect of his enormous size was in some sort concealed, or, at least, diminished; inasmuch, as the breadth and rotundity were not now contrasted with the want of height, which, when standing, rendered his width more conspicuous. Still, as he measured the vast breadth of his shoulders, and suffered his eye to fall over the regular protuberance which swelled outward from his chin downward in fair round proportion, Fred looked inquiringly at Harry, and said—

"'Jest apart, do you mean to tell me that huge animal can shoot—can walk?'

"'I never saw a better shot—I have rarely walked with a stauncher walker. He is not fast, of course; but, where the ground is solid, he is unwearied, and, without any exception, he is the most thorough and best sportsman I know anywhere.'

"'The deuce! How tall is he?'

"'About five foot six, and measures round the place where his waist should be, five foot nine; thus being literally larger round than he is long. His thigh is bigger in girt than my chest, and I am not exactly a baby. He weighs twenty-four stone six pounds; and, by Jove! his heart is as large as his whole body. Upon my word, it is no exaggeration to say, he is all heart. I really *love* Tom. How are you, Tom?' 'How are you?' he exclaimed, as he arrived within hail.

"'How be you, boys? How be you?' shouted the fat man, in a deep rich joyous tone, which bespoke his hearty and jovial character. 'I'm pretty smart, now the cool weather's come. What sport to-day?'

"'Very fair, Tom,' replied Archer, 'very fair, indeed; not quite so much as you and I have done in old times, but very fair, as things go now-a-days. About ninety head, I think, in all, and half of them woodcock.'

"'That's not so slim, anyways. Leastways not so slim for you, boys, when you harn't got old Tom along with you. For you carn't mark a quail, no how—not one on you—worth a cuss; nor shoot them, neither. Leastways, Frank carn't.'

"'Well! and whose fault was it we hadn't old Tom with us? Did not I send you word to come over to breakfast, and bring your cannon and that brute, Dash!—You are getting lazy in your old age, or playing possum, you old hippopotamus!'

"'Hippo—*devil!*' answered the fat man. 'Come, get them little sorrel scrubs o' yourn out o' my way, or I drive over you, to rights, and smash you into nauthen. Get on! Forester's kind o' dry. His little jaws is sticked together, for want o' suystenin'; or else he's so drunk,

he carn't speak. Get on, *dew;* I wants a drink myself. I carn't drinked only once, since I left hum.'

"'Once! How the deuce did you manage that?—where did you get a chance to drink?'

"'Jem Decker's asleep up the road yonder, under the big black walnut; and I see a black stun jug by him. I guessed he'd drinked it pretty well down, for he was 'mazing hard and fast, I tell you; and I thought, if so be he waked up, and found any left, he'd be doin' himself a mischief, likely. He's the darndest critter, when he's drunk!—so I just pulled old Roan up, and got out and hitched! Then I took up the jug and shook it, jest to judge, like, how much there was in it, you know.'

"'And how much was there, Tom?'

"'Only a little mite, I tell you—a pint, may be, or a trifle over. Well, when he heard the liquor chuck, chuck, in the jug, like, Jem bestirred, and turned over on his back, and seemed oneasy, kind o'—so I made no more work, but jest drinked it up.'

"'And left the jug empty, I'll be bound, you old heathen!' said Forester.

"'What! do you think I'd steal?' replied the fat man, with a mighty show of indignation. 'No, no! I made a fair change with Jem; no one can say I stealed it. And what I left instead of the apple-jack, 'ill do him a plaguy sight more good.'

"'What did you leave instead, eh, Tom?'

"'First best fish-oil!' replied Tom, with a monstrous explosion of merriment. 'It did smell some, I reckon; but Jim's not particler, and I doesn't begrudge him the smell, no how. I guess't warn't the first time there had been fish-oil in the jug, and I warnts a glass of Archer's old Yauraiky to wrench my mouth out. Git on, dew; whip up them scrubs, or I'll be atop on you down the hill. Git on, boys, dew.'"

Falstaff may have furnished a few ideas for Tom Draw, but if our readers will take "Frank Forester" in hand, they will perceive a marked difference between the two—a difference as wide as the Atlantic and five hundred years joined together, and the unmeasurable distance between an honest man and a rogue, joined to that.

Frank is a gentleman of easy fortune; his chief friends are this Tom Draw, and two others, his own equals in years, education, fortune, and social rank, viz., Frederick Heneage and Harry Archer, who are both Britishers, as is Frank himself, who is travelling in America to see the natives,—biped, quadruped, and finny. There is a little love-making, a runaway marriage, and a murder in the third volume; but the greatest part of the book contains nothing but the most lively and hearty descriptions of first-rate sport, first-rate cheer after it, and first-rate scenery everywhere; interspersed with remarkable sporting anecdotes (vouched for by the author, as fact, but often incredible to English minds) and rough humorous conversations, in which personal remarks and depreciatory epithets may well be borne with, for the sake of the real good-will, wit, and unconscious wisdom of the interlocutors.

It needs no technical, or even practical, knowledge of sporting to enjoy this book. Town-dwelling men, and even women, may thoroughly enjoy its best parts; because it places before the reader's mind all that it is necessary to know on the subject; and, we believe, there are few that will not be carried away by the force of the author's love of it. It is scarcely necessary to say, that his descriptions of scenery are the reverse of tedious or ineffective; they indicate an artist's eye, and the sound heart of a man, whose life is useful to others, and a valued blessing to himself. A corrupt heart is incapable of appreciating pleasures so pure as those afforded by the beauties of Nature. No bad man ever rose at four o'clock, for the mere purpose of seeing what Jeremy Taylor calls "the preparation which the sun makes in going forth from his chamber in the east," or climbed a hill merely to gaze on the prospect below.

We will not give quotations from Herbert's scene painting in pen and ink, because we have only space for two more extracts,—one of which must be a certain hunter's "yarn" we have marked, because it is as truthful as it is exciting and interesting. The said hunter is asked his reason for uniformly refusing to drink, except when he is thirsty:—

"'Now, then, for your story,' said Harry, when the pipes were all lighted, and the punch tasted and approved. 'Be as quick as you can, and after that we will to bed instantly, for we must be afoot early.'

"'Sartin we must, if we means venison. Well, well, its nigh forty years agone, it is, and I could shoot some then, and was right and smart and strong, I tell you; but I did spree it oncet in a while like—not to say that I was a drunkard—for sometimes I'd go weeks and months on cold water; but then again I'd get right hot, I tell you, for a week, may be, and spend half my airnin's like, and be good for nothing for a month arterwards. Well, well, there was few houses in them days, nor no clearings nigher than the Coshocton turnpike. There was no village herd, nor no store nigher than Jess Wood's, clear away beyant Hans Schmeider's toll-gate. I lived here, all alone, where I lives now. I'd a purty nice log-house, and a log-stable for old Roan, and a lean-to for my dogs, just on the pond's edge. Well! it was winter time; and winters in them days was six times as cold as they is now. There was nigh six foot of snow on the level, and in the hollows it was drifted twice as deep, all on it, I reckon. Well! deer was a hundred where you'll find ten these times, and *bar* (bear) a thousand on em. I'd had good luck all the winter, and it was nigh the holedays. I'd got out of lead can a'most putty short of powder. It fruz ivery night sharper nor nothing, and there was sich a crust as mout a borne an elephant—but there war't elephant them days; seems to me they grows plentier as *bar* grows scarcer, and beaver ain't none left. Well, I rigged up a jumper, and loaded it with peltry, and hetched up old Roan, and offed to Jess Wood's—twenty mile I guess—through a blazed wood road, meaning to get me a keg or two of powder, and some bars of lead, sell of my plunder, and be back the same night. Off I went, sartin; but when I come to Jess's, there was a turkey shoot, you see, and a hull grist o' boys, and we shot days, and drinked and played nights; and to be done with't, 'twas the third day, putty well on for night, when I started, and I putty hot at that. Well, it was moonlight nights, and I got along smart and easy, till I got on the hill jest above the beaver-dam. The beaver-dam warn't broke then, and the pond was full, but it was fruz right sharp and hard, and I went over it at a smart trat, and was thinking I'd be hum in an hour; when, jest as I was half ways over, I heerd a wolf howl, and then another, and then another; and in less time than I can tell you, there was thurty or fawty of them devils a jabberin' as fast as ever you heerd Frenchmen, on my trail; and before I was well acrost, I could see them coming, yelping and screeching, all in a black snarl like, all on 'em to gether, over the clear ice. Well, I whipped up old Roan, and little whip he needed, for when he heerd them yell, he laid down his ears, and laid down his belly to the snow, and, by thunder, didn't he strick it through! Over rough, over smooth, up hill and down hollow, and oncet I thought we should a run clear out of hearing on em. But going up the big mountain, when we was nigh the crown, I

carn't tell how it was adzactly, but pitch down we went into a darned rocky hole, and the fust thing I knowed I was half head over in the snow, and the jumper broke to etarnal smash, and old Roan gone ahead like the wind, and I left alone to fight fawty devils, and putty *hot* at that. Well, I tuk heart, and fixed my rifle, and as they come yelping up the hill, I drawed stret, and shot one down, and run like thunder, a loadin' as I went,—for I knowed as the devils would *tar* the one I'd wounded into slivers, and while they was a tarin' him, for sartin, their screeches mout a made a body's hair stand up on his head like; but they soon quit that fun, and took my trail again in airnest. Well, I got loaded, and I went to prime, and darned if my flint hadn't got smashed to pieces! I felt in my pouch—in my pockets—not a flint! I was hot as I telled you when I quit Jess's, and left them on the bar. Oh! warn't I in a fix! and there warn't no big trees neither; and if there had a been, it was so better cold, I thought a man must a died afore it was morning. But I thought it warn't no use to *say* die, no how, so I run for the biggest tre, and clum it. It warn't thicker nor my body much, a stunt hemlock, not over fifteen feet, or eighteen at most, to the fust limb, and none higher that would bear my weight, and a tight match if that would. Well, I clum it? and there, from eleven o'clock of a winter's night, I sot pershin' with cold and a'most dead with fear,—I arn't easily skeart neither,—with them fawty devils howlin' under me, and licking their chaps, and glarin' with their fiery eyes, and every now and then a big un jumping within three feet of the limb I sat on, and the limb cracking, and the tree bendin', 'at I thought I'd go ivery minute. Day broke at last, and then I hoped they'd a quit; but not they. The sun riz; still there they was a circlin' round the tree, madder nor iver, foaming and frothing at their jaws, and oncet and again fighting and tearing at one another. Gentlemen, I was a stout young man, when I clum that hemlock, and my hair war as black as a crow's back; when I fell down,—for *come down* I didn't,—I was as thin and as bent, ay, and as white-headed as you see me. Since then I never drinked, only when I war dry, and then niver over oncet in the morning, and oncet again at night.'

"'But how, in heaven's name, did you escape them?' asked Forester, who was interested beyond measure in the wild narrative,

"'By heaven's help,' answered the hunter solemnly. 'Some chaps chanced on old Roan's carcase in the woods, arter they devils killed him, and knowed whose horse he war, and tuk the back track, and come down on the mad brutes from to leeward, with seven goad true rifles. They killed five on em at the first shot, let alone what they wounded; and the rest made stret tracks; but I didn't see it; for, at the crack of the first shot, my head went round and round, and I pitched down right amongst em. But they was skeart as bad as I was, and hadn't no time to look arter me.'"

Perhaps nothing less than being *skeared* by wolves will suffice to make some men leave off bad habits.

It would scarcely be fair, either to Mr. Herbert or to America, to dismiss this book without favouring the reader with some account of the good cheer to which Frank and his friends do so much justice. It is a fine sight to see them set out on a day's snipe, cock, or quail shooting. They may be seen at breakfast thus, furnishing hints to epicures and cooks that may be found worth noting.

"'Harry, give me another cup of the Bohea, and a corner of that pie. What's it made of? It looks very good.'

"'It *is* very good. It is, I think, the best pie in the world; a fat rump-steak at the bottom, a dozen hen-quails, a score of hard-boiled eggs, a handful of red pepper-pods. It is an invention jointly claimed by myself and Frank; the pepper-pods were his idea, and a great improvement they are, too. But hullo! there comes Dick with the drag and the dogs; he's before his time a few minutes. Put the blankets on them, Dick,' he added, opening the window and speaking to the lad, 'and drive them round the ring; we will be ready in five or ten minutes. Ring the bell, Heneage, there's a good fellow; I want to speak to Timothy.'

"A moment had not passed before Timothy made his appearance, no longer rigged in his neat plain livery coat, but wearing a long round jacket of black velveteen, with stout breeches and leggings of Yorkshire cord, and a large game-bag slung across his shoulders.

"'Tim,' said his master, 'go and tell Mrs. Deighton that we will dine at six o'clock, and ask her what she means to feed us on.'

"'I can tell that without axing t' cook,' responded Tim. 'She's boon to have venison soup, and t' big perch, Tom Draw sent us oop, barbacued, and a roast leg of mutton and boiled partridges.'

"'*Boiled* partridges!' Heneage interrupted him. '*Boiled!* good Lord! Is it possible that you have turned heathen, Harry? or has Tim taken 'his morning' a thought too strong?'

"'Neither, Fred, neither! They are the best things you ever tasted, larded and boiled with celery sauce.'

"'Partridges?' exclaimed Heneage. 'Partridges?'

"'Yes, partridges; that is, partridges as they call them here; but, in reality, as I told you last night, *ruffed* grouse.'

"'Worse and worse, by Heaven! Boiled grouse. Hear it not shade of Colonel Thornton! Hear it not Captain Ross or my Lord Kennedy—you who did whilom admit this recreant to your society—hear not the excess of his villainy. By all the gods! *boiled* grouse!'

"'We will not discuss them now, Fred; but if you do not discuss them, and that too with much gusto, when we come in at six o'clock, I will plead guilty to any possible enormity! Well, what else, Timothy?'

"'Roast woodcock, cheese, caviare, and red herrings.'

"'Bravo, Mrs. Deighton!' replied Harry, 'and what have you got to take along with us for luncheon?'

"'Ay'se gotten a cauld toong 'at was maade ready t'last night, and was na coot, and bre-ad and booter, and t'twa quart wicher bottle full o' t' breawn sherry.'

"'Well. And the guns are in the waggon, are they? And lots of powder and shot, caps and cards.'

"'Ay, ay, Sur.'

"'Well then, bring in our box coats, and my buckskin mittens, and we'll be off at once.'"

And the reader is taken for a day's shooting, such as he would be puzzled to get in this country; and, perhaps, might prefer to read of, rather than to realize, since it is attended with five times the exertion of such pleasure-seeking here. But they make up a glorious bag at the end of the day; forty-three woodcock, thirty-six quail, five ruffled grouse, and two couple of wood-duck. Tolerable for three men in one short day! for they had to be home to dinner at six, be it remembered.

Mr. Herbert seems well acquainted with English sporting matters; but it is his account of these things in America that will make his book attractive to our readers. Frank Forester, Harry Archer, and Fred Heneage are very fine gentlemanly fellows, as well as *first* best sportsmen; and the quietest people, who love to sit by the fire in an easy chair, or to saunter in a garden, with no object but that of sauntering, will be amused and interested by their racy talk, jovial doings, and indomitable love of sport. Occasional horse-play and strong language must be pardoned, as true to nature, though false in taste.

CARDS.

We have very curious accounts handed down to us of the invention of cards, as the contrivance of a painter in 1390, for the purpose of diverting Charles the Sixth of France, who had fallen into a deep melancholy. Some say the four suits were designed to represent the four principal classes of society. *Cœurs*, or hearts, were used for the emblem of choir-men, or ecclesiastics; but the Spaniards have *copas*, or chalices, instead of hearts, though in allusion to the same character. The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by what the French call *piques*, the points of lances or pikes; to which, from our ignorance of the meaning or resemblance, we gave the name of spades, from the Spanish word *espadas*, swords, which the Spaniards have painted on their cards, instead of pikes. *Carreaux*, diamonds, square stones, or tiles, appear to have been a hard-strained representation of citizens, merchants, or tradesmen; but the peasantry, or class of people engaged in the pursuits of agriculture, had a much more appropriate type in what the French called *treftes*, trefoil, or clover-grass, instead of which the Spaniards using *bastos*, staves or clubs, in the corresponding suit of their cards, we have absurdly annexed the Spanish signification to the French figure.

Others will have it that the four suits are all military emblems; that hearts imply courage to defend our country; that the arms then in use were *piques*, lances, and heavy arrows to be shot from crossbows, and shaped like *carreaux*, the diamonds on cards; and lastly, that *trefle*, trefoil, served to remind a general that he should never encamp, without good opportunities for forage.

In the same spirit of allusion to war, we are told, that the ace is, in fact, the Latin word *as*, signifying literally a piece of money, but, in a general sense, wealth; and that aces, accordingly, have precedency before kings and all other cards. For as riches are the sinews of war, the most powerful monarchs submit to their control; and the question of peace or war must, in a great measure, depend on the finances and resources of a country.

The four kings were intended as portraits of David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne, to represent the four monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks. Each of the kings had his faithful *ecuyer*, or armour-bearer, called in the middle ages valet, or knave, a title then honourable, though now used as a term of servility or contempt.

The four queens, under the names of Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas, were designed to represent birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom. But a modern French writer, as if hurt at the idea that, in a nation famed for gallantry, love and beauty should be left out of the emblems, gives us the following ingenious explanation of the four queens. Argine, the queen of clubs, is, he says, an anagram, or transposition of the letters of the Latin word *regina*, and was a representation of Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles the Seventh. The queen of diamonds, under the name of Rachel, was meant for the beautiful but frail Agnes Sorrell; and the queen of spades, under the semblance of the chaste and warlike Minerva, was the heroic Maid of Orleans; while Judith, the queen of hearts, was designed as a picture of the enchanting Isabeau de Baviere.

Indefatigable research and ingenious conjecture have been no less exerted in tracing the origin and illustrating the amusements of dice, backgammon, and chess. Some ascribe the device to one of the Grecian heroes at the siege of Troy, who strove to beguile with images of war the tedious hours of suspended action.

Many entertaining books have been filled with anecdotes of chess-playing in particular. We shall select only two, as instances of its fortunate and unfortunate effects.

In the chronicle of the Moorish kings of Granada we find it related that, in 1396, Mehemed Balba seized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and passed his life in one continual round of disasters. His wars with Castile were invariably unsuccessful, and his death was occasioned by a poisoned vest. Finding his case desperate, he dispatched an officer to the fort of Salobrino, to put his brother Jusaf to death, lest that prince's adherents should form any obstacle to his son's succession. The officer found the prince playing at chess, and was with great difficulty prevailed upon to permit him to finish the game; but, before it was ended, a messenger arrived with the news of the death of Mehemed, and the unanimous election of Jusaf to the crown. Thus chess served to dispel the horrors of a state-prison, to suspend the fear and even the stroke of death, and by that very delay to secure to the intrepid player a kingdom and his life.

A fondness for this game proved, on the other hand, a source of much unhappiness to Ferrand, Count of Flanders. He had often sought amusement in playing with his wife at chess; but the countess as often beat him. His pride was mortified, and the soreness of his feelings not being always under the check of good temper or good sense, the game frequently ended with acrimony, and at length produced mutual hatred and almost implacable disgust between the parties.

As regards the introduction of cards and dice into families as amusements, we have generally observed that they produce bad effects on temper and manners, and are happy in being permitted to select a few remarks on the subject from the manuscript of a medical writer, wherein he says—"But how shall I dissolve the charm that chains so many votaries to the gaming table? What language shall I make use of to dispel the fascinating and fatal delusion? Shall I unite the rigid doctrines of the moralist with the zealous concern of the physician, and describe the propensity to gaming as a vice equally subversive of principle and ruinous to health; debasing those who practise it to a level with the meanest depredators, and rendering their personal infirmities objects of that compassion which they do not deserve?

"I know my arguments and reproaches would be equally lost upon the callous, the shameless, the professional gambler; but I will address myself to those persons, who look upon a game at cards or backgammon as an agreeable and innocent way of spending their leisure moments; and, under this false impression, acquire by degrees so great a love for it, that it at last constitutes their only enjoyment.

"As I do not think such persons incorrigible in their error, I shall beg leave to inform them, that the supremacy of cards or dice in any company is inconsistent with true politeness, good sense, and a well-cultivated taste. It is really an acknowledgment on the part of all advocates for that method of murdering time, that they are incapable of communicating or receiving, of imparting to others or enjoying themselves, the pleasure of rational conversation. What a pitiable person that must be, who, the moment the tea-table is cleared, becomes dull and impatient till the cards are brought, and is incapable of any sallies of cheerfulness, but what are excited by a lucky trick, or the blunder of an adversary!

"I have often indulged a fond expectation, that a taste for music and private concerts would supersede cards in social society; for I defy any man breathing to point out a more absurd and more unhealthy abuse of time, than for sets of people, or parties who call themselves well-bred and social, to take their places round a gaming table; to remain for hours together in a sitting posture; the interchange of improving ideas and liberal sentiments suspended; they themselves often the victims of corroding passions, fear, anxiety, disappointment, vexation; always exerting the powers of calculation, judgment, memory, in a manner most detrimental both to body and mind; and frequently continuing the unprofitable amusement to so late an hour, as to interfere considerably with the health and temper of the next day."

RHYMES FOR YOUNG READERS.

PUSS AND DASH

Sir Dash had long held sole possession
  Of parlour place by day and night,
And seemed to think it great oppression
  For any to dispute his right.

He slept upon the sofa seat,
  He mounted on the stools and chairs;
He lived upon the daintiest meat,
  And gave himself conceited airs.
In truth he was a handsome fellow,
With silky coat of white and yellow;
With ears that almost touched his toes,
And jet-black eyes that matched his nose;
And admiration oft and loud
Made Dash impertinent and proud.

At length his master's heart was smitten
With love towards a tabby kitten,
Whose tiger stripe along the back,
With shining rings of grey and black,
Made her a very pretty creature,
Perfect in cat-like shape and feature;
And home she came in wicker basket,
Snug as a jewel in a casket.

Sir Dash no sooner saw her form,
Than he began to bark and storm;
And Puss no sooner saw Sir Dash,
Than eyes and teeth began to flash.
He raved with passion, snarled, and snapp'd,—
She shewed her talons, screamed, and slapp'd;
His back stood up with warlike bristle,
Her tail was rough as any thistle.
He kept on bouncing, fuming, tearing,
She most profanely took to swearing;
In short, the parlour once so quiet,
Became a scene of vulgar riot.

The master thought a day or two
Would soften down this fierce "to-do;"
He fancied when the breeze was past,
They would be right good friends at last;
He hoped that they would live in peace,
And all their feud and fury cease.

Alas! they both behaved so badly,
  That those around could not endure it;
Bad temper reigned so very sadly,
  The master knew not how to cure it.
A dish of milk was on the floor,
  Puss wanted some, and so did Dash;
'Twas big enough for many more
  To lap out of without a splash;
But she was rude, and he was ruder,
  Neither would let the other taste it;
Each thought the other an intruder,
  And did their best to spill and waste it.
If Dash one moment ventured nigh,
Puss would that moment spit and fly;
If Puss the dish next minute sought,
Dash the next minute raged and fought.
At length, with sorrow be it spoken,
Between them both the dish was broken

The garden was in lovely order,
Neatness in every walk and border;
And pinks and lilies flourished there,
Tended with diligence and care.
But scarce a single week had fled,
  When Mr. Dash and Puss were found
Both fighting in the tulip bed,
  Trampling and spoiling all around;
Uprooted flowers and damaged laurels
Were scattered by their foolish quarrels,
And meet on any spot they might,
The scene was one continual fight.

Their master, long as he was able,
Bore the confusion round his table,
And even gave his generous pardon
For all the mischief in his garden,
Hoping their battles soon would end,
And each to each become a friend;
But, no! they still kept up the strife,
And led a most ungracious life;
And so one very noisy day,
Their master sent them both away.
They soon discovered to their cost,
What a good home they thus had lost.
Dash was obliged to wear a chain,
Which galled his neck, and gave him pain;
A dirty kennel was his bed,
And often he was poorly fed;
And miserably discontented,
Most fervently poor Dash repented
Puss lost her cushion fine and soft,
And lived within a dreary loft,
Where no sweet milk and meat were set,
But mice were all that she could get;
And there she pined in melancholy,
Regretting all her upstart folly.

Had they been somewhat more inclined
To friendship—sociable and kind;
Had they put jealousy aside
And both laid down their selfish pride,
Both had escaped such dire disgrace,
And both had kept their favoured place.

Thus far too often do we see
Brothers and sisters disagree;
Too often do we hear loud blaming,
With ill-bred speech, and rude exclaiming;
And sometimes, while we stand amazed,
We even see fierce hands upraised;
Yet very little mutual bending,
Would save a world of harsh contending,

If Puss and Dash had thought of this,
They would have lived in perfect bliss,
And long have shared the parlour rug,
In every comfort, warm and snug.

Brothers and sisters all take warning,
The lesson must not meet your scorning;
Never let selfish trifles lead
To loud dispute and spiteful deed;
Yield to each other, and be sure
Your happiness is then secure.

ELIZA COOK.

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GEORGE STEPHENSON.

THE life of George Stephenson will form a highly interesting chapter in some future edition of "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." No one of the numerous self-educated men whose histories are given in the pages of that fascinating book, had greater difficulties to encounter, or overcame those difficulties more triumphantly than he. George Stephenson had no advantages of birth or education; and he never cared to conceal from those whom he addressed, that he was only the son of a poor pitman, and was sent into the coal-pit to work for his bread before he had received a vestige of school education.

He was born at Wylam, a colliery village on Tyneside, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the year 1781, and he was only six or seven years of age when he was sent down the pit as a "trapper." No employment can be imagined less congenial with a boy's tastes than this. His duty is, to sit behind a trap-door, in the dark, for ten or twelve hours together, and hold open the door as the trams pass through. They pass, and he sits there solitary till the next waggons come up. He must be in the pit as soon as the work of the day commences, in winter before daylight; and, according to the old system, he could not leave the pit until the work of the day was at an end. Hence, the "trapper" rarely saw the light of day, except on a Sunday. In this solitary confinement, in the dark, were the early years of George Stephenson spent.

He was afterwards a "picker" at Wylam, employed in picking out the slates from the coals, at a wage of 4s. or 5s. a week. He then went to Callerton pit, where he got promoted to the post of driver of a "gin." While here, an engine was put on to pump the water out of the pit, and George, who had the character of being "a steady lad," and was now about seventeen years old, was appointed foreman, at a wage of 10s. a week. He behaved himself well, and, in due course, was advanced to the situation of engineman. He was still quite illiterate, but sober and well-conducted. He was getting strong and able-bodied, too, and proved this by soundly pommelling, one day on the pit-heap, a quarrelsome fellow, considered "the terror of the neighbourhood."

While at Callerton, he went a-courting. He was now about 20 or 21, and resolved to marry. He set his affections at first rather high, upon a Miss Hindmarsh, the daughter of a respectable farmer of the neighbourhood. But as George was as yet only a poor working man, he was not considered a suitable match, and his proposals were declined. He was, however, resolved to be married, and as the mistress would not have him, he offered himself to the servant, and was accepted. He married her; she proved a good wife; and Robert Stephenson, now M.P., was the issue of the union. Shortly after Robert's birth, she died, and, in a few years after, George again offered himself to Miss Hindmarsh, and this time he was accepted. This second marriage was a prosperous one, and the pair lived long and happily together.

George Stephenson left Callerton to go to Walbottle pit, as brakesman, attending the engine while drawing up the coals from the pit. While here, his wages were advanced to 12s. a week, on which event he declared, on his coming out of the pay-office, that he was "made a man for life." Thence he went to Willington ballast-crane, in the same capacity, and remained there for several years. When about 22 or 23, he began to learn to read, for he had already felt the disadvantages of his early want of elementary instruction, and, in his after years, he never omitted an opportunity of urging upon young men to avail themselves of the increasing facilities for such instruction, offered by the mechanics' and other educational institutes throughout the country.

He left Willington for Killingworth, where he again acted as brakesman, at an advanced wage. Here he made the greatest progress. He had always been a steady and advancing workman; but now he felt aspirations for higher things rising up within him. He was attentive, assiduous, and active-minded. Watching the engine as he did, he in time came to understand it thoroughly. He occasionally made several new adaptations of machinery in the working of the engine, in the pumps, pullies, &c., so as to cause considerable saving to his employers, and to win for him their respect and esteem. The steam-engine grew familiar to him; he studied it, and his mind became awakened to the contemplation of its powers, its weaknesses, and its capabilities. It is well observed by an able writer in the "Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal," that "there is something in the steam-engine which is a spell and a charm to the beholder; something more, and something else than the love of a sailor for his ship; such as the weaver feels not at his loom, nor the smith before his anvil. The smith or the weaver is the maker, the hammer or the shuttle works as his hand lists; but the steam-engine stands as with life and breath in it, working of itself, earnestly, steadily, and manfully, by day and by night, in its youth, and its elder years, when scores of men who wrought with it have sickened and breathed their last. To the working man it is a thing of care and love, and its sight seems to give might to those who behold it, and to teach them the cunning which is in its own make. Thus, boys who watched, strengthened it with cords and chains of iron; thus, a toy in the hands of Watt, it claimed his life for its care, and grew to unwonted growth; thus, time after time, have master and workman nursed its childhood, and helped it onwards to its mightiest strength; and Stephenson had not been among the least of these."

We may here mention an interesting circumstance in Stephenson's career, while working as brakesman at Killingworth Pit. There were three brakesmen, who took

the "night-shift" by turns. This night-shift lasted for eight or ten hours; and as there was little work to be done during that time—only drawing up and letting men down—the brakesman's time hung heavy on his hands. Stephenson, however, always regarded time as precious, and carefully turned every minute to account. During these night-shifts he took his first lessons in arithmetic. When he had worked his sums on a slate, he sent them off next morning to a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood to correct, who in turn sent him new questions to answer. For this service the eager scholar paid his master the humble tribute of four pence a week. The rest of his time he occupied, during the night-shifts, in cleaning the pitmen's clocks and watches, for which he was paid. He also cut the pitmen's clothes out, and gave instructions in the art of "cutting out" to the pitmen's wives, usually not very handy at such sort of work; and it is said, that to this day there are pitmen's wives at Killingworth, cutting out clothes according to the instructions then given them by George Stephenson. He also made shoes in these lone nights by the engine fire, and occasionally made presents of them to the poor relations of his wife, and their children. He turned his ready hand to anything. Among others of his works was a sun-dial, still fixed over the door of the house he lived in while at Killingworth; and to the last day of his life, he felt a pride at the sight of that sun-dial. Not long before his death, while surveying the line of the Newcastle and Berwick Railway, he drove a professional friend somewhat out of his way to have an admiring look at the dial.

All the little money which Stephenson thus made by the cleaning of clocks and watches, and the making of shoes, he devoted to the education of his son Robert. He had felt the want of education in his own person, and set a high value upon it; accordingly, he determined early to give his son the best culture he could afford. Robert was sent accordingly to Bruce's school, in Newcastle, where he received the rudiments of an excellent education. At a public dinner held in Newcastle, in his honour, not long before his death, Mr. Stephenson thus referred to this fact in his early career:—"I have worked my way," he said, "but I have worked as hard as any man in the world, and I have overcome obstacles which it falls to the lot of but few men to encounter. I have known the day, when my son was a child, that, after my daily labour was at an end, I have gone home to my single room and cleaned clocks and watches, in order that I might be able to put my child to school. I had felt too acutely myself the loss of an education not to be fully sensible of how much advantage one would be to him." This we must always regard as a beautiful feature in Stephenson's character; and it is gratifying to state, that the future reputation and well-won honours of the son, amply repaid the early care and self-denial of the father.

About the year 1800, when he worked at Killingworth, distress was abroad in the land, and much suffering was experienced by the colliery population in the neighbourhood. This was the time of the long-remembered "dear years," when bread was scarcely to be had at any price. So straitened was Stephenson, and so down-hearted with the prospects of the times, that he had made up his mind to emigrate to the United States with one of his fellow-workmen, where they intended to try their hands at mechanics and farming; but his heart was bound to his kindred, and he could not tear himself from home. A happy incident detained him, and opened the road to fortune. He had, every morning, in going to his work, to pass a newly-sunk pit, whence the workmen were day after day fruitlessly endeavouring to draw the water. In one of his walks he stopped to look on, and could not help observing, that if they would let him try, he would "soon set them to the bottom." Though the remark was laughed at, the workmen were too glad of help, come from what quarter it might, and he was allowed to try his skill. In a very short time his efforts succeeded, and the shaft was cleared of water. The circumstance gave him a name, and he proved equally successful in the cure of other pumps which would not draw. He became a skilful pump-curer. He now also understood the steam-engine so well, that he made several improvements in its working, and in its adaptation to pit machinery. His prospects began to look brighter; he was called in to do the work of an engineer; putting up steam-engines under ground, laying down tram or waggon-ways, and similar work of an engineer; and, as his earnings steadily increased, emigration was no longer thought of.

Years passed by, and George Stephenson became a prosperous man. His manly and upright character, and his devoted attention to his calling, gained him many and powerful friends. He earned the esteem and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. He was straightforward and open-hearted; hard-working, and a zealous self-cultivator; always observant, always improving, always advancing. Among the most interesting of all subjects for contemplation and study, by a scrutinizing mind such as Stephenson's, was that new and wondrous machine, as yet in its infancy, the locomotive, and its adaptation to the iron roads now laid down in many parts, but especially in the county of Durham. Steam had already become a great industrial power in England, and was doing the work of hundreds of thousands of horses. It had revolutionized the whole domain of human industry. It was driving mills and machinery, rolling iron, spinning cotton, grinding corn, and impelling ships through the waters. But the invention of the locomotive, which was to bring cities together, nearly annihilate space, and confer on man as much new power and enjoyment as if he were endowed with wings—this great invention was yet but in its infancy; the locomotive was a rude and clumsy machine, more of a curiosity than an efficient motive power, when George Stephenson directed all the powers of his strong mind to its study, and in the space of a few years brought it to the perfection it has now attained.

Various experiments had been made with steam as a motive power on tram-roads or railways, and numerous patents had been taken out for inventions of this kind, prior to 1814, when George Stephenson built his first locomotive. As early as 1804, Trevithick's engines were running on the Merthyr Tydvil Railway, in South Wales; and one of the same engines was, many years after, sent down to Wylam colliery, where Stephenson first saw it. He could not fail to be struck by the sight, and his active mind at once set to work as to the means of improving the machine, for it was as yet very imperfect and inefficient. He soon commenced building a locomotive, and was supplied with the requisite money by Sir Thomas Liddell (now Lord Ravensworth) and the other partners in the Killingworth Colliery, who had every confidence in his skill. In this engine he first adopted his great improvement of double cylinders, Trevithick's being only a single cylinder engine, and therefore very irregular in its action. The new engine succeeded admirably, and by the aid of his powerful friends, he was shortly after enabled to take out a patent for it. The next year he erected his second engine, with further improvements, which we need not here stop to detail. He was also engaged as a coal-viewer, and as an engineer in laying out railways. His hands were full, and his prospects were bright. His son had by this time, after receiving an excellent education, completed at the University of Edinburgh, joined him as under-viewer and assistant-engineer. He was also engaged with other projects, amongst the most important of which was the invention of the safety-lamp.

Although Sir Humphrey Davy is the reputed author of this valuable invention, there seems sufficient reason to believe that George Stephenson is entitled to the claim of priority of discovery. Doubtless, as in several other inventions, many leading minds were at the same period

engaged upon the subject, and were alike hovering on the brink of the discovery. There is no doubt, however, that Stephenson had long been experimenting with his lamps at Killingworth, before Sir Humphrey Davy's discovery was made public, and that he had ordered his first lamp and tried it in the colliery, before any of the other claimants to the discovery had brought theirs to the test of actual experiment. His townsmen of Newcastle have always strongly supported Stephenson's claims; and in January, 1818, they testified their conviction of his merits, by publicly entertaining him in the assembly-rooms, at Newcastle, and presenting him with a silver tankard, together with one thousand guineas, being their testimonial to him as "the discoverer of the safety-lamp."

Railways gradually began to attract the attention of advanced minds, and the Engineer, James, was projecting the great lines of railway between London and Liverpool. Nearer home, in the county of Durham, Stephenson was at work on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, of which he was appointed Engineer. The works were commenced in 1822, and this was one of the first railways in England worked with the new locomotives, though it was, at first, merely a coal railway. Stephenson now commenced a locomotive workshop in Newcastle, which afterwards expanded into the gigantic establishment which we now find it. He was also still studying and improving himself; he had never done inventing and contriving improvements of his locomotives. Hence he was enabled to keep ahead of all competitors; one proof of which was, that his engine, the *Rocket*, carried off the £500 prize, on the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, of which also he was Engineer. We need scarcely proceed with the history of his progress further. He was carried on the full tide of railway prosperity, and contributed, in no small degree, to the development of this great civilizing power. He also derived for himself the personal advantage of large gains, which, at length, accumulated to a large fortune.

Stephenson was not the creator of railways, nor was he the inventor of the locomotive; he was an energetic, hard-working man, full of the best practical qualities, and, by directing his mind to the subject of steam locomotion, he was enabled to effect improvements of the most valuable kind in the construction of the locomotive, and thus to impart a stimulus of no ordinary character to the industrial energies and capabilities of his country.

George Stephenson died at his seat at Tapton, Derbyshire, in August, 1848, in his 67th year. In conclusion, we may quote the words which he himself used on the occasion of a recent public dinner at Newcastle: "I may say," he observed, "without being deemed egotistical, that I have mixed with a greater variety of society than, perhaps, any man living. I have dined in mines, for I was once a miner; and I have dined with kings and queens, and with all grades of the nobility, and have seen enough to inspire me with the hope, that my exertions have not been without their beneficial results—that my labour has not been in vain."

LAWS.

There is not a good code of laws in any single country. The reason is obvious; laws have been made for particular purposes, according to time, place, exigencies, and not with general and systematic views. It appears, that the greater part of mankind have received from nature a sufficient portion of what is called common sense for making laws, but that the whole world has not justice enough to make *good laws*. Laws have proceeded, in almost every state, from the interest of the legislator, from the urgency of the moment, from ignorance, and from superstition, and have accordingly been made at random and irregularly, just in the same manner in which cities have been built.

Pen and Ink Portraits.

THE "JOLLY" OLD TRADESMAN.

That "there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in our philosophy," was the opinion of that prince of characters and Denmark, *Hamlet*; so, also, is there more than a mere expression of mirth embodied in the adjective "jolly." We take it to be the alphabetical symbol of the conjunction of generosity and benevolence.—we take it as a verbal representative of glorious feeling, originally formed by a junction of the heart and soul. It has a full, rich, rotund sound, filling the mouth, as it rolls along the tongue, with an almost epicurean pleasure. It is a diamond, sometimes set in base metal, but even then, lending a particle of its effulgence to its less worthy surrounding.

Had the Pantheon Senate met in conclave at a nectar party, for the express purpose of coining a seal for the receipt stamp of felicity, the gods could not have found a more expressive word. It is an index of healthy minds, and a phrenotypic of "happy memories," the jack-o'lantern of life, which gambols in merriment upon the face of humanity, lighting every nook in their breast; the staff of heaven which hearts may lean upon, and set grim despair at defiance.

We have entered upon an etymology of our own of this word, that our readers may clearly understand us as we proceed; so that starting from the same point, in the same mind together, we may arrive at a similar conclusion, viz., that trade is not of necessity an arithmetical process, whereby the warmer qualities of the heart become invariably subject to ossification; for, it will be seen that although some men—perhaps the majority, have no other pleasure than business, there are others, who, by a wise use of the chemical, jollity, extract pleasure from everything, while they impart it to everybody—for among good hearts it is an epidemic. Jollity, in fact, is a spirit in which the human heart has only to be immersed, to be preserved from the decaying powers of care and avarice.

The "Jolly" Old Tradesman, belongs to, we hope, a large class; but, we are sadly afraid they are not so large as they ought to be. Their trading brethren consider them like spots on the sun, disagreeable dottings on the orb of trade, and bad exemplars to the rising stars of the £. s. d. horizon, and accordingly, do all they can to discountenance the race; but it will be long ere ill-nature and illiberality can entirely extinguish the flame of good feeling.

Without leaning too much to the Cæsarian penchant for "fat, sleek-headed men, such as sleep o' nights," we affirm that the generality of "jolly" tradesmen have an obese tendency, that is, they are round and fair to look upon, with no more angles physically than mentally. They are like a perfect circle upon a true plane; all can be seen at a glance, nothing is hidden. As for his dress, it is in the fashion of his time, and ever regulated by his weight of years and the atmosphere, and you can always see, that although too old for a go-ling, he is too young for a goose.

The cheerful old gentleman is a living illustration of "a place for everything, and everything in its place;" and his circle of existence, taken as a whole, is easily divisible into quadrantal parts or stages. First, socially. He entertains a horror for the habitual use of a public-house, and although he does not hate tobacco, he seldom deifies it in the gin-and-water pantheon of a tavern. His home is the theatre of his existence, and he is fastly embedded in its centre, as the toad, report saith, was incarcerated for centuries in stone. His house is his castle, his "ain fireside" the altar, and his wife and family, the terrestial deities, to whom he sacrifices the cares of his outward existence.

The "Jolly" Old Tradesman may be seen at the British

Museum, where he pores over the relics of past ages with the profundity and enthusiasm of a *savant*, and cannot for the world think how his neighbour "Hardhead" can call it a "national marine storeshop." Again, view him at the picture galleries, or on steam boats, gazing "with all his eyes;" his liking for these things is instinctive; his heart is a loadstone, which attracts everything great and beautiful in nature and art. "God bless me," we heard one of these old gentlemen exclaim at the Museum, "how can they talk of keeping the 'lower classes' from the museums and galleries, upon the mere plea of want of education. I never was educated, and yet I seem to like them naturally."

But whenever or wherever you may see the "Jolly" Old Tradesman, it is seldom without several children at his heels; "a divinity doth hedge him," which has a magnetic influence over children. What is it? it is not his age. There must be some truth in "animal magnetism" after all. Go to the theatre at Christmas time; look at the front row of the boxes; see that bevy of happy faces, ruddy and healthy, like a string of coral beads, with the two older and larger beads, which, joining together in happy union, form the clasp which makes the family circle. It is the "Jolly" Old Tradesman, his wife, and family, who has perhaps even borrowed a binocular, and is looking through the wrong end of it, and letting the children do the same. If it is not the right focus, it is the focus of his happiness,—and what matters? The children are home for the holidays, and he has brought them to laugh at the clown; the youngest child claps its tiny hands at the fun, and the giggle passes along the chain like a telegraphed message, until it reaches the old man, who chuckles and shakes until the laugh becomes vulgarly audible. He is the merry major of the visible band, and affords a noble key-note for the happy audience. Gaze into the private box; observe the starch neck-clothed, white-kidded habitué of theatrical representations, who is regarding with haughty contempt this *vulgar* "bourgeois" and his family, and you will, if you think at all, see the difference between *pleasure* and *jollity*. The one is cut and dried according to certain rules; the other is the impulse of the heart. Pleasure may make a man "blazé," but who ever heard of a man being "used up" by cheerful jollity.

See him at Margate, where he goes to make himself "a boy again," and to form a family epoch for the whole year. The "Margate month" is to him and his family what the coming of age is to the young heir, but annual. If you would know his domestic value, visit the jetty when "*his* boat" is expected. See the happy and eager faces straining their eyes when the boat is first in sight; witness the jumpings and congratulations of sire and children when he lands, and you will go home with a better train of thought than usual.

Tell the "Jolly" Old Tradesman not to dress his children so fine—not to give them so much pocket-money, or schooling, for fear of making them above their station, and encouraging unthrifty habits,—tell him all this, and you make an enemy of him, and force out all the little venom he possesses. He measures station by the heart and mind, and abhors abasement of all kinds,—is a step higher in the social scale than he was born, and wishes his offspring to start from his terminating point. He would level none, but raise all, and is neither grumbler nor groveller, and too contented with the present to be overjoyed in anticipation with "the good time coming;" and his only allusion to a more prosperous period is, when cheering his little ones with the oft-told domestic tale of that mysterious cargo of untold wealth "coming home in a ship," and which most infant minds are taught to expect at some indefinite period.

Avarice is his detestation, and he does not look upon that boy as a rising genius who will exchange his tops or marbles for a piece of coin.

The "Jolly" Old Tradesman has ever more credit than capital, and he would sooner at any time reduce the amount at his banker's than that at his heart. When he is what is commonly called "warm," the rays of heat arising from his pocket are generally extended over the polar region of poverty within his knowledge.

Whatever hobby-horses he may have, he rides them so fairly, that they neither plunge against, or run over, other men's hobbies. His common sense is more of a practical than theoretical nature. He patronizes everything new, and is ever endeavouring to sweep away the dust of antiquity from his ideas.

His mental acquirements are but few, and savour more of solidity than quantity, and although without any more pretence to literature than he gains from his weekly paper, and the periodicals he takes in for his children, he is, after his fashion, a patron of letters, and sedulously persuades the younger portion of his employés to join mechanics' institutions and reading societies; and the very errand boy of the "Jolly" Old Tradesman is more learned than many of his betters.

If a manufacturer, his delight is in "bean-feasts," and in reforming the dissolute, and encouraging the reformed; and boasts of young men in his employ whose fathers before them were in his service. He laughs at those politicians who endeavour to persuade both employers and employed that they are natural enemies. He cannot see anything but an amalgamation of interest; they are twins of trade bound by the chain of mutual advantages. If an overseer or churchwarden, a battle is ever taking place between his heart and his pocket, the latter ever coming off discomfited. Beggars he calls scamps, and shakes his fist at, but never forgetting that we are all born but not buried, he compromises with his conscience by pitching them a coin.

Although filled with the milk of human kindness towards his fellows, he becomes soured to an almost incredible degree when his little busy-body fellow tradesman comes, rubbing his hands, rushing into him bursting with the news of a bankruptcy, and is ever provoked out of a species of good-natured spite to sign to take anything in the pound, even without taking into his consideration the character of his debtor.

Speaking generally of tradesmen, the word industrious is simply applied to their business habits; but the "Jolly" Old Tradesman is a cyclopædia of industry,—in working, in playing, in thinking, and doing; in fact, he is energy personified; he looks upon all the doings of his life as his business, and upon all his business as a pleasure, and this, he is fond of saying, is the cause of his success.

"The good that man does lives after him," is a truism which the death of the "Jolly" Old Tradesman exemplifies, for he leaves many a deeply graven monument in the afflicted hearts of all who ever basked in the sunshine of his "jollity," and to his descendants his memory is a seed which germinates new virtues, and a refreshing water which arouses dormant ones.

WILLIAM DALTON.

MORAL PERSPECTIVE.

THE effect produced by an object depends on the height or depth from whence it is viewed; and as the inhabitants of earth choose and fix their own point of sight, we not unfrequently find the same thing depicted in very opposite colours; therefore, before pronouncing judgment, let us take into consideration the wide diversity of situations, and range of vision, and above all, the idiosyncrasy of the human temperament; which considerations would naturally modify our indignant denials and positive contradictions, and fuse the mind with that moderation which is so essential to a sane perception and just appreciation of things.

Every object has so many sides and so many points of view, and looks so different from each, that we oftentimes find the same subject losing its identity, as it were,

and, on our nearer approach, merging into something else,—a rather mortifying circumstance this, to those who thought they "had it exactly" "sketched to the life," and had dove-tailed it comfortably into their pet theory. But this metamorphis is philosophically interesting to those not wedded to any particular system.

What, then, are we to believe? at least that we must be cautious in coming to conclusions, and modestly acknowledge our range of vision so confined and imperfect, that by it *alone* we can judge nothing aright; and since we *do* "see through the glass darkly," affect no longer to see clearly.

Our partial views and the solemn earnestness with which we condemn, would be amusing were the consequences less tragical.

Men gaze and denounce with eyes obstinately fixed on the blighted flower and fruit, whilst the parasitical caterpillar, hiding beneath the emerald foliage, escapes their notice. Of what avail denunciation and destruction, if the canker-worm escape?

We have often thought a knowledge of the circumstances that lead to crime, and an impartial investigation which would convey us step by step to the cause that prompted the delinquent's first wandering from the golden path, are essential to a right comprehension of crime. Might he not be driven by oppression into the bye-path in which he became so utterly lost? Might he not be trodden down and drawn by evil circumstances into the path of death? Was he ever cherished by Heaven's handmaidens—Employment, Education, Hope?

Might not a thorough investigation of the progression of crime point to the best moral means of lessening it by providing the ignorant, the necessitous, and the neglected with instruction and work, and awaking them to self-respect and self-dependence,—the vital spring of all ennobling and sustaining aspirations.

Look at yon bewildered, ignorant culprit, trembling before the ministers of the law in their robes. How the faltering wretch was brought to commit the act for which his life is forfeited remains a mystery. Until now he was never heard of, may be, hardly has he arrested a passing glance from his fellow-man, till that fatal act suddenly tore him from his obscurity, and placed him on a platform so conspicuous, that every human eye may view him at its ease. Poor wretch!—brought abruptly from darkness into the bewildering light, with all the terrors of the violated law pointed against him—brought at once to the terrific knowledge of himself and it; and death is awaiting him in its most appalling aspect.

Harrowing as is this spectacle, 'tis yet so common, that comfortable, worthy men have ceased to shudder at it, nay, fall asleep in its presence. But should they graciously condescend to fling a supercilious glance upon any convicted one, in what light, from what point of view, is he regarded? As a thing apart,—a monster; in him they behold not the likeness of themselves.

But did we know this being's history, and the inner life goading him *on* and goading him *ever*, that one fatal act which now seems to sever him from his fellows might appear as natural as any every-day act of his life, as going to sleep, or awaking—and *that* it is which should appal, more than the *deed*. Did we know this, how often should we take our pious execrations from the criminal and give it to the ignorance, the oppression, and the poverty that fettered and deformed that immortal being, and bent him to earth,—yea, lower, lower still, until, in a moment of phrenzy or reaction, he perpetrates a deed for which he forfeits his life.

Oh! for a police that could hunt out the cause as well as the criminal,—whom might not that circle embrace? How many should we find who have tempted the innocent to evil, with the decoying tongue of a serpent; how many who have fanned the passions in a heart into blazing corruption, and left the ashes they have spread to be blown on the winds of infamy?—how many who have injured, trampled, and goaded the helpless and weak beneath them; how many, who at least have sanctioned by silence, oppression and wrong? Oh! could we but bring into daylight all the "accessories before the fact," how often would the convicted felon seem the least guilty!

Is it enough to announce that the fruit is corrupt? should we not speed to renovate the soil whence the plant derived nourishment, if we hope, if we ardently desire, a better harvest? Let us not show ourselves ruthless destroyers, but faithful and patient workers in the vineyard.

The cause and the gradual workings that produce crime are as little sought into, as the mysterious (scoff not) inner existence of the criminal; were they, what an intricate mass of error, ignorance, wrong, and may be, love, might be revealed to us!—how much of quenched and inefficient utterance, the misunderstood, overwhelming emotion of the natural man, struggling in outer darkness. Let us, if possible, get *punishment* out of our heads, and try something that will bring us to a nearer and clearer insight and knowledge of these outcasts.

However dark, however terrific the tragedy, let us endeavour to look at it from that *point of view*, whence it will *accord* with those circumstances, be they immediate or remote, that ever attend these transgressions; if we can but find this point of view, such an intensity of shadow will be presented as the depths of Erebus could alone reveal,—and the lifeless form of the criminal will be the least appalling image.

Stand not vainly lamenting over a corpse. What truth can you extract from the cold clay? Hence to the living culprit; triumph *there!*

Let us look on crime, not only from the judge's chair, and our own firesides, but let us stand where our "moral perspective" will aid us in remedying the causes of the sin, rather than mercilessly condemning the sinner.

THE GLASS OF GIN.

(Continued from page 57).

THEY DID PRAY. Meek, and for the hour, sincere penitence and good resolves on the one side, generous forgiveness on the other, though unspoken, was understood by the souls of each, and Mary folding Alice in her arms, sobbed out a thousand promises.

"Dear Mary," spoke Alice, "as she kissed her sister fervently, "though of different mothers, still our father was the same; and for his sake, therefore, let us strive in the same cause. Please, dearest Mary, do not be so often cross with me; do let us economize our narrow income; do let me control our poor affairs; you know, dear, I am careful, and have—can have—no interest apart from yours. Oh! Mary, on your bended knees promise, for I shall have no sorrow *then*."

"I WILL," sobbed Mary, "I will be guided by you, dear, I will, indeed. And with this promise forgive me for the harshness of the past, if you can."

The fervent pressure of Alice's lips gave a more earnest assurance than words; and when the sisters uprose, hand in hand, a holy peace had settled on their hearts, and never before did they lay down to rest more happy, than on the first night in this poor sordid chamber, in the very midst of the great wilderness of London.

This single room had been hired for a week, at a rent of eight shillings, and their first intention was not to occupy it longer. But as the week wore on, and they came to find the landlord and his family honest and industrious people; when they came to find other lodgings equally dear, and that their present finances would not permit of two chambers, they resolved to continue there for a time. They found, too, their landlady willing to make any little change which might add to their comfort or accommodation, and to this was added, a natural pre-

dilection for a place which had afforded them friendly shelter in a moment of anguish and doubt. Accordingly, the great boxes and packages were brought from the waggon-office, and Alice, with the assistance of the landlady, disposed of them to the best advantage, placing them one upon another, though even thus they took up the best portion of the by no means large room; for, as the good landlady at Salisbury had said, space was a precious thing in London; and though they would have paid for its use, not a spare closet or landing was to be had in the whole house.

But Alice Clive was just that little sort of soul to make the best of small difficulties such as this; and, as far as regarded these points, Mary was always yielding; so she opened one of the boxes (which, by the way, when empty, was made a small rustic house of in the yard for Mr. Pinch), took out a nice table-cover, which, hanging over the boxes, covered them in decently; a delicate counterpane for the poor bed; a picture or two for the walls; a few china ornaments, very old and precious, for the mantelpiece; their work-baskets, a writing-desk, and a good many books, which, set about and nicely arranged, changed the look of this poor chamber, so as at once to seem as if the influence of a holier life had settled down upon it, and hallowed it to the services of the little, loving, beating, earnest heart, whose history I here set down.

But there was earnest work to do for this young soul. So immediately all their little domestic matters were settled, and their method of living agreed upon, she set about finding employment for herself and sister. Mary was by nature indolent, and through the forty years of her life, had never earned one shilling towards her own subsistence; yet Alice, hoping for the best, and thinking deeply in relation to most things, fancied, that when once work was procured and set before her, she would bear a willing hand in the struggles and duties which lay before them. So, accordingly, she waited upon an attorney in the City, who had on several occasions transacted business for her father, and from him obtained some weekly copying for Mary, and from a ready-made linen warehouse, which she made bold to enter and politely address the principal, plain sewing of the better sort; for her reference was found all that could be desired, and her sweet manner won its way directly to the heart of the mistress of the business.

One circumstance, which bears reference to the yet undeveloped and sterner portions of this story, struck her as curious in relation to the solicitor she had applied to. Throughout her first and second visit to him, there had been a confidential familiarity in his manner, that had secretly filled her heart with aversion and fear; and after these, upon a reluctantly made visit at the distance of several weeks, this manner was so changed into one of kindly respect and deference, as to surprise her. His own words explained the cause. He had had letters from Salisbury, he said, which had spoken highly of the purity and worth of her character, and of the deserving nature of her conduct, throughout the adversity which had brought her father to his grave.

These two sources of valuable employment thus opened to Mary, Alice now sought for herself that sterner labour on which all hopes of future independence hinged. Accordingly, she advertised for a situation as daily governess, as a boy's tutor, as a giver of lessons in arithmetic and Latin. She answered advertisements; she entered her name in the school agency offices, and spared no energy or fatigue in accomplishing her earnest desire for work. But, unfortunately for immediate profit, her accomplishments were of that sort too little regarded by the mass of parents. She could *not* tinkle the guitar—she could *not* paint on velvet—she could *not* "speak fluently" *all* the modern languages, nor could she warble an Italian bravura, or an English sentimental love ditty. She could only teach arithmetic with masterly aptitude; she could only lead a lad on through *Gradus ad Parnassum* to Cæsar; she only knew a good deal of her mother tongue and its writers; she only knew a good deal of its history, and that of other countries; and she could only play some few old church services, and a dozen airs of Handel. These, of course, were accomplishments *caviare* to the nine-tenths of "genteel" parents, or if not so, at least rated in the category of *cheapness*, because fundamental.

Thus several weeks went by in fruitless efforts for a situation; yet, not unhappily, for Mary had never been before so kind, so thoughtful, or so diligent; for though often worn and dispirited, it was pleasant and dear to poor Alice to return to Mary's smiles, and their little room, with its air of snugness and cheerfulness. Things had gone on in this good way four or five weeks, and their little domestic expenses had been so regulated, as to fall considerably within their calculation, when, on returning several consecutive evenings from long walks to distant parts of London, to which advertisements she had answered—referred, she was surprised to find Mary asleep upon the bed, or else with her arms upon the table, drowsily idling over work which was required that night, or early the next day. Thinking she was low-spirited or ill, Alice tried by caresses to arouse and cheer her, bustled about, and got tea or supper ready, as the case was; and when on more than one occasion her efforts failed to arouse Mary from this drowsy sullenness, which Alice thought proceeded from want of air, she undressed and got her to bed with tender solicitude. Then drawing the little table, and its one candle, beside the bed, sat up till she had accomplished the neglected task of needlework or writing. But it was not the change which now shadowed the cheerfulness of the evenings which was the saddest; it was the querulous irritability, the repining, the unjust and cruel temper, the sad and wasteful indolence of the mornings. So that often when Alice had a distance to go, an important letter to write, or some piece of work to finish, she would be hindered for two or three hours, perhaps, by some menial duty or errand, made necessary through neglect.

For some weeks, as I have said, their expenditure had been watched with care. The little joint of meat had been made to last a certain time, and only the luxury of a pudding, or a little fruit, indulged in, on rare occasions. But now, without any ostensible reason, Mary launched out into a strange system of extravagance, wholly inconsistent with their narrow means. Up to this time, Alice had regulated their joint finances; had put by, or saved, or expended, as labour enabled, or necessity dictated; but now Mary commenced a system of concealment, and when one morning Alice sought an explanation, on some small point of this kind, Mary was fiercely angry.

"Surely, you don't think I'm a child, do you? Attend to your own business; or else bring something in, to put into the purse, without troubling your head about what's taken out." So saying, she put on her bonnet, went out, and dashed the door violently behind her.

If such had been the general character of her conduct, the most devoted, the least unselfish, love would have been estranged, but there were hours, even days, when contrition, expressed through the gentlest demeanour, the most touching love, the aptest submission, assumed their old power and fascination; and Alice forgot, in the kindly words and acts of one hour, the bitter scorn and reproaches of a week. She loved Mary with infinite devotion, and loving thus, was blind to the darker side of error.

The winter had set in,—indeed, so far as to be near Christmas, when one afternoon, Alice putting on her things, set out on a walk, partly on business, and partly for exercise, as she had been sitting close at some engrossing for several days. She took this walk with unusual spirit, for not only had Mary and herself been on the most affectionate terms for several days, but Pinch accom-

panied her. As she was detained longer than she expected, she walked briskly homeward on her return.

In case she were detained, Mary had promised to wait tea; so as it was not yet eight o'clock, Alice expected the bright hearth to greet her sight, and the kettle humming on the hob to promise tea. But the stairs were in darkness, and no bright light shone as usual through the crevices of the door. Greatly surprised, she entered and found the room in total darkness, and the window-blind undrawn. After stumbling over several things scattered on the floor, in an agony of fear, she called Mary by name; but no answer came. Sick at heart, she felt out her sister's accustomed chair; there was nothing on it but a bonnet. Again she called; then, attracted by Pincher's whine, she hurried to the bed, put out her hand, and felt Mary lying there dressed, but without shoes, and with a cold and clammy face, but fevered hands. In an agony of terror, she procured a light, and beheld such a scene of disorder and misery, as to sicken her with fear; for something must be the matter,—Mary must be fearfully ill. She hurried to the bed, and kneeling down, tried to arouse her—tried with passionate caresses, passionate words, to arouse her from what seemed a deadly stupor; but no endearing words, no purity of love, no tenderness, no pity, could free one so guilty, from the wilful leprosy and curse of GIN!

Feeling sure, in her unsuspicious loving heart, that Mary must be seriously ill, Alice went down stairs immediately to the landlady of the house, and sought her aid. But, instead of expressing sympathy or proffering assistance, the landlady merely said she was surprised Miss Clive was ill, as she had seen her leave the house that afternoon about five o'clock in her usual health. With evident reluctance she then followed Alice up stairs, and upon seeing Mary stretched upon the bed, she simply remarked, "Oh, she'll be all right to-morrow," and advising she should have some tea, withdrew, without another word. Wounded by what she considered an utter want of charity and feeling, Alice closed the door, and lighting the fire, quickly made some tea. When this was ready, with some toast, she propped Mary up in the bed with pillows, and succeeded, with some difficulty, in making her taste a little tea. But to her dismay, this remedy, so far from succeeding, only made her patient more sick and ill, and faint as she thought, for the instant her arms were withdrawn, Mary fell back like a log on the pillow. Thinking at length that she might be better, if left in undisturbed quiet, Alice placed her patient comfortably, made up the fire, so as to last cheerfully through the night, and then set busily to work to clear up the fearful disorder of the room. By the time this was done, it was far past midnight; but any attempt to take rest was useless, for Mary was, more or less, so ill through this fearful night, as to make the little creature fervently pray for daylight, so as to be enabled to fetch a doctor. About six o'clock, just as she dropped into a doze, Mary aroused her, and feebly asked for some tea. Overjoyed thus to find her comparatively better, Alice was not long in getting breakfast ready, and attending to her sister's wants. By the time this was done, and all things cleared away, day was fully broke; but, though she was very ill, Mary would listen to no proposal about a doctor, and, indeed, intreated so earnestly, as to make Alice, at last, reluctantly consent.

After several days' illness, Mary grew better; and returned Alice's kindness with such unusual tenderness, as to touch by it the very inmost chords of this little creature's soul, and to draw from thence, if Mary could have understood it, a beautiful moral of penitence, love, and truth. One thing alone pained Alice; there was so unaccountable a humility in Mary's manner, as at times to amount to that with which the criminal kneels before the benignant and pardoning judge, the guilty before the innocent, the morally weak before the self-denying soul of virtue. Touching as was this—psychologically curious—full of meaning to one accustomed to infer; but then Alice was not yet made a casuist through suffering; and God only knows how stern is the acuteness and the philosophy learnt thus!

As soon as she was able, Mary resumed her needle and her pen with unusual diligence, and so happy was Alice, so peaceful was their narrow home, so uncommonly rejoiced was good old Pinch, to come up stairs of an evening, and take his place by the fire, as to make the little sister think by this broad contrast, that the unaccountable night of sorrow and undefined fear could never have been.

It was now Christmas time. Alice, as she sat over her work, had more than once told Mary that they would certainly have a grand pudding for their Christmas-day dinner, and perhaps a fowl. Mary turned the subject off. Alice did not notice this at the time, so busy was her brain about the little treat, which should serve to bring back pleasantly the time when they had a home, a dear father, and luxuries around them. On the noon before Christmas-day, on going down stairs, the landlady asked Alice to step into her little parlour.

"You will pardon me, I hope, ma'am," she said, as she gently closed the door, "but having several things to pay to-day, we shall be obliged by the balance of the rent, two pounds——"

"Two pounds——," gasped Alice, and her heart beat fearfully. "I—I—I——"

"Yes, ma'am; Miss Clive left it unpaid——"

In a moment Alice had recovered sufficient presence of mind to say, "I'm sure if it is owing, it is all right. My sister manages these matters; I will speak to her, and you shall have it."

She heard no more, but went up stairs like one whose soul is dumb, and resumed her work, for some time, in silence. At length she said, pausing in her occupation of copying,

"Do we really owe Mrs. Luke two pounds for rent, Mary? She has just now asked me for that sum." Mary did not look up, but her agitation was visible.

"I—I—I—," at last gasped Mary, "there have been many things to pay, and I—I—did not like to——"

"But, dear Mary," spoke Alice, as she took Mary's hand in her own, and looked anxiously in her face, "we had thirty pounds six months ago, and this with our earnings I thought would——"

"There," interrupted Mary, with impatient abruptness, "I do my best; so please don't be bringing me to account for every shilling."

"I'm sure you mean well, Mary," said Alice, gently; "all I lament is, that you have had so little confidence in me, for the last two months especially. As to being a burden to you, as you so often say, I strive hard both by the needle and pen; and do not fear, though hitherto so unlucky, but what I shall obtain some teaching soon. So please tell me the worst, you know I am so anxious."

Quite sulkily, Mary drew an old purse from her pocket, and threw it on the table. "There's two pounds in it. If you *must* know, it is all I have."

"Let us pay the rent, then."

"And where's our dinner to come from for to-morrow?"

"Better let us pay the rent," advised Alice, without a moment's hesitation; "the people need it, and as we owe it, we have no choice. For to-morrow's wants, perhaps Mrs. Nelson will advance us a trifling sum on the work we have in hand."

"Nonsense," interrupted Mary; "let the people below stairs wait; or else, if they must have it, give them a pound."

Alice, without replying, resumed her work. Presently, however, the purse was pushed towards her, with the remark, "pay it if you like; there'll be no peace unless you have your way."

The debt was cancelled. But there was to-morrow to think of, for the remaining funds amounted to no larger sum than sixpence; so as soon as she could leave her work, Alice dressed and went into the City. To her dismay, Mrs. Nelson had started off that very morning to pay a Christmas visit to her son at Reading, and she had not courage sufficient to state her business to the forewoman left in charge of the shop. Dispirited and weary, she retraced her steps, for she knew reproaches awaited her. And this was her first experience, poor child, of that sickening desolation which millions before her had felt, which millions perhaps have yet to feel, of standing on the barren stones of London, without a penny, and almost without a friend. Yet keener even than this desolation of the streets, was the desolation of the heart the young girl felt, in her consciousness, that love and labour, and pray and hope, as she might, she stood alone upon her thorny way, hopelessly, irretrievably alone. But she did not yet know the fearful truth,—did not suspect it: that night was to enlighten her in a degree.

She hastened homeward; a sulky look was the first that met hers. "Well, have you got the money?"

"No, Mrs. Nelson was gone to Reading. But don't be angry, please; we shall manage in some way."

"Manage!" and Mary laughed bitterly, as she looked upon Alice with a ferocity of countenance quite new to her these last few months. "Manage! when *you* earn your victuals I suppose we shall." As she thus spoke, she dashed the work and table from before her, upset the chair, and seizing her bonnet and shawl, put them on, and left the room with a fury that appalled the trembling girl. Like one stunned, it was minutes before Alice could arouse herself; but the need of action, of providing a dinner for the morrow, prompted exertion, though she could willingly have lain down and died upon the spot.

Though she had been six months in London, Alice Clive had heard so little of pawn-shops, as to know no other method of obtaining a meal than by selling something. What, she did not know. Everything Mary and herself possessed was endeared to her heart by some touching remembrance or another, and for this reason had been reserved from the sale. At length, she recollected that in a box, easy of access, was a roll of gold lace, which had once decorated a coat of her father's when he officiated in the county regiment of cavalry. Resolving to offer this for sale, she put on her bonnet again, and went to the box to search for the lace. In turning over some things, she was surprised to find a bottle; lifting it out, to see what it was, or held, she found by the light of the fire that it would hold about half a pint, and from the freshness of the smell and the uncorked lip, she was convinced that it had held gin, and that very recently. This discovery startled her, for no one but Mary and herself had access either to the room or box. In an instant she asked herself the question, if here were not the secret of the squandered money? Feeling like one almost guilty in discovering this guilty secret, she replaced the bottle, and set off to a shop in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where she recollected to have seen a golden arm above the door, and gold lace in the windows. With some little trepidation she went in, and addressed the gentlemanly master of the shop, for whom a gig at the door evidently waited to convey him to his country house. After looking keenly at her, and making some trifling inquiries, he weighed the gold lace, and casting up so many pennyweights upon a piece of paper, placed eighteen shillings upon the counter. She was so astonished by this sum, and so grateful for what she conceived the good man's justice, that as she took up the money and looked into his face, she burst into tears and hurried from the shop. So powerful is the smallest act of mercy, when our souls are full of sorrow!

Though these eighteen shillings were the sole finances they might have for some days, Alice resolved that Mary should not miss a comfortable, though it were not a luxurious, dinner. So she bought a fair sized fowl, a piece of bacon to boil, and suet, raisins, currants, and sugar, for a pudding. With these all nicely wrapped in paper, she hurried home, but found Mary had not yet returned. She, therefore, after putting all neat and to rights about the room, sat down before the fire to prepare the grand pudding, old Pinch seated on a chair opposite, watching the whole process with as much intense interest, as if it were being concocted for himself. Just as the plums were ready and the suet cut, the door was roughly opened, and Mary entered. She advanced to the table, and looked down, with eyes so wild and glaring, as to make the young girl's heart stand still with terror.

"What have you got here? What are you about?" were the first fierce questions uttered.

"Why, preparing such a nice pudding for to-morrow, that——"

"For what?—for whom?"

"For ourselves, Mary."

"So! this is what I'll do with it, then." As she spoke thus, the besotted woman swept suet and fruit into the hearth with a deliberate hand, pushed the table back with an infuriated look, and half striking Alice, half dragging the chair from beneath her, sat down upon it before the fire. She had sat thus in sottish apathy, perhaps an hour, without moving or speaking, when turning suddenly round she saw Alice weeping on a chair hard by. "So, you're crying!" she said, with a laugh; and with this she rose, and fiercely bid her get to bed. Afraid of an altercation, and thus making this miserable sorrow known, Alice complied; but what sleep, or even rest, could there be, with such a sorrow in the very chamber?—a sorrow not to be shut out, but one recognized by all the senses. Rest? It is desecration to name this sweetest right of nature, in the remotest relation to such a scene! For if there be a hell on earth, if there be one form of degradation more unseemly than another, one companionship more loathsome, one atmosphere more foul, it is in the chamber, and in necessitated association, with a drunkard!

I must draw a veil over that night's further scene; for though I love to paint minutely as a Teniers or a Wilkie, I stay my hand, and am subjective at that point, where human nature, desecrating its humanity, takes on the likeness of a beast. Oh, God! nothing on thy great earth is more sorrowful, or more awful to behold, than *this*, thy desecrated image, in the fairest form thou hast assigned to it, that of WOMAN!

That morrow was a mournful one; the sadder for being so holy a festival to millions of loving hearts, and pure and peaceful on a million hearths so near around. Sunk in a soddened sleep, Mary remained in bed all day; whilst Alice, after lighting the fire in the morning, scarcely moved once, but crouched in the arm-chair, with old Pinch at her feet, heard church-bells go, and happy voices up and down the house, and tramp of passengers along the street, and knew she was alone and desolate with one huge sorrow!

For full three weeks after this, Mary scarcely spoke to Alice, did little work, and went out and in at will; sometimes returning in a fierce mood, at others in gloomy dejection. Nor did she now make any secret of her intimacy with Mrs. Topple, the drunken lodger on the second floor. The first circumstance which gave Alice knowledge of this intimacy was from overhearing Mary say, in a loud voice, "It's rather strong, though;" to which was answered, "Ay, never mind, it wouldn't harm an infant; it's only a GLASS OF GIN!"

Pecuniary difficulties brought about the reconciliation so long sought by Alice. When the quarter's interest of the mortgage, the rent, and other sundries were paid, there was not one shilling left, nothing for future needs, nor even to pay what was owing; so thus, in her extremity, Mary was once more all humiliation and love, and

made a thousand vows to Alice for the future. But something must be sold for present exigencies? What was it to be? After many debates respecting use and uselessness, and for the miserable price of two pounds, the first thing—

THE DOWN BED WENT FOR GIN!

In her present state of contrition, expressed, however, more by actions than by words, Mary willingly consented that, in order to repair the past, they should not only practice the greatest self-denial, but remove to a garret at the top of the house, at a rent of four shillings. To this, therefore, they moved; and here poor Alice worked still harder at the pen and needle, and tried, by every little household economy, not merely to lessen their pecuniary difficulties, but purposely to show Mary how gratefully she felt, that the sobriety she had promised was put into practice. But had Alice been more learned in the philosophy of drunkenness, or less loving, or less blind, she would have soon discovered, in the sudden hilarity, or sullenness, referable alone to drink, how little was this sobriety real!

(To be continued.)

THE WORKING MAN.

IN the progress of society, and in a country like ours, there is one subject which deserves to be more fully presented and better understood;—it is THE WORKING MAN—*his proper relative position in society—his responsibilities and duties.*

By the working man, I mean one whose profession is fulfilled by physical labour, whose hard hand and lusty sinews show him of that race who were appointed to procure their bread by the sweat of their brow, and who fulfils his destiny; whose occupation it is to till the ground for the means of life, or practise the arts.

Working men fail of their proper position in society for the want of knowledge and industry to compete with other classes. Ignorance and poverty lead to vice. These united, aid and exasperate each other, and complete the degradation.

But is it necessarily so? The working man is not excluded from letters. So far from it, his occupations often require the use and practice of some of the highest principles of some of the most abstruse sciences. Geometry, in many of its principles, is necessary to the carpenter; chemistry to every man who works in the metals, and in many of its principles, to the agriculturist; and the grand doctrines of natural or mechanical philosophy, to every mechanic whose trade occupies him with machinery.

Yet because the time and terms of ordinary apprenticeship in the mechanic arts do not allow him to study at college, and acquire the theory separate from the practice of his profession, popular prejudice and popular practice sometimes consign the labouring man to ignorance. This is wrong. The best advantages for studying principles are had in the practice of them. The theory is best acquired in the practice. It is the true inductive method—natural, convincing, above all, rendering the instructions permanent in the mind.

Such are the advantages enjoyed by the mechanic for acquiring knowledge,—at least in some of the trades. In all, the mind is left free to think. It is even aided by the animation and vigour imparted by exercise and free perspiration.

Study—a habit of thinking, although on a separate subject from the labour in hand, is in no way calculated, unless it degenerate into a form of absolute abstraction, to divert the mind from a proper attention to business. Indeed, to a limited extent, it certainly inspires the body to energy in labour.

That the hardest thinkers have been the hardest workers, is a fact which fully sustains this position. Let things take their proper course, and study be wedded, as is fit, to the mechanical trades, and parents who wish to educate their sons will bind them as apprentices rather than consign them to indolence and vice in a fashionable course.

Is this mere theory? Then it is so only because men are false to themselves. Every mechanic and every working man has time to be a literary man; and if he possess but an ordinary capacity, with suitable application and mental discipline, he will become intelligent if not learned.

Elihu Burritt carried his Greek grammar in his hat, when a blacksmith's apprentice. He now and then stole a glance at its contents before the iron was hot, and while he swung the sledge with his sinewy arms, he revolved the idea in his mind, until it was welded upon his memory like steel upon steel. Any blacksmith's boy may do the same. Whatever may be done by a blacksmith in this way, can be done also by a shoemaker, a saddler, a jeweller, a button-maker, a waggoner on the road, a day labourer, or any other man of common sense in any avocation of life.

The separation of literary and scientific pursuits from manual labour is unnatural, and the popular sentiment that has sanctioned it is fraught with the greatest evils to intellectual advancement. The mind is as free to act on any subject of science in a blacksmith, as in a closeted student. If not as advantageously placed for abstract investigations, it is under greater facilities for vigorous effort. Physical health conduces greatly, if it be not necessary, to energy, efficiency, and mental action. The physical ills that flesh is heir to, can be prevented only by this appliance against man's universal disposition to laziness.

So far then from the doctrine that labour unfits a man for study, the union of labour and study is natural, and those only should be classed among the ignorant who are not obliged to work. I do not mean to say that there may not be literary men by profession, who are under no necessity of devoting themselves to manual labour, whose attention to the duties of several learned professions creates a sort of necessity that they should be closeted students. Yet while certain professions may demand this exclusive devotion of time and talent, I say the labourer possesses great advantages for vigorous mental action, and he should be a student as well as a workman in his trade or art.

I have said that time is money. It is so when industriously employed. This money is power in the hands of the possessor. It is certainly true, that a state of independence is secured with more certainty, and more generally by farmers and mechanics, than by any other class of men. If speculators, who often lose all, do sometimes secure great fortunes, the patient and industrious mechanic, in all cases, has the moral certainty of that which is much better—a competency—all he can enjoy, an independence which raises him above want, while he occupies a place below envy. He has the prayer of Agur, "neither poverty nor riches," the golden mean, the temperate zone of social life exempt from burning heat and frigid cold of the extremes on either side. The hard working man, therefore, who is studious and industrious, arrives with all moral certainty at the two great sources and means of power,—knowledge and wealth. Franklin practised on these principles, and he rose from a poor printer's boy to be one of the most learned, and personally, one of the most powerful of men. The natural occupations of men are the safest both to pecuniary profits and to morals.

It is the wise saying of a wise man, that "the objection to gaming is that it circulates money without any intermediate labour or industry." This brings to view a comprehensive principle. Generally, the same objection obtains to the gaming, or circulation of money in any other way, without intermediate labour or industry. Speculation may be successful; but the money acquired not being the result of labour, will be less valuable either to the possessor or the public. And whenever by fraud, or even by bargain, money is wrung from the necessities of another

without a proper equivalent, the moral sense of the oppressing party receives a shock, and he loses with himself more in character than he gains in capital. Labour without profit is often better than profit without labour. Labour is suited to the moral as well as the physical constitution of man; it is necessary to his moral as well as to his physical health. Without it, he will either be a savage, despising accumulation, or a sucker of the vitals of society, fattening on the life-blood of others, and dull with plethora, while the victims of his sordid gluttony are fainting with famine.

That man is wise, and regards the physical constitution of his nature, who earns his own bread by his own labour, personal, if not manual labour. He is unwise and disregards all experience and all history, who trains his sons to rely on the results of his labours or estate, which may be soon squandered in the practice of idle and expensive habits, and leave them doubly poor by contrast and a false education. Revelation in God's word accords with revelation in his works. Both appoint and require that man shall procure his bread by the sweat of his brow. The man who contradicts either, fights against God, and finds his proper punishment promptly rendered. Lassitude, ennui, and insanity, or dissipation, follow in rapid succession.

We think naturally and of necessity. It is surprising how much may be acquired by directing this thought to some concentrated consecutive course of investigation. If we attempt one thing at a time, and always something, by single steps we pass over distances, and surmount difficulties which might well frighten bold men in the aggregate. The fable of the snail that outstripped the hare is full of sound instruction. It is not by fitful leaps, but by steady, persevering labour, that men are commonly made great either in wealth or intellect. The mechanic that is always in his shop, will be easily found by those that are seeking his services. If he is always at work, he will be enabled to do much, to be punctual, to fulfil his promises, if they are judiciously made. Punctual labour will make punctual customers, and this man will grow rich, and in due time, when age requires rest, he will be able to be at leisure, leaving his business to others, while those of his age who were at leisure when he was busy, will be struggling still even under the infirmities of age for their daily bread.

A great mistake, often made and fraught with the worst consequences, is, that labour is discreditable to a gentleman. Nature says—there can truly be no real gentleman without it. It is necessary to the existence—certainly to the perfection—of the race in their proper relations here; it is necessary to wealth, comfort, and happiness; it is the appointment of God himself. God made man a labourer. In every good sense of the term, which connects him with the interest of his race and the proper destiny of man, He made the labourer a gentleman and the gentleman a labourer. It has been said the devil made the gentleman; and this very vulgar expression is certainly graphic in truth, whenever any man is tempted to believe that it is discreditable to work for a living, and that a gentleman is made by idleness. The term properly expresses a character, not a form or profession. He is a true gentleman whose heart dictates a propriety of conduct in all the relations of life, and whose outward acts are the comely expressions of correct principles.

Our day is distinguished for expedients to improve and advance the human race. This is well. The effort is a noble one—worthy of man, and that is saying enough. But, like the efforts of the day on all other subjects, there is a strong tendency to fanaticism in the labours of those who seek human perfectibility by ordinary agencies and factitious schemes. Here, too, men seek for the philosopher's stone, some catholicon, a panacea which is to work miracles, some high-pressure expedient for making gentlemen without labour, and securing the avails of labour without industry. After men are starved into the truth, they will find that nature cannot be well forced to make gentlemen; they must come in the regular way. As well might the doll-maker attempt to compete with nature. He may make a pretty thing; but he produces no living, breathing, thinking, useful being. We confer a real benefit, do something effectual to elevate the race, and make advances to the only real philosopher's stone, which turns everything it touches into gold, whenever we do anything to render labour creditable to the man who engages in it. This we do when the labourer is made a scholar, and secures to himself the influence and respect which knowledge commands for the man who has it. This we do, too, when the labourer is cheered on to perseverance in his efforts, and attains to the wealth which is the proper result of industry.

Such men have been honoured, are honoured, must be honoured, wherever they are found. Knowledge is power. The man who has it, other things being equal, will exert a controlling influence. He triumphs over matter. He controls the masses of men—their minds as well as their physical force. This it is which gives the great superiority to some over others. They are sought out, and will occupy the high places of society. When these powers are directed to the amelioration of human woes, those who possess and exert them are called benefactors. Their names are inscribed on the catalogue of honoured and honourable men. They do their part, and do much to render labour reputable. Let the mass of working men then do their duty, and things will find their proper level.—*R. W. Bailey.*

THE BACK-PARLOUR WINDOW.

The following story, or rather glimpse of an humble epic, was imparted to me by an eccentric old lady of my acquaintance. She goes about doing good; she is rich, and gives away nearly all she has to poor and deserving persons. The peculiarity in her benevolence is, that she loves to find out its objects herself; and to do this, she will watch, and listen, and pry in a way that seems to me almost scandalous; yet I never knew her make any but an honourable and benevolent use of the knowledge she obtained. Her character was always a puzzle to me; and never more, than when she related to me the following circumstances. They shall be repeated, as nearly as I remember, in her own words:—

It was a little back-parlour on the ground floor of a little house, in one of those little neighbourhoods which have grown up, thick and fast, within the last twenty years, round this huge metropolis, for the express accommodation of people with little incomes. Now, it is to this little window that I wish to attract your attention. It was not a gothic window, a mullioned window, a lattice or a French window; it was just an ordinary casement, about eight feet above the little garden, into which it looked; and which was separated from a part of mine by a low wall, that was no impediment to my neighbourly curiosity. The first time that I saw this window, was one afternoon, "in the leafy month of June," just after I had taken possession of my house at ——. I was attracted, at first, by what I saw at the window; and my interest, once roused, was not easily forgotton, and I was led on to pry into my neighbour's affairs more than is quite proper, perhaps.

Outside this humble window, which faced the south-west, was a ledge for plants, about a foot wide, fenced round by a light and really elegant screen of twisted bamboo, which sunk down into a mere edge in the centre, so as to admit plenty of light and air to the plants within, a white Provence rose-tree, and some fine fuchsias, and geraniums. It rose in a graceful form at the sides, and flanked the window to the top, where one or two of the canes were bent across, so as to meet in the middle. This screen served as a support for a

profusion of annual and perennial creepers, whose roots were in the garden below, or in neat green boxes, beside the flower-pots, on the little balcony which the screen enclosed. Many of them had climbed to the top of the window, and descended again in beautiful wreaths, which were waved to and fro by the air. Jessamine, honeysuckle, hop, and clematis, came up from the garden below, to join their friends which grew in the boxes above, and these last (chiefly major convolvulus, sweet pea, and cobia scandens) received them amicably; and altogether they journied up the pretty trellis work on each side of the window in many a curved, and twisted, and spiral line; while here and there, on the ascent, the bright blossoms, blue and red, yellow and white, and purple, peeped out from among the varied green of the leaves, as if they would say,—"come, match us at ornamental frame-making, if you can." It would have baffled the skill of the cunningest carver in wood or stone that ever graced a gothic cathedral. Fresh, green, blossom-starred, and bowery with leaves of all shapes, the border or frame of this little window was a specimen of natural arabesque, that no art could equal in grace of form, or purity and brilliancy of colour. And the picture was worthy of the frame.

The window was wide open; and I could see that the curtains, which were partly pushed back on each side, were of pretty flowered chintz, and that there was a cushioned window-seat within, on a level with the edge of the window. On this seat sat two persons,—an old man with white hair, and a young woman; they were evidently father and daughter. The old man's head was upturned; and, from a certain fixed strain of his large grey eyes towards the sun, I knew that he was blind. The girl's face I could see at first only in profile; her head was bent down over a large book which rested on her lap, and from which she was apparently reading aloud, for her lips moved, and I heard a low murmuring. I approached nearer, and watched them through the thick shrubs which bordered my garden. The countenance of this old man was serene and full of quiet enjoyment; he seemed to listen and to strain his eyes towards the sun, as if there could be no greater happiness for him on earth; and when his daughter closed the book, I heard him utter a loud, cheerful "Amen." The girl turned her face towards the flowers beside her, and I then saw how beautiful that face was; beautiful with gentleness, intelligence, and candour. She began to trim, I had almost said *caress* her plants, so loving was her touch and look. Then I saw her carefully select one or two of the finest flowers, some leaves, and sprigs of mignonette, and taking them in her lap, she began to arrange them in a bouquet, while the old man talked. "Anne, my dear," said he, "is not Frank late this evening?"

"No, father; it is not seven o'clock yet; and he said he could not leave the counting-house till six."

"Well! well! child. I do not wish to find fault with him; but I cannot help fancying that he is not as attentive to you as he used to be."

"Oh, father!" she said with a little laugh, "you must not have such funny fancies." And she leant forward and stroked his hair, and kissed his forehead; but there was a melancholy anxiety in her look, as she did so—an anxiety that seemed to be for him. I wondered why she was so melancholy and anxious—and expecting her lover too.

While I was thinking about this, the old man suddenly turned his head towards the back of the room, and exclaimed,—"that's Frank's step!" But the girl had heard it before, for she had risen, and was listening already. A moment after, a young man of an agreeable aspect came close up to the window, and with some words of greeting, shook the old man by the hand. The next instant his arm was round Ann's waist, and she put the flowers she had been tying up, into his hand. He pressed them to his lips, and then pointing archly to the old man, as if he meant to say, "he cannot see," he kissed her half-averted cheek. She moved gently from his embrace; and, rosy with the light of love, turned away from him, and bent over her flowers once more. And I saw that the melancholy and anxiety were gone; only faith, hope, and love remained. The old man's voice reached me again, as he rose, and said, "Now, Ann, child, make the tea. I am very thirsty." Then, they all retired from the window, and I saw no more at that time.

About an hour later, I was sitting at my bed-room window, which overlooked that part of the garden adjoining the little domain of my neighbours. I could see the blind old man and Frank walking up and down the well-kept path-way in the centre of the strip of ground, which did service as a garden. They were smoking. Suddenly Frank threw away his cigar, and his form seemed to dilate with joy as he waved his hand, and fixed his eye with a vivid smile on the part of the house which I could not see. I knew that smile was for some one at the back-parlour window. I confess that I was curious to see how she received that smile, for I had a vague notion that all was not well in Ann's heart. That she was indeed beloved, no one could doubt who saw the earnest passion in that young man's face. I went down into my garden, and reached the place among the shrubs where I had first seen the pretty window. There was a young girl standing, like a lovely picture, within that green wreathed frame; but,—it was *not* the one I had seen before. Ann, with her neatly braided fair hair, soft blue eyes, and unobtrusive demeanour, could bear no comparison with this brilliant apparition. I have seen many fair women in this and other lands, but I never saw any so fair, as the one that stood then at that little window. She did not look like an Englishwoman; and I have heard since that her father was Spanish. She was tall and gracefully formed; her head seemed to be encircled with a sort of dim light, which I have often observed, or fancied I observed, to emanate from anything of surpassing beauty. A profusion of long black curls were gathered back from her face, flowed over her shoulders behind, and reached her waist, exposing fully to view the perfection of that face; its purity of outline, and exquisite Guido-like colouring and unpassioned expression. It was a sort of beauty that caused you to hold your breath while you gazed, lest it should vanish like a vision. She stood behind the flowers, with the light of the setting sun streaming on her—a glorious embodiment of a poet's rarest dream of beauty. With her large lustrous eyes she smiled—a smile of deep tenderness on the young man who was looking up to her as to a load-star. Poor Ann! She, too, had learned the truth which Coleridge had breathed in his "most musical, most melancholy" tone.

> "In many ways does the full heart reveal
> The presence of the love it would conceal;—
> But in far more th' estranged heart lets know,
> The absence of the love which yet, it fain would show."

The tranquil old man paced up and down the short path, and occasionally addressed a few words to the young one, who answered him briefly, and not always to the purpose. He was engaged in a mute, but expressive, conversation with the fair one above. How rapid, how appropriate, how easy to understand, was that signal language of love's own making. Certainly, this lovely Inez had a passionate enthusiasm in her eyes, a vivacity of gesture, an ineffable grace, which was like the inspiration of some god, and was very different from the gentle affection which pervaded Ann's demeanour in the presence of the loved one. Presently the blind man said—

"You are absent this evening, Frank. Well, well! An old man is not the best companion for a lover. I think Miss Ann might have staid away from her school-teaching this one evening. Is it not time for her to be back?"

The young man took out his watch, and said, in a hurried manner, not at all indicative of pleasant anticipation, "Yes, it is nearly nine o'clock. She will be here directly." Then he held up the watch, with an imploring gaze towards the window. Inez seemed to understand his meaning, and looked lovelier than ever as she raised her arms, and, with slender white fingers, spelled quickly these words, which I was adept enough to read—"*Here at twelve to-night.*" Then plucking a white rose from Ann's favourite plant, she leaned forward, so that her long locks mingled with the flowers, threw it at the feet of the enraptured lover; and then drawing back hastily, disappeared.

He stooped and hid the precious flower in his bosom.

"What was that?" asked the old man.

"Only something that might throw you down."

"Ah! That is like Ann. She always moves away anything that would hurt me. I wish she would come home."

A dark cloud overspread Frank's face, and with an impatient gesture, he dashed his hand into his bosom again, and threw something from him with violence. It passed over the wall, and fell beside me. It was the faded bunch of flowers which Ann had given him, a short two hours before. I took them up, with a sigh for the fallacy of our earthly hopes and desires. Poor, gentle girl! your fate is that of hundreds. How will you bear it? How come out of this burning fiery furnace? Will it purify and strengthen, or embitter and destroy? I looked at the window where I had first seen her; and she now stood there again. She had a bonnet on; and her fair face was flushed with pleasure. She beckoned eagerly to the two who were still keeping their monotonous, and to all outward appearance, congenial walk.

"Father! Frank!" she cried, "come in quickly. Inez is here! She has come for several days, Oh! I am so glad!" The two men entered the house. Soon lights were brought into the little back-parlour; the blinds were drawn down, and I saw nothing in the dim twilights, but the dark outline of the wreathed window, and the reflection of the light within.

My interest in the drama going on in that little house was very strong. It was not mere vulgar curiosity; I think it had a better motive,—sympathy with the victim; real pity for all, and a desire to help. My poor dull heart beat again for Ann's approaching desolation, for I felt too well that it was she who would be the sacrifice. Frank's treachery was clear, and that of Inez seemed almost so. And yet, treachery is a hard word; and we all know,

"Love may not be compelled by maistrie."

Frank looked like an honest and a noble fellow. He might not be so guilty as he appeared to be. Perhaps, Inez had appointed this midnight interview to put an end to their correspondence. End! Put out Ætna with an extinguisher! The love between them was violent, passionate; a love, over which reason, or a thought for others, would have no control. After debating with myself as to the propriety of listening, and trying to "play at providence" in this matter, which you and others would assert, no way concerned me, I determined to be a witness of this stolen interview; and I therefore took my station within sight of the window a little before midnight.

There was no moon, but the crimson light still lingered in the west, and the air was clear and still. On looking towards the house, I heard a window gently opened, but it was not the one on which my eyes were fixed. The back-parlour window remained closed, but on raising my eyes to the window above, I saw Ann. She leaned against the side, and seemed to be watching the stars; her fair hair was unbound, and she had wrapped a shawl round her to enjoy the coolness of the night air. Was this accidental or designed? Presently I heard a man's step in the next garden. Ann heard it too, and looked down. Frank stood beneath the parlour window. Ann put her head out above, and was about to speak to him, I thought, when she saw that he had not observed her, but was engaged in throwing small pebbles at the closed window below. Soon the window was gently raised, and I saw Inez within. Ann could not see, but her ears soon brought the fatal truth to her heart. A sweet rich voice, interrupted by sobs, was heard conjuring Frank, "by all his hopes of Heaven, and all his love for her, to cease this base duplicity to poor Ann, to forget the unhappy cause of his inconstancy to one so good and true. He would forget her as quickly as he had learned to love."

"Never! never!" cried Frank, in a husky voice, trembling with emotion, "I was mistaken, I never loved Ann. I love *you*, only *you*, and am ready to brave any disgrace; ay, even to lose my own sense of honour, to deceive Ann and her father yet longer (and God knows how hateful that is to me), to break my foolish promise to that girl, who never knew what true love meant, as I know it now. Oh, Inez, Inez, will you sacrifice nothing for me?—will you not break through a silly school friendship for one who would give life here, and happiness hereafter, for your love?"

Inez was silent. She could not speak for some time; at last these words came, "Ann loves you, dearest."

"Do not call such a cold feeling love. Ann likes me very well; well enough to be my wife, she thinks, but yours is *love*, Inez; such love as I ask for. Ann I never loved at all; she is a sweet girl, and if I had never known you——"

"Frank! Frank! This shall not be. Shall I, who have been cherished by her, rob her of that which is dearer than life? No, no; I will go away back to Spain, and you will forget me. This is what I wished to say. Men are light in their affections; you will soon return to the calm English heart that loves you well—as well as it can. Good night, my own Frank—mine now, for the last time." She bent her voice over the flowers, and her voice became inaudible. Whispers of passionate tenderness were exchanged, but I could not hear, and did not wish to hear, the words. I looked to see if Ann were still at the window. She was there, but she saw and heard nothing; she seemed to have fainted, for her head rested on the window-sill, and her long hair hung down till it mingled with the green wreathes of the window below. Happy in her unconsciousness, I left her, insensible to the low talking of the lovers below, whose every tone, had she heard it, would have pierced her heart like a dagger.

The next morning early, I was again walking in the garden near the house. The back-parlour window was open, and Frank and Ann stood there together. How unlike the Ann of yesterday! Haggard, faded, and as if ten years, instead of a single night, had passed over her head. Do not believe those who tell you, that heart sorrows make the countenance charmingly interesting during the period of suffering. The struggle with the dark demons within the human heart is not by any means beautifying to the face. It is the victory over them that is so. Then comes light and peace; but victory is often long in coming; and sometimes, alas! never comes at all. Ann spoke slowly, and as if with difficulty. Her words I could not hear; but she urged something on her companion with great earnestness. He seemed overwhelmed by a variety of feelings, and his head was bent down in an attitude of shame and sorrow. She forced him gently to sit on the window-seat and breathe the morning air. She left him for a moment, and then I saw large tears stream down his face, which he dashed away hurriedly as the door opened, and Ann led Inez to him. Inez was pale and sad, but there was no dire wretchedness in her beautiful face; she knew she was beloved, and that knowledge is light enough to dispel all deep gloom from the heart. Ann took a hand of each,

raised them to her lips, and joining them, she said in a clear voice, "May you be happy! We had nearly fallen into a sad mistake. Nay, Inez, love,—you and Frank love each other—you were made for each other."

"And you?" asked Inez.

"Oh! never mind me just now, I shall get over it very soon. But father must not know it directly, Frank. *I* must break off our engagement. He must not think——." Here her face was suffused with blushes, and she stopped.

"Ann! Ann!" exclaimed the old man, entering the room, "what are you doing? Let us have breakfast."

"Yes, father, directly;" and she retreated willingly from the window, leaving Frank and Inez full of contending emotions; but love rode sovereign over all, as their eyes met.

Here the old lady stopped so long, that I feared she had no more to tell. At last I said, "And what became of poor Ann?"

"What became of her?" echoed the old lady, "sweet, good, loving Ann Lester! It is now fifteen years since that fatal day and night. During the first five years she went on with her daily labours (she was a milliner, and supported herself and her father) apparently as usual; but a close observer could see that her spirit was bowed down to the earth. Then her father died, and finding no sufficient motive to labour, she neglected her business, and fell ill. I had become acquainted with her as a customer, and I took her into my own house to nurse. I was the means of strengthening her religious principle, and thank God, she returned to her own little home, strong and hopeful. She had had one or two opportunities of marrying, but preferred to remain single. Last year Frank died, and Inez and her two children were left with little to support them. Ann was determined to make Inez share her home, and went a long journey to fetch her and her little ones."

Now the picture at the back-parlour window on a summer's evening is, to my taste, more beautiful than it ever was. Inez reclines in an easy chair, looking almost as beautiful as in her girlhood, with her large eyes fixed on Ann and the two children, who are grouped together in the window-seat. Ann teaches the little girl to sew there, and the little Frank rests his slate on the window while he does a sum under "Aunt Ann's" superintendence. If Aunt Ann has a favourite, it is little Frank, who, on his side, declares that he means "to marry Aunt Ann when he is a man." Ann sometimes draws the child to her suddenly, and pushes back his hair, gazes into his eyes, searching, perhaps, for traces of the father's soul there, for they are his father's eyes—

"Eyes of most deceitful blue."

But there is no morbid sentiment about Ann Lester. She works hard, for she has now Frank's place to fill towards his children. Inez is differently constituted. She is much admired in the neighbourhood, and will, I think, soon marry again. If so, Ann will have another hard trial in parting with the children; but Ann has learned how to bear and forbear, and she will make out some other motive for duty and joy. Ann Lester, an old maid, who was disappointed in love, is one of the wisest, most amiable, and, whatever you young ladies and gentlemen may think, one of the happiest woman on earth. Peace be with her.

JANE.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ROUND ROBIN.—The ancients, not to give the preference to any, either among their gods or their friends, or even their servants, wrote their names in a circle, in such a manner that it was impossible to say which was first, second, or last in their estimation; all were equal, and the honour was equally divided. The Romans wrote the names of their slaves in a circle, that it might not appear to which they meant to give their liberty, and who were their favourites.

TEA PARTIES.

IT is some consolation to those who are doomed to spend their days in hard labour, and harder neglect, that the gay and fashionable are not able at once to monopolize and consume every thing. The moralist may draw the small arrows of his attack upon the instability of man, and all his enjoyments, from vicissitudes of fashion,—just as he derives his more powerful bolts from the reverses of states, and the revolutions of empires; and though these may be more sounding and sweeping, a feebler arm may send the former home to the bosoms of men.

Not much more than a century has elapsed since the Queen of England regaled her nobles with tea, by the light of the sun in summer, and with but two or three hours of the taper of the winter; but now respectable persons, even of the fourth or fifth grade, would feel a rent in their respectability, were the light of the sun to beam upon their dining, even in summer; and they would be utterly attainted and deprived of their caste, were it known that tea-drinking formed one of their entertainments. Fashion has not indeed been able to bring the shadow backward, even one degree upon the dial; but she has thrust the labours of the day forward into night, and carried the repose of the night forward into the the day. One does not say that this arrangement has sprung from any love of darkness, or that they who have the most scope for pleasure in this world are at the greatest pains to hurry through it. There is no necessary aversion to the beams of the sun, or to the length of life in the matter; and the whole may hinge upon the caprice of that power which never allows reason to investigate the motives of her acting. The modern arrangement, no doubt, has its advantages; the delicate frames of persons of quality and fashion are not exposed to the keen air of the morning, and their tender organs of vision are not dimmed by the glaring and obtrusive light of the sun; the digestion of the males is not hurt by exercise in the open air after dinner, and the beauty of the females is shown off in a maximum of candle-light,—the species of illumination in which artificial colours appear the brightest, and all questionable gems glitter the most. At nine o'clock—dinner, too, has little chance of being disturbed from without. No embarrassed tradesman will intrude with his unwelcome bill; no pressed and rack-grinded tenant will come to plead for a reduction of that rent, the amount of which sends him to labour by daybreak, and, in as far as comfort to himself and his family are concerned, sends him to labour in vain; and no helpless and disabled mendicant will haunt the door, for a share of the scraps that come from the great man's table. The hour, in short, is well-chosen; because nothing can intrude which could touch the painful chords of hearts that are of course well-tuned through their whole compass. Pain, and sorrow, and suffering—all things which could suggest a reference to the mixed and motley crowd, who tenant the external world—all things which could bring to remembrance the long journies, and ceaseless toilings of the labouring bees, that produce the honey of the banquet, are excluded; and they who have no need to care for those things, are left to enjoy, if not "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," at least the feast of venison and the flow of wine.

Still, however, amid all the sources of delight, the present fashion has some disadvantages; there is a little gall in the cup, although it be not tasted till the ninth hour of the night, or rather, according to the vocabulary of fashion, the ninth hour of the morning; and the sleep may be broken by unpleasant dreams, or scared by terrifying visions, even although the early sun shine upon its commencement, and his declining beams lighten its close. Sleeping only by day-light may no doubt save persons of quality from spectres which haunt the night; but still, as long as man is guilty, and conscience any thing but an

unmeaning sound, there will be found in the silence of the bed-chamber, although the sun of Italy, or of India, should gleam through its ample casements, forms to scare and to terrify. Leaning, as we do, to sundry old and exploded notions as to what makes life worth the having, and society worth the courting, we shall be chary of our positive opinion on the matter; but still one may hesitate a sort of belief, that our modern maids and matrons, when they are driven from the society of men, to sip their tea alone, as unheeded, as though they were mewed up within the gratings of a nunnery, do sigh to think of the olden time. It is a small comfort to them to hear the loud triumphs of Bacchus thundered from the dining-room, when they themselves are sitting the while in cold neglect.

Attempts have been made to stigmatize tea-parties as wholesale manufacturers of scandal; but, though there may be instances in which they indulge in that article, yet, one can see no necessary connexion which would warrant the conclusion that tea is a cause and scandal an effect; and there is not the smallest doubt that, if the matter were fully investigated, it would be found that persons who indulge in scandal when drinking tea, would indulge in it just as readily, and as deeply, although they were quaffing the choicest liquor that ever was run from a still, or squeezed from a grape. There is a book whose maxims never fail; and it refers vice, not to meats and drinks, but to its true cause, the pollution of the heart. It is no doubt true, that since those who ride foremost and secure in the race of fortune, abandoned the drinking of tea for thicker potations, the practice has been left to those who have much whereof to complain. Those who have been left to pine and waste away in solitude and neglect, cannot avoid giving a grumble or two at the hardness and helplessness of their own fate, and aiming a dart or two at the more gifted or more fortunate; and as such persons will, for the sake of their bread and butter, if not for their company, always command an auditory of some description or other, it may be possible that something not unlike a manufactory of scandal may be established. But here, again, the fault, if fault there be, is not in the tea, but in the circumstances of the parties; and if envy or disappointment does rankle within, it is always best to give vent the first opportunity, as that is the sure way both of diminishing its quantity, and of blunting its malignity. A bad passion nursed in the bosom in secret gathers strength, taints the whole nature, and brings on that worst of all curses, hypocrisy; but if it be communicated in words, the moment that it is felt, it is given to the winds, blown into the desert, and forgotten. Supposing, therefore, that tea parties were actually scenes for the representation and rehearsal of scandal, one would not quarrel with them on that account. Instead of looking upon them as a disease, dangerous to the health of society, one would regard them as being merely little pimples on the surface; which, though not altogether seemly to look upon, are yet salutary in drawing some virus away from the vitals. Instead of decrying them as marshes whose effluvia tainted the air, one would consider them as cloacæ for conveying away the moral impurities of the world, and which, though they may be unpleasant to enter, are yet highly conducive to the health and cleanliness of society.

One knows well, however, that these are but calumnies, and that mankind (and especially womankind) cannot have a more rational repast, than that which they enjoy when assembled round the tea-table. The repast is comparatively a cheap one, and thus it is within the reach of a very large portion of society. It may be banished from high life, and it may be sneered at, and scouted by the votaries of metropolitan dissipation; but woe to the provinces if it shall be altogether put down! It is charming in itself, and it is the prelude to something better. The spirits of all are gently exhilarated; and no sooner do the tray and urn make their retreat, than a scene of the most exquisite comfort ensues. Indeed, we question if fashion can ever invent a more social and moral feast than that where "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," circles; and we have a reverence in our hearts for those times when the best china and extra gunpowder formed the centre of many a sober, happy, English "tea party."

THE LABOUR OF LONDON LIFE.

Let us glance superficially and cursorily, at the industry of a London twenty-four hours. Towards midnight, and by the time you have attained the luxurious oblivion of your first sleep, your breakfast, nay, your dinner and supper, of the coming day are being prepared; two or three hours before, thousands of your fellow-creatures have been snatching hours from their rest, to cart and pack the vegetables that will form a portion of your principal meal; and if you are wakeful, the ponderous rumbling of waggon-wheels over the rocky pavement, apprise you of their transit to the vast emporium of Covent Garden—than which no garden of ancient or of modern times boasts earlier or riper fruits, or sooner rifles the budding treasures of the spring. From the north, droves of sheep, oxen, and swine, directed by the steady herdsman and the sagacious dog, tread the suburban neighbourhoods on their way to Smithfield, where, long before the dawn, they are safely penned, awaiting the purchase of the salesmen of Leadenhall and Newgate Markets.

The river, in the dead hour of the night, is alive with boats, conveying every variety of the finny tribe to Billingsgate; now are the early breakfast-houses reaping their harvest, the bustling host, in his shirt sleeves, conveying refreshments to his numerous customers; here the shut-out sot, and belated debauchee, are compelled to resort in conversation with the unfortunate and degraded of the other sex, to await the re-opening of their customary haunts of dissipation; now the footstep of the policeman, as he tramps slowly over his beat, awakes the slumbering echoes; every house is shrouded in repose, and the City seems a city of the dead. All soon again is noise, bustle, and confusion; the carts of thousands of fishmongers, greengrocers, and victuallers rattle along the streets, taking up their stands in orderly array in the immediate vicinity of the respective markets; loud is the noise of bargaining, chaffering, and contention. In a little while, however, they have completed their cargo for the day, and drive off; the waggons disappear, the markets are swept clean, and no trace remains, save in the books of the salesmen, of the vast business that has been done, as it were, in a moment.

Five o'clock gives some little signs of life in the vicinity of the hotels and coach-offices; a two-horse stage, or railway "buss," rumbles off to catch the early trains; the street retailers of fish, vegetables, and fruit may be encountered, bearing on their heads their respective stocks in trade, to that quarter of the town where their customers reside; the nocturnal venders of "saloop" are busy dispensing their penny cups at the corners; and the gilded ball of St. Paul's, lit up like a beacon by the earliest rays of the sun, while all below is yet shrouded in night, indicates approaching day.

Six o'clock announces the beginning of the working day, by the ringing of the bells of various manufactories. Now is the street crowded with the fustian-coated artisan, his basket of tools in his hand, and the stalwart Irish labourer, his short black pipe scenting the morning air with odours far different to those of Araby the Blest; the newspaper offices, busy during the night, now "let off" their gas; the sub-editors and compositors go home to bed, leaving the pressmen to complete the labour of the night. Now even the smoky City looks bright and clear, its silver stream joining, as it were, in the general repose; the morning air is soft and balmy, and the caged

throstle, lark, and linnet, captives though they be, carol sweet and melancholy lays. There is an interregnum until eight; the shopkeeper then begins *his* day, the porter taking down the shutters, the boy sweeping out the shop, and the slip-shod 'prentice lounging about the door; the principal comes in from his country-box about nine; the assistants have then breakfasted and dressed; and at ten the real business of the day begins.

At ten, too, the stream of life begins to set in city-ways; the rich merchant from Hampstead and Camberwell dashes along in his well-appointed curricle; the cashier, managing director, and principal accountant reaches his place of business comfortably seated in his gig; clerks of all denominations foot it from Hackney, Islington, and Peckham Rye; the "busses" are filled with a motley crew of all descriptions from Paddington, Piccadilly, Elephant and Castle, and Mile End.

From eleven till two the tide of population sets in strongly city-ways; then when the greater part of the business of that quarter has been transacted, the West-end tradesmen begin to open their eyes and look about them; although in Regent Street, business is not at its maximum until four or five o'clock, and soon after, the City is almost deserted. About two, all over London there is a lull; important business, that brooks no delay, must then be transacted—the vital business of dinner; for an hour little or nothing is done, and no sound man of business expects to do anything; the governor is at dinner, the cashier is at dinner, the bookkeeper is at dinner, the senior and junior clerks are at dinner; and behold! perched on a stool, in a dark corner, the office-keeper is also taking a lesson on the "philosophy of living." Dinner over, business recommences with the energy of giants refreshed; the streets, lanes, and passages are blocked up with vehicles and men, pressing forward as if life and death depended on their making way. Now would a foreigner, at the top of Ludgate Hill, imagine that the living mass about him was hastening to some national fête, or important ceremony, instead of going about the ordinary business of every day. About six o'clock, the great business of the City is totally at an end; the tide is then a tide of ebb, setting out through all the avenues of town to the westward and to the suburbs, and the "busses" that came laden to the City, and went empty away, now go out full and return empty.

Now eating begins in West-end, and drinking in City taverns; now the coffee-houses fill, and crowds gather round the doors of the theatres, patiently waiting for an hour or more the opening of the doors; Hyde Park is now (if it be the fashionable season) in its glory; the eye is dazzled with the display of opulence, beauty, and fashion more prominently abroad. Nine o'clock and the shops begin to close, save those of the cigar dealers and gin-spinners, whose business is now only about to begin; the streets swarm with young men about town, and loose characters of all descriptions issue from their hiding-places, prowling about in search of prey; now the shell-fish shops set forth their crustaceous treasures in battle array, fancifully disposing their prawns and lobsters in concentrical rows; the supper-houses display their niceties in their windows, assailing the pocket through the appetite of the eye.

About midnight, the continuous roll of carriages indicates the breaking up of the theatrical auditories, while the streets are crowded with respectable persons hastening to their houses. One o'clock all is shut up, save the watering-houses opposite the hackney-coach and cab-stands, the subterranean singing rooms, the a-la-mode beef houses, lobster taverns, and ham shops; at two the day may be said to end, and the nocturnal industry with which we commenced our diary begins over again.

Such is the routine, varied materially according to the season of the year, of a day of London life; such days, accumulated, number years, and a few such years—we are gone, and are seen no more!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

AMERICANISMS.

"Americanism is a way of speaking peculiar to the Americans," says *Witherspoon:* but whoever looks into a clever and amusing volume, lately published by J. B. Bartlett, of the American Ethnological Society, will be surprised to find how many terms and idioms set down as belonging expressly to the Western country, are based upon our own and even Biblical usage. We extract a few specimens:—

"The expression 'sharp-set,' in the sense of *hungry*, is given very properly as in frequent colloquial use both in England and the United States. In support of this, the writer might have referred to one of the best of Charles Lamb's puns. In a letter to his friend Manning, a mathematical tutor at Cambridge, he says, 'Puns I have not made many (nor punch much,) since the date of my last; one I cannot help relating. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me, that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral; upon which I remarked, that they must be very *sharp-set*.'

"Brother Jonathan.—The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is given in a recent number of the *Norwich Courier*. The editor says it was communicated by a gentleman, now upwards of eighty years of age, who was an active participator in the scenes of the Revolution. The story is as follows:—When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the revolutionary war, came to Massachusetts to organize it and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was held, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject.' The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterwards arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan.' The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but 'Brother Jonathan' has now become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull has for England.

"By the Skin of One's Teeth.—When a man has made a narrow escape from any dilemma, it is a common remark to say, that he has saved himself 'by the skin of his teeth.' To put the matter for ever at rest, so far as the propriety of the phrase is concerned, we quote a passage from the most splendid of all compositions. In the book of Job, chap. xix. verse 20, it is thus written, 'My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am *escaped with the skin of my teeth*.'"

The statistics of crime in France have shown that evil passions are elicited in some classes and professions more than in others. Out of 15,872 persons committed on criminal charges, 3,138 were field-labourers; only 31 artists and 24 students appear in this fearful catalogue of offences; and, what is still more singular, only 78 of the most degraded class of women, upon whose conduct the police keep an incessant and vigilant look out. Next to field-labourers, stood domestics of various description, the delinquencies of personal servants amounting to 1198. The crimes of the labourers may be attributed to want, those of domestics to temptation; and yet, amongst the thousands of students and artists that crowd the French metropolis and populous cities, many of them in the most abject necessity, and of humble origin, we find only 55 offenders. Does not this fact speak volumes on the question of education?

LADY JUNE.

Here she comes with broidered kirtle, here she is—the Lady June,
Singing, like a ballad minstrel, many a gay and laughing tune.
Let us see what she is drest in—let us learn the "mode" she brings—
For maiden never looked so lovely, though she wear but simple things.

See her robe is richly woven of the greenest forest leaves,
With full bows of honeysuckle looping up the flowing sleeves.
See the fragrant marsh-flag plaited, forms her yellow tasselled sash,
With the diamond studs upon it, flung there by the river splash.
See her flounces—widely swelling, as the Zephyr's wings go past,
Made of roses, with the woodbine's perfumed thread to stitch them fast.
See the foxglove's bell of crimson, and the poppy's scarlet bud,
'Mid her tresses, bright and vivid as the sunset's ruby scud.
See the fresh and luscious bouquet that she scatters in her way,
It is nothing but a handful she has snatched of new mown hay.
See, her garments have been fashioned by a free and simple hand,
But tell me, have you seen a lady look more beautiful and grand?

Yon old man has quite forgotten what his errand was, I ween,
As he stares with listless pleasure on her garment-folds of green.
Busy dealers pause a moment in their hurry after gain,
Thinking there is something joyous in her trolling carol strain.
Youths and maidens track her closely, till their footsteps blythely mingle,
In the field and by the streamlet, up the hill and through the dingle.
Children fondly gather round her, prying into leaf and blossom,
Pilfering with tiny fingers, jewels from her very bosom.
Here she comes with fairy footsteps, chaunting ever as she runs,
Ditty words that soothe the mournful, and enchant the happy ones.
Here she comes with broidered kirtle, and we'll list what Lady June
May be telling out so sweetly, in that merry dancing tune.

The Song of June.

Oh, come with me, whoever ye be,
Come from the palace, and come from the cot;
The strong and the hale—the poor and the pale—
Ah, sad is the spirit that follows me not.

Old December lighted his pyre,
And beckoned ye in to the altar blaze;
He hung up his mistletoe over the fire,
And pressed soft lips upon Christmas days.

Ye welcomed him with his eyes so dim,
But I know ye have more love for me,
When I wander about, and whistle ye out
With my blackbird pipers in every tree.

Oh, come from the town, and let us go down
To the rivulet's mossy and osiered brink;
'Tis pleasant to note the lily queen float,
The gadfly skim and the dappled kine drink.

Oh, let us away where the ring-doves play,
By the skirts of the wood in the peaceful shade;
And there we can count the squirrels that mount,
And the flocks that browse on the distant glade.

And if we should stay till the farewell of day,
Its parting shall be with such lingering smile,
That the western light, as it greeteth the night,
Will be caught by the eastern ray peeping the while.

Little ones come with your chattering hum,
And the bee and the bird will be jealous full soon;
For no music is heard like the echoing word
Of a child, as it treads 'mid the flowers of June.

Ye who are born to be weary and worn
With labour or sorrow, with passion or pain,
Come out for an hour, there's balm in my bower,
To lighten and burnish your tear-rusted chain.

Oh, come with me, wherever you be,
And beauty and love on your spirits shall fall;
The rich and the hale, the poor and the pale,
For Lady June scatters her joys for all.

Eliza Cook.

DIAMOND DUST.

Wearied with the fatigues, or what is worse, with the impertinences of the day, how pleasant it is to retreat to one's own hearth. Disguise and restraint are here laid aside; and the soul as well as body, if tolerably well formed, always appears more beautiful in dishabille. The quintessence of earthly happiness, which, in warmer climates, was expressed by sitting under one's own vine, is here more sensibly felt by one's own fireside. There is a something in the tempers of the English which the fire softens, as it does the metal, and renders fit for use. How often has a room full of visitants been unable to furnish out an hour's conversation, for no other reason but that they were seated in stately order at long-angled distance from the fire; bring the same assembly into a cosey semicircle round the grate, and they prove wonderfully good company. Tell us not of the convivial bottle, with its riotous folly and fevered worshippers; but commend us to the cheerful household fire, the altar of freedom and the focus of happiness.

Report is a quick traveller, but an unsafe guide.

Memory is like moonlight, the reflection of rays emanating from an object no longer seen.

"Experience takes very high school-wages, but she teaches like no other."

A man's character may be more surely judged of by the letters his friends write to him, than by those he himself penned.

He who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave.

It is not that which is apparent, not that which may be known and told, which makes up the bitterest portion of human suffering, which plants the deepest furrow on the brow, and sprinkles the hair with its earliest gray! They are the griefs which lie fathom deep in the soul, and never pass the lip. Those which devour the heart in secret, and that send their victim into public with the wild laugh and troubled eye. Those which spring from crushed affections and annihilated hopes; from remembrance, and remorse, and despair; from the misconduct or neglect of those we love; from changes in others; from changes in ourselves.

Knowledge is a molehill removed from the mountain of our ignorance.

Enthusiasm concentrates different sentiments in the same focus. It is the incense offered by earth to heaven; it unites the one to the other. The gift of revealing by speech the internal feelings of the heart, is very rare; there is, however, a poetical spirit in all beings who are capable of strong and lively affections; expression is wanting to those who have not exerted themselves to find it. It may be said, that the poet only disengages the sentiment that was imprisoned in his soul. Poetic genius is an internal disposition of the same nature with that which renders us capable of a generous sacrifice, springing from a consciousness of the beautiful which is felt within us.

"The attachment of brethren in distress surpasses that of brethren by birth."

While a man thinks one glass more will not make him drunk, that one glass hath disabled him from well discerning his present condition and neighbour's danger. Whenever you begin to consider whether you may safely take one glass more, it is then high time to give over.

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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL

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INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

WE would, thus early in the career of our Journal, say a few words in favour of the education of the young women of the working classes. We shall afterwards have much to say on this subject; not, we trust, to the distaste of our readers, but, on the contrary, to their pleasure and edification. On this subject we must confess that we feel strongly, and we would speak earnestly accordingly. Women have strong claims upon the consideration of society; first, because they constitute one-half of the human race; and, secondly, because the moral well-being of the other half mainly depends upon them.

The march of civilization is steady and majestic. Beginning with the few—the favoured of birth, of wealth, of intellect—it proceeds grandly onward, the ranks of its great army ever swelling as it proceeds along the path of ages. It emancipates the feudal bondsmen, and they join its increasing throng; commerce is freed, and the great middle class body, containing in themselves the elements of the highest social activity, and the best practical morality, press on to the front of the movement; religious disabilities are abolished; slaves are freed; recruits are gained at every step, and the triumphant march is still onward. The elevation of the working classes next engages attention; the shortening of their hours of labour, the provision for them of pleasure gardens and parks, the purifying of towns, the erection of mechanics' institutes, the endowment of schools, all directed towards the elevation and improvement of the great body of the people. Such is the march of improvement in our own day. One by one, the depressed classes are emancipated, raised, and admitted members of the grand allied army of civilization—marching across the world, conquering and to conquer.

Women are destined to be among the last to experience the influences of this great movement, at least in a direct and palpable form; but their time, too, is arriving, and their strong claims upon the attention of society cannot much longer be overlooked. At present, we lament to say it, women are the worst educated part of the community. About half the grown women in England cannot write their names at marriage! This is proved by the Registrar-General's yearly return. Woman, the *educator*, is not educated! What can we expect of the children, when such is the intellectual condition of the mothers?

To expect that we can have an educated community, while woman is kept ignorant, would be as foolish as to expect to grow wheat from the barren rock. It must universally be admitted, that the best part of the education of every human being is the education of home, and the training which is received at the domestic hearth. The home is the seminary, not only of the social affections, but of the ideas and maxims that govern the world. It is out of nurseries, presided over by mothers, that nations are gathered; and you cannot have a nation free, enlightened, and truly elevated, unless woman be included in your arrangements.

We do not at present propose to develope any plan of female education; the public attention, we are happy to say, is at present being directed anxiously towards the question of popular education as a whole, and we do believe and trust, that many years will not have passed over our heads before we shall find a comprehensive and efficient system of education in existence throughout England, available for all classes of the people. Our object at present is, merely to direct attention to the claims of growing young women in the densely populated manufacturing towns, and also in the rural districts; young women who have grown up without the benefits of education, whose days are now spent in labour, but whose evenings may yet be secured for the purposes of moral culture and mental improvement.

No position can be more appalling to a properly conditioned mind, than that of an uneducated young woman, whose early life has been spent in factory or other labour, becoming suddenly the mistress of a household, a wife, and, in course of time, a mother. Though this be the true field of her exertions, and the highest, how is she fitted to act in it? She has received no education, no training in household management; can scarcely mend her own clothes, knows nothing of household economy, has not learnt how to prepare food; in short, is altogether a stranger to the duties and functions of home. What ensues? Waste, thriftlessness, dirt, unhealthiness. The husband finds no comfort in his dwelling, and he seeks it at the clean fire-side and cheerful blaze of the nearest public-house. And the children? Alas! they have no training worthy of the name. What can their mother do for them? She has her own education yet to begin! Hence they grow up soured in temper, coarse in manner, blighted in intellect, and profligate in habit; and they fasten like a curse upon the society that has neglected the education of those to whom they owe their being. Nor is this an exaggerated picture. Tens of thousands of such mothers and homes there are in this "happy England" of ours. The reader of these lines may know of such in his own street, in his own village, perhaps at his very door.

Now, what is to be *done* to remedy this state of things, to remove this crying evil? A few earnest men and women in Huddersfield, Keighley, and several other towns in Yorkshire, have already furnished the answer. They have seen the young men provided for, to some extent at least, by the mechanics' institutes and young men's mutual improvement societies that have been set on foot of late years for the education of young men, and they have determined to establish similar societies for the

education and moral improvement of young women. Several ladies have volunteered their services, and the institutions prosper. The instruction given is intellectual as well as domestic. Reading, writing, and general information, are alternated with knitting, sewing, instruction in cookery, domestic management, and the ways of making a home comfortable. Schools of the same kind have also been established in a rural district, namely, in the county of Ayr, in Scotland, as we learn from Mr. Dunlop's interesting Report to the Lords of Council, in 1847, on the state of education in the west of Scotland. In the Report on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Normal Schools, he says,—

"There is a description of schools which is now rapidly increasing in Scotland, and extending to a lower class of the population than had been wont to have, or to consider them at all needful—the Female Schools of Industry. This is mainly the consequence of elementary education in general having taken more of a practical character than formerly, for the male children, somewhat modifying the course of literary instruction, and occasionally attempting a specific preparation for some particular calling or handicraft. The same tendency would have led of itself to an instruction of the other sex in the usual arts of domestic industry; but it was aided by this, that while the period of school attendance was the same for both sexes, it was not requisite for the female to proceed as far in the different literary branches as the other, and so the opportunity arose of attending to those things that form the proper objects of a female school. The promoters of such schools are commonly benevolent ladies, who are no strangers to the cottages of the poor, and who would endeavour, by instruction of this sort, to improve their domestic condition. It is not unusual, too, for the proprietors of public works, manufacturing or mining, to favour the people in their service with institutions of this kind."

The most active promoters of these schools in the county of Ayr are stated to be, the Marchioness of Hastings, the Countess of Eglinton, Lady Fergusson of Kilkerran, and Lady Minto Blair; and all honour be to them for their admirable example of benevolence and well-doing. Mrs. Hippersley Tuckfield is another lady deserving of honourable mention for her long-continued efforts to improve the rising generation. She has long been labouring in this good work among the population on her own estates, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and with a remarkable degree of success. Lady Byron has also long been a noble and useful labourer in the same field.

Examples such as these should not be without imitation in all districts. Nowhere is there a finer field for the exercise of sympathy, of fellowship, of social co-operation, of real Christian duty. Uneducated woman has claims on educated woman everywhere. Most educated women have spare time enough,—now that the shuttle and the loom, tended by female artisans, have taken so much of their former occupations from them; and, surely, they could not employ such liberated time better, than by devoting it to the improvement of their humbler sisters. How much more interesting would such an occupation be for most young ladies, in town and country, than their present, for the most part, routine occupations? how much more delightful than the insipid drive, the tedious shopping, the idle gossip, the daily fashionable dinner, or even the last new novel? But it is not the well-to-do classes only who might take part in this work, with pleasure to themselves and advantage to others. Every woman who has leisure time at her disposal—every intelligent working woman even—can do a great deal, if she will co-operate with others in this labour of love and usefulness. As Mrs. Tuckfield says, we do not so much want *very* accomplished people, as good people, whose hearts are in the work; and she says, it is amazing, when you come earnestly to look out for them, what vast numbers of excellent young women, and young men, too, may be found quite sufficiently qualified, and quite willing, too, to take part in this admirable work. What is mainly wanted is an example; every one is alike unwilling to begin. Let there be some volunteering—some forwardness, if you will—for never could modesty be found more out of place, than when standing in the way of this great enterprise. Would that our hint could be taken and acted upon, and that we could see the establishment of female industrial schools effected in all our manufacturing and agricultural districts

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THE ORIGIN OF COURT FOOLS,

WITH NOTICES OF CELEBRATED JESTERS.

NOTHING, perhaps, strikes the contemplative mind so forcibly, as the constant change which is ever taking place in the manners and customs of a people. Old institutions, memorable and hoary in their age, beneficial in their influence, and having a good and worthy purpose as their mission, have, sometimes, been swept away without reason, or without the least benefit accruing from their dissolution. Many are they who wonder at all this, and ask in their amazement, why things that are worthy should pass away and wither from the memory of man? But if we may regret this sometimes, and with the enthusiasm of an antiquary, lovingly anticipate their restoration, we have at other times every reason to rejoice and be glad, and on looking back with a curious eye upon the customs and usages of a past age, feel no wish arise, that they were in existence now, so little can the heart sympathize with the tenor of their spirit.

It may be, that the institution of the court and domestic fool is one of the old usages, which we may place among the latter class; for although memorable in its origin, and holy in its primitive intent, it grew into a grave and pernicious evil, and tainted many a noble and generous heart with licentiousness and immorality.

It is astounding to observe how often evil has originated in good, or rather, how often good has been distorted into evil, and a worthy purpose turned to a bad account; and the student of antiquarian lore will not be surprised—for it is a fact which his old books have often whispered in his ear—when I say that most of the old English customs, which bore no shadow of piety in their outward form, in which we can find nothing to love or admire, but everything to execrate and abhor, will be found, in tracing them to their primitive origin, to have sprung from some holy ordinance of the Christian Church.

Startling as this may appear, it is what history proves; for in the middle ages, the period to which most of our old usages may be traced, the Church ruled and governed all, if not by positive law, at least by her influence and spirit; and the great mass of the people, venerating her good example, and awed by her spirituality, were ever eager to imitate, in their worldly institutions, so divine a model, and moulded their carnal and human thought into the semblance and shadow of holiness. In the old amusements and sports of the people, we find this strikingly exemplified. The English drama, for instance, may be said to have derived its origin from the Church, and its first roots may be traced to the ecclesiastical shows, and gaudy representations, enacted in the old Papal Church of England. The first theatrical exhibition recorded in the annals of our history, was performed by a monk of St. Alban's; and it was the Dominicans and Franciscans of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, who established it as one of the popular amusements of the English nation. The friars attempted, and honestly so, too, to inculcate a good moral lesson in the minds of the people by this means; but the multitude copied it in their own way, and represented scenes from Scripture

contaminated with the foulest degradation of the human heart.

And so from the Church, in a similar way, sprang up the institution of court fools and jesters, as we now proceed to show. One of the stern monastic laws of the austere ascetic Benedict enjoined the monks to eat their meals in the strictest silence, listening with becoming gravity to the momentous truths contained in the holy books, which one of the brothers was commanded to read aloud. Eginhart, the biographer of Charlemagne, tells us, that great monarch always had some one to read to him during his meals, sometimes Saint Augustine's "City of God;" and often he listened with pleasure to the "Gestes of Ancient Kings," and to the old tales of chivalry. The transition was easy from readers to the story-tellers, who were called, in the bad Latin of the middle ages, *Naratores* and *Fabulatores*, and from the story-tellers to the jesting fool. Maitre Wace, *clerc lisant*, as he calls himself, distinctly proves the existence of the court fools in the eleventh century. He tells us, in an ancient MS., now in the British Museum, how the life of the brave Duke of Normandy was preserved by his fool Goles. Probably, at this early period, the jester combined the more accomplished avocation of a minstrel, with his profession as a buffoon, for in the "Doomsday Book" the king's jester is styled, *Berdic joculator regis;* but long before this, the fool, or buffoon, was usually a portion of a great man's household. St. Augustine mentions, "those who are vulgarly called moriones," or fools, and seems displeased with their absurdities. Nor was it in the palaces of kings, or in the halls of the barons, that these tales were alone recited, and that music and merry voices lent their harmonious aid to enliven the festive board, and give zest to the hospitality of the olden time. It was sometimes the case, that my lord abbot of some saintly monastery could enjoy the fun; and that grave and potential bishops could relax into a boisterous laugh at the smart repartee or the delectable romance warbled by the minstrel wanderer. At least in no other way can we account for the cutting hint and admonition contained in the words of the Ecclesiastical Synod, convoked at Pavia, in the year 850, which, when exhorting the churchmen to invite the poor and needy to partake of their bounty, and sit at the board of the refectory, cautions them to allow no ridiculous shows, no vain stories, no foolish jesting, and no juggling buffoonery, in their presence, as being incompatible with their holy calling.

From the institutions of jesters and reciters, as an accompaniment to the festive board, originated the absurd ceremony called the Feast of Fools, which, from being first allowed and sanctioned by the clergy as an amusement for the laity, was soon regarded as one of the recognized ecclesiastical shows of the old Church of Rome, in which, at last, the clergy themselves participated with every sign of relish, and acted the fool as cleverly as the most adept votary of pleasure among the people. This ecclesiastical buffoonery was performed with great pomp and ostentation; the people elected a mock bishop, whom they "arrayed in pontificals, partly borrowed from the dresses, of jesters and buffoons." Thus equipped, the fool bishop burlesqued in the foulest manner the holy ordinances of the Church, even repeating high mass with ridicule and mockery. So obscene did these exhibitions at last become, and so much scandal was wrought by them, that the Church deemed its abolition necessary, and in England, the good bishop Grostest penned a long letter full of stern reproof at the growing abomination.

From these facts, it is evident that the origin of the court fool may be traced to remote antiquity; but, it is only at a comparatively recent date that we find any notice of their lives and waggeries in the pages of old chroniclers. The anecdotes which have been preserved are not devoid of interest, and most of them surprise us by the liberty of speech which they prove to have been exercised by the official jester, even in the presence of the king himself.

Will Summers, jester to Henry VIII., is, perhaps, the most famous of all the English court fools. He was the son of a poor husbandman residing at Eston Neston, in Northamptonshire, and for some time served as stableman to R. Farmer, Esq., ancestor to the Earl of Pomfret. His master, however, having incurred the displeasure of King Henry for an act of præmunire, was thrown into prison, and his establishment broken up, so that poor Will was compelled to leave his service; but, he ever retained the strongest affection for his old master, and is said to have been the means some time after of softening the king's displeasure. Will Summers was an odd mixture of comicality and cunning, good humour and spitefulness; as the author of his "Pleasant Life and History" says, "some be fools by nature, others by cunning, and crafty fools, who, when they cannot thrive by their wisdom, seek to live by their folly, and such a one was this Will Summers." His jests, which were pointed, and many, soon caused his fame to spread in that wit-loving age, till at last it reached the court, and came to the ear of the king, who sent for him, that he might judge of the readiness of his wit; his majesty was highly pleased with his humour and disposition, for "Will was of an easie nature, who, after he had found the fashions of the court, and tried the humour of the king, complied so well with both, that he gained not only grace and favour from his majesty, but, a general love from the nobility; he was no carry-tale, nor whisperer, but an honest, plain, downright, that would speak home without halting." Henry VIII. was so pleased with Will that he took him at once into his royal service, and he was forthwith arrayed in all the paraphernalia of his office. "And now who but Will Summers the king's fool? who had got such an interest in him by reason of his quick and facetious jests, that he could have admittance into his majesties chamber, when a great nobleman, nay, a privy councellor, could not be suffered to speak with him; and, further, if the king were angry or displeased with any thing, if no man else durst demand the cause of his discontent, then was Will Summers provided with one pleasant conceit or another to take off the edge of his displeasure."

Many of the jests which our ancestors deemed so facetious, and at the recital of which they pealed forth a merry laugh, would now receive no such favour, but fill our minds with disgust, rather than inspire us with gladness. Happily the time is past when a coarse and indecent jest formed one of the amusements of a monarch's court, and an indispensable accompaniment to the convivial board. So indecent, indeed, are some of their allusions, that it would be sullying our pages to transpose them here in their original form; we admit, therefore, that the following is transcribed as it appears in the pages of the "Pleasant Life," with a slight omission. The king riding upon his progress, with his nobles and Cardinal Wolsey among them, and being in one of his merry moods, asked the fool if he could rhyme. "Rhyme," quoth Will, "that I can, for I have in me more rhyme than reason." But, although Will's rhymes delighted the king, they sorely offended my Lord Cardinal, who thinking to daunt him, said, "Come, William, what say you to this rhyme,

> A rod in the school,
> And a whip for a fool
> Is always in season."

To which the jester smartly replied—

> "A halter and a rope,
> For him that would be pope,
> Against all right and reason."

At which the Cardinal bit his lip, for it was reported that such in reality was the aim of the ambitious churchman. Wilson, in his "Arte of Rhetoricke," mentions this worthy "Willyam Somer," he says, "seying muche

adoe for accompts making and that the Kynge's Majestie, of moste worthie memorie, Henry the Eighth, wanted money such as was due unto him. And please your Grace, quoth he, you have so many Traditours, so many Cerweighours, and so many Deceivers to get up your money, that they get all to themselves; whereas he should have said, Auditours, Surveighers, and Receivers; but whether he said true or no lette God judge."

Of Will Summers there are several portraits preserved; and a curious print some time ago was discovered, in which he is represented dressed in his official finery, with the following lines beneath:—

"Will Somers, the jestere,
Muche pastyme doeth sho,
And is ryght wytte fere,
Of Kynge Henrie, I trow,
Then wyth his jestes go to schole,
Ech man that rides is no the foole."

We have already taken up too much of the reader's attention; yet we would say something of old Tarlton, Archer, Killigrew, and others famous for their wit in the olden time. We may, perhaps, return to this subject, and in some future number chat a little about these merry worthies. F. S. MERRYWEATHER.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN SEARCH OF THE RURAL.

BY PETER PARLEY.

'TIS June—'tis the greenest month of all the year. The fields are laughing in the sunshine; the brooks show their dimples among the yellow hedge flowers; every field with hedge rows and bushes is a bird meadow. Out, out! and see the yellow crowfoot in the low meadows, and the blue hyacinths, and the rose-tinted blossoms of the hawthorn. Come to the dell and the dingle, the solitary lane, the quiet nook, the old ruin, the peaceful churchyard. But whither shall we go? Wait awhile, my masters, and I will tell you.

Who does not like a day in the country? What true Cockney is there who does not enjoy the rural? Look at the string of scarlet-runners, in the densest courts and alleys of Spitalfields and Houndsditch, from the first to the second-floor windows, a joint-stock property between the lodgers in the first and those in the second-pair. The very heart of that City has a rural soul. The tradesman, the merchant, the mechanic, the artisan, the shopman, and every other kind of man—not forgetting the women—sigh for the country, for the rural; especially for corn-fields, for clover-fields, for close shady lanes, dank ponds, nut-hedges, oaken apples in the spring, acorns in the autumn; and, above all, the brook, the rivulet, with the stickle-backs in them, and the primroses and cowslips hanging over their brinks. These, these are the things that enable our London population to gulp down volumes of smoke week after week, and to endure the turmoil and the tumult, the fret, the fever, and the rage of money-getting; the elbowing, the jostling, the pommelling of a crowded city.

God forbid that it should be otherwise! Bitter will be the days when the love of simple pleasures is utterly obliterated in the minds of the people. When they cease to love nature, they will soon cease to love each other—soon forget God. Melancholy will be the time when the sunny upland, and the fenny dell, and the broad heath afford no pleasure; when the joyous song of the lark finds no answer from the spirit, and when the ant and the bee are no longer teachers.

Our moral being owes deep obligations to all who assist us to study nature aright; for believe us, it is high and rare knowledge to know and to have the full and true use of our eyes. Millions go to the grave in old age without ever having learned it; and blessings are with them, and eternal praise, who can discern, and describe the least as well as the greatest of Nature's works; who can see as distinctly the finger of God in the little humble bee, murmuring round a rose-bush, as in the star of fire shining sole in the heaven; and we rejoice that of late years some excellent persons have endeavoured to revive a taste in the multitude for the study of nature.

For some years past we have been in the habit—aye, in the habit, for a habit it has become—never, we trust, to be conquered, till Death, the mighty conqueror, makes his conquest, of stealing from "city smoke and din," to "quiet walks 'mid groves profound." The propensity commenced in boyhood—at a time when Bethnal Green was rural, when Bagnigge Wells was considered out of town, and when Hornsey Wood, and Copenhagen House, and Primrose Hill, were country rambles; but now, were it not for the march of steam, heaven knows what the virtuously disposed, rurally inclined citizen would do for fresh air,—that cheap delicious dish which Mrs. Brulgruddery so kindly offered to the forlorn Maria. Blessings, therefore, on James Watt and the utilitarians, we can get into the country quickly and cheaply.

Within twenty or thirty miles of London, which may generally be reached on most of the lines of railway in half an hour, including a space of more than three thousand square miles, there are to be found more lovely spots, teeming with historical association, or celebrated for picturesque beauty, than in any similar space, not only in England, but, perhaps, in the world; and people sigh for the pyramids of Egypt, who have never been on the top of St. Paul's; for the mountains of Switzerland, who turn up their noses at our own lovely lakes; for the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, who have never investigated the rare antiquities of their mother-country, and seek for that afar off, which they can find close, as it were, to their own doors. The counties of Surrey, of Berkshire, of Kent, of Buckinghamshire, and Essex, are particularly rich in historical recollections and truly English scenery. The banks of the Thames, and of its tributary brooks; the ancient halls, the fine parks, the wild heaths—such as those of Wimbledon and Bagshot; the noble forests—for Epping Forest and Hanault may be still considered noble; High Beach, the Lea, the Wandle, the Moselle—for we English have a Moselle—all have charms only to be seen to be loved. Cottages, churches, gardens, orchards, quiet villages, and places more outlandish than the mountains of Wales, are all within our reach.

The most favourite of my rambles is what I call my "Stoke Pogis Ramble;" Stoke Pogis, the place immortalized not more by Gray than by Hood. Gray for its quietude; Hood for its parish revolution. Gray had written his "curfew tolls" just a hundred years before poor Hood, through Mrs. Humphries, spoke the following: "The hole porrish is thrown into a pannakin. The revelusions has reeched Stock Poyges, and the people ar ris agin the kings rain and the pours that be. What a prospectus from our back winder. The mare is arranging the populous from one of his own long winders. The constubles are staving the mobs heds to make them supperate. Three unsensabel boddis is carrion over the way on three cheers. Master Gollop is jest gone by on one of his ants shuters, with a bunch of exploded squibs gone off in his trowsers. The noise is enuf to make one deleterius." So said Mrs. Humphries, and a good deal more, which places Stoke Pogis, in my mental vision, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy. But to the ramble.

It was on a delightful morning in May, that I set off for this my favourite ramble. By the aid of the Great Western Railway, in twenty-one minutes I found myself fifteen miles from the "city smoke and din," fresh as a daisy, as the saying is, at one of the most unpicturesque of villages, called Drayton. Unpicturesque, not so much on its own account, as upon that of the

building mania, which was so very rife a few years ago. The station opens close to a branch of the Paddington Canal, and passing over its bridge we emerged into the Cowley Road. It would be almost worth the traveller's while to diverge a little from this to the right, to take a glimpse of that dear little white-washed church, so secluded, so neat, so unostentatious, among the off meadows, with its puny spire pointing heavenwards, like a direction post to the wayfaring man; and it would certainly be the traveller's delight to know that the rector of this little spot is one that entirely realizes the country parson of Dryden—stolen, by the way, from old Chaucer.

"His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face;
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
As God hath clothed his own ambassador,
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.
He bore his great commission in his look,
But sweetly tempered awe still softened all he spoke.

"Wide was his parish, not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request—
To serve the sick, to succour the distressed;
Tempting on foot alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark, tempestuous night.
With what he had his brethren he relieved,
And gave the charities that he received.
Gave, while he taught and edified the more,
By teaching men 'tis easy to be poor.
Such was this pastor, shining bright in grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face!
God saw his image in him was expressed,
And his own work, as in creation, blessed."

A sharp turn to the left of the Cowley Road, about half a mile from the station, leads towards the picturesque little village of Iver. The road again traverses the canal bridge, and immediately you descend it, a very pretty prospect of the hills beyond opens upon the view; a few yards from the canal bridge another is crossed, which forms a way over the river Colne; a rare spot for the angler, and this locality is well worthy his fly. A little further on, beyond the next turn in the road on the right, another bridge presents itself, and immediately beyond it the ground rises and the way curves gracefully, while the village church of Iver meets the eye. I scarcely know a prettier spot than this for rural beauty. To the right and left you have a gentle river simpering along in quiet cadences; before you the ivy-mantled tower, and its low-walled churchyard, its bold projecting buttresses, early gothic windows, beautiful yew-trees, and ancient porch; and as you pass up the hill, the village presents itself, with a small inn, and low houses; while the clank of the forge, or the rasp of the grindstone, tells you that you have reached a spot somewhat primitive; and if you go into the church there are some curious old monuments and brasses.

Leaving Iver, and keeping to the right at the end of the village, a mile brings us to Iver heath, a place for singing of larks, not to be surpassed at this distance from London. On this heath the eye takes a wide range, and while the lark is singing, the contemplating traveller may, if he likes, moralize with dear old Jeremy Taylor in this fashion: "For I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but, the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion was irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the vibrations and frequent weighings of the wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down, and pout and sulk till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music, and spoken to an angel as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below." If the traveller is otherwise inclined, he may walk gently on, and solace himself with the reflection that mine host of the Crooked Billet, half a mile on the Windsor road, with his jolly good-humoured face, and large capacity of stomach, with all Falstaff's rotundity, a deal of his wit and good-humour, awaits him with a humble, but well spread board, and a hearty English welcome.

The Crooked Billet is on the borders of Richings Park. It is a small road side inn, tucked under the trees for summer trade and winter shelter, snugly as a nest in a hawthorn hedge. The road to Windsor, and also to Stoke, lies through the Richings estate; on the left lies the house, past which is a delightful private walk to Colnbrook, through the park itself; but on the right of the road is a "considerable concourse of indiscriminate trees," as Sam Slick calls a forest. This wood is rather extensive, and perhaps no place in this part of the country would give a person a better idea of an American forest. The tall pine and fir-tree rising up in stately grandeur in "contiguity of shade," to use Cowper's phrase; the dense underwood; the gadding briar; the tufted hillocks, under which the rabbits burrow; the white and elegant anemone; the broad-leafed palm; the "bottle-cleaning esquitæ," as Charles Lamb called them; the fox-glove; arum-pink; lord and lady flowers of children; the hare-bells, the palms, the moss, and the honey-suckle, all conspire to present to the mind food such as it likes to feed on. You enter the wood or forest, if you like so to call it, by a rustic stile, difficult for ladies, and you pass for nearly a mile amid overhanging boughs, sometimes like cathedral roofs, overshadowing you, with the sunlight gleaming and glimmering through their fluttering leaves; you hear the soft music of the wind on their outward tops, like a voice unearthly walking among the trees in the cool of the day. The echoes of your footsteps in the silence; the cooing of the ring-dove heard at intervals, and the fitful bounding of the squirrels among the trees, are sights and sounds dear to an unsophisticated eye and ear, and not, perhaps, disagreeable to even the votary of city struggle and city pelf.

After passing underneath "boughs umbrageous" and "tangled briar" for about three-quarters of a mile, the trees suddenly open, and we come into view of a very pretty lake—a Windermere in miniature—perhaps half-a-mile long, surrounded by trees, with here and there a bright bit of pebbly shore, and a little ripple is "spilt upon the puny beach as in playful mood." Where the pebbles fail the moss makes up the margin, and blue-bells and violets in spring, and fox-glove and hare-bells in summer, emboss the clear opening bosom of that lake. Overhead spread the Scotch fir-trees, in all their dark shadowy solemnity, while the larch peeping among them gives a kind of Alpine character to the spot. And here the traveller may walk and moralize in arcadian mood, and meditate on nature—on man—on the wonderful mystery around, about, and within him, of which he knows so little and yet so much; of which he knows so much and yet so little. As he walks in this secluded wood, he will not wonder that the Druid priests of ancient days made woods sacred, and erected their cathedrals among the oaks and pine-trees.

There is a lovely walk, quite round the lake, every turn of which is full of new beauty. The traveller should not return to the "Crooked Billet," but should descend a bank at the head of the lake, which will bring him into a cross-road leading towards Stoke, and if he chooses to look over the hedges into the close meadows, and among the crags, he will probably see more rabbits or hares in a small space than ever he did before. During his walk or ride, he will pass through ways purely rural, amid shady lanes, not to be surpassed even in Devonshire, till after several turns to the left and right, he will see the white spire of Stoke church peering above the trees, and following in its direction, he will come to a little wicket gate in the hedge on the right hand. Passing through this, he comes at once upon the cenotaph erected to the memory of Gray, whose spirit seems still to dwell in every

tree, in every field, and in every flower. The monument to Gray first strikes you. It is enclosed in a garden of "flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose" encircles it, and it looks like an altar erected to genius; beyond it a broad gravel path leads us to the church door; and it, is impossible for any church and churchyard to be more beautifully situated than this is. The church itself is very old, and has a venerable look, with its antique windows and its massive wooden porch, and its little oratory behind of painted glass. The churchyard is moderately large, and is surrounded on three of its sides by a high wall, on which the ivy clusters in the richest profusion, while the soberest of trees, the cypress and yew, and the dark pine, throw their deep shadows over the "briared graves" beneath. But notwithstanding the gloom, there is something refreshing and cheering about it; there are verdant groves, meadows full of daisies and buttercups, wild violets and strawberries twining in the hedges, and flowers—beautiful flowers—clustering round the little lodge that leads to the enclosure, with fair-haired children running about happy in lack of care, and birds singing on every bough.

Mr. Mitford, the highly accomplished critic and poet, whose love of the rural and the beautiful shines so conspicuously in his poetry, in a note to his elaborate edition of Gray's poems, suggests, that within the precincts of the church at Grantchester, about two miles from Cambridge, Gray wrote his Elegy. The curfew mentioned by the poet is, of course, the bell of St. Mary's. But looking at Gray's Elegy as a whole, and comparing it bit by bit with the scenery around us here, the identity seems to be completely made out. We have here the "ivy mantled tower," "the rugged elms," "the yew-tree's shade," "the upland lawn," so beautifully alluded to. It is here that Gray passed all his college vacations during the life of his mother, and which he himself has described in his letters. The letter to which we refer is one written by Gray from Burnham, a village close by, to his early friend Horace Walpole; it is dated September, 1737, when the poet was twenty-one years of age. He says with poetic ardour:—

"I have at a distance of half-a-mile, through a green lane, a forest, the vulgar call it a common, all my own; at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliffs, but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with the most venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the woods.—

"And as they bow their hoary heads, relate
In mourning sounds the dark decrees of fate,
Cling to each leaf and swarm on every bough.

"At the foot of one of these sits Mr. I *(il penseroso)*, and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me, like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve. But I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there."

From this, we may be almost certain that it was in this spot from whence Gray drew all the beautiful images of his Elegy. Here he wrote, here he wandered, and here he reposes in his narrow cell—till lately without a stone to mark the spot; but now a small tablet under the east window of the church, placed there by a kind-hearted clergyman, shows the poet's grave; and who can read the subjoined stanzas without a sigh?—

"Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the *upland lawn*."

Turn and look eastward, and the upland lawn is seen.—

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And gaze upon the brook that babbles by.

"Now by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'ccustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree,
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he."

Mr. Jesse, to whom the British public are eternally indebted, for his exertions in their favour as regards any matter connected with their enjoyments, in his notice of Gray alludes to the omission of a stanza, thinking it made too long a parenthesis at the end of the poem, before his epitaph; but is well worthy of insertion:—

"There scatter'd, oft the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found,
The redbreast comes to build and nestle there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

The house where Gray lived is now standing, and must be looked for to the right as you enter the path. Beyond the church is the old manorial house of the Huntingdons and Hattons. The estate was purchased by the son of the celebrated William Penn, and a portion of the tree under which he stood when he made his compact with the Indians is still preserved in the house; and the house might be seen by the traveller who liked to spoil the effect of the churchyard by doing so.

We visited the churchyard summer after summer, and have almost always met with some nice party of quiet visitors, with whom it has been delightful to associate; few indeed will ramble to such a place as this who have not a love of nature deeply implanted, as well as some dashes of sentiment in their mental constitution. To such, Stoke churchyard has charms not to be described; and a pic-nic in the green lanes close by, a relish that the saloons of the great castle looming in the distance cannot afford; and however odd may seem the invocation of the gastronomical with the poetical, I certainly never enjoyed a cold chicken and a bottle of champagne more than in the green lanes of Stoke.

When a party have pic-nicked at Stoke, they may go on to Burnham beeches; and those who choose to open one eye as a painter and the other as a poet, and who have a true love of sylvan charms, will go on to this secluded spot. The open country is seen closed in by thick coppice-wood, and close hanging boughs. Oaks and maples, the latter as underwood to the former, spring on every side, and the green juniper, and the curled honesty, and the wild sloe-bush, hang over banks on which cup-moss is redolent; and through these the pedestrian wanders, till he suddenly comes upon the celebrated beeches, with a little brook running by them. Many come to this opening to see the beech-trees, and go back; but three hours among these wilds is scarcely sufficient to get more than a glimpse of their beauty. Here are rushy pools—bogs, and banks, and crags, and hollows, and hillocks, and deep glens, and thickets, into which the sun rarely penetrates, and silence; or if noise at all, it is from the lofty patriarchs of the groves telling their happiness, in their ten thousand leafy tongues whispering peace.

Some of these standards of the forest are of gigantic growth, and of the most picturesque character; their twisted and gnarled talons clutching the ground like the claws of an eagle, and their massive trunks bidding defiance to the storm; others have separate trunks branching from their roots, throwing forward wide and horizontal shade, while interspersed are spots of green sward, reminding us of the sketches of Ruysdael or Constable,

while amid them is found the haunt of the snipe and the woodcock, and the silence sometimes broken by the tapping of the woodpecker and the chatter of the jay, or the soft pipings of the robin. This wood is charming in spring, charming in summer, charming in autumn, and charming in winter. There is no season but it may be visited with pleasure and instruction, and of good both to body and soul, and on these fine days no lover of nature can do justice to himself without he visits Stoke, and the Burnham beeches.

It is easy to return to town, a quarter of an hour's walk will bring us to the Slough station, and another half-hour to the great Babylon.

THE OLD LADY OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

What a treat it is in these days to meet with "an old lady of the old school"—one who is wise enough to eschew peach-blossom silks and gauze bonnets, and does not consult the "Book of Fashion" when she requires a new dress. There is something truly respectable in the rich black silk gown, exchanged at weddings and christenings for a brown lustre; there is becoming simplicity in the snowy lace cap, with the grey hair smoothly banded under the full bordering, and there is an unfathomable charm about those side appendages called pockets—we do not mean those shallow modern reservoirs, that are only licensed to carry a laced bit of cambric and an embroidered purse—we mean those ample developments of stitched dimity, some half yard deep, containing unlimited quantity. You will be safe to find a pincushion, a bottle of smelling-salts, a thimble, a piece of sealing-wax, a pocket-book, filled with choice recipes and particular records, a penknife, some carraway comfits and Spanish liquorice, a Chinese puzzle, and an English apple; with, not unfrequently, a peg-top, a bag of marbles, and a half-dressed doll—these last items being indicative symptoms of grandchildren. Indeed, the old lady is not seen in full character, without she has a tribe of girls and boys of the second generation growing up round her, who induce the exhibition of her partialities and prejudices. As for the boys learning Greek and German, it is all a parcel of nonsense, and might just as well be done without. She strongly objects to the girls stooping over framework and drawing, and is rude enough to stigmatize the first as "a lot of trumpery," and honours the last with some indistinct opinion, not at all calculated to increase the artist's vanity. She cannot think it quite right that misses of sixteen should take wine with gentlemen, and is surprised that Master Tom, who was fourteen last birthday, should be advocating the "elegance of tail-coats."

She does not patronize French dishes nor Italian music. She enjoys roast beef, and has a juvenile attachment to apple-pie, being rather critical as to its flavour of cloves and lemon-peel.

She insists that "Old Robin Gray," and "Time has not thinned my flowing Hair," are far superior to any compositions of Weber and Rossini. Should any humane Goth venture to sing "Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane," or "The Bewildered Maid," she will grow ecstatic, and peer through her spectacles into the face of the singer with most admiring affection, expressing a hearty wish that the young people would practise such things, instead of the fine "fal lals" that begin with a groan and end with a scream.

"The Old Lady of the Old School" generally has an especial and peculiar arrangement of working tools, in the shape of scissors, pins, needles, tapes, threads, and so forth, with which none dare to interfere, under penalty of her severe displeasure and very active resistance. She will graciously lend or give from her stores; but the articles must be asked for, not taken; and a vulgar snatch at a piece of bobbin, or an unceremonious appropriation of her best scissors, may be productive of considerable mental excitement. She is ever obstinately bent on threading her needle herself, particularly by candle-light; and when she by chance does allow another to perform the task for her, it is only on the strength of her firm conviction, "that the eyes of the needles in our days are made very differently to what they used to be."

She is a little given to etiquette, and meets strangers with a visible evidence of having studied the "Minuet de la Cour;" but if you can once get her to dilate on the acting of Mrs. Siddons, or get her back to the palmy time of Vauxhall, her formality dissolves wonderfully, under the recital of a crush she endured when she went to see "Isabella," and the delight she felt in listening to Mrs. Bland's ditties, while it poured with rain one summer night.

She cannot be induced to admire railways, and strenuously declares, that people never know when to stop with their inventions and science. She thinks it very strange that the world cannot go fast enough with respectable stage-coaches and eight-horse waggons, as it used to do; and on her son's proposing to take her to Brighton by "express train," she indignantly and seriously begs him "not to talk nonsense."

"The Old Lady of the Old School" frequently appears as the patroness of a venerable spaniel, or antiquated ringed tabby, whom she protects from the violent clutches of her youngest grandson, with uniform benevolence. The domestics may occasionally neglect herself, and she pardons the delinquents unconcernedly; but if they venture to forget "Fop's" dinner, or "Tibby's" milk, a very decided reminder is now volunteered. On inquiry, the dog or cat will often be found to have been the favourite, or gift, of her late husband, and the old lady's love for the dumb thing, is a tender and natural compliment to the memory of the departed.

In literature, she prefers Shakspere and Goldsmith. She honestly declares she cannot understand much of the poetry put forth in our time, but that she can perfectly comprehend "Othello," and the "Deserted Village;" "but then," as she observes, "those writers were so simple." She also has a predilection for "Whittington and his Cat," and "Little Red Riding Hood." All the juvenile possessions in this department are the gifts of grandmamma, and it is shrewdly suspected she sometimes has a peep into them entirely on her own account, without even the excuse of little Tom's wanting to know what that pretty yellow book is all about.

As regards dancing, she cannot bring herself to understand "The Lancers" or "First Set," and looks with something very like contempt on the couple walking through "L'Eté;" but when the opening bars of "Haste to the Wedding" are heard, and preparations for "down the middle and up again" are making, then do we see the old lady nodding time with her head, and betraying certain fidgetty symptoms with her feet; and, if it should happen to be Christmas-eve, do not be astonished if she suffer some favourite and audacious young friend to pull her into the rank, where we find her jigging away in a fashion that causes one to doubt whether her frequent complaints of rheumatism are quite justified. At cards she is very serious, and sits down to a rubber with imperturbable gravity and precision. Even the darling grandson stands a fair chance of being "snubbed," if he dare to address her while the "odd trick" is pending; and, though she be of a most amiable and forgiving disposition, she has been known to bear violent animosity for three months toward the best of old gentlemen, because he trumped her best card.

"The Old Lady of the Old School" is generally beloved and respected by the servants. She supplies them with infallible remedies for chapped hands and chilblains. She manages to bequeath a silk dress now and then, while it is as good as new; and it is strongly suspected that the smart handkerchief and fancy waistcoat, which the groom wears when he takes a walk with the housemaid, were the gift of "old mistress."

By dint of worrying and coaxing, her purse is considerably lightened of its contents by the juveniles of her family. Edward has seen a splendid riding whip, which he would fain add to his possessions; and if grandmamma would but give him ten shillings he could manage it. Little Tom, who has set his heart and eyes on a monstrous kite, artfully contrives to lead grandmamma to the toy-shop window, and fully persuades her that it would be a delightful evening's employment for her to help him make a tail to it. Miss Clara stops short on Ludgate Hill, being inspired, with "love at first sight," by a sweet work-box; and, considering she has made a marble bag and hemmed two handkerchiefs in her lifetime, the desire for such a necessary appendage is not to be wondered at. Miss Emily, who has a pet spaniel, happens to see a beautiful silver collar, and divines, with the most extraordinary sagacity, that it would "just fit" Fido's neck. In short, there is no end to the demands upon the old lady's generosity; but then it is well known she has a handsome independence, and "if she chooses to spend it in such a way, what is it to any one?" It is quite useless for papa or mamma to interfere. It is vain to tell her she spoils the children, for she only smiles a little sadly, and says, "Never mind! my race will soon be run; I shall not be here long to spoil them;" and then who can breathe another word of expostulation to "the Old Lady of the Old School?"

ELIZA COOK.

THE GLASS OF GIN.

BY SILVERPEN.

(Continued from page 73).

One evening, in the early part of April (for so had time progressed,) as Alice was ironing by their poor garret fire, Mary, as she supposed, being out, the shop-boy brought her up a letter. It ran as follows:—

"If Miss Alice Clive will call on Monsieur —— to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, she will hear of a situation as daily governess."

Breathless with delight, at what she conceived good-fortune come at last, Alice went down stairs to see if Mary were returned, when, as she passed Mrs. Topple's door, she overheard her sister's voice. Startled to find her again in companionship with this woman, after her earnest promises to the contrary, she tapped gently at the door, and went in. The two women had drawn a table close to a bit of dull, smoky fire, and on it stood a bottle and glasses. At the instant Alice entered, Mary was raising a glass to her lips, but trying to conceal it, the instant she heard Alice, it was turned over in a stream upon the table. Regardless of this, Mary hurried to the door, in order to meet Alice, and thus cover her participation in the orgies of the drunkard.

"Well, what do you want?" was the question, when the door was closed and they stood outside.

But the good news was almost chased from the heart of Alice. "Why are you with this woman, why——"

"If that is all you're come to say, you'd better go back again," spoke Mary, assuming one of her fierce looks. "I'm not a child, and won't be catechised."

"It is not only companionship," said Alice, roused from her wonted self-command, "by which you debase yourself; it is also drink."

"You lie; go up stairs." She pushed Alice forward on the staircase, and re-entering the lodger's room, slammed the door. Alice's judgment on this case was one too stern for tears; she went up stairs, and as she grew calm, she resumed and completed her task. She had now come to the conviction, that unless she acted with steady self-resolve, her own degradation was as certain as Mary's. With this view, she prepared her things for the morrow, for her mourning was now too shabby to appear in before strangers. She therefore got out her pretty straw bonnet, trimmed with rich white ribbon, and a bunch of white violets grouped in their green leaves, and sought her brown silk dress from amongst a few others, in a box which, as she thought, had not yet been unpacked. But, to her surprise, it had been, and the first thing seen, on raising the unlocked lid, was a great hollow, where she had, in packing the box before the sale, laid a very rare, old-fashioned satin quilt, which for years had been an heir-loom in their family. Thinking, however, that Mary might have placed it elsewhere, the matter soon passed from her mind. By the time she had finished, it was nearly twelve o'clock; but Mary had not yet come up stairs, and knowing it was useless to seek her under present circumstances, she went to bed, and was asleep before Mary returned. In the morning she found her by her side, in too soddened a sleep to be awoke, so she dressed, got her own breakfast, left Mary's ready, and set off on her errand of hope and better fortune. Nothing could be briefer than her business. After receiving a letter at the agency office, she carried it to a private house, in a dull, though fashionable street, and was, in less than an hour from her entrance into its quiet study, engaged as daily governess to four children—three boys and a girl, at a salary of forty pounds per annum. Their mother, the wife of a private gentleman of fortune, seemed interested in Alice from the first moment; what she saw, and learnt from her herself, perfectly satisfied her, and taking her warmly by the hand, as she departed, begged she would make it convenient to see her pupils on the following Monday morning, at ten o'clock. Full of thought, and inexpressibly happy, Alice, in retracing her steps homeward, turned down a wrong street, and was not aware of her mistake till she had gone some distance. Whilst returning, her quick step was suddenly arrested by seeing, hanging in the window of an old curiosity shop, the identical quilt she had only missed that morning. It was not to be mistaken, for it was of curious workmanship, and the rich embroidery on it exquisite. Impelled by a host of contending feelings, she entered the shop, and addressed a very respectable elderly woman, who, with her elbow on the counter, amidst a world of little fat china Mandarins, old bowls, rare plates, rich-coloured jars, and quaint Majolica china, was earnestly talking to a little fat woman, dressed as a domestic servant. They did not observe Alice at first; she therefore heard a few sentences of their conversation.

"Yes," said the little old fat servant, "Mr. John, grave as he is, does all he can to nurse and cheer our poor dear drooping boy; and as for dear old master, the Admiral, he seems as if he couldn't live out of the childrens' sight, especially that of poor little Tom. Ay, ma'am, dear old master wouldn't have lived a month after the loss of the sea-captain, their papa, if it hadn't been for them."

The mistress of the shop was about to reply, when Alice, apologizing, spoke again.

"It is not usual to answer such questions," was the civil answer to Alice's query; "but I bought the quilt a week ago, from a decent, middle-aged woman; indeed, I might almost say, lady, rather stout, and dressed in mourning. She was accompanied by a drabbish-looking, pale-faced woman, and both seemed the worse for liquor."

Alice heard no more—wanted to hear no more. Bursting into tears, and sobbing convulsively, she hurried from the shop; for it was, indeed, true that—

THE RARE AND COSTLY AMBER SATIN QUILT HAD GONE FOR GIN!

Out of our sorrows, many times, spring future blessings and divinest hope; out from our smallest actions, though they be, are led a chain of causes of great consequence; out from much entirely evil comes large good a thousand fold; so now as heretofore, and yet hereafter, God dwelt amidst these shadows!

"A sweet face, Molly," said the mistress of the shop, after some other comments respecting Alice, and wiping the dust from a Sevrés jar, as she spoke.

"Ay, ay," replied the old servant, rousing herself

from a sort of reverie to answer, "I was now thinking, it is just the very sort of one our dear old master would like to see about our little Tommy's bed."

By the time she reached home, Alice was calmer. She felt she must wait a fitting opportunity before she spoke to Mary, for, after one of these drinking fits, her irascibility was usually so great as to make the most trivial comment the pretext for anger; often cruel, always insulting. Alice opened the door, and stepped quietly into the room. Mary was still in bed.

"Well, Mary," she said, as she sat down by the bed, "I've a piece of good news for you. The letter you wouldn't hear about last night, I've attended to, and, within this hour, it has led to my engagement as daily governess, at a salary of forty pounds per annum."

"I'm glad of it," was the cold reply; "it's time you were doing something. Clear the breakfast things away, will you, and get to work. The people have sent for the lawn-fronted shirts, and I can't work to-day."

"Mary, Mary," ejaculated Alice, "*Are* you already lost to common feeling? There was a time when——"

"Don't annoy me. I want to rest. Yes, I say, it's time you were doing something."

Alice, with bleeding heart, turned away, and supplicated, as she did so, "God, be thou my friend, and aid me!"

She sat down to work, but her despair was not as heretofore—without hope; above the ruin, so thickly spreading round them, salvation, *now*, might even be for Mary.

Alice commenced, and progressed with her duties most satisfactorily. The children were dull and sickly, but well disposed; and her own health and spirits were, for a time, better for the change. Even Mary, in her sober hours, appreciated their altered prospects, and, for a brief interval, resumed those old ways of kindness, so powerful in their influence over a nature like that belonging to this little sister; and which, at each recurrence, strengthening anew the tie between them, seemed to make their equal ruin inevitable.

With this renewed chance of paying their rent, they returned to their old room; though Alice would have rather quitted the lodgings altogether, and thus removed Mary from companionship with the second-floor lodger; but difficulties now so environed them, as to make, till these were lessened, any change impossible.

For the hour being, this change of circumstances was effective in controlling Mary's acts; but soon Alice began to find, upon her return at three o'clock, no dinner prepared, no work done, and Mary either half asleep, or else in such a state of excessive irritability, as in a moment to show what deadly power had been at work. Yet she was cunning enough, or else the same quantity of spirits did not now take the same effect as at first, to avoid that state of helpless imbecility, or fury, which betrayed at once its cause. Neither could you approach the subject, nor tax her with drink, while such proofs were in abeyance; and the pertinacity with which she denied the fact of drink, if even only cursorily alluded to, prevented at last even an appeal from the heart which loved her so well.

Than this home, therefore, nothing can be conceived more desolate. To return to it, to find,—however neatly left,—disordered and dirty, sometimes fireless, sometimes breadless,—to sit down to the labours of the pen or needle, under circumstances such as these—the pen or needle, which had never been taken up since laid down by herself, required a power of stern self-government with which a nature like Alice's is not often gifted. But if these days were mournful in their course, the nights were often horrible; and thus, with broken rest, and in a foul and fetid atmosphere, Alice's health gradually gave way; the only light within these grim shadows closing round, being her daily duty to her pupils; or else the fatal secret, guarded with such care, must have bereft her of reason, or driven her to extremity. But the children's parents were noble creatures; they thought she had troubles, though they were far from guessing the depth of them; and if they came into the school-room, and saw Alice look more than usually pale, they made her put by the books, and, after lunch, have a long walk with the children round the parks.

On one of these occasions, and on a bright September afternoon, as she was returning up Parliament Street, from one of these walks in St. James's Park, to please the two eldest boys who were with her that afternoon, the handkerchief of the younger came untied just as they reached the front of the Admiralty. Gently stooping down, whilst the boy held his hat in his hand, she re-tied it, and then brushing back his long hair, took his hand again with some kind word or another. As she did this, she was suddenly aware that a grave middle-aged man, who had just come through one of the official doors near which they stood, had stopped, and was intently observing her; but as she quickly moved on, and was soon busy talking with the children, she was quite unconscious that this stranger followed so close upon her steps, as far as Pall Mall (where he lost sight of her), as must have enabled him to distinctly hear much of what was said.

On the day of receiving her second quarter's salary, the children went, for some weeks, with their parents to Hastings. Returning home thus earlier than usual, she found two strangers up-stairs with Mary, who were loudly insisting upon payment of bills they had respectively brought. There was no evading the truth, no possibility of concealing it; and whilst Mary sat crying with her face buried in her hands, Alice took the bills, and found them to be both for spirits, got on credit at neighbouring public-houses. Together they amounted to four pound eighteen shillings; this sum Alice paid immediately, and the two men departed. Before they had got down stairs, Mary came weeping round her.

"Mary," said Alice, at length, "what is the use of tears?"

"But I will refrain, I will, indeed!—I—I—I——," and then, with passionate entreaties, she begged forgiveness, as she had done twenty times before.

"Mary, you don't seem to recollect that ruin in the meanwhile is crushing us. Had you no idea of this, when you sold the quilt?"

Mary drew back aghast. "*This* heartless act," continued Alice, "I have brooded over, till my soul is dead within me; and I never will forgive it, unless you will at once tell me what other things are parted with. My heart is breaking with despair, in God's name tell me."

"I—I—I——."

"Mary, tell me. Is the plate safe?"

"Yes, yes; there's nothing gone—only the——."

"What?"

"Nothing—but—the ten——."

Alice now knew. Unable to command herself, she dropped upon her knees, and in a voice, which quailed the drunkard's soul,

"THE TEN BLANKETS GONE, AND ALL FOR GIN!"

Yet to utterly despair was not in the nature of Alice. Won again by promises as unstable as water, she went that very evening to the City, and was so fortunate as to obtain a good supply of needlework of great value; with this she returned home and set busily to work. Night and day she worked, till robe, and cap, and gown were finished, and the whole made up a fair sized bundle. For some days previously to this she had felt indisposed, and this night of completion she was so feverish and ill, as to be obliged to go to bed, and to intrust the bundle to Mary to take home. She returned in good time with the message, that their employer could not pay them for a day or two, as she had had an unexpected call to meet. Alice believed this circumstance the more readily, as it had happened once previously. But her terror may be judged, when, two evenings after, whilst Mary was out,

and she herself was still in bed, half blind from a slight attack of opthalmy, accompanied by low fever, one of the shopmen, from the City, came to inquire for the work. It instantly crossed Alice's mind that Mary must have pledged it; and though so ill, she had judgment enough to send word down-stairs, "that Miss Clive should attend to the message, as soon as she came in."

Alice knew not what to do. Ill as she was, she rose and dressed herself, and frantically awaited Mary's return.

"What have you done with the work? what have you done with it?" spoke Alice, shaking from terror and fever, as she went and met her sister on the staircase.

Really terrified at her sister's aspect, for she *was* this night sober, Mary led Alice into their room. "Alice, Alice, I know I am a curse. That night I could not resist drink; I pawned the bundle for a pound—but this night shall end it—I am a curse, and I'll——." She said no more, but strode like a giant to the door. She *was* this night conscious of her enormous sins, as they stood up before her bald and leprous. It was Alice's turn now to sue and to entreat, to draw her from the door, to minister to the despair of conscience.

"Mary, for God's sake, do not quite kill me by talking thus; we can redeem it, and——"

"By what? We haven't a shilling in the world," and the *sober* drunkard grasped her own throat like a madman. Alice forced her down into a chair, with passionate entreaties. She then took a bunch of keys from Mary's pocket, and lighting a candle went to a large box in one corner of the chamber. She knelt down before it with a passive grief, more touching than the wildest despair. Lifting the lid and removing some wrappers, she took out from it, one by one, six splendid damask table-cloths. As she brought these towards the table, and opened one, there dropped out of it, on to the floor, a sprig or two of withered hawthorn, gathered and placed there in that fresh young May, after lying on the scented garden hedge, and drying to lily whiteness in the summer winds. Nothing else, perhaps, in the world, could have so touched the heart of the sick and drooping girl, as these few withered sprays and flowers; nothing else could have brought so forcibly before her their past innocence and present degradation, their once home of purity, their present poverty and squalor, nor all of what they once had been, and what they were. The moral degradation of their present position overwhelmed her; in all its horrors the future was revealed.

But the necessity to act in the present case was mercy. Though burning with fever, she put on her shawl and bonnet, and with Mary set off to the shop where the baby linen had been pawned. Here the splendid table-cloths were pledged, and the baby linen redeemed. Thus thrust upon a dirty shelf, and coarsely handled; no summer air upon them, and no scented flowers beneath:

THE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS WENT FOR FATAL GIN.

The baby linen, thus redeemed, was soon placed safe in the owner's hands, but not without a severe reprimand for delay.

Two hours after her return home, Alice was delirious with fever; a doctor was called in, and Mary hung with despair about the bed. For days she lay betwixt life and death, and nothing but the humane attention of the good surgeon saved her. To do, however, Mary justice, nothing could be more exemplary than her conduct throughout this time of trial, nor could remorse be more keen than hers, when she saw Alice suffering a thousand privations, consequent on her own fearful viciousness. Thus, as Mary smoothed the pillow, kissed the parched and fevered lips, spoke loving words, and nestled Alice in her arms as she had done in infancy, it only served to make the final tragedy more tragic, by renewing all the passionate affection of the young girl's nature, and by making this a point of time, never through future sin and suffering to be thought of, without the large and full redemption of pity and the tears of mercy.

A piece of good fortune helped on Alice's convalescence. The solicitor who had supplied them with copying and engrossing, had recommended her so warmly to a friend of his, who had a large family of children, as to promise her a new engagement for instructing five children daily, between the hours of three and seven, at a salary of forty pounds per annum. This at once raised her income to a yearly sum of eighty pounds. Immediately she was able, she undertook her new duties, and with Mary sought out a new lodging, as she had long and secretly desired to remove her sister from any chance of association with a woman of Mrs. Topple's character. The apartments they finally decided upon were more expensive than Alice desired; still, as they were Mary's choice, she resolved to only work the harder, in order to let nothing stand in the way of a chance of her reformation. Accordingly they moved. Alice, always the little housewife and manager, unpacked the fine old china, and arranged it on the little chiffonnier, put their books into the neat mahogany book-case, their few good paintings on the walls, her two rich needle-work cushions on the chairs, and repairing Mary's tattered wardrobe, set, in about a fortnight's time, quite a new face upon things. With all these advantages (not the least of which was, that Pinch had a grand kennel afforded him, vacant through the recent death of a shaggy proprietor), Alice did not leave the old room without regret, for it had first sheltered them in an hour of great sorrow, and with the exception of the drunken lodger on the second floor, all else had been orderly and respectable.

As soon as her old pupils returned, the day was laboriously occupied, with the exception of half an hour, from ten in the morning till seven o'clock at night; but in nowise daunted by severity of toil, the remaining hours were not unemployed. Though so sterling a scholar in other respects, she had, in undertaking more advanced pupils, found her deficiency in the French language; she, therefore, commenced taking lessons from a first-rate master. So ably did she progress, as to find that in a few months' time, she should be able to add to her income as a translator. Thus renewing her diligence, she commenced and translated a small political pamphlet so ably, as to make the foreign bookseller who had employed her, place in her hands a celebrated work of one of the French economists. Thus, the hard day's duty was usually prolonged till a late hour. Still Alice did not care, so Mary progressed in her work of reformation.

For some weeks things went on smoothly enough; the dinner was punctually ready for her only spare half hour, the hearth bright, and Mary kind.

The first signs of change was the old and unaccountable irritability, which Alice was at first willing to attribute to indisposition. But when it assumed its old form, when it began again to display itself by fierce gestures and cruel taunts and threats, when she became negligent, parsimonious, or lavish, just as the case might be, Alice felt that the curse, though hidden, again hung over them with all its irremediable and fatal consequences. For with this better home, and with immediate poverty removed through Alice's exertions, Mary soon acted as if a coffer of gold stood ready open for use. So dissension was soon rife again; for let Alice say as little as she would, often not speak at all, the bare surmise that she sat in judgment on this cruel course of action, made Mary at times almost fiendish in her acts of spite and hate.

To avoid these, and their accompanying scenes, Alice kept away from home as much as she could; for days never returning to dinner, but leaving one set of pupils, dine off a bun as she walked slowly to the next.

Returning home one evening, during a period of brief reconciliation, and going to the chiffonnier to place on it some trifle the children had given her, Alice missed immediately a little jar of rare Sevrès porcelain, and one which had been highly prized by their father.

"Mary," she said, turning round to her sister, who was making tea, "in Mercy's name, where's the jar?"

"Broken."

"Broken? Where, when, how?"

"There, I don't like your catechising. I broke it this morning whilst dusting it."

"And where are the pieces? However broken, they can be put together."

"Oh! I like such things out of sight. What's done, can't be helped. Its no use making a mountain of it."

Alice went across the room with a hushed step, and stood before her sister with a face as death-like as a corpse. "Mary," she said, "are you dead to all which makes us human; and are you not doing what you have done before?"

"You dare to tell me I lie, do you? Then take this." And as she spoke, she raised her hand, and dashed it with brutal ferocity in the young girl's face. Whilst the blood poured down in a stream, Mary pushed her into the bed-room and locked the intervening door. Though Alice did not go to bed for many hours, but sat weeping bitterly, she heard nothing more of Mary, till just at day-break she rolled over her like a log. An hour or two afterwards, as she dressed, a scrap of paper on the carpet attracted her attention; she stooped, and picking it up, found it to be a pawnbroker's duplicate:

THE SEVRES JAR HAD GONE FOR BRUTALIZING GIN.

The ultimate consequence of this unpardonable act, was a reconciliation, the last true one the sisters ever had,—a reconciliation simply growing out of deficiency of means with which to purchase the horrible stimulant, and not from natural contrition.

Alice had always kept Mary's birthday. It occurring about this time, she begged an entire holiday, and without saying a word, made several little purchases. On the birthday morning Alice rose before Mary was awake, and, walking as far as Covent Garden, purchased a rich bunch of flowers, and returning, soon decked the room out gaily. She then laid a delicate cloth (the sole one left out of the fine box of linen they had brought with them from the country) placed the rarest of the nosegay in the midst, set out their best china, a small plum-cake, a jar of potted meat, and some ham, and then going into the bed-room, fetched a bunch of keys from the pocket of Mary's dress. Returning to the sitting-room, she took out a fair sized iron box, and, placing it beside the table, stooped and unlocked it. In a moment she leapt up as if wrung by sudden pain; and then, as suddenly, with a fearful cry of terror, fell senseless across the box upon the floor. She well might—she well might swoon—she well might despair and cry for mercy—she well might appeal to Heaven to pity and to save, for her small heir-loom, the treasured relics of her dead mother, were all gone:—

THE BEAUTIFUL SILVER TEA-SERVICE, TEAPOT, SUGAR-BASIN, EWER, WERE GONE FOR ACCURSED GIN.

As she slowly recovered from this fearful swoon, she found herself lying on the sofa, and the room half filled by the people of the house; whilst Mary hanging over her, had clearly invented some tale to cover the real facts of the case, as several people standing round, kept saying—

"Dear me, dear me, how tender-hearted to be so affected at the sight of any relic of her mother." The respectable landlady of the house was the only one who seemed to understand the truth.

When the lookers-on had wondered enough and were gone, Mary went and sat down beside the breakfast-table, and folding her arms, set her face steadfastly towards Alice, just as a cat would watch a peeping mouse. There was cruelty, fear, hatred, in this concentrated glare; it was the glare of a demon. At last she rose, and slowly going to the couch, as slowly dragged her victim from it to a chair opposite her own.

"So," she said, with a taunting laugh, which at once disclosed that she already had had a plenteous morning dram, "you thought to catch me, did you? You like to know my secrets and my sins, eh? It's nice, isn't it?"

"Mary," spoke Alice in a low voice, for the fainting fit had rendered her as feeble as a child, "you are not in a fit state to reason with. When you are, I will tell you what I think, and what I shall do. Till then no taunts shall induce me to speak. Recrimination is as useless as appeal."

"In what state?" asked Mary, fiercely repeating the only words on which she could hinge a quarrel. "What state? Pray explain."

But Alice made no answer; though with the pertinacious imbecility of drunkenness, Mary sat repeating this question, till it sounded like a monotonous chant. Tired of this, Alice at length rose to clear away the untasted breakfast, but Mary fiercely interposed, and snatching the things from her hands, pushed her back into her chair, still repeating, "What state, eh?"

To avoid contention, Alice went and fetched her work-basket, and a little parcel she had brought home with her the night before, and opening the latter, which contained some tulle and beautiful French flowers, set to to make herself and Mary each a bonnet-cap. Alice had not often the means to indulge in little purchases of this sort; and for this one she had been saving ever since she had seen these flowers hang in the artificial florist's windows, many weeks before. As this little job had formed part of the reckoned pleasures of the rare holiday, Alice commenced and proceeded with her work, Mary still sitting opposite and repeating her monotonous questions. Determined, however, to hazard no scene, Alice continued her needlework till the tulle was ready for the flowers to lay between. She had just taken the roses into her hand for this purpose, when Mary suddenly rising grasped her by the shoulder, and said, "You won't say what state, then?" Alice still not replying, she snatched the flowers from her hand, deliberately tore them into a thousand shreds, and scattered them upon the rug at her feet. This done, she again repeated her question; but no answer being made, she seized Alice by the throat, who in vain attempting to avoid her iron grasp (for Mary was much taller and stronger than herself) was at last thrust down upon the sofa. An instant after, and the landlady and a gentleman who lodged below, appalled by the scuffle and the piteous cry for mercy, rushed into the room, just in time, as it seemed, to save her; for Mary, kneeling on her, had both hands fixed with murderous gripe within her sister's jaws. Again Alice swooned, and knew no more, till she became conscious that she was in bed, and the curtains drawn. Slowly rising, for she was dressed, she opened the door into the adjoining room, and to her astonishment found Mary sitting beside the table at work. The tea-things were on the table, and she had evidently had her tea; but as she never spoke or moved an eye as her sister entered, Alice, instead of withdrawing, as was her first impulse, came slowly and sat down and poured out a cup of the now cold tea. Still Mary never moved or spoke, but kept her eyes intently fixed upon her work. As Alice sat thus, her face shaded by her hand, the landlady, after tapping at the door, entered. She came to Alice's side, and asking if she were better, addressed herself to Mary.—

"Though I have been desirous, many weeks, that you should quit my house, Miss Clive, still, for the sake of your sister, I have passed by much which is flagrant and objectionable in your conduct. I can do this no longer; and foregoing a week's rent, I beg you will make immediate arrangements to quit my house to-morrow. It has never been before disgraced by such scenes, or by such a lodger (for I am sorry to say your sister is entirely ignorant of your daily course) and shall not continue to be so. If you, Miss Alice, like to remain, you can."

"But this will not happen again," pleaded Alice, as she fervently pressed the good landlady's hand within her own, "perhaps it is my fault, perhaps——"

"You are an angel to say so, Miss Alice, after the usage of the morning; but if you only knew——"

"Let me remain in ignorance," interrupted Alice, "we'll go, we'll go to-morrow; anything is better than sitting in judgment upon another. We'll go."

These last words would have touched a heart less imbrutified and dead than Mary's; but GIN had done its work; this heart was turned to stone, and would have been callous to the pleadings of an angel!

"Please say no more," at last spoke Mary, hastily, "lodgings are plentiful; we'll go."

Thus dismissed, the landlady departed, and Mary, dressing, went out immediately. She returned in good time, but in what state Alice did not know, as she had gone to bed, and Mary did not enter the bed-room. In the morning she found her asleep on the sofa, and when she returned from her second pupils in the evening, not only had Mary taken a second lodging, but removed the things, and made a settlement of all pecuniary claims. Alice shuddered. This last circumstance could only have been effected through some further inroad on their miserable possessions.

Alice found their new lodgings cheerful and comfortable, and in few respects inferior to the one they had left. When she entered, and found something like a preparation for her reception, tea upon the table, and dear old Pinch barking and running round her, in his excess of delight, pride, reproof, anything like unforgiveness passed away before the large mercy of her most genuine nature; and hurrying up to Mary's side, she folded her arms around her, and, with passionate tears, kissed convulsively the hands which so lately had been raised against her life.

But Mary, like the murderer who has imbued his hands in blood, was never again the same creature, from the period of this last sad act. She received kindness in a spirit of dogged sullenness; and, with apathy on every point, maintained rigid silence in all which related to their joint affairs. One by one rich china bowl, and cup, and plate, disappeared; week by week, some garment or another was missing from its accustomed place; and if Alice even chanced to ask a question, insolent and brief was the reply.

They had scarcely been two months in their present lodgings before new misfortunes fell thickly around Alice. The parents of the first pupils again took a house near the sea-side, this time for a lengthened period; and Alice, with a small gratuity for the short notice given, found half her income swept off at once. As if this visitation were not enough, a sudden death, some three months after this occurrence, necessitated the removal of the family of her second pupils to a distant part of England. Thus, without remedy, she was again adrift and beggared. To add still something more to these misfortunes, her health had been for many months on the decline; and however circumstances might necessitate, she could not just then have accepted an engagement, even had one offered. Their needlework, through Mary's negligence, had long passed from their hands; and, therefore, no immediate resource was now left to them, other than a little engrossing from the solicitor in the City. But there was hope, if the translation she had had so long in hand could be accomplished, though, as it required excessive care, it could not be very rapidly proceeded with, particularly as low diet and confinement again brought on an attack of ophthalmy.

But I must avoid the detail of these miserable months; the make-shift poverty, the stern necessity, the awful ruin; but none of these wrung the soul of the wretched girl so much as contention and the bitter reproaches heaped upon her, for not bringing in the customary earnings. For days together, when the low intermittent fever of the ophthalmy made it impossible to write, she would go and sit out in one of the parks for the day, with no other companion than old Pinch, and with little more for contemplation than the appalling ruin, which, made more dreadful by the silence of its approaches, must sweep over them before long. To return at night was a misery I cannot describe. It was needing peace; and yet, with the necessity of entering bedlam to find it. To have the miserable meal of the day thrust before her, as if she were a dog, or else locked up from her; to have no peace of any sort or kind; to be met with reproaches, continuous as a song; to have the bed half dragged from under her at night; the books, or papers, or work, swept from off the table by day; to be condemned to the meanest drudgery, for the ease and luxury of one demoniacal tyrant; to starve on scraps, while another wantonly revelled in all procurable luxuries; *these* were some of the things—the natural fruit of most accursed GIN!

One day, in a moment of great need, Alice recollected that there was lying by, amidst her papers, a small pamphlet which had been translated in their former lodgings; a larger part of it in their bed-room, and when Mary, purposely to annoy, would open the intervening door and bawl out her loudest song. Finding it, and hurrying on her things, she was enabled that same day, through the assistance of her old French master, to sell it for five pounds, and, with a heart which had not been so happy for many weeks, she returned with its price. On her way, she was attracted by a cheap dress in a window, and recollecting that Mary had scarcely one to her back, she went in and purchased it. Its price was a pound. Though no great milliner, Alice set to work as soon as she got home, and in a day or two completed a very neat gown, which was put on that very evening, to grace their little tea-table; but, by the third evening after this, not a shred of the original colour was left in the whole front of the skirt; a pot of fat or oil had been spilled over it, how or when, Alice never knew; but the dress was a rag, which would not have fetched sixpence in Houndsditch.

Scarcely a week after this occurrence, the solicitor, their friend, sent Alice a deed of much importance to be engrossed; for latterly, he had, without assigning a reason, enclosed a note, with all the work sent in, to the effect, that Alice undertook it. On this occasion, after sitting a long day, and accomplishing more than two-thirds of her task, Alice put on her bonnet to take poor Pinch for a little airing, leaving the work, as was her custom, open on the table at which she had been writing. To her consternation, when she returned, she missed the deed, and could find it no where; and naturally referring its loss to her sister, she made inquiry, and found that Mary had gone out soon after herself. She went, and in every direction tried to trace her, without effect, till about ten o'clock that same night, she found her crying in a street leading out of Cheapside, and no great way from the solicitor's offices. A crowd was round her, and when a new comer stopped, it was instantly said the woman had lost a deed.

The parchment was only restored after great expense and delay; with this very natural result, that the solicitor peremptorily refused to issue any further work to them from his office. As to Mary's motive for withdrawing the deed, it could be accounted for in no other way, than, that supposing it to be finished, she was on her way with it to the office to get possession of the remuneration, for the purpose of drink. The mental agony endured through this last act, threw Alice again on to a bed of sickness, and one surrounded by the most abject poverty. Just as she was recovering, her first pupils' parents sent her a week's invitation, and enclosed her a pound for the journey; but, for the desire of getting well, and being able to renew her work, Alice would have refused this invitation as she dreaded to leave Mary. She went, but for the week only, though pressed to stop several, for her heart dreaded all sorts of mischances during her absence; not that she was ignorant, poor child, that the moral power she once exercised over Mary was gone; yet, still

in her secret heart, she believed her own was a saving presence; for never once, never to a human ear, had she disclosed the source of her poverty, or the cause of her wretched home; but in all stages of their sad life, and hitherto to every inquiry, Alice had covered Mary's sins, either by excuses, or what she hoped was an impenetrable veil, which others more curious, and less merciful, had long withdrawn.

Poor Alice! Still did her old love cleave to Mary, even through the gathering shadows of hate and fear. But this one week of absence had done its final work. Mary, in a state of drunken imbecility, received back the wretched girl; so thus, *at last*, roused and nerved, Alice that same night resolved, at whatever hazard or cost, to quit Mary, partially at least, if not wholly. To emancipate herself, she must finish her translation,—a thing impossible to do in the brawl and discord of a drunkard's chamber.

The old room, which had been such a haven to them in their early London life, was to let. She took it; and in this place, day by day, she laboured, rarely returning till late, and then with the beating heart of fear. Hitherto nothing had irritated Mary like this escape of her victim; it increased her hate, her cruelty, her tyranny; it led her to say, "seek the streets for a home and bread." At last the crowning moment of so much error came. Struck down, and bitterly reproached for her poverty, Alice, one cold winter's night, quitted the house for ever, her sole resource being eighteen pence, from the sale of some school-books; her sole friend, dear old Pincher!

Alone, within this chamber, she fell upon her knees; "Oh, God!" she prayed, "thou hast been a witness of my patience and my truth. Therefore, for the sake of long suffering and a broken heart, let me henceforth walk in the purity my soul craves; and however stern the poverty, however deep the suffering, let that which is around me, and about me, no longer desecrate Thy image, and Thy name!"

(*To be continued.*)

Pen and Ink Portraits.

THE LITTLE BOYS OF LONDON.

Are the little boys of London worthy of an article all to themselves? Have they peculiarities sufficient to form portraits which may be hung with dignity within our mental walls? Are we capable of extracting their essence, and presenting it to our readers in a neat and savoury style?

To the first query, we fearlessly answer, that little boys are as worthy of the dignity of print as cabinet ministers or "leaders" in the *Times;* and if these two termini of society were playing on the draught-board of life for the stake of honesty, we fear that the juveniles would be the winners, or at least make a drawn game of it. The political big boys cheat as much at that expensive and interesting game, "foreign affairs," as their humbler embryos in the streets do at "ring-taw" or "buttons."

When a number of little boys playing a friendly game at marbles see a few bigger and stronger boys approaching, they endeavour to guard their property, put on a pugnacious attitude, and instinctively roar out, "no smugging;" a term which may be rendered—no annexation. Now, the only difference which our most obtuse brain will permit us to see between the antagonistic boys in the Punjaub, and the little boys in the streets, is, that the plunder of the one may be called petty larceny, while the other bears the *alias*, "aggressive warfare."

Secondly; our imaginative organs could as easily devise an invention capable of catching and potting the whole of the sprat family within the narrow compass of half a pint, as to describe, in our present small space, the entire peculiarities of all the little boys in London; our readers, who must of necessity understand the subject, either being, having been, or possessing little boys themselves.

It is a common observation, that the gist of some subjects lies in a nut-shell. Now, it is never stated whether the allusion is made to a cocoa or barcelona; but we will endeavour to place our desultory matter within the compass of as small a shell as possible, and without further parley, we will crack it and get at the kernel.

The little boys of London are considered and estimated in the world of boyhood, according to the reputed or real metallic substance of their fathers, passing current only in proportion to the soundness, or credit, of the parental bank from which they are issued; and, therefore, treating them as ore upon which we are about to set the impression which is to render them exchangeable between ourselves and the public, we arrange them like the precious metals, in their natural order of value, viz., the golden, or "aristocratic little boy;" the silver-gilt, or "young gentleman" little boy; the silver, or "respectable" little boy; and lastly, the copper, or "common" little boy; and thus we have a quadrangular case of the juvenile community which, pyramidically viewed, with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the apex, forms a monument of the little boy class worthy of a Ptolemy, and fit and proper for transmission in a first-class carriage by the express train time in the railway of progress, down to that *ultimatum* of all distances—the terminus of posterity.

The apex little boy, according to popular belief, is something more than standard gold. He is refined gold, and forms an estate in himself; an estate, by the way, which we trust for his little boy compeer's sakes, will be improved, more usefully than ornamentally. This little boy is the last fashioned circle in that glittering chain of ancestry, whose primitive link is supposed to have been wrought out of brain and bright steel; so powerful are the rays emitted from that foundation hoop, and so surrounded is it with a dazzling halo of burning glory, that the most presumptuous and daring eagle, who would think it mere fun and pastime to fly at the sun, impudently stare at it full in the face, and claw at its very spots; would blink, wink, singe its eyelids and fall discomfited, did it dare to cast but a single glance at that circlet, which is as much hidden by the chaos of tradition, as the sun by a fog in November. For the habits and customs of this little boy, we must refer our readers to the court chroniclers of the daily papers.

A doubtful son, or a maternal descent, is the formation frequently of the next, the golden, or aristocratic order of little boys, who are the satellites which form the orb of the pure gold little boy, and partake as much as nature, the influence of their parents, and their own powers of imitation will permit of, his characteristics. They creep into this bustling world in some quiet corner, through the circle of a jewelled coronet, the latter fact giving them as much right to lord it over all other little boys as the incipient comb with which a cock is born entails upon that bird the right of crowing.

Some philosopher has compared the minds of little boys to sheets of white paper, upon which anything may be traced; but he has not said how many qualities of paper there are. While some minds may hold comparison with mere outside foolscap, or whitey-brown, of course the golden little boys are of the very best texture—a kind of cream-laid, gilt-edged, "Queen's note." They snuff the genial and aristocratic breezes of the West. The calyx of their minds is developed by zephyrs, not torn rudely open by the rough hands of old Boreas. The common little boy must not approach them, although they would, like sensitive plants, frequently wither prematurely were it not for the kind offices of the common little boys' mothers. They are the pets of Fortune; and as Fortune, like all other pets, cannot bear crossing, we pass to the next, or silver gilt class. These form the connecting link between the golden and the silver little boys, i. e., they are neither

one nor the other; they are born on the neutral ground of society. In fact, these little boys are the product of the *imitative* organs of their ambitious parents, and are mere copies of the golden, or aristocratic little boys; like Birmingham jewellery—pretty, but not standard. We have often met a specimen of this class where we little expected, and less wanted him, viz., at a dinner-party. He is frequently a rising wit, and much given to practical joking; such, for instance, as mistaking your plate for his own, dropping pieces of bread into your wine, letting his handkerchief fall under the table; then rapidly slipping himself down in quest of it, holding the table-cloth, and probably upsetting the contents of his plate into your lap, and certainly pitching with the aim of a sharpshooter on your favourite corn; and then (bless his innocent little heart) laughing immoderately at the grimaces extracted from you by the pain, adding the exclamation, "Oh, pa! what a funny man he is!" At which his papa rejoins, "Fie, sir, for shame," whilst his anxious mamma blesses his little heart, and requests him to mind he don't hurt himself; and in the same breath, for your consolation, tells you what a dear boy he is, and how she fears that his papa spoils the funny little rogue.

This kind of young gentleman engendereth much deceit among the servants; they outwardly call him a little dear, but inwardly a young plague. The longer a servant has been in the family, the greater the amount of injuries she has chronicled in her memory, all of which must be paid off, and the young gentleman knows it by experience. The settling day arrives; the servant has received or given warning. It is her pay-time, and the only time when the little boy can be kept from visiting the kitchen. You are given to understand that his holidays from school come twice a-year, and you are led to believe that that must be winter and summer, for go when you will, the little darling is there; and you must, as a matter of course, not only endure, but admire and praise him for his specimen of oratory as exhibited in his recitations of "Alexander's Feast," "My name is Norval," &c. So little interest is there attached to the characteristics of these juveniles, that we should have passed them entirely, had it not been for the fear of loosing a link in the little boy chain.

The silver, or respectable little boy, is of rougher clay than the last, and generally appertains to tradesmatic society. They are brought up between the school and the little shop-parlour; their first nursery tale is of the marvellous history of that astonishing genius Whittington, and their brains are trained for the discovery of an animal likely to be as lucky to them as the cat was to the illustrious, but almost antediluvian, lord mayor. They are taught that the animal they are then in search of is called Industry, as that is a cat whose claws will rake up anything, and create its own California.

They are frequently set up in life when their parents are set up in business, and both business and little boy usually prosper or fall together; fall entirely with such culture they cannot. Their infant ideas are expanded by the winds of profit and loss; they are taught to compute time by the seconds, and its value is explained to them to be so much per hour.

They look upon the old gentleman, who has a scythe and an hour-glass for his initials, as medical students do upon "a subject," as a body that if properly dissected, every part is of so much value; the student calling his worth knowledge, and the other money. "Time saved is money earned," "Early to bed and early to rise," are the two maxims upon which is founded their whole system of moral, domestic, and political economy.

"Quite a little man of business" is the highest praise you can bestow. To mount the flag (wear an apron) or plant a pen behind his ear, is the very acme of his ambition. See him behind his father's counter, or at his desk; notice the dignity with which he struts; no knighted alderman has more pleasure in first listening to the delicious sound of "Sir Toby," than he has in being called the "young master."

Go into his shop and call him "my little man," and see if you read not in the indignant flash of his eye, "Oh, if you was'nt a customer, would'nt I, though!"

No midshipman or ensign first mounting his virgin uniform enters the presence of his own circle with a greater consciousness of his new-born consequence, and his first move on the chequered board of manhood, than our incipient tradesman when he meets a school-fellow, who is still doing the "shining morning face and satchel at his back" business.

And why, we ask should he not have all this pride, this pride of usefulness, and anxiety, to enter the great world of work and taxes? He is a budding, loyal subject of the community, for who is more loyal than he who contributes his share to the prevention of riots and poor-rates, by the employing of the physical, and engaging the mental powers of the millions.

We have seen that the silver, or respectable little boy, becomes a current commodity at an early age; occasionally they are to be found as productive of bread as little corn fields. Look at that little boy at the booksellers; he is one of this class, and if taken at his monetary value, like black slaves in America, and white slaves nearer home, he is of the metallic value of at least ten shillings per week to a widowed mother. He can tell you the value of his master's stock singly and collectively. Astonishing is the memory of that little boy. If you have been in that shop but once before, he will tell what book you then bought, off what shelf he took it, and many other little facts which have, perchance, clean escaped your memory. He will show you everything in the shop with untiring perseverance, and thank you politely if you do not purchase. That shop is the theatre of his existence, and the sale of a single article or the taking of an order, is of as much importance to him as the settlement of a treaty, or the disposal of a ribbon to the premier. He is learned in all the technicalities of his trade, from the price of a steel pen, to the cost of the last cyclopædia. He has saved up ten bright sovereigns, and is prouder of the savings' bank book than his master is of his banker's account. In fact, he is a thriving little boy, and has made up his mind to get on. He is somewhat given to atmospheric architecture, or what is commonly called, building castles in the air, for he has some indistinct idea of being like the "good apprentice" (his model) and marrying his master's daughter; albeit, there are at least three religious ceremonies to be performed before he can do that, viz., a marriage, a churching, and a christening, seeing that his worthy master is yet single. However, that little boy is dauntless; he knows where there is a will there's a way, and he remembers being told that "faint heart never won fair lady." He is the Tom Thumb of trade, hewing his way through trade to fortune, as the magnanimous hero of infant history did to fame through giants' carringes.

Our bookseller's boy has a little brother, who, at an early period of his existence, manifested a talent for writing. The cultivation of this talent being exotically brought forward, it in time produced the power of making those perpendicular characters, a number of which horizontally strung together, makes law-hand. Tom was then promoted to the rank of an attorney's imp, and commenced a life of dodging in and out after black gentlemen in the intricate mazes of the law courts and offices.

Now, Tom is proud, very proud in his family circle, and boasts of being a member of (if verbiage is considered) the most liberal of the liberal professions. He has some indefinite idea of wearing a wig and gown; he has heard, or he believes, that great law judges are but little law boys grown up; and, consequently, in the same spirit as the lady who owned the milk pails, he is great with anticipated dignity. He is the embryo man, prouder in anticipation than possession.

As for the "copper," or common little boys, i.e. common to the public, as they vegetate in the London streets, we think that anything less than an article to themselves would be an insult to the body.

WILLIAM DALTON.

SOMETHING ABOUT GRETNA-GREEN.

If Gretna-Green marriages do not always prove the happiest in the end, they are at least by far the merriest at the time; and Miss Lydia Languish was partly in the right when she pettishly remarked, that there was no fun in a love affair at all that did not lead to a leap from a window into a lover's arms, a chase, a challenge, and, as a matter of course, a paragraph in the newspapers. In England they make a terrible fuss about an ordinance, which in Scotland is the simplest business imaginable. Proclamation of bans is all very well, so long as a brace of lovers, with their maid and man, can slip into the manse, together or separately, at any hour of the day they please, or even appoint the clergyman to meet them in some quiet corner, where nobody suspects that a marriage is going forward. This, I say, is all very well, but it is quite another thing when you must walk in procession to the parish church, form a sort of semi-circle round the altar, answer a great number of questions, and return in nearly the same order, exposed to the gaze of bevies of gossips, and annoyed by crowds of idle boys, who run shouting and hallooing, and begging a largess, like the crones that followed our funerals of old. Such an exhibition is more than the nerves of many are equal to.

Yet mistake me not, gentle reader. I am no advocate for imprudent marriages, and have no great respect for your boarding-school misses, who devour novels until their heads are turned, and with their feelings wound up to the highest pitch, are ready to fly into the arms of the first man they meet, whose address is easy, face handsome, and carriage debonair. Love, they say, must be caught at first sight; and yet I should doubt whether a courtship in which the eye is the sole arbiter, is likely to lead to the happiest results. A good husband gained in this way would be as great a windfall as the highest prize in a state lottery; and for every rash and inconsiderate nymph who espouses a man of sterling sense, whose talents and industry more than compensate for his lack of fortune and humble lineage, there are probably a hundred that throw themselves away upon dolts and dandies, who are generally too much in love with themselves to become permanent worshippers at any other shrine. On this principle, a cross maiden-aunt or an obdurate parent, who looks exclusively to an union of interest, may often do the state signal service by checking the evils of which Dr. Malthus is so much afraid. But are there no cases of a different character?—is there no bane of an opposite nature, to which Gretna-Green has furnished an antidote? If rashness be the besetting sin of youth, avarice is the besetting sin of age; and again and again, instances have occurred, in which a father, though kind and indulgent even to a fault, has actually set his daughter up to auction, and knocked her down to the highest bidder. Here, then, we have two evils to guard against, and truly it would be difficult to determine which is the greatest.

At what precise period the first run-away marriage was celebrated at the spot called Gretna-Green, cannot now be satisfactorily ascertained; but in common parlance the the custom is said to have existed from time immemorial. Old Joseph Paisley, who died in 1814, at the advanced age of fourscore years, resided in his youth at Megg's Hill, a small farm situated betwixt Gretna and Springfield; and hence the name of Gretna-Green. But so far back as 1791, he abandoned Megg's Hill, and removed to Springfield, as a more convenient spot; and though the popular name is still kept up, it is no longer geographically accurate. Though he generally went by the name of the Blacksmith, he knew nothing of the secrets of the anvil and the forge. On the contrary, he was bred a tobacconist, and continued to roll and liquor the seaman's quid, until the trade he had followed merely as a bye-job, throve so surprisingly that he found he could subsist by it alone. Welding, or joining, is a term well known in the smithy; and it is believed that it was the metaphorical application of this term, that procured for Paisley the appellation of blacksmith. Though neither avaricious nor cold-hearted, he was a rough "outspoken" eccentric fellow; drank like a fish, swore like a trooper, and when once in his cups, forgot entirely the character he had assumed. Still he monopolized the whole trade, and was only on one occasion threatened with opposition; but he soon put an end to his rival's pretensions, by proposing a copartnery, in which the assistant, in addition to the hope of a lucrative succession, was allowed to pocket the whole profits accruing from the visits of pedestrian couples. Repeatedly he earned the handsome fee of a hundred guineas in a briefer space than a barber consumes in shaving a country bumpkin; and though these were wind-falls of but rare occurrence, many of the inferior fees were so handsome, that the priest, had he been careful, might have lived merrily, and died in affluent or easy circumstances. But he liked his bottle too well for that; and the same remark, I understand, applies to his successors. What is easily come by goes as cheaply, and the trade of marrying, though not so hazardous, has this feature, in common with the trade of smuggling, that there is seldom much money gained by it in the end.

It is a remarkable fact, that two former occupants of the woolsack were both married at Gretna-Green,—Lord Erskine and Lord Eldon.—*M'Diarmid.*

HOME SONNET.

AROUND the circle of my childhood's hearth,
In humble garb and unassuming grace,
Sat sweet Contentment with her smiling face,
And gave a tone to health, a zest to mirth:
Though since, some blissful moments have had birth
In joyous meetings at that hallowed place,
Yet still, compared to those all happy days,
The world has given me nothing half their worth.
O home! O childhood! How my fancy flees,
In life's approaching twilight, back to you,
Gathering in spirit all the flowers that grew
On roadside bank, or scattered o'er the leas:
The world must warp my heart and sear it, too,
Before these memories can cease to please.

HENRY MONK LOTT.

If any ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionize, at one effort, the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment, the opportunity is his own—the road to immortal renown lies straight, open, and unencumbered before him; all that he has to do is to write and publish a very little book. Its title should be simple—a few plain words—"My Heart Laid Bare." But this little book must be *true to its title.* Now, is it not very singular that, with the rabid thirst for notoriety which distinguishes so many of mankind, so many, too, who care not a fig what is thought of them after death, there should not be found one man having sufficient hardihood to write this little book? To *write*, we say. There are ten thousand men, who, if the book were once written, would laugh at the notion of being disturbed by its publication during their life, and who could not even conceive *why* they should object to its being published after their death. But to write it—*there* is the rub. No man dare write it. No man ever will dare write it.

The true philosophical act is annihilation of self; this is the real beginning of all philosophy; all requisites for being a disciple of philosophy point hither.

THE "KNIGHTE-HOODE" OF SIR JOHN DUDDLESTONE,

WITH THE MORAL APPLICATION THEREOF.*

In Bristol's ancient city dwelt, in days long past and gone,
A worthy wight, one Duddlestone, his Christian name was John;
And Mr. Duddlestone, (for so our chronicles discover,)
Conducted business great in gloves—in short, he was a glover;
While Mrs. Duddlestone, good soul, her husband's household goddess,
Did fabricate an article that ladies called a boddice:
And thus to one joint end and aim delightfully conniving,
The Duddlestones were said to be most vehemently thriving.
Hard by the merchants' old exchange, a spot they show e'en now,
Where once John D. acquired his fame, this tale unfoldeth how.
'Twas in the days of good Queen Anne, it makes the women vain,
To tell how England prospers in a petticoated reign;
But so it was, great store of wealth the merchant-traders wrought,
And craftsmen skilled in divers arts much fame the city brought.
One day Prince George of Denmark chanced to pass the city through,
And though a Royal Consort he, he made but small ado;
With one attendant strolled about, and soon his figure strange,
Did greet the wond'ring burgesses, who mid-day met on change;
His broad gold lace and glittering star the man of rank proclaimed,
And busy Rumour's whispering tongue full soon the stranger named.
The citizens now grouped around, looked on with quiet stare,
Some thought they ought to make a speech, one ran to fetch the mayor;
But still some little doubts arose their cautious minds to clog,
"The Queen perhaps don't know he's out, he'd rather be *incog.*;"
And possibly his friend might be, (such things are sometimes read of,)
Some scampish lord, or spendthrift duke, a little cash in need of.

John Duddlestone was at his door, the day was soft and sunny,
Quoth John, "The Prince seeks not, I'm sure, or merchandize or money;
Our ancient city's loyal fame has brought him here to view it;
This strange neglect is not correct, to-morrow we shall rue it.
Dame Duddlestone, my dear, I say, my most decided vote is,
The husband of our good Queen Anne requires some special notice;
And as the merchants make no move, as sure as I'm a sinner,
We've beef and pudding, dame,—by Jove, I'll ask him in to dinner!"
No sooner said than done, for John, whose indignation screwed
His courage, felt with energy and eloquence endued;
Straight to the Consort Prince he walked, "May't please your Royal Highness,
My worthy fellow-citizens have mighty fits of shyness,
And this it is, your Majesty, has potently deterred
Your very loving subjects from addressing you a word;
But if your Highness graciously will condescend to dine,
On such poor fare as but befits a humble house like mine,
I've good roast beef, and nut-brown ale (my dame's October brew),
I've blood-red wines of Burgundy, and sparkling Rhenish, too——"
"Enough, enough, (broke in the Prince) to-day I dine with you."

'Twas an hour past noon by St. Werburgh's clock, the host had changed his clothes,
The 'prentices had Sunday wigs, laced hats, and scarlet hose;
And punctually at half-past one, the royal guest surveyed
Good Mistress Duddlestone, attired in holiday brocade.
How brightly shone the polished oak, with silver flagon graced,
And brightly smiled John Duddlestone in ruffles to his waist;
Right heartily the royal Prince approved John's honest cheer,
And merrily he quaffed away his dame's delightful beer.
But beer and Burgundy will tell upon the strongest poll,
And though no feast of reason, there was plenteous flow of soul;
John told the Prince, in olden time how gloves of steel were made,
Plated upon a tough bull's hide, but fashion turned the trade;
And gloves of skins and woven silk were worn by knight and dame,
And broidered cloth of fabric fair preferred its gentle claim;
And gloves were wrought of fair spun wool, and flax of varied dye,
And—"Please your Majesty, I think the subject's getting dry;
So let me recommend you, just to mitigate the dryness,
This dusty flask of Rhenish; may it please your Royal Highness,
Of all the gloves I ever made, for any sort of weather,
You may depend, your Majesty, that nothing equals leather."
The Prince now rose to take his leave, "Friend Duddlestone," said he,
"To London when ye chance to come, be sure you dine with me,
And bring your lady fair—mind, John, I say just what I mean;
At court you'll show this little card, 'twill take you to the Queen."
John blundered forth a wordy host of sentiments polite,
Down deeply bent dame Duddlestone with reverence and delight,
And when the pair recovered,—why! the Prince was out of sight.

'Twas when another year had passed of Anne's auspicious reign,
John rode to town, his wife behind, one horse conveyed the twain;
In six days' journey, having 'scaped the perils of the road,
One morning found the Duddlestones at royalty's abode.
The Queen was in her banquet-hall, with store of ladies fair,
And gartered peers and belted knights, a jewelled mob were there;
There sat the Duddlestones, and there the royal Prince outspoke,
In Bristol city how he'd found these loyal-hearted folk;
The tale he told—then (quoth the Queen) "Posterity shall right him;
Kneel down, my friend—our sword, Prince George—upon the spot we'll knight him."
Then softly on his curly wig she smote the honest man,
And (as his wife would after tell) did cry, "Ston up, Sir Jan;"
And turning to dame Duddlestone, where all might well behold,
The Queen took from her glittering robe a watch of massive gold,
While John, whose generous heart was full, and fancy comprehensive,
Close whispered to the Prince his thought, "These folk must be expensive,
I've money, please your Majesty, if ever 'tis required;"
And here Sir John and lady rose, kissed hands, and so retired.

In Bristol long the new-made knight pursued his wonted labour,
And oft his little history was told to friend and neighbour,
A place at court was offered him, but John this answer made,
He thanked their Majesties, but he was well content with trade.
Yet still the royal pair to John were kind and constant friends,
They made him baronet at last—and here my story ends.

But mark the moral well, all ye who read this homely tale
Of true politeness, one sound test is never known to fail;
Good nature—of good sense, of course, your quota you must bring,
And then be sure you can't mistake to do the proper thing;
And though to ask a Prince to dine you'll may be have no chance,
Yet when some cold formality would check the heart's advance,
To kindly word or gentle deed that nature seems to claim,
Think how John Duddlestone acquired the *Sir* before his name.

PABLO.

* In Corry's "History of Bristol," the leading particulars of the above narrative are given, in an extract from an old newspaper. The Rev. S. Seyer, and other writers of the time, also give their testimony to its correctness.

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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL

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RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

IN our recent memoir of George Stephenson, we have seen the heroic resolute spirit of the Englishman indomitably at work, overcoming numerous obstacles of birth, position, and education,—toiling up from his dark slavery in the mine to be the engineer of railways, and the tamer of the great fire-horse—the railway locomotive—which he at length rode at almost lightning speed, like a peaceful Viking, a warrior for a nation's, for a world's progress. To other men, of kindred genius, the development of the railway system has been largely indebted,—to Robert Stephenson, Locke, and Brunel—a man of gigantic conceptions and large genius—to Walker, Braithwaite, and many more.

And let us say a word, too, for those men who found the *means* of railway development, and without which all this array of genius would have been unavailing. At the present day, when railway directors and shareholders are looked upon in the light of so many enormous money-grubbers—Californian "diggers" in another sphere—we are too apt to forget the really great services which they have rendered to the cause of human progress. Let us do them justice. The first projectors of railways were the enterprising merchants, manufacturers, and shopkeepers of England—men who have never been sparing of the means, where a large object was to be achieved, a great work to be accomplished. It was no mere selfish love of gain which stimulated them. There was no certainty of gain in the first railways; the leaders of public opinion—those who write in Quarterlies—scouted such projects as "insane." There were great risks in the venture; but, the enterprise was grand, was truly noble; and the men we speak of stood forward with their help at the right season.

There were very few "speculators" among those who formed the first railway companies. They were generally far-seeing and strong-headed men, some of the most prominent of whom were found ready to assume the business helm of affairs—capable of inspiring confidence, and of mastering difficulties. After years of hard work, during which their money was dug into the earth, buried in mosses, expended on viaducts, embankments, rails, engines, working stock, and such like, the first lines were opened, set to work amidst much wondering and amazement and predictions of loss and failure. But, a few years' experience incontestibly proved their success, and the wisdom of their promoters. Then it was that speculation, with its bad passions, appeared; then ensued the "railway mania;" and an endless host of new lines were projected, in which many dupes were lured to their ruin, and an opprobrium was cast on railway interests generally, which has not yet passed away. But the day will come when the first projectors of railways will have their just due, nevertheless.

Only see what railways have accomplished. They have enormously increased and facilitated all our internal means of communication. Among our forefathers, the maker of a road or the builder of a bridge was regarded as a great public benefactor. The road is the first instrument of civilization—it is the first work of every new settlement; and in proportion to the roads of a country, may you infer the civilization of its people. In the old times of England, the roads were as imperfect and barbarous as the inhabitants. The first roads were built by the Romans, and subsequently formed, in most places, the foundation of modern highways. But down even to a comparatively recent date, until the days of Macadam, the system of our internal communication was very imperfect. All travelling was accomplished on horseback, over roads full of mire and ruts; merchandise was conveyed from town to town on pack-horses, or along narrow pathways, flanked on either side with mud, and sufficiently broad to admit of progress only in single file. Such was the method of transport in Yorkshire, and the northern counties of England, within the memory of men now living. You will there often yet see the sign of "The Pack Horse" over many a road-side hotel—a memento of the imperfect mode of transport of our forefathers.

Waggons and coaches, of a rude kind, followed, at a more recent date. Not one of our turnpike roads is yet a hundred and fifty years old. The attempts to construct them at the public expense led to riots, similar to those we have recently witnessed in Wales—the Rebecca riots. The turnpike roads were chiefly formed after the rebellion of 1745 had shown the necessity for them. Even then, they were of the most primitive kind—rude, rutty, and abominable. In the neighbourhood of the metropolis, they were often impassible in vehicles of any description. In the winter months they were generally useless; coaches and waggons stuck in the mud, and were left there. In 1768, the Sussex roads were in a wretched state. The Duke of Somerset, in travelling to London from Petworth, had to pass round by Guilford, in order to get upon the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. To pass across the country, by this road, occupied a whole day, and then, "the keepers and persons who *knew the holes and the sloughs*," were ordered to accompany his Grace "with *lanthorns and long poles*, to help him on his way."

The stage, or fly-coaches, when they were at length established, proved but slow coaches. The London and Newcastle diligence, as late as 1783, took four days in performing its journey; now, the same distance is accomplished in seven hours. To avoid robbers, with whom the roads were beset, the coaches halted at sunset, and proceeded leisurely next morning on their way. The neighbourhood of the metropolis was particularly dangerous, by reason of the number of highwaymen who then haunted it; hence the frequent announcement of

the old coach proprietors, that "the coach arrives in London about four o'clock in the afternoon, by which means *the danger of travelling in the night near the metropolis* is avoided." Think of a highwayman now-a-days summoning a railway train to "stand and deliver!"

The reader of old English books will not fail to call to mind the numerous incidents so useful for the purposes of the novelist, arising out of this barbarous state of our roads in the last century; the rambles of a Jones, the slow but eventful progress of a Roderick Random in the stage-waggon, the tedious and perilous mishaps of Humphrey Clinker, and the fortunes of the day that exposed an Andrews to the tender mercies of a couple of footpads.

Alas! the "good old times" of the highwaymen have passed away, and railways have demolished their calling for ever. A journey of a hundred miles is no longer an era in a man's life; he has not now to make his will before he sets out; nor are his family kept in a state of anxious torture until his return. Travelling has ceased to be an adventure of peril and great enterprise. Mrs. Marsh well observes, in her clever novel of "Angela," that "a journey in a coach to London, in a vehicle such as the sometimes regretted stage-coaches then were, closely packed up in a little, inconvenient, straight-backed carriage, where the cramped limbs could not be in the least extended, or the wearied frame indulge in any change of posture, was to some people a terrible thing. What has been endured by those suffering from illness, or even by the delicate and weakly, whose means could afford them no better conveyance, ought to be known, and when known, recollected, by those who still love to abuse railways. The praise of railways comes with much grace from him whose business it is to write stories; for, certainly, no one has less reason to rejoice in them than he. Certainly, nothing that man, among his innumerable inventions, ever invented, has done more to ruin all incidents founded upon the adventures or disasters of travel than this."

Railways have now completely broken down the barriers which separated town from town, and district from district. Travelling is no longer the luxury of the rich, but the common enjoyment of all. Railways have brought men closer to each other, and enabled them to know each other better. They have thrown open the beautiful country to the dwellers in towns and cities, and brought within the reach of the rural population the advantages of town and city life. They have made of England and Scotland, as it were, one large city, with green fields, hills and dales, rivers and lakes, stretched out in their midst. They have made travelling easy, rapid, and cheap. They have given a new power to the press and the post, serving to unite mind and matter, and to draw the ends of the earth together.

How much the railway system has done to increase and develope our national wealth, we do not now stop to inquire. Great it has assuredly been, and proud may be the boast of the men who have given such an example for the world, of resolute enterprise and of earnest co-operation for a great purpose. But our present object, in the few further remarks which we have yet to make, is rather to show the value of railway travelling as regards the humbler and industrious ranks of the community. The railway has really proved an invention for the benefit of the poor man as well as the rich, and it is the interest of all railway companies to bring its use as much as possible within the means of the most numerous class in the community. A railway is, in fact, useful mainly where large numbers of persons exist to be served by it; being a machine for the purpose of conveying a large number of people at the same expense as a small number.

We look forward with confidence to the time when railways will be the chief means of circulating and equalizing labour throughout the community. They will afford the working classes the means of transporting their labour to the best market. At present, in consequence of the facilities of transport, the prices of all descriptions of commodities are remarkably uniform in the different parts of our island, with the exception of labour, the most important commodity of all, the price of which greatly varies in different parts of the kingdom. The labourer in Dorset, Devon, and Wilts is paid only 7s. a week, whereas the labourer in Kent, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire, is paid from 10s. to 13s. a week. Here is a difference in wages of from 30 to 40 per cent. To transport himself, however, to the best field for his labour, the working man requires money, and this, unfortunately, he has not got in any abundance. To meet the means of this class, fares should be low; and in course of time, we doubt not, the experience of railway companies will sufficiently teach them that they must, if they would the most effectually develope the railway system, bring the use of the iron roads within the means, limited though they be, of the large mass of the people.

Another important use of railways is, in their affording to the people a means of wholesome exercise and enjoyment, away from the haunts of vicious excitement; in bringing the crowded population of our towns in contact with the healthful face of nature, where they may breathe the breath of a new moral life, and give a free play to the higher feelings of their inner being. From the metropolis, and, indeed, from every large town in England, the finest scenery of our land is now accessible; the old forests of Nottinghamshire and Hampshire, the sea-beat cliffs of Kent, Devon, and Yorkshire, the purple heaths, the gorse commons, the forest patches of the midland counties,—the mountains, the rivers, and the bays of England—the enjoyment and appreciation of the beauty of which Nature has made common to every man:—

> What tho' like commoners of air,
> We wander out, we know not where,
> But either house or hall?
> Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
> The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
> Are free alike to all.

Regarding the numerous beautiful influences which act upon the nature of man, when brought into a frequent communication with nature, in her fairest moods—influences which enter into the heart, purify the feelings, and elevate the character, we rejoice to see the increased facilities which railways are every day affording for the ministration of this high moral culture, by the cheap fares and the excursion trains which are now becoming so general. It cannot but be productive of great good thus to open up to large masses of toiling men the great pleasure-grounds of England—where the pent population of cities may take a copious draught of health, in the form of the unsullied sunshine and the untainted breeze, which lies on the open hills, and in the free glades, and green valleys; and, above all, along that dream-land to many, the beautiful sea-shore; from whence they may return to their homes with fresh life in their veins, new ideas implanted in their minds, and many pleasant memories cherished in their hearts. And not only is the railway now opening up to thousands the beauties of their own land, but it is daily knitting the populations of France and England more closely together. We have "return visits"—friendly invasions, and counter-invasions—not as warriors, but as troops of friends, bearing—not muskets, but guide-books and carpet-bags! Excursions such as these are indicative of something nobler than mere railway progress; but all honour, at the same time, to the railway which is so eminently promotive of them. The whole railway system is yet, however, merely in its infancy; and immense future good in this and all other respects is to be anticipated from it. Crowded towns and cities, which are now so prolific in squalor and disease, are the result mainly of slow and expensive transit; men formerly crowding together to save time and

travelling. Railways have, however, so wonderfully economized time and travelling, that it is no longer a cause of inconvenience for them to live apart from the crowded town; and hence the increased tendency of all towns to expand; numbers of families run out to their country homes, situated along some neighbouring line of railway; working men, also, are contemplating a similar escape from the metropolitan crowd, to accessible country dwellings, where they may breathe, nightly, a pure and free air, and their children be rescued from the contamination of the city lanes and courts. All this is going steadily forward under our eyes, and we joyfully entertain the hope, that by means of railways, is the problem yet to be solved, of how the natural and the cultivated man may become one; how the benefits of town and country are to be combined; how the city may be rescued from its squalor, and field and forest from their ignorance.

MEDALS, OR OBVERSES AND REVERSES.

In like manner as Janus possessed two faces, so does almost everything else in the world present two aspects under which it may be viewed—the one brilliant and attractive, the other gloomy and terrifying. The Italian proverb says, "Every medal has its reverse," a remark that applies to both men and things; for what character is so illustrious as not to have its shadowed side? What so totally dark as not to exhibit a few light spots? or what so perfect as to be productive of no abuse?—so evil as to be mitigated by no concomitant alleviation? Let us, therefore, examine a few of our *medals* on both sides. To do so may afford us some amusement, and, perhaps, a little instruction too.

Gold.—How many virtues does this metal possess! How many comforts and gratifications does it procure! How many defects does it not conceal! It endues even the weakest mortal with the strength of a hundred hands; provides for him the luxuries of every clime; secures for him on all sides homage and admiration. What though nature, like a malignant stepmother, has denied him her most ordinary gifts, this gift of fortune amply avenges him for her neglect, and he sees himself the object of universal regard and envy. Could gold secure but mere sensual indulgence, pamper only the body, the philosopher might scorn it; but it obtains also for its possessor the attention of the wise, the smiles of the beautiful. It is the key that opens to him the gates of the proud and the great—the magic talisman that transports him wherever he wishes, and becomes whatever he wills; it enables man to succour misfortune, to relieve distress, and to be to his fellow-creatures a benevolent genius. No wonder, then, that mortals adore in their hearts a metal of such admirable potency, and superior in its effects to all the enchantments and charms that romance has fabled.

Let us, however, cast a glance at the *reverse*. Alas, how numerous are the crimes to which gold has given birth! It has bribed the betrayer of his country; it has hired the sword of the assassin; it has paid woman the price of her infamy and shame; it has sometimes even warped the scales of justice, and has purchased for guilt the title of virtue. What is there so precious that mortals will not sacrifice it to this idol? Liberty, independence, honour, affection, health of body and peace of mind, love of country and love of kindred, are all offered up to it by turns. Sleepless nights, days of unceasing toil, are submitted to for the sake of gold; it is the ready pander of vice, the insidious foe to virtue.

War.—When we gaze upon the *obverse*, we perceive only the pomp and sublimity which the poet and historian have conferred upon this pursuit. We admire the generous enthusiasm of combatants, the pageant of the tented field; we hear only the spirit-stirring trumpet, the clang of arms, and the shouts of victory. Hurried away by enthusiasm, we involuntarily bow before the chariot of the conqueror, and join in the general acclamation. The successful warrior is seen standing like a demigod, crowned by immortality and glory.

But what a frightful contrast does the other side of the medal offer to us;—there the victor seems a destroying angel sent to exterminate his fellow-creatures, spreading desolation and misery, and carrying servitude and oppression wherever he directs his course, while ten thousand nameless horrors follow in his train.

Glory, Fame, Immortality;—these are the words inscribed on the third medal; and our bosoms thrill with pride when we contemplate the generous and noble actions which they have inspired; they recall to us the names of those who have generously devoted their lives and their talents to the service of the human race,—who have laboured for the weal of remote posterity. Yes! well do such characters deserve that their memories should be honoured with every testimony of regard that gratitude can bestow. Mankind are only just when they thus bestow on their benefactors the attributes of more than human power, and repeat their names from age to age. Surely to this medal there can be no reverse; yet let us turn it, and we shall perceive that infamy, too, possesses its immortality, and that with an almost incredible fatuity, men have agreed to bestow admiration on actions that merit only abhorrence or contempt; thus casting a false splendour over successful crime. The name of a Nero is as secure from oblivion as that of a Titus; an Achilles or an Alexander more known and honoured than a Howard or a Sharp. Impartially examine the characters of those on whom the world has bestowed the epithets of illustrious and great, and how few among them will you discover either estimable or amiable! Nay, we shall too often detect in this number those who, while they arrogantly aspired to be deemed superior to the rest of their species, exhibited more than human weaknesses, with vices truly diabolical. As used by the generality of mankind, glory and infamy, celebrity and disgrace, are but too frequently synonymous.

It would be more tedious, perhaps, than instructive, were we to examine all our medals in detail, and scrutinize them one by one. We will now, therefore, content ourselves with a more cursory glance at some of the others, which we shall take up at random; and here we have one on whose obverse is a figure of Hymen, with the motto, "Conjugal Felicity;" and surely we could not have pitched upon a happier omen. And does this, also, like the rest, some fair reader may perhaps inquire, possess a fatal reverse?—it cannot be. Perhaps, then, we had better not turn it; but incredulity and curiosity prevail, and we read with grief and astonishment—Indifference, Contempt, Disgust, and—Doctors' Commons.

This medal, which shows, on one side the Golden Age, represented by a group of nymphs and youths, crowned with flowers, and dancing beneath the shade of a spreading tree, exhibits on the other a parcel of naked savages leaping and grinning, to say nothing of other circumstances that do not tell greatly to the advantage of unsophisticated nature, or display it exactly in the same colours as poetry does. Let us turn this other, on which is inscribed, "The Good Old Times," and "The Wisdom of our Ancestors," and we shall perceive the curfew bell; ordeal by fire and water; a preux chevalier, in person and manners not much unlike a modern butcher, and unable to write his own name; superstition, monkery, priestcraft, and witchcraft; Torquemada and the Inquisition; Queen Mary and her Smithfield faggots; the female Nero, Catherine de Medici; Rodrigo Borgia, with the style of Vicegerent of Christ and Successor of St. Peter; the pious Defender of the Faith, our Second Charles, with his Mahometan seraglio; and several ever-to-be-regretted blessings and characteristics of by-gone times. Then hie thee to yon old grand-dame, who is so

pathetically descanting on the wickedness of the present age, and bid her use it as a comment on modern degeneracy.

Every medal, in short, that we can take up in our whole collection, however fair the type and impress it bears on one side, presents some disagreeable contrast, some antithetical and accompanying evil, on the other. Yet wisdom, like the prudent Janus, will look steadfastly on both, that it may, as far as human prudence can do, erase that which is bad, while it improves that which is good. It is folly only that looks without farther examination on merely the fairest side of things, and then exclaims that nothing can be better, or that nothing has been worse, than it now is. With regard, too, to the characters of men, adulation dwells only on the fair side, detraction on the reverse; but discrimination and impartiality will examine both, and be deceived by neither.

THE GLASS OF GIN.

BY SILVERPEN.

(Continued from page 93).

PART THE SECOND.

Afraid of adding to the yet unpaid doctor's bill, Alice had not, hitherto, received advice respecting the ophthalmy which affected her. But now, as the sternest necessity was before her, as to work was to exist, as to be ill was to starve, she at once resolved to consult Mr. A——, the eminent oculist, of whom she had heard noble things. She waited upon him with less hesitation than she otherwise would have done, owing to her ability to proffer him his fee; the kind friends at Hastings having sent her two sovereigns a few days previously, through their banker's hands. But had she been a duchess, or a well known millionaire, Mr. A—— could not have behaved more nobly than he did; he entered with singular interest into her case, gave a note to his own druggist for the necessary medicines, said she must take very great care of herself, and bidding her attend regularly thrice a week, pressed back the fee into her hand with a gentle "you must not offend me."

On her third visit, whilst waiting Mr. A——'s leisure, there was ushered into the room a boy about seven years old, who, accompanied by an elderly nurse, had just alighted from a splendid carriage at the door. At the first glance, it struck Alice that she had seen this woman before. To this undefined sense of knowledge, was soon added an indescribable interest in the child. Though one eye was bound over with a little handkerchief, his fine and singularly massive features glowed with health, and a profusion of flaxen hair fell over his velvet tunic and sable collar. After looking with much nonchalance at the people waiting in the room, he left his nurse, and drawing a chair to the table beside Alice, took a piece of wood and a knife from his pocket, and commenced shaping a little boat. The moment, however, the old nurse saw the fragments littered on the rich table-cover, she came hurrying up to prevent him. But the child spread his hands over the little boat, and looked up into the face of Alice, as if to refer to her.

"I think, nurse," spoke Alice, thus indirectly appealed to, in a manner which at once revealed to the experienced servant that the lady had been accustomed to children, "the little gentleman might cut his boat over this newspaper. The fragments could then be easily thrown into the fire when Mr. A—— is at leisure to receive you."

"I'm sure you're very kind, ma'am," replied the nurse, with deference. So saying, she withdrew to her seat.

"Thank you," spoke the child, looking inquisitively into Alice's face when she had smoothed the paper before him. "I shall do the little boat now. It must be done; Tom wants it."

It was marvellous with what facility the child used the little knife, shaping the hull of a tiny vessel out of the inch of wood.

"You are quite a shipwright," Alice said, at last, admiring the child's dexterity.

"Yes; grandpapa first showed me how to cut boats, and he's been a sailor. Since then, I've made a little fleet for Tom, which, when he's well enough, we slide across the coverlet, and call it sailing."

"Is he ill, then?"

"Very often. But he always lies upon a couch night and day. He has done so for a long time."

"That is very sad," replied Alice, gently, "it is like pinioning a little bird's wings, or fastening it in a cage. It's very sad."

She said this with so much truth, as to make the child look with intense eagerness into her face, get off and push his chair nearer to hers, and at last slide his hand bashfully into her own. From this moment they were the most unreserved friends. He told her all the history of his little fleet at home, described to her the difference between a schooner, a frigate, and a man-of-war; and when she took out a pencil and drew a boat from his description on a slip of paper, he was in ecstacy, and begged it for Tom. At length, when called away, he put his arms round her neck with all the frankness of a genuine nature, and kissing her, said—

"I shall tell grandpapa, and uncle, and Tom, all about you, that I shall." The old nurse bent reverently, for, by this time, she had recognized the sweet face she had seen on the morning she herself had made inquiry about the satin coverlet in the old curiosity shop.

From this time the child and Alice were uncommon friends. On the mornings they met, they always sat side by side, and Alice drew for him, and talked to him, and bringing slips of calico and twisted silk, shaped them into sails, and made cordage for the little men-of-war and tiny frigates.

But it was soon needful for poor Alice to abridge the number of these visits, for her finances were running low, in spite of the most rigid economy, and her only resource lay in the completion of the difficult translation of Sismondi. As soon, therefore, as she could leave off the green shade, and the debility which accompanies this disease was in some degree lessened, she resumed her task, and confined her visits to Mr. A—— to one in ten days, or a fortnight. She had lost sight of the child about two months (for his eye, which had been only slightly injured in play, had soon got well) when paying the oculist a visit after a fortnight's absence, she observed a haughty, richly-dressed lady, who swept into the room for a few moments, regarding her attentively. As her dress was shabby, Alice shrunk beneath the hard, stern, penetrating gaze fixed upon her, and felt glad when the repulsive stranger was gone.

For some weeks after this, Alice kept earnestly at work, hour by hour sitting by her poor fire, as intent as if the salvation of the world depended on her exertions; and as silent and alone, except for poor old snoring Pinch upon the hearth rug, as if she were no part of nature, and had never sympathized with suffering or pleasure. Scarcely more than forty pages of the translation remained to be finished, when a rival one was announced. This immediately brought a letter from the publisher, who employed her, to say, that for the present, his own must be delayed, and thus after weeks of expectancy, this resource was more distant than ever. This disappointment operated almost like a death blow. At length, after various efforts to obtain employment, she went one morning to the offices of the solicitor, who had heretofore employed her. After sending in her card and waiting some minutes, she was ushered into his private room. He was a tall middle aged man, and as she entered, standing with his back to the fire, he nodded familiarly, and bid her come round to the hearthrug, on which he stood: with frank innocence she obeyed.

"Work," he laughed, when she had gravely stated her business. "I scarcely thought *you* wanted such a thing, Miss Clive." Startled by his words, and more by the tone of voice, Alice looked at him, and was confounded as she looked. But, scarcely a moment was left for doubt; with familiar licence, he put out his arm and drew the young girl towards him, with the whisper, "we'll make the matter easy, pretty one." Far quicker than he had spoken, Alice moved away, and now confronted him with a face which had but two expressions—indignation and surprise.

"Come," he continued, with the same familiarity, "don't affect coldness; it's not natural to lady *gin drinkers*." These two last words revealed the truth to Alice, and despair gave place to breathless indignation. Nothing yet had appalled her like the import of these few last words, implying a whole catalogue of sin and degradation. She stood so rigid, and with a face so blanched, as even to startle the man who gazed upon her. At last she said, in a voice scarcely audible for emotion—

"Poor Mary has some errors, Sir; but, upon her reputation, or on mine, no shadow or doubt can rest; though I know sin carries with it always the penalty of enlargement from malicious tongues. Be assured you are quite mistaken in your information, and in me." So saying, she moved towards the door. There she was stayed, a thousand apologies offered, work promised; but without another word, she opened the door as soon as she was allowed, and passed out into the street. Nothing could have bribed or tempted her to receive work from such a source—starvation itself was preferable.

It was not, however, till like one stunned by some great blow, she had passed from the bustle of the streets, and gained the stillness of her lonely chamber, that all the misery, ruin, and degradation of her present position came clear before her view. The world, in its hardness and its cruelty, had already tampered with her good name; the world, with vicious recklessness of words, had associated her pure young lips with the flowing ruin of the gin-palace! And now, indeed, she did despair; for where was hope to spring from?—none was left, neither distant nor near; not a drop for *her* in that immeasurable fountain which rarely fails the needing heart of even misery and sin! No! no hope was left. She had now reached that startling point where apathy subdues both fear and pain. And now she was indifferent to fate; all that was left to her to calmly do, was—to suffer and to die.

As the days passed by, this feeling of indifference grew stronger; it strengthened with the growth of bodily debility. At last she took her bed, feeling like one overpowered by a narcotic, which, deadening all the senses, left but one desire, intense in proportion to its singleness, and that was, to be alone till death came mercifully to her. She had never revealed her poverty or her sufferings to the people of the house; and though they might guess them, they were far from knowing the truth. But, in fact, a London lodging-house is the last place in the world to expect sympathy in; so that the rent be paid, so that the wheel goes round, it matters not, it is not known; it is a circumstance of indifference whether you live or die, or suffer, or rejoice.

Thus five days had passed in this manner, and she had not seen a human face above twice in that time. The last school-book was sold (and Alice had always been lavish in her expenditure about her pupils), the last penny was gone, the last spoonful of tea, the last piece of coal, and nothing but a fragment of bread lay mouldy in the closet. On this day she had not risen at all; and now, as the cold spring evening waned into night, and the little light through the shutters fell athwart the dreary room, a gazer might have thought that death had already come to the little human creature, so desolate, so forgotten, so sunk in misery; and yet, with a heart so warm and loving in its inner depths, as to be like some rare instrument of music, only needing the touching hand to fill a thousand other hearts with its own immeasurable love and goodness. Nothing was left to her but dear old Pinch, and he had licked her small cold hands in vain.

A knock, long repeated, at length aroused her. Struggling to collect her scattered thoughts, she at last comprehended what it was, and with difficulty reaching the door, unlocked it, and took in a letter some hand held there.

Almost too apathetic to care whether she opened it or not, she at last got a light and read it. It was brief, and from Mr. A——, desiring to see her on the following morning as early as possible. In some degree aroused by this, she was wondering what it could be about, and considering her inability to go so far, when her landlady stepped gently in with some hot tea and cake, a thing she had never done before; and this without comment of any sort, other than what expressed her sorrow that Alice was so ill. She then made her take the tea, fetched wood and coal, and lighted a fire, got Alice to bed again, and bringing some breakfast in the morning, found her better. Though very weak and ill, Alice, thus roused, dressed herself, and, cheered on by the brightness of the morning, was persuaded by her landlady, who delicately proffered money to pay for the hire, to take a cab and go.

Thus by ten o'clock Alice was safe in Mr. A——'s study. As he rose to welcome her with his usual urbanity, he started back, as if appalled. Her deadly wasted features struck him dumb, and the immediate interrogatory as to what could be the matter, died upon his lips; but, his looks were sufficient to break down the last barrier of pride and silence, and bursting into a passionate flood of tears, as she sunk down on to the chair already placed for her, all the hoarded secret of ruin, shame, poverty, and hopelessness, was faltered forth by her lips, in half incoherent words, just as a long pent-up spring flows down a rugged mountain side. But, for thus speaking, she must have died where she sat; though, as the irresistible words poured forth (tempered though they were with immeasurable mercy and goodness) a touch of remorse softened the vehemence of anguish. She was half sinful herself; and yet, great God, she must speak. But wisely did she to one of the most honourable of gentlemen, for he had half suspected some large sorrow, and now it pleased him to know it, in order that he might lessen it, if possible.

"Come," he said, at length, with the natural gentleness of a great soul, "this is fearful, and an awful calamity, most certain; but for yourself, not irremediable. Truth bears up all sorrow to the surface; and your own share in such a one as this, will necessarily pass from beyond its shadows. It does so already. Yesterday, when at Hastings, I saw Mrs. Maitland, who entrusted to my keeping this letter, and what it encloses, as she was not certain of your address. But this is not my chief object in sending for you; it is one promising large benefits. You recollect, I suppose, a child who was my patient some time ago?"

Alice, in spite of her grief and tears, looked up with curiosity.

"Well; he is the grandson of Admiral Murray; and as great interest, through his account, concerning you, has been raised, you were to go and have a little talk with the Admiral to-day. But as you are by far too ill, I will write, and postpone the interview till this day week, when I hope to see you here, at the same hour as this morning." Saying this, he wrote her out a prescription, promised a medical friend should call and see her in the interval, rung for his own carriage to convey her home, and conducted her to it, with all the pity and respect of his noble character.

Fainting, when she got home, and with difficulty recovered from the swoon, it was not till evening that she was able to open the letter the oculist had given to her,

and to find, that it not only contained a five-pound note, but the kindest assurances and wishes This was not all; on the morrow was delivered a small hamper of needful things for a convalescent, the sender of which she knew must be Mr. A——, though no name accompanied the gift.

With immediate want thus relieved, with some faint hope for the future and its bread, a week's rest, and nourishment and care, did wonders; and on the morning appointed, Alice Clive, with her neat and renovated dress, and brighter looks, though still those of one suffering from care and debility, was once more greeted by Mr. A——, in his study. He wrote a brief letter, and placed it in her hands.

"You must take this," he said, "to the number stated in Fludyer Street, Westminster, where you will have the pleasure of seeing the Admiral and his grandchildren, and seeing them, is to respect the one and admire the other. The old Admiral knows you have been ill, and will be very kind."

Alice took the letter, and was withdrawing, when she stepped back an instant, and hesitated.

"An old dog is with me, that the child has heard of, and I thought might like to see, if its accompanying me will not be considered a liberty."

"Oh! by no means. Pincher has been chronicled, I assure you, and will make the introduction more complete."

Thus, with the letter, and dear old Pinch frisking before, and round, and back again, as wild with delight, he seemed, in his own sort of old dog-fashion, to fully comprehend the errand of his little mistress, Alice reached Fludyer Street. The number referred to was a very large old-fashioned house, with deep old areas on either side the heavy oaken door-way, and so situated as to have all its best rooms looking cheerfully out upon the trees and greenness of the Park. The instant she knocked, the door was opened by a middle-aged black servant, who, in a very comical, though most respectful manner, said, "Him massa, the am'ral was at home." Entering into a somewhat dark old-fashioned hall of heavy wainscot, Alice's doubt again was about Pinch's proceeding, particularly as he had in nowise abated his friskiness, or seemed the least conscious of the gravity which became his grizzled years. But this dilemma was at once solved by the sudden appearance of old Molly at the top of the kitchen staircase, who not merely undertook his charge for the present with unconcealed delight, but corroborated Pompey's opinion, that there must be an introduction presently, as "Him little massas were bery fond of dogs."

Thus ushered by Pompey up a wide old oaken staircase, Alice found herself in a study, overlooking the Park, and bearing a nautical appearance, as it was set about with charts, and maps, and globes, and quadrants, and with models of ships, and plans of their line in battle. As soon as she was announced, the Admiral appeared from an adjoining room, and coming up at once to his guest, took the letter with much suavity. He was a tall old man, with but one arm, and a fine dignified presence. The minute he had read it, he led the way, and throwing open the door by which he had entered, said, as the child she had so often seen at the oculist's bounded towards her, "Harold will make us friends at once, Miss Clive."

"How good of you to come and see poor Tom," said the boy, when she had stooped to kiss him; "grandpapa and I expected you last week. But come this way, this is poor Tom;" and as he spoke, the child frankly led her by the hand towards a sort of recess warmed by the fire, and yet cheered by the full gladness of the morning sun, where, on a wide couch, slightly covered by drapery, lay a boy of about ten years old. It was the good fortune of Alice to always win her way at once to the hearts of children, by letting her own heart obey its natural promptings. She, therefore, at once knelt down beside the bed (for so it might be called), and kissed the boy's pale face. As she looked up again, and took his hands within her own, in pity and compassion, her gaze was at once riveted by two exquisitely-painted miniatures, hung just above the couch, upon the drapery attached to the wall, whilst near them were affixed a short sword or hanger, such as high-class seamen wear, and the imperial eagle of Russia, curiously set in a little case. One of these miniatures, that of a very young woman, or, rather girl, and the mother of the children, by the extreme likeness to the youngest of them, seemed, like a living face, to meet and beseechingly return her gaze. It was but fancy; yet the large full lustrous eyes looked suffused with tears, and the lips to gently part, as if in asking sweet and tender care of these bereft-ones. At least so Alice thought; and the appeal, though imaginative, was eloquent to her heart. She looked down upon the sick child's pallid face, at the flaxen-haired one, whose little hand was nestled in her own, at the age-worn seaman resting his single arm upon the couch above the sick boy's pillow, and then back again to the speaking face of the youthful mother, to answer with her whole heart, "If such duty be permitted me, I will be all, and more than all, you ask." Something the aged seaman read of this, for the tears gathered in his eyes.

But the nature of Alice was such a genuine thing, and by following its own promptings, it performed its part always so fittingly, as to make her feel, with Harold's assistance in talking and fetching the playthings, as much at home with the sick child in an hour, as if she had known and tended him for a year. She helped Harold to sail the little fleet upon the counterpane, to range it in battle line, and descend upon a hostile coast; to draw a frigate on a slate, to make a foresail for a tiny man-of-war; till at last, as the pallid lips of the sick child warmed into smiles, and pain was lulled, and petulancy hushed, he nestled to her arm which leant upon the pillow. Whilst the children thus grew merry, old Pinch was accidentally mentioned, and Alice saying he was down stairs, in one moment Harold had bounded off; presently returning, with the old dog squeezed in his arms, in a way evidently very uncomfortable to the old fellow, though he was by far too kindly-natured to hint the circumstance by growl or bite.

"But Molly was hugging him very much more than this, grandpapa," replied little Harold, as the Admiral laughingly noticed the old dog's lack of breath, "besides feeding him with something very nice, and calling him a darling." Evidently emboldened by this usage, Pinch was no sooner on his legs, than he took the liberty to leap up on the couch, and after a snuff or two, to nestle down beside the child, where, poking his nose up on the pillow, he turned an inquiring eye upon his little mistress. If anything was left to win the hearts of the two children, or the Admiral, this proceeding of Pinch won it; and putting his arms round the neck of the bending girl, the sick boy whispered, "you'll come again, won't you, and so will Pinch?"

"If she will so far honour and be kind to our lonely home," spoke the Admiral, readily, for it introduced the very subject on which he wished most to speak; "and so whilst you my dear Tom and Harold entertain Pinch in any way you think proper, Miss Clive will step with me into the study."

He led the way into the adjacent room, and there sitting down, detailed the little histories Harold had brought home from the oculist's concerning her; of Mr. A——'s own account of Mrs. Maitland's written eulogy, sent through his hands; of his niece's approval, when she had called at Mr. A——'s to see her; and last, not least, of Molly's strong prepossession.

"And such prepossessions go far with us, and deservedly, Miss Clive, for Molly was their father's nurse; and not only has she been a faithful and attached servant, but her whole life is wrapped up in his children. Still,

every day she can be less a representative of their mother, and to be wholly left to a tutor, Harold is too young, and poor Tom too much a sufferer. Now, what we have for some time wished, is not simply an accomplished governess, but a genuine natural woman, capable of guiding, whilst winning their affection. This is much to ask, perhaps; but to win smiles to our poor boy's face, is half way." There was something touching in these children's little history, Alice could define by the tremor of the Admiral's lips whenever it was alluded to; but she was too well bred to hazard a question. At last, diffidently, and as one who requests a favour, he added, "And now if you will take this office of mother, or governess, or companion, or what else you may like to call it, their uncle and myself will be glad. We won't ask too much, depend upon it, the chief thing being to cheer the couch of our poor sick boy. May I ask as much?"

In the kind face before him, the seaman read assent almost before the question was asked. "And now," he added, falteringly, "what will reward you; I mean as far as money reward can go?"

"Oh! please not talk about reward, Sir," spoke Alice, quickly; "when I have seen how I can please you, how perform my duties——"

"They will be performed well, I am sure. Will you—do you think a hundred a year will serve for the present; that is to say——"

The noble generosity of the seaman touched the most glorious chord in the heart of the little creature who stood before him; she burst into tears. "Half, Sir, or less than half, or anything you please," she said, as she strove to hide her tears with her upraised hand. The Admiral hurriedly rose, crossed the room, opened the intervening door, and called Harold. "Miss Clive is so good as to say she'll come and be with you and Tom every day. But she is crying about it, the silly thing; so you must come here and make her well."

The child bounded forward, jumped up on the chair from which Alice had risen, put his arms round her neck, and kissing her, whispered, "now I am glad, and so is Tom, and so is Pinch. He must come every day with you, and Molly shall give him a nice dinner."

This settled the matter. Harold untied her bonnet, took possession of it, led her triumphantly to Tom, and there they were as happy as if they had been companions for years. That this introduction might be undisturbed, the Admiral departed to take his morning ride, and by the time they had played again at "boats," talked about Pinch's youthful days, and so on, Molly came gently in to say it was two o'clock, and dinner time, whereupon Pompey came and laid the cloth in this same room, brought up a nice dinner, and set it forth with as much ceremony as if for the choicest guests, wheeled up the sick boy's couch to the table, at which Alice presided according to the Admiral's command. After this there was dessert, and then Harold going for a ride with the coachman, the couch was wheeled back to his place, and Alice, taking up a book, sat down upon a low ottoman beside it, and read to Tom.

"How nice you read, and how happy I feel to day," spoke the sick boy, as the afternoon waned on. "Now I want to sleep; but don't leave me, I shall like it better if you are still here." As he spoke thus, she again put her arm out upon the pillow, and on this he soon sunk into a tranquil slumber. Sometime he had slept, and sometime Alice had read on, and this with increased earnestness, for the book was interesting, when aroused by some slight sound, she hurriedly looked up, and found that a gentleman had not only entered the room unnoticed, but now stood at the foot of the couch, earnestly regarding her and the sleeping boy. In her trepidation, she forgot the pale face which rested on her arm, and tried to rise, but the gentleman hastily repressed her. "By no means rise, I am the one to apologize for my interruption. It is so rare to see poor Tom sunk in such tranquil sleep, as to be a sin to disturb it! Good morning, Miss Clive; I see Admiral Murray and myself are to be indebted to you."

He withdrew, and Alice was alone again. But now, added to the novelty and interest of her position, was the curiosity as to where she could have seen this grave, earnest-looking gentleman before; she tried to recollect, but could not, and thus occupied, the book rested idly in her hand. As Tom awoke, the Admiral and Harold came in. "Dear grandpapa, I have had such a beautiful sleep that I feel quite well. If I grow better, as much every day as I have done this, I shall be able to ride out with Harold before the summer is over. Don't you think so, grandpapa?"

"I'm sure you will, my dear boy," replied the Admiral; "I feel confident of it. Your uncle John has just said so. But now we must keep Miss Clive no longer, it is past five o'clock."

"But let her come to-morrow, grandpapa," exclaimed the two children in a breath; "please do, and Pinch, too."

"Miss Clive will come every week day; and Pinch, too, if he is so disposed." With this assurance, and after twenty inquiries about the morrow, Alice was caressed and suffered to depart. As the Admiral led the way courteously down stairs, he drew her aside into the dining room.

"Such is our mode of life, Miss Clive, and the people you have come amongst. I am sure it is a change which will be beneficial to our side of the question. The hours I have named are from ten to three daily; but occasionally, if our poor invalid is not so well as he is to day, you will perhaps spare us another hour or two, and the circumstance shall not be forgotten. Now, permit me to say as fittingly as I can (though men always do these sort of things with so ill a grace) that the sum of twenty-five pounds has been placed to your account this day at Coutts', to be drawn how and in what way most pleasant to yourself." To prevent any reply, he shook her by the hand, and hurried from the room, leaving Pompey to do the remaining honours.

For many hours Alice could not believe the reality of the day's adventure, so like a dream it seemed. But, when the brightness of the morrow came, when the loving arms of little Harold were twined again round her neck, when the sweet pale face upon the little bed brightened and turned eagerly as she stepped towards it, when the Admiral so kindly greeted her, and Molly so respectfully awaited her commands, she began to comprehend that it was truth, and not fiction, she was dealing with; and that the Divine Providence, in which she had trusted, had led her through the wilderness, and brought her at last to healing waters.

As both the Admiral and his son were necessarily much occupied by their respective official duties at the Admiralty, the entire management of the children was in a few days trustingly consigned to her. This being the case, she sought to modify the little evils which had sprung out of Molly's over indulgence, and the capriciousness of a former governess; and whilst she sought to lessen the poor sick boy's irritability, it was not, as heretofore, by methods as injudicious as they had been temporizing. She soon saw that his illness had been lengthened out by this means, and that he never would rise from his weary little bed, unless the *mind* were made to serve to the convalescence of the body. Thus, with the good Admiral's ready leave, she had the couch wheeled still nearer the cheerfulness of the window, had its wide seat fitted with gay flowering plants, got Pompey to buy a couple of fine singing bullfinches, and then bringing the table nearer into this pleasant nook, soon named the "bower," she sought to interest the sick boy in Harold's lessons. This was easily done, and soon, as it were, unconsciously to himself, he participated in them; and mornings, which according to the old nurse had most always been long and weary, passed now so quickly as to

bring dinner time before they seemed well begun. Long, however, before this arrived, the morning's lessons were over, and Alice had read perhaps a full hour, or otherwise amused him by drawing, or played some of Handel's airs, of which he was very fond; Harold in the meanwhile taking his dancing lesson, or going out for a short walk with Molly. Then in a few weeks, it had grown into an invariable custom, immediately after dinner, for Alice to kneel down beside the little bed, and not leave it till its feeble occupant had sunk into a deep and genial sleep. After this, as soon as her replenished wardrobe allowed, she accompanied Harold in his carriage airings round the parks, or out of town, or to make calls upon relatives or little playfellows.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON BORES.

Much learning might be displayed, and much time wasted, on an inquiry into the derivation, descent, and etymology of the animal under consideration; suffice it to say, that, for my own part, diligence hath not been wanting in the research. Johnson's Dictionary and old Bailey have been ransacked; but neither the learned Johnson nor the recondite Bailey throw much light upon this matter. The result of all my inquiries amounts to this,—that *bore*, *boor*, and *boar*, are all three spelt indifferently, and consequently are derived from one common stock,—what stock, remains to be determined.

In farrier's or horsemen's language, a horse is said to *bore* when he pokes out his head, or carries his nose too near the ground; this *bores* the hand of his rider, hence to *tire*, to *bore*, may have become synonymous terms. But those who are not contented with this derivation will turn from jockeys to natural historians, and learn that there is a sort of diminutive insect, unprovided, to all appearance, with any means of achieving their purpose, which, by persevering efforts, *bore* their way through the thickest wood. May not the *bore*, who gets into society where no one knows him, be not unaptly derived from these?

Through the indexes to Milton and Shakspere I have not neglected to hunt; but unfortunately I have found nothing to my purpose in Milton, and in all Shakspere no trace of a bore. In Pope, I find the first description of the animal in English poetry, though he be not noticed by name. What could that creature be but a bore, from whom Pope says—no walls could guard him, and no shades could hide; who pierced his thickets—glided into his grotto, stopped his chariot, boarded his barge; from whom no place was sacred, not the church free; and against whom John was ordered to tie up the knocker,—"Say I'm sick—I'm dead?"

Is not this what would be ordered at the present day against a bore, and in vain? There was nothing wanting but the name; the creature evidently existed in Pope's time.

There are "bores" unplumed, wigged, capped, and hatted, bearded and curled. The *bore*, not a *ruminating* animal, carnivorous, not sagacious, prosing, long-winded, tenacious of life, though not vivacious. The bore is good for promoting sleep; but though he causeth sleep in others, it is uncertain whether he ever sleeps himself, as few can keep awake in his company long enough to see. It is supposed that when he sleeps, it is with his mouth open. Some aver that he talketh in his sleep, and full as well as when awake.

A bore is a heavy animal, and his weight has this peculiarity, that it increases every moment he stays near you. Touch and go is what is not in the nature of a bore to do. Whatever he touches turns to lead.

All the classes, orders, genera, and species of bores, I pretend not to enumerate, Heaven forfend! but some of those most commonly met with in England I may mention, and a few of the most curious describe. In the first place, there is "the mortal great bore," confined to the higher classes of society. A celebrated wit, who has as much judgment as wit, and who, from his long and extensive acquaintance with the fashionable and political world, has had every means of forming his judgment on this subject, lays it down as an axiom, that none but a rich man, or a great man, can be a great bore; others are not allowed time to come to maturity. The world grows impatient unless valuable consideration be given in some way or other. They are seldom endured long enough in society to come to the perfection of tiresomeness.

Of these there is the travelled and untravelled kind. The travelled bore, formerly rare, is now dreadfully common in these countries.

The "modern travelled bore" is a garrulous creature. His talk is chiefly of himself, of all that he has seen that is incredible, and all he remembers that is not worth remembering. His tongue is neither English, French, Italian, nor German, but a leash, and more than a leash of languages at once. He is, for the most part, a harmless creature. Besides having his quantum of the ills that flesh is subject to, he has some peculiar to himself, and extraordinary. He is subject, for instance, to an indigestion of houses and churches, pictures and statues. St. Peter's and the Colosseum are seldom out of his mouth. How he gets any thing else in is the wonder. Moreover, he is troubled with fits of what may be called the *cold enthusiasm*; and when the fit is on, he raves of Raphael and Correggio, Rome, Athens, Pæstum, and Jerusalem. He seldom "babbles of green fields;" often of Mont-Blanc; continually of the picturesque. He despises England; and never to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land; he has no home, or, at least, loves none.

"The Parliamentary bore" comes next in order; said to be fond of high places, but not always to be found in them. During five or six months of the year these bores inhabit London, where they are seen every where, always looking as if they were out of their element. About June or July they migrate to the country, to watering-places, or to their own places; where they shoot partridges, pheasants, wild ducks; hunt hares and foxes; and cause men to be imprisoned or transported, who do the same without license.

Of the common parliamentary bore there be two orders; the silent, and the talking or speechifying. The silent is not absolutely deprived of utterance; he can say, "Yes" or "No," but regularly in the wrong place, unless well tutored and well paid. The talking parliamentary bore can out-watch the bear. He can at the latest hour keep on his legs, speak against time, and put to sleep the most vigilant, by the united power of the drone of his voice, and his faculty of saying the same thing over a hundred times. Then there is the "great lion-hunting bore," and the "little lion-loving bore," male and female of both kinds; the male as eager as the female to fasten on the "lion," and as expert in making the most of him, alive or dead.

The common "lion-hunting bore" is too well known to need particular description; but some notice of their habitudes may not be useless for avoidance. The whole class male subsist by grasping at notes and scraps if any great name be to them; run wild after verse in MS.,—fond of autographs. The females carry albums, clasped or unclasped, sometimes padlocked.

The males carry note-books, and have common-place books too heavy for carriage, large as ledgers, and larger. In these they never can find any thing they want, when they want it. Some learn *bon mots* by rote, and repeat them like parrots; others do not know a good thing when they meet it, without they are told the name of the cook. Some relish them really, but eat till they burst; others, after cramming to stupidity, would cram you from their pouch, as the great monkey served Gulliver on the house-top. The whole tribe are fond of dead men's skulls,—

dead lions' skulls I mean, often try to get into them, but cannot. The lion-hunting bore sticks with a furious tenacity, almost resembling canine fidelity and gratitude, to the remains of the dead lion.

I now come to the class of the "infant bore, the infant reciting bore;" seemingly insignificant, but exceedingly tiresome. In due season it turns into infinite varieties of the dramatic, reading, writing, and acting; the musical, singing, and instrumental; and that great pest of conversation, the *everlasting-quotation-loving bore.*

Including all these orders and varieties, and computing the morn and evening of their day, I doubt whether any other class has it altogether more in their power to annoy us at home and abroad. The old of this class, and those of mature age, we meet wherever we go; in the forum, the temple, the senate, the theatre, the drawing-room, the boudoir, the closet. Petty tormentors, weak agents though they be, yet they have power to abstract us at our business, disturb us in our pleasures, interrupt all our conversation, destroy all our domestic comfort; and beyond, far beyond, all this, they become public nuisances, widely destructive to our literature. Their mode of training will explain the nature of the danger.

The infant-reciting bore is trained much after the manner of the learned pig. Before the quadruped, are placed on certain bits of dirty greasy cards, the letters of the alphabet, or short nonsensical phrases interrogatory, with their answers; such as, "Who is the greatest rogue in the company?" "Which lady or gentleman in company will be married first?" By the alternate use of blows, and bribes of such food as please the pigs, the animal is brought to obey certain signs from his master, and at his bidding to select any letter or phrase required, from among those set before him, goes to his lessons, seems to read attentively, and to understand; then, by a motion of his snout, or a well-timed grunt, designates the right phrase, and answers the expectations of his master and the company. The infant-reciter is in similar manner trained by alternate blows and bribes, (almonds and raisins, and bumpers of sweet wine most frequently), sometimes the latter to intoxication; but no matter, he is carried off to bed, and there is an end of that. But mark the difference between him and the pig; instead of the greasy letters and old cards which are used for the learned pig, before the little human animal are cast the finest morsels from our first authors, selections from our poets, didactic, pathetic, and sublime, every creature's best sacrificed!

How far our literature may in future suffer from these blighting swarms, will best be conceived by a glance at what they have already withered and blasted of the favourite productions of our most popular poets—Gray, Goldsmith, Thomson, Pope, Dryden, Shakspere, Milton.

Pope's man of Ross was doomed to suffer first:

"Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross."

Oh dreaded words!—who is there that does not wish the honest muse should rise no more to sing of that good man or any of his works? Goldsmith's, yet more amiable, came next, and shared the same fate.

As to learning any longer of the bee to build, or of the little nautilus to sail, we give it up.

"To be, or not to be!—That is the question!"—a question which we used to consider with reverence; but who can now bear to hear the trite query propounded?

Then, Alexander's Feast, the little harpies have been at that, too, and it is defiled. Poor "Collins' Ode to the Passions," on and off the stage, torn to very tatters.

"The Seven Ages of Man,"—and, "All the World's a Stage, and all the Men and Women in it,"—gone to destruction!

"Poor Jacques and the fallow-deer" may go weep,—who cares for them now?

"The quality of mercy" is strained, and is no longer twice blest.

It is absolutely shocking to perceive how immortal genius is in the power of mortal stupidity; how the sublime and beautiful can be deprived of its power over our feelings, by mere dint of parrot-like repetition.

In time—and as certainly as the grub turns in due season into the winged plague who buzzes and fly-blows, the little reciting bore turns into the dramatic or theatric, acting, reading, or recitative—the musical, singing, or instrumental, and finally, into the old, everlasting-quotation-loving bore—Greek, Latin, and English.

The musical, who both say and sing, are dreadfully powerful and overpowering. See how it has been with the most beautiful of modern lyric poetry, and with the most enchanting national melodies! Poetry and music united have not been able to save from the degrading power of the musical bore.

The everlasting-quotation-loving bore,—English, Latin, and Greek, is an animal that, like the lion-hunter, feeds on scraps, but still more undistinguished of taste.

He is the infant-reciting bore in second childishness. Sometimes he gets into parliament, and tries his Latin and Greek there; but is usually coughed down; of which there have been right honourable examples, which have happily deterred others from boring Europe with their school-boy learning.

The mere English quotation-dealer, a mortal tiresome creature! still prevails, and figures still in certain circles of old blues, who are civil enough still to admire that wonderful memory of his which has a quotation ready for every thing you can say? He was certainly born with a jingle of rhyme in his ears, and the sound proves an echo to the sense of whatever is uttered in his presence. He usually prefaces or ends his quotations with,—"As the poet happily says;" or, "As nature's sweetest wood-lark wild justly remarks;" or, "As the immortal Milton has it."

There are females as well as males of this class, all nauseated by persons of genius. After a certain age found incurable; but if taken up young, others might be cured where there is no radical deficiency of taste, but only a superabundance of memory preponderating over judgment, and a precocity of the wit.

Some anatomists, it is said, have, during the operation of dissection, caught from the subject the disease. I feel myself in danger at this moment, and will, as fast as possible, get beyond the reach of infection or contagion.

A secret horror thrills through my veins. Often have I remarked, that persons who undergo certain transformations are unconscious of the commencement and progress in themselves, though quicksighted when their enemies, friends, or neighbours, are beginning to turn into bores. Husband and wife,—no creatures sooner!—perceive each other's metamorphosis,—not Baucis and Philemon more surely. Seldom, like them, before the transformation be complete, are we in time to say the last adieu.

I feel that I am—I fear that I have been

A Bore.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CROW.

A crow, having impatiently listened for some time to the song of a nightingale, hoarsely addressed himself to the sweet musician in the following terms:—"I cannot think what pleasure you nightingales can take in making such hideous noises, at a season when all else is silent, and all good birds are disposed to rest or to supper. One really cannot eat one's nocturnal carrion in comfort. Your discord should be interdicted."—"I am not surprised that *you* cannot conceive my pleasure," replied Philomel; "the ignorant show their ignorance most glaringly in being ignorant of their own ignorance. It is impossible you can judge of my happiness, unless you had the ears and feelings of a nightingale."

Moral.—None but the selfish vulgar decry works of genius. None but the tasteful and the wise are sensible to their beauty and utility.

THE TRANSPORT.

A SCENE ON THE WATERS.

The great eye of day was wide open, and a joyful light filled air, heaven, and ocean. The marbled clouds lay motionless far and wide over the deep blue sky, and all memory of storm and hurricane had vanished from the magnificence of that immense calm. There was but a gentle fluctuation on the bosom of the deep, and the sea-birds floated steadily there, or dipped their wings for a moment in the wreathed foam, and again wheeled sportively away into the sunshine. One ship, only one single ship, was within the encircling horizon, and she had lain there as if at anchor since the morning light; for, although all her sails were set, scarcely a wandering breeze touched her canvass, and her flags hung dead on staff and at peak, or lifted themselves uncertainly up at intervals, and then sunk again into motionless repose. The crew paced not her deck, for they knew that no breeze would come till after meridian; and it was the Sabbath-day.

A small congregation were singing praises to God in that chapel, which rested almost as quietly on the sea as the house of worship in which they had been used to pray, then rested far off on a foundation of rock in a green valley of their forsaken Scotland. They were emigrants, nor hoped ever again to see the mists of their native mountains. But as they heard the voice of their psalm, each singer half forgot that it blended with the sound of the sea, and almost believed himself sitting in the kirk of his own beloved parish. But hundreds of billowy leagues intervened between them and the little tinkling bell that was now tolling their happier friends to the quiet house of God.

And now an old grey-headed man rose to pray, and held up his withered hands in fervent supplication for all around, whom, in good truth, he called his children, for three generations were with the patriarch in that tabernacle. There, in one group, were husbands and wives standing together, in awe of Him who held the deep in the hollow of his hand; there, youths and maidens, linked together by the feeling of the same destiny, some of them perhaps hoping, when they reached the shore, to lay their heads on one pillow; there, children hand in hand, happy in the wonders of the ocean; and there, mere infants smiling on the sunny deck, and unconscious of the meaning of hymn or prayer.

A low, confined, growling noise was heard struggling beneath the deck, and a sailor called with a loud voice,—"Fire, fire; the ship's on fire!" Holy words died on the prayer's tongue, the congregation fell asunder, and pale faces, wild eyes, groans, shrieks, and outcries, rent the silence of the lonesome sea. No one for a while knew the other, as all were hurried as in a whirlwind up and down the ship. A dismal heat, all unlike the warmth of that beautiful sun, came stiflingly on every breath. Mothers, who in their first terror had shuddered but for themselves, now clasped their infants to their breasts, and lifted up their eyes to heaven. Bold, brave men grew white as ashes, and hands, strengthened by toil and storm, trembled like the aspen-leaf. "Gone, gone; we are all gone!" was now the cry; yet no one knew whence that cry came; and men glared reproachfully on each other's countenances, and strove to keep down the audible beating of their own hearts. The desperate love of life drove them instinctively to their stations, and the water was poured, as by the strength of giants, down among the smouldering flames. But the devouring element roared up into the air; and deck, masts, sails, and shrouds were one crackling and hissing sheet of fire.

"Let down the boats," was now the yell of hoarse voices; and in an instant, they were filled with life. Then there was frantic leaping into the sea; and all who were fast drowning, moved convulsively towards that little ark. Some sank down at once into oblivion, some grasped at nothing with their disappearing hands, some seized in vain unquenched pieces of the fiery wreck, some would fain have saved a friend almost in the last agonies; and some, strong in a savage despair, tore from them the clenched fingers that would have dragged them down, and forgot in fear both love and pity.

Enveloped in flames and smoke, yet insensible as a corpse to the burning, a frantic mother flung down her baby among the crew; and as it fell among the upward oars unharmed, she shrieked out a prayer of thanksgiving. "Go," cried she to her husband, "go, for I am content to die, but you live for our child's sake." The husband looked for a moment till he saw his child was safe; and then taking his young wife in his arms, sat down beneath the burning fragments of the sail, with the rest that were resigned, never more to rise up till the sound of the last trumpet. In a few hours the moon shone out on the peaceful waves, and no speck was on the world of waters, but a few charred timbers of the ill-fated transport.

CHARACTER OF THE AGE.

Were we required to characterize this age of ours by any single epithet, we should be tempted to call it, not an heroical, devotional, philosophical, or moral age, but, above all others, the mechanical age. It is the age of machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word; the age which, with its whole undivided might, forwards, teaches and practises the great art of adapting means to ends. Nothing is now done directly, or by hand; all is by rule and calculated contrivance. For the simplest operation, some helps and accompaniments, some cunning, abbreviating process, is in readiness. Our old modes of exertion are all discredited, and thrown aside. On every hand, the living artisan is driven from his workshop, to make room for a speedier, inanimate one. The shuttle drops from the fingers of the weaver, and falls into iron fingers that ply it faster. The sailor furls his sail, and lays down his oar, and bids a strong, unwearied servant, on vapourous wings, bear him through the waters. Men have crossed oceans by steam; the Birmingham fire-king has visited the fabulous east; and the genius of the Cape, were there any Camoens now to sing it, has again been alarmed, and with far stranger thunders than Gama's. There is no end to machinery. Even the horse is stripped of his harness, and finds a fleet fire-horse yoked in his stead. Nay, we have an artist that hatches chickens by steam, the very brood-hen is to be superseded! For all earthly, and for some unearthly purposes, we have machines and mechanic furtherances; for mincing our cabbages—for casting us into magnetic sleep. We remove mountains, and make seas our smooth highway; nothing can resist us. We war with rude nature; and, by our resistless engines, come off always victorious, and loaded with spoils.

What wonderful accessions have thus been made, and are still making, to the physical power of mankind; how much better fed, clothed, lodged, and, in all outward respects, accommodated, men now are, or might be, by a given quantity of labour, is a grateful reflection which forces itself on every one. What changes, too, this addition of power is introducing into the social system; how wealth has more and more increased, and at the same time gathered itself more and more into masses, strangely altering the old relations, and increasing the distance between the rich and the poor, will be a question for political economists, and a much more complex and important one than any they have yet engaged with. Our true deity is mechanism. It has subdued external nature for us, and we think it will do all other things. We are giants in physical power; we are Titans, that strive, by heaping mountain on mountain, to conquer heaven also.

CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us, like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy, that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, the most extrordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him, as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest; he acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshipped no god but ambition; and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess; there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne, and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped, without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars! Through this pantomime of policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin only elevated him to empire. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; delusion flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount; space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole Continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there ought too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people, nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board! Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant.

It mattered little, whether in the field or in the drawing-room, with the mob or the levee, wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown, banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg, dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsig, he was still the same military despot!

In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the prosecutor of authors, and a murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England. Such a medley of contradictions and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor, a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue, a subaltern and a soverign, a traitor and a tyrant, a Christian and an Infidel, he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original, the same mysterious, incomprehensible self, the man without a model and without a shadow.—*Phillips.*

WOMAN.

Knowledge, we have long since heard, is power, but most of us have yet to learn, that it is also love and joy. We avoid its approaches as if we feared its influence; we walk rather in the gloom in which our passions and prejudices enshroud us, than in the glorious light it brings with it to earth. We shut wisdom and truth from our dwellings, and sit there in close communion with ignorance and prejudice. Thus we cherish the foe which destroys our happiness, and exclude the friend which offers us "wings to fly to Heaven." But voices of supplication rise from all the ends of the earth, imploring us to admit the angel visitant into our homes, aye, into our heart of hearts; to treasure and act in accordance with her divine precepts. And now the voice of woman breathes above the tumult of a bustling existence in tones of expostulation to her lordly master, declaring that she will rear for him a nobler race of children; that she will dispense to his posterity a greater amount of moral and intellectual power; that she will move before his sight in all her native beauty, worth, and dignity, if he will grant her *justice.*

The desire to perform and to obtain justice is one of the most prominent characteristics of the human mind. If our reason be convinced of the truth of any proposition, our moral principles almost naturally prompt us to act in accordance with it. The omnipotent voice of duty urges us to the accomplishment of this task. It may have to combat our own personal prejudices and interests, but it must eventually triumph. Man perpetrates wrong not wilfully, but rather because he is unable to perceive that which is right. He is, therefore, responsible only when he refuses to investigate, and thus closes his mind against the entrance of conviction. Far be it from us to act from such a spirit. Let us not neglect the long appeal of ages of sorrow and forbearance, which though they be silent, speak with a deeper power than the tongue of man can speak. There are some questions which it becomes us well to consider, for upon their proper solution, the rights of one half, and the happiness of the whole of the human family, depend. Is not mind superior to all circumstances of sex or station? Hath not woman a soul, of an origin noble as that of man, gifted with the same divine endowments, with equally important powers and energies?

It has been remarked, that the character of a nation results in a great measure from the character of its females. Possibly this may be more true with regard to its moral than its intellectual character. By the moral power is meant the voice of conscience, or duty speaking within us. An individual may possess a splendid intellect, yet be withal a villain. The intellectual power to realize its objects must on all occassions be directed by the moral power; and, hence we may infer, that the latter is the highest of all human endowments. That woman much

surpasses the self-styled "lords of creation" in this respect need but experience to testify.

Man devastates earth with his frown; woman regenerates it with her smile. He corrupts humanity by his evil passions; she purifies it by the milder virtues of her woman's heart. He pours blood like water, to appease his wrath; she manifests the bounty of her nature by drying the tears of those that mourn. We need no other evidence of her goodness than that which is impressed upon our own hearts, for he possesses a mind cold and unnatural who knows not that the moral power of woman is revealed in his inmost being.

Her character, we may conclude, then, is more beautiful, if it be not more powerful, than that of man. Yet, beauty is the most powerful attribute upon earth, and its perfection is mental beauty. We may grant that the intellect of man and woman is dissimilar, and that the peculiar characteristic of his, is power; of hers, loveliness. But is not the one glorious as the other? The eloquence of truth lives in the immortal line of Keats,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

And let us not hastily conclude that woman is inferior, for before we can do so, we must first know what is the standard by which we are judges of mental greatness. Is it to be weighed alone in the balances of literary fame, or artistic glory? Possibly these subjects lie without, rather than beyond, the sphere of woman's thought and action. Possibly, too, she manifests the powers of her intelligence with less display, but, with an equal degree of intensity. The dew drop falls silently and unseen, but it is not less efficacious for the accomplishment of its purpose than the "big rain that dances to the earth." Intellect manifests itself in action, as well as in preaching; and while it has been the mission of man to *preach* the precepts of moral philosophy, it has been that of woman to *realize* them. While he hastens on human progression by his words, she matures human thought and happiness by her deeds. He theorizes and forms, as it were, the material; she practises and rears the superstructure in which future "beauty, good, and knowledge" will be enshrined. We grant that her intellect is of a different nature, but not that it is inferior; for who shall say that the blossom of the lovely lily is less beautiful than that of the gaudy sunflower, or that the fragrance of the violet is less sweet than that of the rose, because it is of a different constitution. It appears to be the office of man's intellect to erect monuments of art; of woman's, to perfect those of God. Possibly there may be as much of mental greatness—as much of thought and judgment—required to perfect the qualities of the human soul, as there is to build up an Iliad or Principia; as much of true merit in developing the beauties of the human mind, as there is in depicting the throes of a Laocoon; as deep an appreciation of truth and beauty required to awaken the harmonies slumbering in the bosom of infantile humanity, as there is in transferring the fleeting glories of the west to the living canvass, or in realizing the dreamy melodies floating in the mind of a Mozart or Handel. What! shall we deny to woman all participation in the formation of these master works of art and science? No! indeed, for the very foundations for these structures were laid by the noble precepts and refined feelings breathed into the minds of her infant children by Woman.

There is nothing particularly new in this idea of woman's greatness. It is a truth which is acknowledged and acted upon in the modern, as it was in the ancient world. If we go into the houses of our artisans and labourers in towns and villages, we shall find, in the generality of cases, that the wife is, indeed, her husband's *better half;* and sad would be the lot of many of our working population, were it not for the endurance and forethought of her whose mind they profess to despise. To recur for an instant to the ancient world. It is related by Plutarch that the Celtic nation broke into civil war, and that it was appeased by the superior sense and discrimination of its women, who placed themselves between the opposing armies, and argued the controversy with such skill and justice, that the dispute was settled without bloodshed. In the future councils of the Celts, therefore, we are told women were permitted to share; and in their compact with the Carthaginians, these words were inserted:—"If the Celts take occasion of quarreling with the Carthaginians, the leaders of the Carthaginians in Spain shall decide the controversy; but, if the Carthaginians accuse the Celts, *the Celtic women shall be the judges.*" Let us, too, hasten to acknowledge her power and dignity, and grant her that justice of which she has been so long deprived. Let her be educated as if she possesses a soul noble as that of man; as if we were conscious that the purity of the world's mind depended upon the purity of her's; and that the further we remove from that creed,

"Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy or tyrant's lust,"

the nearer we approached to truth and justice, we will exalt her to the rank of guide and teacher. To her we owe our lives, to her our mental and moral power, to her our happiness; and oh! to her, if we oppress and demean her, we may owe our eternal degradation. Oh! woman! however much we may despise thy modest worth and genial influence, without thee life were barren, and thought and feeling void. The sun-beam of spring is not so fierce as that of summer, but, it is equally powerful for the realization of good. Thou art the spring-tide sun of life, whose mild beams awaken the summer blossoms of humanity, and prepare the autumn fruit of knowledge, love, and beauty!

LIFE MADE TOO EASY.

STRANGE as it may seem, in this country, where so many find it hard to get a living at all, there are thousands whose one misfortune is, that their life is made "too easy." Lest we be accused of propounding a paradox, we hasten to explain our meaning. These thousands form an important part of the rising generation; they are children and young persons of the higher and wealthy middle classes, who are carefully shielded by their parents, not only from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but from those salutary struggles with pain and hardship, which are absolutely necessary to the production of true strength of character. Wealth, like every other good thing, has its disadvantages; and, in no department of civilized life are the advantages and disadvantages of wealth more apparent to the eye of the philosophic observer, than in the nurture and education of the rising generation. As Sir Roger de Coverley's immortal truism declares, "much may be said on both sides." But hitherto all manner of "children's friends" have been busily engaged in considering one side only, viz., the advantageous side. They, remembering the dreary, dry, and difficult paths by which they were themselves driven up the educational hill, have used all the means and appliances of wealth to make this ascent a mere gamesome ramble to their children. Every ingenious device, that skill and affection could suggest, has been put into operation to divest childhood of its pains and difficulties, with results immensely beneficial, though (as we would now present to the reader's consideration) not without that tendency to ill, which is inherent in the excess of anything, however good. It is well to have "Reading made Easy" and "Writing made Easy," and the rudiments of science made easy, but we must be careful not to overshoot the mark. The cradle may be made too easy; the nursery and school-room life may be made too easy; and, by making all things smooth in the path of children, we may deprive them of the most important element in a high and honourable education, namely, the

means of testing their own energy, courage, and capacity in a battle with difficulties, thereby fitting them for the conflict of that harder and sterner life, for which it is the business of education to prepare them.

Wealthy parents are happy in this, that they can make the childhood of their offspring what God intended that period of life should be, joyous and free from care. To the poor this is, in a great measure, denied; for the shadow of care on the toil-worn brow of the parent is cast upon the child as soon as it can speak, dimming its young smile, and making it early acquainted with sorrow. Yes, the rich are blessed who can give their little ones a necessary quantity of pure air, exercise and food, moral and physical, which will make them finely organized creatures, fitted to enjoy this world, and to do their duty in it.

But, even in the nursery, the corrupting influence of wealth often begins to act upon the child, unless the mother be more than ordinarily alive to the fact, that there *is* an evil influence to combat, and that upon *her* chiefly devolves the duty of combating it. If the whole duty of a mother consisted in following out the dictates of her instinctive and illimitable fondness for her child, then were her life, indeed, as a cloudless summer-day; but it is not so. A mother's duty, well done, is about as high and as hard a task as ever falls to the lot of mortals,—a task sacred, self-renouncing, and as such, by no means lightly discharged, but requiring heroic self-control, amid the strongest temptations.

It is the mother who must see that, in the earliest stages of existence, her child's life is not made *too easy;* the mother whose instinct, unaided by reason and religion, would lead her to lap her darling in Elysium, and scale the heavens to fetch thence "the pretty stars" that he might happen to weep for. It is the mother who must rein in the enormous selfishness of her child, a selfishness which is inevitably fostered by all the arrangements of what is called a well-appointed nursery. How is it possible that the child, who sees all things around him arranged with reference to his well-being alone, should not come to consider his own gratification only in all his little plans; that he should forget the comfort and convenience of others; that he should become so accustomed to their attendance on his wants, to their compliance with his wishes, and to their assistance in overcoming his slightest difficulty, as to look upon all these things as his due; to feel no gratitude for them, and no generous desire to do unto others as he finds that they do unto him. It is the mother who must keep down the strong, selfish principle within her child; and let no mother flatter herself that her child is without it; it is innate in us all, and requires to be kept in check by a hundred different means. We would have all nurseries arranged so as to remind children, as much as possible, of what they owe to others; they should learn to value kindness, and be unconsciously led to think of others before themselves. Let this become habitual in the young child, and we do not hesitate to assert, that the ground-work of a noble character has been laid. This is not so difficult as some persons may suppose. It may be done in most cases by the exercise of judicious motherly love. The little inmates of the nursery must not have their lives made *too* easy; instead of being constantly waited on, they should be taught to wait upon themselves, in all cases where it is possible; hence they will learn to value the services of their attendants, in those cases in which they cannot help themselves. When they want, or fancy that they want anything, the truest kindness is not to supply it for them immediately, but to suggest to them means of supplying it themselves. Let them be thrown upon their own resources for a while. This is an advantage which the children of the poor enjoy much oftener than the children of the rich. It is quite time enough to assist them when they begin to be disheartened by their own ineffectual efforts. They will gain two things by the trial; the exercise will strengthen their young faculties for the next effort, and they will be grateful for the assistance rendered in time of need.

Then, again, in the early stage of his intellectual career, let not the child's walking be made *too easy*, or he will never acquire pedestrian skill enough to climb the rough sides of the hill of knowledge. To train a child well in the way he should go towards

"The steep whence Fame's proud temple shines afar."

He must not be lifted tenderly over all the little hills of difficulty in his path. The wise and loving mother will hold her fond impulses "in a leash," when she sees her little one painfully but bravely trying to climb these hard rugged eminences with his soft unsandalled feet. If he stumble, indeed, or come to a dead stop, she will give him a helping hand, and speak words of encouragement and love; but she will not carry him over, because she knows that it is his getting over it *himself*, and, if possible, by *himself*, that is best for him. We met somewhere, lately, with the following remark, which is pertinent to our present subject:—"A certain Greek writer tells us of some man, who, in order to save his bees a troublesome flight to Hymettus, cut their wings, and placed before them the finest flowers he could select. The poor bees made no honey." So it will be with our children, if we seek to save them all trouble in collecting their store of intellectual honey. There is no royal road to art, or science, or learning; and to attain excellence, in these, one must work well and unceasingly. But those persons have great advantages who have been trained from infancy in habits of labour, who have never taken life too easily; persevering work has become a habit with them, and habit, as we all know, is second nature. It is from such persons that truly great and virtuous deeds may be expected; it is they who prove to us that heroism is not a something belonging to a far antiquity, but something that may live and bloom in humanity at any time. Every mother may hope to rear such children, if she will not fall into the temptation of making life too easy to her young ones; if she will keep in view the high nature of her office, as the trainer of a soul for immortality; if she will teach them, that it is nobler to work than to be worked for; to think of and love others, than to think of and love themselves; that God has placed them in this life, "not only to be ministered unto, but to minister to others;" and that their true business here is not a search after selfish enjoyment, but an active devotion to the good of others, and the development and exercise of their own highest faculties. When such views of life are entertained by the mother, she will not waste time or thought upon any plan of "living made easy" for her child; her attention will be directed to the best means for giving him strength to grapple with little difficulties, that in time she may see him struggle with and overcome greater in the cause of humanity.

J. M. W.

THE real condition of man upon this earth is only understood by those whose minds are kept awake and clear by suffering. Even the common relations of life, the natural affections, have not half their proper character when they are not edged by pain. The condition of man is that of a being connected with other beings, from whom he is liable to be separated by death,—having his love rested upon their love, and his happiness upon their moral welfare. They have a destination here and in immortality, which are as essential to him as their life; and that destination hangs in continual uncertainty. Of his natural affection, therefore, pain and fear are essential ingredients, and it bears its true nature only when these enter into it. The mind that is not provident and reflective, and of deep sensibilities, is not capable of the true condition of natural life.

ANTAGONISM OF CLASSES.

The poor curse the selfishness and tyranny of the rich, and the rich complain of the ingratitude and greediness of the poor. The hands that toil are too often denied the guerdon of their labour, and the hands that give are grudged a thanksgiving for their bounty. The wealthy recipient of the starving labourer's earnings talks of the "lower order" with contempt. The deceiving and self-deceived demagogue declares that every ruler is a tyrant, and that wealth is synonymous with iniquity. What mistaken notions work at the root of all this evil! this antagonism of classes so justly deprecated by true patriots and philanthropists. Grievously do they err who act as if the "lower orders" were only created for the service of the higher, and who seek to bolster up injustice by preaching submission to inevitable laws (easy submission on their part, for whose especial benefit those laws would seem to be devised), and grievously do they err; but equally grievous is their error, who, in a seeming zeal for liberty, would uproot every social landmark, and, under the name of equality, institute only organized anarchy. Equally mistaken are they both, and equally fallacious are the ideas upon which they act. The one advocates "the enormous faith of many, made for one," and the other upholds the unnatural doctrine of individual independence. Every man for himself, and for *himself alone!* Very different are the teachings of reason and true philanthropy; very different was the wisdom of that fable of Menenius, which restored order and peace to disaffected Rome. We would recommend all those who lament (and who does not) the class antagonism of our day, and who, perhaps, by their lamentations, are fostering the evils which they deplore, to read over the best treatise upon this subject ever penned. Among the thousand and one political panaceas daily brought forward as the only and infallible remedies for every evil, there is not one to be compared with it in sober sense and practical philanthropy. We allude to an epistle of Alexander Pope's, the third epistle of the "Essay on Man," which treats of "the nature and state of man with respect to society." The great lesson which this epistle teaches, the lesson which mankind have so much occasion to learn, is the doctrine of mutual dependence and reciprocity of benefits.

> "Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
> One all-extending, all-preserving soul
> Connects each being, greatest with the least,
> Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
> All served, all serving; nothing stands alone."

According to the philosopher-poet, as long as society preserved its primitive simplicity, class antagonism was unknown.

> "Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance show,
> For Nature knew no right divine in men."

But in later times this happy truth is disbelieved; ambition has taken the place of benevolence, and mutual rivalry has put an end to mutual co-operation. Man has forgotten, or proudly denied, his dependence upon his fellow-men, and the tale of wrongs suffered, has superseded the grateful enumeration of benefits conferred. In the midst of such deplorable confusion, the poet exquisitely shows the duty of the "studious head and generous mind," "the follower of God and friend of human kind," a duty which is now especially incumbent upon all who claim the titles of patriots and philanthropists, and to their attention we more particularly commend it. It is for them, instead of upholding tyranny or fomenting rebellion, to teach

> "Power's due use to people and to kings,
> Teach nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
> The less or greater set so justly true,
> The touching one must strike the other too.
> Till jarring interests of themselves create
> Th' according music of a well mixed state.
> Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
> From Order, Union, full consent of strings;
> Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
> To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;
> More powerful each as needful to the rest,
> And in proportion as it blesses, blest."

There is a noble philosophy and a Christian philanthropy in these lines. The truth which they so eloquently enforce few persons will presume to call in question; but unfortunately it is a truth which, tacitly acknowledged, is practically neglected. Still society is distracted on the one hand by the lamentations of self-styled philanthropists, who weep over unrealized and impossible projects, and on the other by the harsh reasonings of equally self-styled utilitarians, who bid us

> "Let the world run upon its own sure wheel,
> You stop its progress if you pause to feel."

If these rival combatants are sincere in their professions, they will recognise, upon reflection, that their object is, or should be, the same, "the greatest good of the greatest number." Here philanthropy and utilitarianism are both concerned. If their advocates are honest, they will admit as much. Individual and national prosperity go hand in hand. Rich and poor, high and low, employers and employed, are—could they but see it—mutual benefactors. Precisely the same arguments may be applied to co-operation between different classes and commerce between different countries. Mutual assistance is the law of nature. Those politicians who deprecated "dependence upon foreigners," advanced no greater fallacy than the class legislators, who speak of the separate and conflicting interests of portions of one community. When the antagonism of the agriculturists and manufacturers was at its height, Lord Ashley eloquently declared, that so far from those rival interests being in reality opposed to one another, "every revolution of the steam-engine impelled the ploughshare." Be it remembered, then, the true interests of no one class interfere with those of another, but individual passions and errors *do* interfere. It is not to the interest of the wealthy that their poorer brethren should be oppressed and underpaid—on the contrary. Nevertheless, injustice and avarice, on the part of individuals among the higher classes, add to, if they do not occasion, the awful wretchedness of the lower orders. So likewise the indolence and indifference of the well-meaning majority add greatly to the burthen and the sufferings of the sorrowful—

> "For evil is wrought
> By want of thought,
> As well as want of heart."

Shall we say, then, with the anarchist and the leveller, that the well-being of the poor is incompatible with the existence of the rich? Not so; but it is incompatible with their neglect of duty. The interests of both classes are so inseparably intertwined, that the errors of the one become the injuries of the other, "touching one will strike the other, too."

Let this, then, occupy the attention of the reformer. Let him exhort both classes to perform their own duties, and co-operate with, instead of criminating the other. The capitalist alone can give employment to the artisan; the labour of the artisan augments the wealth of the capitalist; and so on through all gradations. How unwise is it, then, for the labourer to murmur against the employer; but how sinful is it for the employer to grudge the labourer his due reward. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn;" an injunction how utterly disregarded! But this is a reflection which would lead us further than our present purpose. Our argument is simply this—the antagonism of classes is a delusion. Rich and poor are mutually dependent, and mutually entitled to respect. Their true equality consists not in similarity of position, but in equality of social rights as fellow-men and brethren. We would not abase the rich to the poverty of the poor, but we would exalt the poor to the *honourable* position of the rich. Is not he who by his own labour earns his daily bread, as

much deserving of honour and respect as he who owes his wealth to the labour of his ancestors? To our thinking much more so! The man duly impressed with the truth of such reflections, would as cordially grasp the hardened hand of labour as the soft palm of some effeminate lordling. All are mutually dependent, all should be mutually useful and mutually grateful. For one class to wrong another is to wrong itself. Rival classes, who refuse to act in concert, impede the right working of the social system, and inflict grievous injury on themselves and on the whole commonwealth.

CORAL ROCKS.

The coral rocks, which grow from the bed of the ocean, were formerly thought to be of a vegetable nature; but subsequent investigation has demonstrated, that the foundation of these immense masses is effected by certain species of polypes. A portion even of our island is based on a foundation of coral, many of our transition rocks containing an immense number of fossil corals; and many islands between the tropics appear to rest entirely on masses of coral rocks. The order and regularity with which these vast accumulations of solid matter are constructed, by means apparently so inadequate to the end, are no less astonishing than the amazing number of such masses which are known to exist.

Thousands of islands in the Eastern Ocean owe their origin entirely to this source; and particularly those in the Indian Archipelago, and round New Holland, are produced by various tribes of these animals; especially by the cellepora, Isis, madrepora, millepora, and tubipora. The animals from these corals work with such rapidity, that enormous masses of them very soon appear where there were scarcely any marks of such reefs before; and the navigation of the seas in which they abound is rendered every day more difficult by the continually increasing number of coral reefs, which will become the basis of future islands. These reefs have flat tops, and rise so perpendicularly from the bed of the sea, that the officers of vessels, within only two ships' length of them, have found no bottom at the depth of one hundred-and-fifty fathoms, or nine hundred feet! It is an interesting object of geological research to trace the progress of these formations, by the minute but combined labours of millions of these marine zoophytes, which occupy the lowest rank in the animal kingdom; but which have been instrumental in giving to the earth its present form. The following interesting extract from "Kotzebue's Voyages" gives the best description of the mode in which the islands, consisting of coral reefs, may have been progressively formed.

"As soon as the ridge or reef has reached such a height that it remains almost dry at low-water, at the time of ebb, the polypes cease from building higher. Sea-shells, fragments of corals, sea hedge-hog shells, and their broken-off prickles, are united by the burning sun, through the medium of the cementing calcareous sand, which has arisen from the pulverization of the above-mentioned shells, into one whole or solid stone; which, strengthened by the continual throwing up of new materials, gradually increases in thickness, till it becomes at last so high, that it is covered only during some seasons of the year by the high tides. The heat of the sun so penetrates the mass of stone, when it is dry, that it splits in many places, and breaks off in flakes. These flakes, so separated, are raised one upon another by the waves, at the time of high water. The always active surf throws blocks of coral (frequently of a fathom in length, and three or four feet thick) and shells of marine animals, between and upon the foundation stones; after this the calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers to the seeds and trees of plants, cast upon it by the waves, a soil, upon which they rapidly grow, to overshadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other countries and islands, find here, at length, a resting-place, after their long wanderings. With these come some small animals, such as lizards and insects, as the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the real sea-birds nestle here; strayed land-birds take refuge in the bushes; and at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man also appears, builds his hut on the fruitful soil, formed by the corruption of the leaves of the trees; and calls himself the lord and proprietor of this new creation."

NEWSPAPERS.

Every man, when he awakes in the morning, finds that the reflections suggested by the preceding day have been, if not wholly obliterated, at least suspended by sleep; that new topics of conversation are wanting, and that surprise is on tip-toe for new calls. A family would often drink the tea of Lethe, and eat the toast of taciturnity, were they not happily relieved from torpor of thought, and immobility of tongue, by the entrance of a newspaper.

It is possible, indeed, that the weather might furnish a brief subject of debate, but the wind must blow a hurricane, and the rain descend in torrents, to be worth more than a moment's conversation. When the newspaper appears, however, all Europe is united to refresh the languid memory, to quicken the dull thoughts, and give expedition to the communicative tongue.

No publication surely was ever so fertile in sources of reflection to those who choose to think, or of conversation to those who prefer the more noisy business of talking.

When a newspaper is introduced at the breakfast-table, what a copious source of conversation arises for the rest of the day. A man may give a very able account of an estate without the least desire of purchasing it; and the whole family may dispute on the merits of an entertainment, which not one of the company means to partake of. It is possible to compassionate the distresses of an orphan family without contributing sixpence to their relief, and even to read of the cures performed by a "famous syrup" without desiring to taste a drop of it. Conversation and action are different things, and if a newspaper furnishes the former, it is doing much.

To appreciate the true value of newspapers, we have only to suppose that they were totally to be discontinued for a month. We turn with horror from the frightful idea! We deprecate such a shock to the circulation of table talk. It would operate more unfavourably than the gloom of November is said, by foreigners, to operate on the nerves of Englishmen, and there would be nothing but accounts of sudden deaths, which had happened in the interval, with the deliberate opinion of the coroner's jury, "Died for want of intelligence!"

"Let us praise newspapers," says Dr. Johnson. "One of the principal amusements of the idler is to read the works of those minute historians, the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes, are yet necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but observe the lives and fortunes of the other."

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," is known from the king to the meanest of his subjects. This dithyrambic was composed on horseback; in riding in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forebore to speak—judiciously enough—for a man composing "Bruce's Address" might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless, this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns; but to the external ear, it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of a Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode, the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen.

A SABBATH EVENING SONG.

God on earth! and God in heaven!
God! who gave one day in seven
Unto man, that he might rest
With thy mercy in his breast;
God of Goodness! I am kneeling,
In my spirit's deep revealing
Fervently to give thee praise,
For the peace of Sabbath days.
Glad and tranquil thou hast made
This soft hour of twilight shade,
And I ask thee, in thy might,
To be "watchman of my night!"

Let me thank thee, let me own
At the footstool of thy throne
All my grateful joy and love,
Drawn from hopes that point above;
Let me lay my heart before thee,
And with holy trust implore thee
To forgive its human blot,
Gathered in its human lot.
Listen, Father! to my singing,
Like a child to thee I'm clinging;
If I wander, guide me right,
Be thou "watchman of my night!"

Let me ask thee ere I sleep,
To remember those who weep,
Those who moan with some wild sorrow
That shall dread to meet the morrow;
Let me ask thee to abide
At the fainting sick one's side,
Where the plaints of anguish rise
In smothered groans and weary sighs;
Give them strength to brook and bear
Trial pain, and trial care;
Let them see thy saving light,
Be thou "watchman of their night!"

God of all! thou knowest well,
Myriads of thy children dwell
Here among us lone and blind,
In the midnight of the mind;
Well thou knowest how they need
Words to teach and hand to lead,
Well thou knowest that they sin
For the want of light within,
They grope and fall, and men refuse
To raise them up and "bind the bruise;"
But thou, oh God! in judgment's might,
Be thou "watchman of their night!"

God of mercy! God of grace!
Keep me worthy of my place.
Let my harp strings ne'er be heard
When they jar with thy plain word;
Should the world's fair pitfall take me,
Father! do not thou forsake me;
Let repentance cleanse the stain,
And call me back to truth again;
Father! Infinite and Just!
Shine upon my path of dust,
Lead me in the noontide light,
And be thou "watchman of my night!"

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

To give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation: these only are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and usefulness in life.

PASSION is a sort of fever of the mind, which leaves us weaker than it found us; but being intermitting, it is curable with care.

CALMNESS of will is a sign of grandeur.

IT is much easier to know what men are in general, than to know one man in particular.

HEARTS may agree, though heads differ.

As ravenous birds are the quickest sighted, so are the worst people the greatest fault-finders.

THE true estimation of living is not to be taken from age, but action; some die old at forty, others infants at fourscore.

A sleepless bed is a haunted place.

THE universe is an infinite sphere, whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere.

How much pain have those evils cost us that have never happened.

WE never live—we only hope to live.

THE greatest proof of superiority is to bear with impertinence.

No truly great man ever thought himself so.

IT happens in conversation as in different games. One person seems to excel, till another does better, and we then think no more of the first.

THOSE who can keep secrets, have no curiosity.

GENIUS is native to the soil where it grows—is fed by the air, and warmed by the sun—and is not a hot-house plant or an exotic.

ALL truly great works of art are *national* in their character and origin.

SYMPATHY among men is beginning to be felt. The extremes of society are approximating each other—the zenith and the nadir of life are drawing together. The great democratic principle of equal political rights is compressing society to as near a level as nature will justify. Remote nations shake hands with one another. Conventional rights are giving place to natural rights, and the government of force is giving way to the government of popular will and sincere action.

THE spices of uncertainty enrich the cup of life.

RICH men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than the poor.

ECHO is the shadow of a sound.

ENVY is punishing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbours.

WE want as much moderation not to be corrupted with our good fortune, as patience not to be dejected with our bad.

So long as there is mercy in a God, hope is the privilege of his creatures.

IT is not all joy which produces laughter, the greatest enjoyments are serious. The pleasures of love, ambition, or avarice, make nobody laugh.

POETRY is the natural language of all worship. The Bible is full of poetry; Homer is full of religion.

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HEALTH—THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

THE consideration of health and its conditions is a question that has hitherto been very much confined to the doctor class, just as religion has been left to the care of the clerical class. The public, having at their command the services of a large staff of highly educated men of both these classes, have come to regard medicine and religion as professional affairs; and they go to church on Sundays, and send for the doctor when they are ill, troubling their heads little further about either the one matter or the other.

But the people at large have really a very serious practical interest in both these questions, though it is only with that of health and its conditions that we have now more especially to do. In the present state of English society, with its population daily increasing, its towns rapidly enlarging, and its metropolis a kingdom of brick and mortar, the diffusion of sound knowledge concerning animal life, and its dependence upon external circumstances, is becoming more and more a primary want. Ignorance on this point is productive of vice and suffering among all classes, to a much greater extent than is generally supposed. It is, however, only when the prevalence of want has issued in a brood of frightful pestilential disease, which, after doing its fatal work in the dwellings of the poor, is wafted on the impartial wind into the dwellings of the rich, that the Health of Towns' question can be brought to excite a passing interest. And no sooner has the pestilence ceased, than the question is shelved, until another contagion, more fatal than before, again startles society from its apathy into a temporary activity and interest in this important question.

Now, we would impress upon the minds of our readers, the necessity of their, each and every one, taking a personal interest in this business. It matters little what the legislature is doing,—though let us be thankful that it has done something, and municipal corporations also are in some quarters moving actively in the same good work; but unless the people themselves take up the question, carry it with them into their homes, and see to the daily practice of cleanliness, temperance, ventilation, and wholesome ways of living there, comparatively little benefit will issue from the Sanitary Movement. The legislature and the corporations may cleanse our streets, secure their being made broad enough, and see to their efficient drainage; but into the home they cannot enter, and all the important influences which they operate upon the human being from birth till death, must be considered as quite beyond their reach.

While recognising, therefore, the importance of all public measures for the promotion of the sanitary improvement of towns, we would endeavour to impress on the minds of those on whom the internal economy of households depend, the importance of *their* taking the necessary steps to secure the physical health, comfort, and well-being of the members. All classes, even the best educated and circumstanced, are too regardless of those means for the preservation of health and strength, which even a slender knowledge of the laws of physiology would teach them to be essentially requisite for that purpose. Premature and painful deaths, caused by conditions that are avoidable, constitute the vast majority of cases recorded in the registers of civilized society. The impurity which prevails in the most densely populated districts of our large towns, creates a very atmosphere of disease, in which life is only a protracted dying. It is not only that existence is abridged among the poor by deficient food, but it is much more frequently so by the want of fresh air, by the want of light, by the want of exercise and cheerful recreation, by defective clothing, and by a low state of domestic economy. Even when there is food enough, the physical circumstances which surround families are often eminently pernicious. Sufficient food is only one of the many conditions required for the healthy existence of the human being. Pure air and cleanliness are quite as important, for man does not live by bread alone. A family may have enough to eat, and yet be suffering daily from the effects of ignorant, and often unconscious, self-abuse; contaminated by every touch, inhaling poison in every breath they draw. But nature and her laws will not be violated with impunity. Man has been endowed with reason, that he may discern those laws, and live in conformity with them; and if he will not discern and apply them, he must suffer. Thus, when the laws of physiology are violated—when men and women *will* live in daily neglect of their teachings, and subject their children to pernicious physical influences, one and all of them are rendered doubly liable to disease and death.

This neglect of the conditions of daily health is a frightfully costly thing. It costs the rich a great deal of money in the shape of poor-rates, for the support of widows made husbandless, and children made fatherless, by cholera and typhus. It costs a great deal too in subscriptions, to maintain dispensaries, infirmaries, houses of recovery, and asylums for the destitute. It costs the poor still more; it costs them their health, which is their only capital. In this is invested their all: if they lose it, their docket is struck, and they are bankrupt. How frightful is the neglect, whether it be on the part of society, or of individuals, which robs the poor man of his health, and makes his life a daily death!

There are anti-war societies in England, which deprecate the results of war in all their hideous forms of death, and pain, and vice. We want societies against foul air, and unhealthy dwellings, which are also much more destructive than war, far more insidious, and less easy to escape or retreat from. Hear what Dr. South-

wood Smith says of the ill-drained districts in the east of London:—"The poorer classes in their neglected localities and dwellings are exposed to causes of disease and death which are peculiar to them, the operation of which is steady, unceasing, sure; and the result is the same as if twenty or thirty thousand of these people were annually taken out of their wretched dwellings, and put to death; the actual fact being, that they are allowed to remain in them and die. . . . It has been stated that the annual slaughter in England and Wales, from *preventable causes* of typhus fever, which attacks persons in the vigour of life, is *double the amount of what was suffered by the allied armies in the battle of Waterloo.*" We are persuaded that this is no exaggerated statement. On an average of years, more than eight thousand persons annually fall victims to typhus fever in Glasgow alone. Now, we are shocked by the news of a murder—the loss of a single life by physical causes! And yet, we can bear almost without a shudder the reiterated statement of the loss of ten thousands of lives yearly from physical causes in daily operation, and make little or no effort for their removal.

But it is not the mere loss of life only that is so appalling; there is moral death also in the unhealthy locality. The connection is close and intimate between physical and moral health, between domestic well-being and public happiness. The destructive influence of an unwholesome dwelling propagates a moral typhus worse than the plague itself. When the body is enfeebled by the depressing influences of vitiated air and such like, the mind, almost of necessity, takes the same low, unhealthy tone. Self-respect is lost; a stupid, inert, languid feeling overpowers the system; the character becomes depraved; and too often—eager to snatch even a momentary enjoyment of full life, to feel again the blood bounding in the veins, and ideas coursing each other through the mind—the miserable victim flies to the demon of strong drink for relief; hence misery, infamy, shame, crime, and wretchedness. The Health of Towns Commissioners, in their second Report, observe with truth, that "a large class of crimes, arising from intemperance and the indulgence of vicious propensities, is much fostered by the low state of physical comforts, which leads to the use of stimulating drinks, and to other methods of imparting false strength to a reduced system. These act with the greatest intensity on the inhabitants of those places where filth, and the absence of facilities for its removal, depress the energies and engender disease."

Self-respect, that root of so many fine virtues, must have pure air, and domestic cleanliness and comfort, as the soil on which it is to grow. Three-fourths of the petty vices which degrade society, and swell into crimes which disgrace it, would shrink before the light of self-respect. To encourage, therefore, the growth of this root of the virtues, the magistrate must see to the provision of well-paved streets, covered sewers, buildings with efficient ventilation, and a plentiful supply of pure water; and the people themselves must carry into effect, in their several homes, a practical observance of those simple and intelligible laws by which health is regulated. We know that there are many of the poorer classes whom such counsel will not yet reach; whose cupboards are empty, and whose walls are bare; whose necessities make them shrink into any hole or corner which is open for them; whose earnings are so small, that the provision of a comfortable home is next to an impossibility. Still, there is a very large proportion of the working classes, who have it in their power to live more wisely, healthfully, and happily than they do, by the observance of the natural laws. On such we would urge the practice of habitual cleanliness, temperance, and domestic economy. Women have much in their power as regards all these elements of physical and moral well-being. The health and comfort of households are in their power. Let all efforts to establish baths and wash-houses be encouraged. Public parks and gardens for recreation of all classes, are still wanted in many of our large towns; there is need that the heart and lungs of the people be brought into frequent communication with the freshening influences of nature, and of letting their minds and bodies taste, as often as may be, of her sweetness and healthfulness. And let this great fact be held duly in mind, that, whatever Government may do in the promotion of sanitary measures, the great burthen of this work must always rest with the people themselves.

WHAT IS THE VALUE OF A PENNY?

WHAT will it buy? Of what esteem is it in the monetary market? To a person of moderate calibre in society, what earthly good is a solitary penny? The beggarly coin, assaulting the counterscarp of our pocket, seems as ridiculous and futile as a single rank-and-file besieging the entrenchments of a citadel!

Such were our mournful, and, partly, philosophical reflections, as trudging home, one cold and drizzly afternoon in December, from the county town, whereat we had expended all our ready cash, except this one reproachful copper, the last descendant of a long line of silver, that seemed to upbraid us for keeping it in solitary confinement. But, though bearing the censure of the copper, the fault was not our own, nor did it proceed from any dereliction of the laws of self-interest. An inexorable tailor—one of those scourges of society that, from the earliest ages, have been a gentleman's bitterest enemy—and a compulsory tradesman or two, had, much against the strong affinity of our heart and purse, ruthlessly severed the congenial ties, and laid their several embargos upon the allegiance we owed the sovereigns of our own personal dominions, and, one by one, tore them asunder.

It was under the melancholy bereavement of this severance of our richest ties, and saddened by the contrast of our outgoings and our incomings, that we fell into the doleful train of reflection we have recorded above.

"Three, nineteen, and eleven! and one penny, makes four pounds; thank you, Sir!" observed the irascible tailor, as he clutched our four lovely sovereigns, and handed us a dirty copper, and a well-worn ragged bit of paper, called a receipt, in exchange for so much beauty of feature and finish. With a deep malediction—which, for prudential motives, we muttered to ourselves—we strode, with all the indignant feelings of an injured gentleman, from the presence of the man who had so shamefully abused our generous intentions of patronizing him more extensively, and cut us abruptly short in our philanthropic resolves. But to return to our pariah penny.

"What!" we exclaimed, growing irritated at the remembrance of our collapsed purse, and rendered savage by the spiteful rain, that began to sound with destructive violence upon our new gossamer, bought in a moment of delusive sunshine, and which, in the full confidence of heavenly serenity, we were bearing home, on our august head. "What good is this old dirty bit of copper to us?" we continued, propounding our queries aloud, and striving to get over the last half-mile before the threatening storm should deprive us of all the garniture of our new hat, a point we felt to be far from problematical. "Though history tells us that twelve sparrows were bought for a penny, who, in these metallic days, would take the trouble to catch one for twice two pennies? Confound the penny! It is quite an insult to be burthened with such plebeian rubbish. And such a mean, battered thing; why, a beggar would not condescend to pick it up. We won't go home with it, that's flat. Better have a positive nothing, than such a negative something! We'll throw the tailor's paltry balance to the——"

But just as we were about to dive into the vasty regions of our bankrupt pocket, to drag the offensive coin to the

light of reprobation, we were hastily admonished, that if we had any regard to the salvation of our four-and-nine, to seek the shelter of a cart-lodge that stood hard by, inviting us, with open sides, to take advantage of the hospitality of its roof, from a perfect cataract that came spouting down, playing over our gossamer, with all the malicious exuberance of a fire-engine.

"It is very cold and very wet to-day, Sir," observed a poor woman, seated on one of the shafts of a waggon, as we hurriedly entered the shed.

"Very," was the discourteous reply, as we shook ourselves, like a Newfoundland dog just out of the water, but without any of the playful grimaces of the honest quadruped.

"Would you please sit down, Sir?" resumed the woman in a foreign accent, rising respectfully from her hard seat, and removing her basket of wares from the opposite shaft, and coming out of the rods, to make way for our entrance. There was a tone in the voice, and a courtesy in the manner, in which she offered the most sheltered portion of the exposed lodge to our use, that touched us at once, and—why not own it—brought a blush to our cheek.

Compromising with the poor woman's kindness, we made her resume her place, and making a chair of the vacant shaft, entered into conversation with the female hawker, for such she appeared; for as we lifted her basket out of the wet into the waggon, we perceived that her stock in trade, a very scanty one, consisted of a few infantile books, a wooden doll or two, sundry reels of cotton and skeins of thread; these with half-a-dozen boxes of lucifers, and a few bits of stick picked up in her day's perambulation, comprised the whole wealth of her wicker shop.

To our inquiries, she said she was a German by birth, and had come with her husband and children to England three years ago, but had lost them all, and was now alone in the world, without friend or kindred; but observing me about to rise, for the rain was abating, she timidly inquired, if "the good lady at home wanted any little thing out of her basket?"

"Why, really, my good woman," we replied, humiliated at our inability to respond to her appeal, and giving the tailor an extra curse, in the profundity of our heart, for fleecing us to the last stiver, "the fact is, we have actually no money left, or we would have looked at your wares before; no, not a shilling!"

"A shilling! God bless me! A shilling would buy all my basket."

"No, not even a sixpence!"

"Oh, Sir, I could not think you buy so much, if you had;" she replied ingenuously, and in much surprise at such an idea.

"Really not a farthing, but this dirty old——," and we grasped the hated copper.

"Thank you, never the same, Sir; nobody buy more than a penny of me at a time. A penny buy much," she resumed, observing us dive desperately into our pocket.

"We meant to say, we had nothing but this one penny; and if it can be of any use to you, you are heartily welcome to it." So saying, we thrust it into her hand.

"What will you please take, Sir?" she inquired, rising to her basket. To our repudiation of such an idea, she overwhelmed us with thanks; said it was the first farthing she had taken that day, and that the penny was quite a blessing to her.

"Such a trifle is not worth your thanks, good woman."

"Oh, Sir!" she rejoined, earnestly, "it is a deal for a poor woman to be thankful for. This penny will buy many things."

"Ah, indeed!" we exclaimed with some interest, as the thought of our knotty difficulty being solved, flashed through our mind. "What, on earth, of any possible good, will a single penny buy?"

"Me tell you, Sir what it buy for poor people, and God keep you never know! First, it buy bread enough for my breakfast and supper; then a little tea, for two times; and then it buy six pounds of coal, enough for three nights' firing. And only think, Sir, what cold long nights these are, and no fire at all."

"Six pounds of coal!" we exclaimed, in amazement. "Is it possible that poverty can go to market on so little! and warmth, the body's twin aliment with food, may be bought at a penny's cost! Truly, necessity is a great school, and poverty a stern-faced teacher!" Reseating ourselves, we put various questions to the poor creature, which led to the following detail from her lips, and which, for the knowledge of those who, like ourselves, were ignorant of the virtue of a penny, we give in full:—

"I and my husband and three little children, came over to this country nearly three years ago, Sir; but my husband was run over in the streets of London, the first week he got here, and died in the hospital from the hurts he got in his back! That was a sad trial, Sir; and I thought my heart would break, left a lone woman in a strange country, with my little children, and no home, nor no money in the world. I thought nothing could be worse than that, Sir; but, I did'nt know what sorer troubles I had to bear. Well, God is still very good. With the few shillings the gentleman gave me at the inquest, I bought a basket and some little trifles, as threads and needles, children's books, matches, and dolls; and with my infant on my back, and one of my children in each hand, trudged over the country, and came at last to this town; and took a bit of a room at ninepence a week, where I used to leave my children, with a morsel of fire to keep them warm, while I went round the country, one day this way, another that; never coming home till night. Sometimes I took a sixpence, and sometimes less, and often nothing at all. And, oh, Sir! how my heart used to ache when my little ones came out, when they heard my step on the stair, and ask me if I bring any supper home, for they were very hungry! They were terrible days and nights, those Sir, with my hungry and shivering children. God knows they were; but they were happy ones compared to now—to now," and her voice broke, and she broke into tears, "for I had something to live for, and give me heart to labour—but its very different now."

"Why did you not strive to get back to your own country, when you lost your husband?" we inquired, as the poor creature paused.

"I did, Sir, I did, and walked all the way to Dover, to see the consul, and ask him to send me over the water, with the children, and then I'd beg my way to Nassau, my native place, where I was sure of a home at my sister's. But as soon as I got to Dover, my baby was taken with the small-pox, and though the parish doctor was very good and kind, the poor little thing died six days after. Well, Sir, I can't expect you to feel for my sorrows. At last, I saw the consul, but he could'nt do nothing for me, he said, but bid me try and get an honest living where I was; and then he gave me a sixpence, and sent me away."

"A sixpence! The heartless ——! A sixpence, impossible!" we cried, indignantly.

"God Almighty knows it is true; and I had eighteen miles to walk back to my lodging. Well, Sir, it was last winter, and a bitter cold day; and while I was away in the snow, miles off, my little ones had got a few sticks and made a fire, for we'd no coals, to keep them warm; when somehow—I never heard the rights of it—my girl's clothes caught fire,—and God knows she had few enough on; and the neighbours ran in, when they heard my child's shriek, and put out the fire, and had her off to the infirmary; and there she lay, Sir, three whole months before she died, suffering like a martyr.

But that was not at all, Sir, for the very day she died,

my little Billy, who pined away after his sister, caught the measles, and—God be good to me—I lost him, Sir, ten days after the other. Oh dear! oh dear! then I knew, Sir, what grief was, and misery too. And I thought for certain my heart would break, for I had such a pain here, and tightness in my throat, that I could not breathe, or get a minute's rest. But the landlady turned me out, for I had'nt paid the last week's rent, for I could'nt go out while my last child was a dying, Sir. And though it was a cold empty room, with nothing on earth but a bundle of straw, and an old chair, it had been a long time the home of my children. And it was like losing them all again, to be turned out of it; but I had to go, Sir, and leave my basket with the woman, till I could pay the rent. And what became of me for some days I don't rightly know, for I think I must have lost my senses; for when I came to myself, three days after, I was a lying wet and very cold, under a hay stack, a long, long way off. But the rain's over, Sir, and you are very good to listen to a poor woman's troubles. Thank you, Sir, many times, for your goodness—for I can get myself a little drop of tea to night, to warm me, with your good money. God I hope to bless you, Sir, and I give you my hearty thanks."

And rising up, the poor woman prepared to leave the shed, preparatory to her yet long journey home; but we did not, however, allow her to depart, till she had been directed the way to our domicile, and given injunctions that she should weekly call, as she took her rounds, at our residence.

That she had complied with this request, is evidenced every Monday morning by our youngest boy running in with delight to apprise his mother, that the German woman—for whom he entertains a colloquial partiality, is come again; and while soliciting money for his juvenile speculations, reminds his father, that the bereaved outcast who has sought the temporary luxury of his hearth, was the first teacher who taught him the golden lesson, of how *little* may give comfort to the necessitous, and what real value there is in a penny.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR PROVERBS.

"The watched pot never boils."

We very much question whether there was ever such a busy, bustling, fussy woman as Mrs. Valentine Smith; at least, we never met with one that was anything like a match for her, in the art of making "much ado about nothing;" an art common enough, it is true, and practised to an amazing extent both in private and public life. Mrs. Smith kept her servant in a constant worry; she was here, and there, and everywhere at once; from the attic to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the attic, and even down into the cellar, was this notable housewife rushing from morning to night, as though her very life depended upon her keeping constantly in motion.

"Let us then be up and doing,"

she would say to Mr. Valentine, who, although rather a "fast man," was not nearly fast enough for her;

"With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Those who pause will be too late."

It will be seen here that she had, according to her notions, amended the text of Longfellow, whose beautiful "Psalm of Life" was, upon the whole, a great favourite with her, because it taught, as she said, the great lesson that we should always "keep moving."

"Learn to labour, *and to wait*."

she thought was the only weak line in the poem; and, therefore, she substituted the above words, without exactly knowing what those who "paused" would be "too late" *for*; it might be for a dinner, or an evening party; a steam-boat or railway excursion, a play, or a sermon these, and the management of domestic affairs, comprehended all that she understood of "the great business of life;" and the more of this business she could get through in a little time, the better did she conceive she was doing her duty. And so, as we said before, it was hurry, and bustle, and drive with her from year to year; and yet, somehow, matters did not prosper with her; almost every thing she put her hand to she spoilt, simply because she was in too much of a hurry—could not *wait* for results; but would insist upon outstripping Time, and was so constantly pulling at the old gentleman's forelock, and urging him to move faster, that he grew vexed and angry, and refused to yield to her those good gifts which he bestowed upon others, who were more patient and mindful of his often apparently slow, yet sure and steady, progress.

"Confound the stuff! it never will boil, I do believe," said Mrs. Valentine Smith, as she stood by the parlour fire, watching a pint of milk which was simmering in a saucepan, and which was intended to be poured over some bread for her husband's breakfast, as soon as it should reach the point of ebullition. "Here have I been standing for the last quarter of an hour or more, watching that provoking milk, and it wont boil. How very tiresome it is, to be sure."

Then, going to the door, she called out, "Jane! bring another stick or two; this milk *will not boil!*" Whereat Jane remarked to her fellow-servant, that "Missus had much better have left it in the kitchen, where there was a good fire which would have biled it in no time."

The wood was taken up, and duly inserted by "Missus," piece by piece, between the bars, a process which was attended by some soiling of the fingers, and scorching of the face, already sufficiently red and flustered; and the sticks ignited and crackled, and the little tongues of flame, like fiery serpents, wreathed and curled around the saucepan, and still the milk *would not boil*; then the impatient lady called for the bellows, and puffed away with nervous vigour. To sit quiet for a minute or two, *and wait*, was quite out of the question; to go about anything else was equally so; and so she hunted up all the scraps of paper, letter envelopes, and loose leaves of books that were to be readily laid hands on, and offered them up to this lacteal Moloch.

Talk of "Patience upon a monument, smiling at grief," what was that to Mrs. Smith upon the hearth-rug, almost weeping over the milk that *would not boil*, with one eye fixed steadfastly upon the saucepan, and the other wandering restlessly around the room in search of more waifs and strays in the paper way. She had already begun to cast longing looks on a chair with a broken leg, and it was plain that Tommy Smith's spotted horse, and Julia's plump-faced doll, would not much longer escape the fiery destruction which they well merited, for having wandered out of their proper sphere—the nursery.

Mrs. Smith had already made predatory excursions to the book-case, and the chiffonier drawers, when she heard a sound, the import of which she knew but too well; and turning, she beheld the milk, which she had tended so long and so carefully, foaming over the sides of the saucepan, as if intent upon getting into the fire and out of the way of her superintending anxiety, as quickly as possible. Oh! what an injured woman did Mrs. Smith conceive herself to be, then; she that was always trying so hard, and using so much exertion, to make matters go on smoothly—to have every thing nice and comfortable upstairs and down-stairs, and all over the house. And injured she really was, by those personal enemies of hers—the fire and the milk, which had evidently formed a malicious coalition to discomfit and annoy her. And insult was added to injury, for, just at that moment, down to his breakfast came Mr. Smith, and observing her flushed and heated appearance, and quickly learning the cause, he said, with that provoking smile of his,—

"Why, my dear Julia, you surely were intended for a

maid of all work, and not for the wife of a Treasury clerk. What could possess you to have the milk up here to boil? Look at your nice bright bars; of course *you* will clean them; that will only be fair and proper, you know." Then, observing her eyes were beginning to fill with tears, he changed his tone of irony into one of kindness, and continued,—

"But never mind; it is not so great a disaster after all; I am a little out of sorts, and do not think milk would be quite the thing; so ring for the coffee, and sit down quietly. But, first of all, go and wash your hands and face, that's a good creature. Why, one would think that you had had all the stoves in the house to clean, since you got up this morning, and the fires to light into the bargain."

And here he began to relapse into his former tone of irony; so Mrs. Smith thought it best to go and perform the necessary ablutions, and to put herself a little to rights; which she did with remarkable celerity, and returned, in a few minutes, with her eldest son and daughter, the one about ten, and the other eight years of age, who, since six o'clock, had been pursuing their studies in their bed-rooms.

In the education of her children, as in every other matter, Mrs. Smith was an advocate of the forcing system. It is unknown the number of schools to which she had put them and taken them away again, after a short time, because they did not "get on" fast enough. She had *no* patience with the tedious methods of instruction practised by all the teachers of "the young idea," who had come under her notice; and had, therefore, adopted and was carrying out a plan of her own, by which she expected that the work of education, usually extended over many years, might be accomplished in half the time or less. She had been trying this plan for about two years, but it had not, as yet, yielded any great results; although she had watched for them, very eagerly, too, and gone through pretty much the same processes as she had that morning tried with the milk, which would not boil while it was looked at, and would when the superintending care was withdrawn, and then boiled furiously and to waste. As Mrs. Smith had taken the saucepan of milk out of the hands of those whose proper province it was to give it due attention, so had she taken her children's minds from under the care of the persons best qualified to train and educate them, for she could not bear, as she said, to see them getting on so slowly; there must, she was sure, be something wrong in the system; it was her belief that schoolmasters and mistresses only taught the children so gradually, in order that they might be kept at school the longer, and she meant to show what could be done by the forcing system at home. She, therefore, had engaged, as her coadjutor, a daily governess—a thin spare person, with true grey eyes and a sharp nose, who spoke very quickly and snappishly, walked briskly, and seemed always in as great a hurry as Mrs. Smith herself. But let it not be supposed that this professed instructor of youth had the sole and whole direction of Miss and Master Smith's education; she came but to work out the minute details of their mamma's comprehensive plans, and to act according to her directions. She, as we before intimated, had taken the matter into her own hands; and it was at once laughable and pitiable to see how unceasingly, with the poker of indiscretion and the bellows of impatience, she stirred and blew the fire of instruction, beneath the saucepan of understanding; and how the more she stirred, and the more she blew, and worried and flustered herself, the less chance there appeared of the accomplishment of her wishes. The minds of her children, like the milk, would not be *forced* into the boiling stage of perfection; and poor Mrs. S. was almost at her wits' ends, at the very apparent failure of her hopes and efforts.

Mr. Smith was an easy, careless, good-natured man, fond of society, fond of his wife and children, of which he had four,—the before alluded to owners of the spotted horse and doll, who were quite young, and the quiet demure young lady and gentleman who now walked into the room, with their mamma, and gave him the morning's greeting in as cold, and proper, and precise a manner as though they had been two automatons, and then took their places at the breakfast-table, looking as if a load of cares and griefs, too heavy for expression, lay upon their young hearts crushingly, and deadened all their feelings and faculties. Whether it was that Mr. Smith, from being as he had said "a little out of sorts," was more prone to reflection than common on this particular morning, or that the practical illustration of his wife's forcing system, which he had just witnessed, followed so closely as it was by the appearance of the two living examples of the mischievous results of that system now before him, made him think more deeply and observe more closely than he was wont to do, we cannot say; but certain it was that, instead of being satisfied with a mere glance and a smile, and a joke or two upon their studious looks and want of animation, he sat gazing and gazing on them, until, when they left the room, throwing down the paper, which he had taken up but could not read, he turned to Mrs. Smith and said,—

"My dear Julia, you are killing these children, you are indeed, in your absurd haste to complete their education. They will die early, take my word for it; or, if they live, it will be as useless members of society, having both their mental and bodily powers weakened and impaired by the severe discipline to which you are subjecting them, at a time when they are unfit to bear it. The human frame, as well as the mind, requires exercise, relaxation, and amusement; and the fruits of instruction, like those of the earth, if forced into premature development, will assuredly disappoint our expectations, possessing few nutritive or lasting qualities. There is a certain time required for the perfecting of every work; and as reasonable would it be for the husbandman to set himself down by his field of sprouting corn, and expect, by watching it and pulling at the green blades, to make it grow the faster, as for you to endeavour, as you are constantly doing, to effect your objects, and realize your wishes, by all this hurry and impatience, which but defeats the one, and renders the other longer, if not impossible, of attainment. The husbandman, you know, sows his corn, and, except giving due attention to it at the proper periods, leaves it entirely to the elements, feeling assured that he will reap the fruits in due season; so the judicious instructor will plant the seeds of knowledge in the mind, and leave them to expand, and germinate, and fructify, neither neglectful of their proper cultivation nor over-anxious to witness speedy results from his labours. Do, my dear, give up this forcing system — this plan of doing every thing in a hurry, and you will find that we shall go on much more pleasantly, and, in the long run, more quickly, depend upon it. I have, hitherto, been too neglectful of what was going on at home—too careless and indifferent about domestic affairs; thus the duties and responsibilities of the family have all seemed to rest upon you. But, for the future, it shall not be so; let the altered line be restored in your favourite poem; and let the lesson which it teaches be well considered by both of us, that while I "*learn to labour*," you may "*learn to wait*," for the desired results of our united efforts for our mutual happiness, and the preparation of our children for the life which is here and hereafter.

Mrs. Smith was astonished, and affected, and, by degrees, convinced. This appeal to her heart and judgment operated beneficially; and had her husband talked to her in this way before, she would sooner have become the altered woman which she henceforth was. The sharp-nosed governess forthwith had her dismissal, and the children were allowed to go through the usual routine of education; there was less bustle and hurry in the house, and yet the household concerns were better managed; there was no such continual change of servants as there

used to be, and if she saw one of them watching, too intently, a saucepan on the fire, and endeavouring to make its contents boil up more quickly than they seemed inclined to do, she would say, "You had better turn to some other work for a minute or two, for it is an old and a true saying, that—

'The watched pot never boils.'"

H. G. Adams.

Pen and Ink Portraits.

THE LITTLE BOYS OF LONDON.

ARTICLE SECOND.

En masse, and with relation to little boys, the streets of London, like the brain, may be divided into two hemispheres, the one moiety consisting of beehives, and the other of wasps' nests; the first populated with a sprinkling of drones, and the latter with stingless wasps; and the same summer's sun, which entices millions of these insects to revel in its warmth, amid the flowers of the fields, and the lanes in the rural districts, draws forth the "Little Boys of London" to run about in its streets and squares, and gather the spuriously honied vernacular indigenous to the metropolitan gutters. As the stillness of a country lane is often, to the amazement of the ruralizing cockney, almost instantaneously converted into a Lilliputian uproar, by the simultaneous croaking of myriads of frogs, expectant for the refreshing shower, so, the quiet, natural to the bye-streets of London, is often suddenly changed into as great a din as all the church bells in London, or Jullien's monster band, would produce, by getting up a little revolution, and all playing different tunes at the same moment, by shoals of the little street boy population, just let loose from *pedagogia*, eager for the exhilarating and muscular games of "jump a little nagtail, one, two, three," "whoop," or "prisoners' base," sports handed down to the little boy race from their ancestors.

We have often stood amazed, taxing our brain, and mentally ejaculated, "where on earth could these swarms of buzzing particles of humanity have sprung from?" But one might as well ask, where all the flies come from and go to; the question would be more answerable than the mysterious homes of our street juveniles.

From the small value at which they are estimated by society, their great numerical number, and their intricate dissemination through the mazes of the population, like the penny in the currency, they may be considered as belonging to the lowest order of human metal coined into life, and, therefore, properly speaking, "copper little boys." They are an illustration of the maxim, that the more plentiful an article, the cheaper its price.

If "plenty" means "cheapness," then "little boys," being quite as abundant, are of no more value than sprats; the latter diminutive member of the ocean "comes in" only in November, while "little boys" are not only "in" in every month of the year, but never "go out" (of season).

Now, the high court of Nature, in its inscrutable wisdom, seems to have made it a "rule absolute" with regard to "little boys," that the cheaper, i.e. the poorer, the soil from which they spring, the more plentiful the plants it produces, being a kind of "topsy-turvy" regulation to the established and understood order of agricultural production; and the nearer the human animal is reduced to fellowship with the lower, and the more it burrows, the greater it assimilates to the fecundity of the rabbit species. "Well," says one of the higher human animals to his poorer fellow, "if Nature sends mouths, she always sends loaves to put in them?"—"Yes," is the reply; "but does she not very often send the mouths to one place, and the loaves to another?"

The "little street boy" community, like all others from the Creation downwards, instinctively feels the necessity of a ruling power of some kind; and although this Lilliputian society may be regarded by the superficial thinker as a desultory mass of living particles, acting individually, we assure such persons that they really have a government, understood, if not expressed, although we are not prepared to assert that it may not be somewhat of a desultory and uncertain kind. But the society is young, and, like all infant nations, the complete gist of their code may be said to be founded, or wrought out of the conqueror's text, "might against right," and the "I'll gie you a punch of the head," of the young marauder to the retreating, nervous little boy, who has been plundered of his stock of marbles, are words vapoured out of the same spirit which caused the defeat of the many-manned "Darius," at Arbela, by that ancient and pugnacious youth, Alexander, and in what consists the superior generosity of a "Cæsar" to a fallen enemy, to that of the chivalric feeling of yon little boy, who stands, Colossus-like, with clenched fists, over his prostrate foe, submitting to taunts and gibes, but refraining to "hit him when he is down;" his very negation puts to shame the boys of larger growth, who never strike so hard as when their brother is fallen.

The little boy government, then, is a kind of embryo-military, or fisti-cuff despotism, and "a word and a blow," like a brace of chained cannon-balls, ever act in concert, and are almost as inseparable as the Siamese twins; it is the essence of their code.

With nations, as with individuals, the end of age is the commencement of childhood, and frequently *vice versa*. The habits of these juveniles are the same as those of the more primitive nations; and they assimilate to the early Greeks in their fondness of strengthening their minds, and bracing their muscles under the azure vault of heaven, although constrained within the walls of earth, much more than a shallow observer would imagine. Look at that member of the parochial flock, in his uniform attire, with the bright brass plate, the tacit trumpet which blazes forth to the world his obligations to that society whose benevolence has made him a "charity boy;" see how studiously he cons his lesson, and exchanges ideas with his fellow students in the street on some knotty point in primitive arithmetic, or the abstruse and ancient alpha, beta, which is to be the stepping-stone by which he is to climb the steeples of erudition. The London streets and courts are his groves, and some neighbouring arch-way, or the threshold of his school-house, is his porch; he is peripatetic *par excellence* and *impromptu*; yes, the street boys have an instinctive Demosthenic spirit floating among them, and their diurnal and nocturnal habits are like their dormitories, of necessity classic without being aware of, or caring about the attic race at all.

They are "comic imps of the farce," whose daily lives are a satire upon those who assert the unfitness of our much abused climate for open air pastimes, vegetating as they do almost incessantly amid the smoke and under the glare of the gas-lights in the streets of the metropolis. Its foggy atmosphere is the element in which the iron of their constitutions become "case hardened."

With regard to longevity, the calculations must be erroneous, which makes the little boy race subject to a higher rate of mortality than their seniors. For our part, we think they must have at least twice the number of lives usually attributed to that highly civilized descendant of the tiger kind connected with the memory of Whittington.

As for hospitals, those dumb physicians, those stationary Samaritans, which dot the metropolis, the little boys of the street admire more than fear. No enemy is so soon forgotten as pain, and they will tell their comrades, after coming out of one of these institutions, "how plummy clean the boards were, and fit to eat off of."

These little street boys are the little pages of the book of age, items in its index which give a ready reference to the future man; they are the initial letters of good, bad, or indifferent, awaiting each change of life to fill out the word.

Man is considered, and undoubtedly is, an imitative animal; not so with little street boys, they are as a rare original, they are struck at one blow of the die, "hey-presto," and they are as full and perfect little boys as at any time of their little boyhood. The streets are moulds, into which if a small unformed atom of humanity is dropped, it is immediately cast, and wants but a little friction from the pavement to become as perfect and as completely finished as any other new coin. Therefore, we cannot see why man, in his arrogance of being a full grown "aristocrat of creation," should talk so much about the imitative powers of "little boys." Man shoots out from the boy as the small end of a telescope from its larger end; the little boy is made before the man, therefore, if there is any imitation, it must be on the side of manhood.

They have a language of their own which would defy the most learned philologist to trace it to its roots. It abounds with adjectives, and possesses such a curious and so large an amount of idiomatic phrases, that to attempt their enumeration in our small space would be like putting a squadron of cavalry in a sentry-box.

The disciples of Euterpe need not languish long for want of native talent if they would but dig the native ore from the little boy mine and fashion it, for astonishing is the development of the organ of tune in these "street boys;" and notwithstanding the difficulties under which they pursue the study, they master the "jew's-harp," conquer the "accordion," and even produce not only tunes from the "mouth-organ," but from their own natural organ—the mouth, not to mention the efficiency they attain in the manufacture of castanets out of bones, and the accuracy with which they will keep time with the "organ boy" through a complete tune. If that "hero of a hundred" victories in the musical world, M. Jullien, wished to do our "little street boys" common justice, he would give them all "gallery orders" on one of his best nights, for they are the spontaneous heralds of his musical conquests, and do more to make his "polkas" popular than all the advertising vans or literary eulogies of the "fourth estate," no matter whether composed for the violin, the piano, or the whole republic of wind instruments. The "little street boys" immediately set and arrange them to their flesh and blood mouth organs, which are self-inflating. The tune is wafted through the world on the wings of fame. Ladies in their drawing-rooms, tradesmen in their shops, and (probably in place of going to sleep) young members in the House hum "the new air," not knowing they have learned it, and but little dreaming of its having been picked up in the streets.

A great portion of the street boy's life is passed in games, and which many of them indulge in, even while having charge of the "baby." The charge of a baby, in the senior world, is sometimes considered as a bar to amusement; but it is no bar to the street boy; he is the one to conquer a difficulty; down goes the infant on to some neighbouring and friendly door-step, and off he is to "buttons" or "marbles."

The genuine London street boy, and who is known among his compeers as the "cheeky boy," is a curious contradictory compound of good and bad, of all other boys; he is open-hearted, but cunning; ignorant, but shrewd; generous, but selfish; in fact, a small bundle of passions; the contents of "Pandora's" box, steeped in honey and vinegar; he will run of errands, fight, make grimaces, torment the girls, frighten the cats, throw stones at the birds in the parks, hold horses, or, as himself will tell you, do anything. The streets are to him what the hot-house is to the exotic, and the influence of a tropical sun to the fair sex, propellants of maturity. He possesses a degree of precocity unknown in the annals of the human race, and the robust rubicund countrymen by the side of the London boy, is as much a pigmy in intellect, as the boy is dwarfish to the men in physical strength.

Yet this rich vein of intelligence lies dormant, for the "copper little boys," instead of being gathered and carefully tended, as plants of worth, are permitted to fill the garden of society with "ill weeds," which ultimately have to be plucked by the hands of the law. Gold is lavished upon the cultivation of a beautiful, but soulless flower, but begrudged for the expansion of that brightest of the flowers of "Eden," the human intellect. Is there less beauty in the wild plants of humanity, growing as plentiful as stinging nettles at our very doors, than in the petted subjects of the realms of Flora. We think not. Then let society arouse from its sluggish and (we had almost said) criminal apathy, and gather to its bosom these little swarming, straggling images of the Deity, and the genial heat from its heart will invoke the sublime essence of gratitude, and rapidly, though imperceptibly, temper and soften the spirit of the hawk into that of the dove.

If you would learn what they might be, look upon the fortunate few, which some lucky chance, or indomitable enterprise, has thrown upon the rough waves of the ocean for livelihoods. They are the sprigs of oak, out of which spring those gallant spirits, which give to the "wooden walls" of Old England their world-wide fame. They are the "tars" who give mind to the spreading sail, and their bold courage is the pabulum which will preserve our sea-girt isle in vernal green to furthest posterity. Their dauntless energy it is that wafts from the pistils of English commerce its seeds, and scatters them through distant lands, and far off seas, planting commercial forests for futurity.

Much might be wrought out of these copper little boys, if legislative artisans would but work with diligence and heart, firmly but kindly, and with the flat surface of the revolving whetstone of education, grind the rough edges, which a meretricious civilization has put on. Teach them to look with hope to their Creator, with reverence to their teachers, with confidence and in all kindliness upon their conventional superiors, and the legislative educational mint would, at last, issue a coin wrought from common material, but which would prove to society the most precious of all its metals. Let them be guarded, like the young men of antiquity, with all care for their moral and physical strength, and they will prove themselves the lower stones in those granite columns of society, and form the firmest basis upon which may rest those exalted personages, who have been quixotically dubbed "Pillars of the State." WILLIAM DALTON.

DEFORMITY is as often the fashion as beauty; yet the world in general see no other beauty than fashion, and their vanity, or interest, or complaisance, bribes their understanding to disbelieve even their senses. If cleanliness is the fashion, then cleanliness is admired; if dirt, hair-powder, and pomatum, are the fashion, then dirt, hair-powder, and pomatum are admired just as much, if not more, from their being disagreeable. The secret is, that fashion is imitating in certain things that are in our power, and that are nearly indifferent in themselves, those who possess certain other advantages that are not in our power, and that the possessors are as little disposed to part with, as they are eager to obtrude them upon the notice of others by every external symbol at their immediate control. We think the cut of a coat fine, because it is worn by a man with ten thousand a year, with a fine house, and a fine carriage; as we cannot get the ten thousand a year, the house, or the carriage, we get what we can—the cut of the fine gentleman's coat, and thus are in the fashion.

THE GLASS OF GIN.

BY SILVERPEN.

(Continued from page 104).

None, but one largely endowed with nature's gentleness, would have occupied this new position with so much success; but, by the end of the first quarter, Alice was as much the good angel of that household, as if she had guided it for years. Added to the satisfaction expressed, it was evident to all, that the sick boy's health was remarkably improved, so much so, as to draw the warmest thanks from the grateful heart of the old seaman. More proud of this success than all else besides, Alice was quietly thinking it over one afternoon, whilst sitting beneath the miniature of the dead mother, and watching the sleeping boy, that surely further means might be found to assist this growing change. Thus thinking, it all at once came to her recollection, that the old clergyman of her native village, who had been the schoolmaster of her girlhood, and for years her father's friend, had a son resident in Edinburgh as a physician, whom she recollected had been mentioned as remarkable for the success which had attended his treatment of spinal complaints. After considering the matter for a day or two, she hesitated no longer, but wrote to him, saying who she was, her present position, and the case under her care. An answer quickly came, detailing a certain plan of management, and the ingredients of an embrocation, which had worked wonders in far worse cases. Afraid of acting indiscreetly, yet, at the same time, careful of raising illusory hopes in the minds of either grandfather or uncle, Alice consulted the Admiral so far, as to ask his leave concerning some further trifling means which she thought might add to the good already achieved. Without doubt or question, the fullest liberty was accorded to her, and thus soon, with the old nurse's assistance, the remedy was put in operation, though she confined to her own breast all the earnest hopes she had concerning it.

In the meanwhile the summer passed on; and though her income was now what it was, for the Admiral had insisted upon paying her salary regularly, irrespective of the sum she had drawn from Coutts,' she still retained her single room in the old place, for the several reasons, of being near Mary, though sternly negativing any intercourse whatever, of still clinging to the place which had sheltered her in the two most adverse moments of her life, and above all, in order to economize for that fearful day of ruin, which sooner or later she knew must fall on Mary; and which, from circumstances, she judged could not be far distant. From the night of their fearful parting, she had never seen Mary face to face, nor indeed at all, except at a distance in the streets. But, judging from the circumstances of tradesmen applying to her to liquidate her sister's bills, from words dropped by those at whose shop she dealt, but especially, on two occasions, when returning from Westminster in the late evening, guarded by Pompey, from seeing this wretched woman, bloated in person, and filthy and drabbled in her dress, pushing with a bold front out of glaring gin shops, poor Alice had the agony of knowing that this curse had grown apace, and was now hopeless of all cure.

One other thing was both a mystery and a source of great anxiety to her. On what means did Mary now live, and what was the fate of the mortgage? She did no work, she lived in a state of riotous excess, and her annuity, had it been thrice as large as what it was, would not have liquidated a tithe of the debts around her. When Alice thought over all these things, thought that the home of her childhood, saved at so much cost, had now possibly passed into other hands, that there was no hope of sitting again beside its hearth, or wandering in its breezy orchard or meadow, this fear amounted to agony; and, upon occasion of receiving her second quarter's salary, she determined to learn the worst, and, therefore, waited upon the London agent of the country solicitor who held the mortgage deeds.

"Except the first quarter after Miss Clive's arrival in town, not a shilling of the interest of this mortgage has been ever paid, and the house has now, of course, been taken into the possession of the mortgagee, who, I believe, is going to reside in it himself. Proceedings would not have been thus peremptory, I feel sure, had not this unfortunate woman been found to have sold her annuity to some low Jew here in London for a small sum, scarcely a third of its value."

"Sold the annuity!" repeated Alice incredulously. "You must be mistaken—it is impossible."

"I had the fact from the negociating party himself. She will live on this miserable sum whilst it lasts, and then, as a Salisbury person said to me, no later than yesterday—*God help her.*"

Alice shook from head to foot, as one stricken with a sudden palsy; for it was not enough that the news of their miserable infamy (in these things of evil Alice had already experienced, that she was twin with Mary) had reached their native town, but the cherished home of her childhood, the little homestead her father had clung to with such pertinacity, the place he had confided with his dying breath to his children's care and industry, to clear from debt, HAD GONE FOR GIN.

"Will no payment of mine save it," at last gasped Alice. "I am in better circumstances than I have ever been."

"I fear not; it is so desirable a freehold, with its fine garden and situation, as to make an owner once having it in possession, not willingly part with it again. Moreover, unless you could pay down the full purchase-money at once, you would simply, as paying the interest of this mortgage, remain a co-partner with your sister, and therefore subject to her claim. No, I fear no good can be done, beyond reserving your money for yourself, and keeping free from any association with this woman. Once link your names together, and your own ruin is inevitable."

"And now all is gone," sobbed Alice, when alone that night. "ALL HAS GONE FOR GIN."

Not *all*, poor one; one thing is left; one thing has yet to go, and bring the saddest tears of human anguish!

But, for the bright home in which she passed her daily life, the graces and the new born hopes now shed around her, this last act would in all probability have unsettled her reason, so infinitely had she loved her father, and so tenderly did she cherish the smallest thing which had once been his. But a host of new feelings had daily birth, some of them touching on the most holy and dearest of our lives.

Her daily intercourse with the Admiral was now that of a daughter with an honoured father. She stopped often of an evening to play to him his old favourite naval songs, to write his letters, to read the "Quarterly," or the debates, and, oftener still, till tea was served in the drawing-room. The children's uncle she saw less of, as he was absent several evenings a week at his club, though a day rarely passed without seeing him for a few minutes at least, usually whilst she made the children's tea, as soon became her custom. Not, that time in any way seemed to lessen his grave and silent manner, rather, on the contrary, to increase it, as for days together he would come into the room, ask Tom how he felt, and then gravely bowing, retire without a word to Alice. One day, however, when she had been some distance with Harold in the carriage, and returned to tea later than usual, Tom said to her abruptly, as she poured out his tea, into the saucer, as was her habit, "Uncle has been in, dear Clive, and so cross about something, you cannot think."

"Cross," said Alice, innocently, "what could it be for. Did he think there was a draught, or that you were not so well, dear one?"

"Oh no! That was not it, for he thinks I grow better

every day. But I know what it was. Guess now," and Tom looked sly.

Alice confessed her inability.

"Shall I tell you?" at length he added. "I will whisper, if you will lean down your head."

"No, let me know, please," spoke Harold, full of curiosity—as quitting his seat he came round the table.

"No," added Tom, "it is a secret;" and thus saying, he drew Alice by the hand towards him, and whispered, "but, because *you* were not here."

Alice blushed like scarlet, and was vexed she did so, for it did not escape the notice of the penetrating boy, though he said no more, or made an answer; when Alice, recovering herself, replied gravely and aloud, "Oh dear no, my absence or presence, beyond necessity of service to you, Tom, can be a matter of little interest to Mr. Murray."

"Ah, I know what's it all about now," blurted out Harold with honest quickness, "it's only what Pompey said to Molly the other day, 'him two Massas berry fond of good Missy, but young Massa, berry, berry.'"

Instinctively Alice thought it wiser to make no reproof or comment, beyond what was tacitly conveyed through unusual gravity of demeanour, for the remainder of the evening. And this so fully conveyed what she wished to express, that Harold, as he came to kiss and bid her good night, whispered penitently, "I will not say again what Pompey says, indeed I will not."

Though this fact, thus innocently discovered, would have gratified the fullest vanity of a mean or ambitious woman, it was far otherwise with Alice. Even the bare idea that she should be taken for this sort of character startled her, much more that it should be considered that she was lying in wait for a man so infinitely her superior in birth, wealth, and position. In truth, so much pain did this circumstance cause her, as at first to make her seriously think if it might not be better to resign her duties at once; but no sooner did this thought cross her mind, than there stood up much stronger in opposition, her powerful and growing affection for these orphan children, surrounded by wealth and luxury, yet, so needing her care and love. Indeed, so much had both this care and love now become natural things to both children, to poor Tom especially, that on the very night this abstract sense of duty was strongest in her heart, the sick boy whispered, as she knelt down to kiss him for the night, "Don't be sad, I begin to think you dear mamma, and to love you like her."

These words confirmed her will, and made her resolve at last, that at whatever sacrifice of self-love, or vanity, or feeling, to do her duty nobly and purely, just as it might be conceived duty would be perfected and carried out, were the sweet young mother's face, which ever looked so good and gentle, that of a beneficent spirit of Heaven, who could read with omniscient glance, the secrets of the heart before it. But her situation became more and more a painful one. Love and gratitude made it a painful one; for at the close of the second month's use of the embrocation, it could not be concealed from the Admiral, that Tom was growing rapidly better, so much so, as to enable the invalid to sit up for half an hour at a time, propped up by pillows, a thing he had not done for five years previously. Indeed, this point of recovery came even startlingly on Alice herself; for though Tom had been able to raise himself up for several days together previously to this, it was not till one autumn evening, as Alice was sitting beside him reading to the Admiral, that all at once the invalid exclaimed, "Grandpapa, I feel quite wonderful to night; see, I can turn and lift my pillow, and sit up," and as he spoke, he did so.

Half breathless, half disbelieving, the Admiral rose and came near him. "Why, how is this, boy?"

"Dear grandpapa, Clive would not let you know before; but I have sat up a little for several days; she wanted me to be more cured before you knew, lest it were not certain, and you were disappointed. But I feel like a giant to night." The old man bowed his head upon his hand, and only saying, "God bless you, girl, God bless you," left the room, for he knew he was weaker than a child. But in a little while, whilst the boy still sat, both Molly and Pompey came in. The old nurse came quickly to the bed, and sobbing, clung round Alice.

"Dear, dear Miss, the Admiral has been in to my room to say that, his mother in Heaven will bless you. Yes, the young widow who died in giving the little one birth will bless you; yes, their seaman father, who once lay a little infant in these arms, will bless you out of Heaven, where he is, for he perished in a rough north sea, saving the lives of others; and Heaven is surely for all such as are brave as he was, and God above all will bless you." And with this burst of eloquence, Molly clung still closer to her young mistress, and sobbed like a child.

"Dis be berry much for joy," said Pompey, in repudiating terms, though blubbering himself like a big boy, whilst he spread his two fat hands fan-ways over his face. "But all cry, and old Massa, down stairs, like a berry little child."

From this hour the Admiral's gratitude and generosity were exhaustless. That costly gifts might not appear as those of a patron to a dependent, occasion was taken of birthdays and holidays for the children to give them, as from themselves, to Alice. On the occasion of Tom's birthday in November, she found a costly brocaded satin dress on the table of the private dressing-room, which had been assigned to her use. It was placed there ostensibly, with a note, as Tom Murray's gift; but this true heart guessed that it was the Admiral's. She, therefore, stepped down to his study, knocked, and went in.

"Take it, however, as Tom's gift, and accept it with no sense of obligation, for it is your *right*. It would be so, were every thread gold. As to who is the donor I really may not say, for I am bound to silence. But, take it as Tom Murray's."

Alice blushed deeper than the evening sky, and tried to hide it by the upraised folds of her little satin apron, though she well knew such care was needless, for the old man was dim of sight.

"One thing, Miss Clive," he presently continued, "oblige us in to-night. These birthdays you know are always to a certain extent melancholy to *me*, for *I* have one dead they bring to mind, and this is why I never have guests on such occasions. Still we will be as cheerful as we can; and as John must go to a ministerial dinner to-night, pray let us have a little music after our own. And as I want the boys to hear some of the old ditties I used to play on a harpsichord I had on board the *Trident* before I lost my arm, step down stairs sometime to day when you have leisure, and search in the library for an old red portfolio, that holds the music. And recollect that you and the children dine with me at six o'clock."

Alice promised, and glad to escape, retired. Busily occupied throughout the day, it was not till day had closed in, and she had dressed for dinner, that she found time to go down stairs to the library. Inquiring from Pompey if it was unoccupied, for this room was more used by Mr. Murray than any one else, and being answered in the affirmative, she opened the door and went timidly in, but found no one there. After some search, she came upon several portfolios, which she had to bring to the fire, to find the one needed, as no lamp had been yet lighted. But as the large fire burnt brightly, she could, by kneeling down upon the rug before it, see the old faint manuscript with which the books were filled. As she thus stooped, picking out the old sea songs from the midst, the door opened, and Mr. Murray came in. He had just returned from his late ride, and his whip and gloves were still in his hand. Trembling, as if caught in a guilty act, Alice hurriedly rose, and lifted the music to the table; and when she had done this, she had so forgotten

her usual presence of mind, as to stand for the minute irresolute whether to go or stay. With unusual frankness, John Murray came towards her, and held out his ungloved hand.

"Don't be interrupted by my entrance, Miss Clive, for I am going in an instant; and my father told me that you were coming here sometime to day to search for his old songs. Moreover, I am glad to see you alone; I have never yet had the opportunity of thanking you for your noble conduct towards my brother's children. But now ——," and he dropped his scented glove as he spoke, and took her hand. His voice recalled to her mind the duty she had vowed, and drawing away her hand, she gently interrupted him by saying,—

"I have done nothing more than my duty, Mr. Murray, nothing more than the duty of the grateful servant to a good master, and for such I am rewarded far more than my deserts. I am sorry I have intruded, but I was informed you were from home." As she spoke thus, she bent her head down almost on to the bosom of her little white dress, and left the room. But the object, the *sincere* object, of her purpose was defeated. Had she chosen one line of conduct more likely than another to win a man of John Murray's proud and aristocratic tastes, none could have proved so effectual as reserve and modesty. Had she remained and freely talked, though invited so to do, her conquest of this man's heart would have not been what it was; but as he watched her light retreating figure, as the beauty of her simple dress pleased in an instant his severe and almost Quaker taste, as exquisite neatness and cleanliness were far more winning adornments in his eyes, than the costliest jewellery, the last barrier of caste and haughty pride fell before the admiration of her goodness, truth, and grace of soul and body. *She should be his wife;* his mind was made up from that hour.

The birth dinner passed happily over. Pompey and Molly came in with dessert, to take the customary glass of wine, and wish "little Massa health." After that and coffee, Alice went down stairs again, and fetched the music, and wheeled into the drawing-room, Tom, propped up a while that night, listened to the fine old sea songs of the age of Dibdin, which Alice played.

On the morrow, Mr. Murray's riding glove was inquired for, it could be nowhere found; and was supposed to have been swept away by one of the housemaids.

Christmas came; and it was not a happy one for Alice, as Lady Fielding, the Admiral's niece, before mentioned, came to stay a month; and her demeanour to Alice was even more haughty than heretofore; for it passed her understanding that a "governess" could become a thing of consideration in a household. "Of course such a point could only be gained by low, vulgar art. For her part, she could not understand what the Admiral and Mr. Murray could see in the *girl*."

No! goodness, and truth, and nature, *are* not always comprehensible. No more are the stars, though they shed light upon the darkness of the night.

Added to this, and the mask she had to wear over the sweet naturalness of her loving heart, new trouble fell on Alice about Mary. As she could pay no rent, or at least spare money which would fill the gin-glass, she had been driven from her lodging to a miserable garret in a low neighbourhood. Contrary to the wishes of Mrs. Maitland and Mr. A——, Alice had paid many bills, to useless purpose, for it was but pouring a drop into a comparative ocean. At last she desisted, finding the utter uselessness, of thus wasting resources. But, on the morning of Christmas-day, when hearths were bright, and human loving hearts congregated round them, all the old memories of years touched the soul of Alice, and she determined on this occasion to seek out Mary, and if she did not see her, to at least provide her with a dinner. As she was going to pass the day at the Admiral's, where there was a large party, she dressed and set out early to find her. With difficulty she did this, for the apathetic and uncivil inhabitants of the squalid neighbourhood looked upon the well dressed stranger in no other light than as an intruder. At last, about twelve o'clock, she found some traces of her sister, in a small court, and ascending a general staircase up which she was directed, she knocked at a miserable door on the topmost story. No one answering, she lifted the latch and went in. The first object which met her sight was Mary, huddled on a miserable stump bedstead, uncovered by counterpane or blanket, though no fire was in the narrow grate, and her rusty gown had been evidently saturated with the rain which had fallen during the night. Alice spoke, then crossed the room, stood beside the bed, and stooping, looked. The sight of a corpse from a charnel-house or dissecting hospital would not have appalled her so much as this living human face, bloated, filthy, scarred, and so contused across one temple, as to look as if it were mortified beneath the half grey hair which hung over it in bloody locks. And this was her sister, her human, living sister, her own flesh and blood, and this was what had come of GIN? Alice could not weep, or kneel, only stand, as if all sense and motion were bereft her, and she was turned to stone!

Presently some one came into the room, and touched her on the shoulder. She turned almost mechanically, and beheld a rather decent woman, (at least for that neighbourhood), whom she had spoken to before as mistress of the house.

"Are you her sister?" asked the woman, civilly.

"Yes," and Alice burst into tears.

"Well, I think you had best come away, for if she was to wake she'd murder you. She vows she will when she sees you, and her temper is so furious, that I think she would keep her word; for she tells every body you've ruined her, and swindled her out of her property, and are now living like a grand lady on it."

"Good God!" wept Alice, "does GIN so degrade—has it made her such a monster as to speak so falsely?"

"Why, ma'am, when folks drinks as she does, they stick at nothing; and she drinks awfully. But, please come out, she's bin drinking all night, and if she was to wake she'd fly on you like a thirsty tigress."

Alice suffered herself to be led from the room, and down stairs into the woman's little kitchen.

"*To day* my heart softened towards her in spite of all. I could not eat my own dinner, whilst I thought she wanted a meal."

"Dear goodness, ma'am, *she never eats*. Drunkards, such as she be, never eat; they drink and sleep, that's all. Eh, it's a thousand pities, edicated as she is."

"And what does she do for money?" asked Alice, shudderingly.

"I think she must have a few pounds somewhere or another. At least I heard her tell a man, as came for a bill, she had; *and that they should go for drink*. That you must pay her bills."

"I can do nothing then, I fear," still sobbed Alice.

"Nothing, ma'am, except keep out of her way. Though may be if she get in arrear for the room, you won't mind paying such a trifle as it be?"

"By no means," spoke Alice; "supply her, too, with food if she want it, and I will pay. But recollect, not one farthing for GIN."

Alice gave the woman a trifle for her civility, and when sufficiently recovered, departed. As the woman showed her the way out of the court, she said, "When she was sober t'other day, another lady came to see her. She was intimate with her, I understand, at her t'other lodgings. Phillips I think's her name."

"Phillips," and Alice stopped short with surprise.

"Yes, ma'am, and if your name be Alice, they were talking about you when I went into the room; and I heard the new comer say 'she knew a way.'"

Alice made no reply, or asked another question, but hastening towards the more open thoroughfare, took a cab for the rest of the way. But she was so ill that evening

as to be unable to attend the dinner-table, much to the disappointment of so many loving hearts.

By the time the winter began to pass away, Tom Murray's health and strength had so rapidly improved as to enable him to sit up for several consecutive hours at a time, and this each day. So surprising was his convalescence under the regime prescribed by Alice's friend, after the large sums spent so uselessly in securing the ablest medical advice which London could afford, as to induce the Edinburgh physician to make a purpose visit to town, in order to personally judge so remarkable a case. Upon arriving, he gave the greatest praise to the spirit with which Alice had carried out his instructions; and whilst plainly saying that more was due to the nurse than to the physician, he advised, as a means to final cure, that the invalid should be removed for a time to some quiet spot on the coast of Devonshire, where, with the pure air of the country, there would be facilities for sea-bathing. Grateful for so much as had already been done, for what, a year before, had been considered a perfectly hopeless case, the good old Admiral and his son afforded every assistance which great wealth and love for the sick boy could give. A cottage was hired in a small retired village opening to the sea, and Molly dispatched thither to arrange it comfortably for the reception of Miss Clive and the two children, by the end of March.

On the day previous to her own and the children's departure, Alice returned early to her old lodging, to pack up her books and clothes, and to state her removal to various kind people in the neighbourhood, who had proved friendly to her during her time of trial with Mary, and her own dark days of poverty; it having now been settled that, upon her return from Devonshire, she should have lodgings more in the immediate vicinity of her pupils' home, or else reside entirely with them. This business had taken her the full afternoon, and evening had now closed in, somewhat early to be sure, for the day had been cold and rainy, when on going the distance of a few streets, to the stationer's shop where she had dealt, to order her usual weekly newspaper to be forwarded to her whilst in Devonshire, her way along the pavement was suddenly stopped by a crowd gathered round a glaring gin-palace of unusual splendour. The pavement opposite and the road were almost as much blocked up, so as to stay several carriages and carts, which had met from opposite directions. Wishing to pass on, she was trying to push her way through the least dense part of this crowd, when it suddenly made way from the door of the gin-palace, and her ear caught the sound of a bagpipe and a violin, and the boisterous accompaniment of a woman's voice. *That* voice thrilled through her ear to her heart, and turned her sick and cold, and faint; so faint, that the crowd before her grew indistinct, and reeled, and toppled, and jostled one another like the phantasmagoria of a magic lantern. She tried to pass on, and could not; and turning to look, as if impelled by some species of fascination or charm, she beheld, through the opened doors of the gin-palace, set wide apart for the gratification of the gaping multitude, a Highland piper standing, playing his bagpipes in the middle of the floor, an old blind leering fellow seated on the end of a form against the brass bound counter, scraping a violin; whilst Mary (it was her in all hideous certainty,) with her bonnet off, her bit of bedizened cap, scarcely covering her half gray matted hair, her gown half torn from the waist, and rent in a wide gash across the bosom, was dancing round the piper, with such indecent gestures, as raised the hootings, and the reckless laughter of the mob. Gazing, with a sort of idiotic vacancy upon this scene of infamy, still Alice would probably have soon regained sufficient presence of mind to feel her wisest course was to pass quietly on, unrecognised and unrecognising; but, at the instant she was rousing herself out of this stupor of excessive anguish, the woman cried out, "Come, let us have a quicker tune," and the bagpipe striking up still quicker, she immediately accelerated her gestures and her steps, till they were more like those of a mad Bacchante than of a human woman. "Shame, shame," was in an instant cried out by several voices; and at the same instant, all other feelings and ideas being absorbed in the burning one of shame, Alice darted through the crowd into the shop, and seized the mad and drunken creature by the arm.

"Are you mad, Mary that you act thus infamously?"

For a moment the drunken woman was startled, and cowered like a chained tiger beneath the keeper's whip; but, in a moment she recovered herself, reeled back a step or two, and seizing a glass, filled to the brim with gin, off the counter, raised it above her head with a flourish.

"So! you're come to help me at last, are you?" she said, with her old taunting laugh, only coarser and more brutalized than it used to be. "Come to help me with what was once too nice for a young lady!" Alice had not quitted her hold of this woman's arm, and now, clutching it harder, she said in a voice of entreaty and tenderness,

"For pity sake, Mary, recollect the dead, and do not make their name infamous."

"*The dead!*" laughed the besotted woman. "So you are at your old work of giving me a lesson; well, take this for your pains and your reward." She swung round the glass and dashed its contents in the wretched girl's face, and then falling on her with her whole strength, seemed about to rend her limb from limb, when a dozen of the mob rushing in, drew her back, whilst Alice fell half insensible into the arms of a superintendent of police.

"This is no place for you, ma'am," he said, respectfully, "nor that woman fit to hear a word from your lips. I know her whole history, for we have no drunkard on our beat more troublesome or worthless." He took her arm, and led her gently out, the crowd making way for her to pass. As the air revived her, a few paces beyond the door she raised her head, and saw before her at the window of a private cab, blocked in by the mob, the face of Lucy Phillips, whom she had never seen since the day of her own and Mary's arrival in London. Lucy was so eagerly looking in at the door of the gin-shop, as to have her head half way out of the cab window; but the instant her eyes met those of Alice's, she shrunk back on the seat and drew down the blind. But so absorbed was Alice in shame and grief, as to forget the occurrence the instant Lucy's face had passed from sight. The superintendent guarded her carefully back to her lodging, and leaving her at the door, promised her to step back and see what he could do to rescue the miserable woman from her disgraceful position.

Alice Clive buried the secret of this adventure in her own heart, and in another week was with her charge amidst the quiet scenes of the shores of Devonshire. It required an influence as pure and powerful as that of nature to soften the acute and burning anguish of her spirit; for days, whatever she was doing, waking or sleeping, the terrific scene of the gin-shop haunted her brain. But, by degrees this great grief softened down; though the children often wondered, when she sat beside them on the level sands, or wandered with them through the breezy lanes, what grief it could be which made the silent tears roll down her face, and so often choke her voice, when she spoke in answer to their questions. But the health of her charge rapidly improved every day; and Harold grew so rosy, and Pinch so frisky, as to afford her a world of comfort and delight. Every morning the children bathed, after which Tom was drawn about the cottage garden and surrounding lanes, in his little carriage; and then, when they returned, he rested, and Harold said his lessons. Then came dinner; after which, whilst the invalid slept, Alice and the fair young boy would go distant walks to see the neighbourhood, and so home to tea, and to a pleasant evening.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ON THE UNION OF EXTRAVAGANCE WITH PARSIMONY.

No appearance in the moral world is more remarkable than that combination which is often observed in the same character, of avarice with profusion, of meanness with liberality. Vanity, selfishness, and a want of serious principles, are strikingly circumstanced in the manners of the present age; and as vanity leads to expensive ostentation, so selfishness and want of principle have a natural tendency to produce covetousness and rapacity. Very few restraints are allowed to operate on the modes of acquiring or of saving money, except the fear of detection. There is scarcely any meanness or baseness to which many persons, who make the greatest show in dress, furniture, and equipage, are not ready to submit under the certainty of concealment.

The time has been, when a great family, residing in the great house of a village, was considered as a blessing to all the neighbouring country. The poor were employed in adorning and improving the grounds all about it. The table in the parlour was always open for the reception of the gentlemen who resided within ten miles of the house; and the kitchen afforded warmth and plenty to the poor and industrious tenant or labourer. The rich man resided in the house of his fathers, and spent his money among those who earned it for him by the sweat of their brows. But, according to the modern system of fashionable manners, such a kind of life would be deemed intolerably dull, as well as antiquated and vulgar. The family, therefore, spend as little time as possible at the noble seat of their ancestors, but hasten to the sea-side, or the watering-places, where they lavish their money on strangers, without any returns of gratitude, or of rational satisfaction. The farmer, who lives in their native village, returning weary from his plough, shakes his head as he passes the cold kitchen, and turns with pity and contempt from the smokeless roof. The servants are pinched, and even envy the comparative plenty and independence of the next cottagers. The whole country rings with reports of the meanness and poor living at the great house. In the meantime, the lord and lady, the baronet or esquire, with their respective families, are figuring, as it is called, in all the profusion of emulous extravagance, at Bath, or Brighton. While they grudge the bread and cheese which is consumed in their own house, or refuse to contribute to a brief, or any charitable institution among their poor neighbours at home, they subscribe most liberally to an infamous master of the ceremonies, and to every fashionable amusement; they give feasts to strangers whom they shall never see any more, and whose principal recommendation is, that they appear, from their external splendour, not to want any assistance. Their vanity is gratified in seeing the great and the rich at their table; and what signifies it, they think, if the wretches at home, whom nobody knows, starve. They grudge the poor even small beer in their own houses; but drench every rich guest who visits them at their lodgings with champagne and burgundy. How shall we account for such inconsistency, but by supposing that these personages possess large estates and little souls, immense vanity and diminutive understandings; and that the badness is only exceeded by the meanness of their hearts?

It is easy to observe persons of this description who will not hesitate to expend many hundreds in dress alone, but who, when a book is praised in their presence, will spare no trouble in finding somebody of whom they may borrow it, alleging, in excuse, that books are so dear, it is impossible to buy every thing that comes out. The price of the book shall be three shillings, and it shall contain amusement for three weeks, and yet they will not buy it because it would be extravagant; though they will not scruple to expend three guineas, any night in the week, for three hours pastime in a party at the public places of diversion. The milliner's, the hair-dresser's, and the perfumer's bills, shall amount to many hundreds a year; but five pounds expended at the bookseller's would be downright prodigality.

The education of their children ought certainly to constitute one of the first cares of the rich; and no reasonable expense should be withheld in the accomplishment of it. But there are few great families in which this is not one of the smallest articles of annual expenditure. From the butler and lady's maid, from the gentleman and footman, down even to the groom and the scullion, the wages are probably one, two, three, or fourscore pounds a year, with board and perquisites, according to the dignity of the respectable personages; but if the superintendent of education is allowed only the wages of the body-coachman, though he is obliged to feed and lodge young master, and furnish him with many necessaries as well as learning, he is reckoned a fortunate man, and is doubly happy if his bill is not canvassed and curtailed. I know a family, in which the butler annually receives just four times the sum which many persons of fortune pay, at schools of repute, for the board and education of the heir-apparent.

A fortune, considered in its true light, is a sacred trust, and intended to promote, not only the happiness of its possessor, but of all with whom he is connected, and who deserve his beneficence. The time has been, when the poor were thought to have a claim upon that superfluity, which is now lavished on the mean ministers to luxury, vice, and vain ostentation. We read in the tablets in our churches, and in the records of all charitable foundations, that people of the highest fashion were of opinion, to be good was essential to the character of true gentility. But now, if we were to ask the representative of a rich family, where he had bestowed the superfluities of the last year? he might answer, that he had deposited some share of it in the pocket of an Italian, who had the extraordinary merit of being able to stand longer on one leg than the rest of the two-legged and unfeathered race. He might answer, that he had lost it at the gambling-table; sported it away at Newmarket; lavished it on dogs, horses, jockeys; and left the poor and the deserving to the care of Providence.

That Providence, whose blessings he abuses and perverts, seldom fails to punish his ingratitude. For as all his external circumstances have more in them of show than of solidity, so also have all his boasted enjoyments, and all that happiness which he thinks to derive from riches, independently of their proper application.

Knox.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

We cannot too much admire the wisdom of Providence, which, while man is left at liberty to change the country of his birth, and live under any meridian more desirable for his health or his comfort, has at the same time deprived him of all control over those laws of nature, on which depend the weather and the seasons, not adapting the state of the weather to the humour and caprices of each individual, but consulting (agreeably to that economy with which the universe appears to be governed) the general good and welfare of all. Thus shall we ever find, that there is no evil, or apparent evil in life, which if we only feel a deep conviction of the goodness of the Deity, may not be reconciled by a thousand consolatory considerations. We shall find there is scarcely an evil which is not attended by, or productive of, a corresponding good as a balance in the scale; and the occasions in life will be found to be more numerous on which we have reason to congratulate ourselves that things *were not worse*, than those on which we have to complain, "things might have been better."

ON HONESTY.

How nearly allied are covetousness and dishonesty!—and are we not all covetous? We are alive, at least, to the great directing impulse of the robber, however we may have learned, on prudential considerations, to moderate its action. We refrain, I grant; but our mouths water, and that is not to be innocent. Thieving is a hard word, a low phrase for general application; let us call it the disposition to humour our wants, the longing to appropriate whatever presents itself to our tastes and fancies as agreeable or convenient. We are not all thieves, in the vulgar sense of the term, far from it. A thief is not a man who has a love of taking to himself whatsoever pleases him, but who will take, in contempt of all consequences.

Law, if it confines our hands, cannot control our hearts; it may not allow us to be thieves, but it cannot make us honest. Look at the old lady at the whist-table. What is it that keeps her from sweeping into her own lap every six-pence on the board? Watch her unholy eagerness; her daring equivocations; her "two by honours" always; her flushed and hurrying agitations on the very borders of petty larceny, and say if she is honest; sincerely does she despise the thought of six-pences that do not belong to her? The good lady has a horror of Bow Street that may not be acknowledged by Bill Soames, but is she more honest? The familiar caution of "hold up your cards, sir," is really very little removed in the spirit of its signification from the well known cry of "mind your pockets, ladies and gentlemen." A round game, if the truth may be told, is no other, as concerns the minds of the parties, than a general scramble, a "snatch" at the pool, a "go it" for the sweepstakes. People may talk as they please about playing fair, and the rules of the game, but the essence of the sport is precisely *fingering*.

A great city is a perilous school for dishonesty, not only from the relief that it exposes to the naked and hungry, but from the ostentatious enticements to enjoyment with which it meets every whimsical wish and want that can enter the imagination of luxurious man. The gorgeous shops of London, which invent for us half the wants that they supply, are enough to make the best of us tremble for the possible consequences. Where is the person, gentle or simple, that can walk through Oxford Street, and be sensible, within his own bosom, that he is an honest man? The things are all for sale, we know; but what is to become of "poor human nature," with no money in her pocket. Look at those youngsters, who, with slabbering mouths and vindictive eyes, beset the windows of the pastrycooks; observe that shabby, oldish gentleman with the green spectacles, dreaming and sighing away half the morning at the outside (he dares not go in) of the curiosity shop; mark that lean, thoughtful person (he has not six-pence in the world) handling that precious turbot; and the gaily-dressed spark, a door or two further on, pondering over those enthralling cases of rings, seals, and shirt-pins; see how the smart jockey in top-boots there stares at, till he almost owns, every Dennet and Tilbury at the coach-makers; and with what a kingly smile that poor-author-like-looking man surveys the phenomena of the cook's shop, he is eating that ham with the glass between them; and then note the women, well-dressed and ill-dressed, old and young, who haunt the shops as under a spell; not those who bargain or buy, let them pass, but the far greater multitudes who flutter about the windows and doors, who look, and think, and fancy, and guess, and wonder, and like, and wish, and try, and touch, and—all but take; these various persons, innocent as they seem, and as they are in the judgment of the law, what are they before their consciences? Such indulgences are so habitual to us, and pass through our minds in such easy and rapid succession, that we pay no deep attention to them in their particulars, and suffer ourselves night after night (so graceless do we become) to sleep and forget them. It would be curious, and not uninstructive, were a person, in mercantile phrase, to open a regular account against himself touching such proceedings, so that all his contraband imaginations before shop-windows might be occasionally served up to him in a full and formal bill of lading.

Upon the whole, I am clearly of opinion, that a man who has it at heart to be wholly honest, who, while he would scorn to be a thief, would keep his inclinations also "from picking and stealing," must avoid the haunts of fashionable wants and necessities, fly from cities and all large assemblages of his fellows, and not rest with confidence till he reaches the mountains of Switzerland or Wales. In these simple regions, where enough to eat is pretty nearly the limit of civilization, he will find the only home of pure, uncoveting honesty. There, people are by necessity content; there, no one covets what another has not got. Perfect plenty and perfect equality leave no motive for stealing or wishing; every stomach is full, and for the rest, rocks and waterfalls move no envy, they are yours and mine; the sky has no partialities, it covers us all. This is to be honest on very hard terms, to be sure; it is better, perhaps, to be a bit of a rogue in good company.

THE CUCKOO.

This pleasant little harbinger of spring, with its two monotonous yet joy-inspiring notes, arrives in this country early in April, and takes its departure early in June. The common species comes to us every spring from Northern Africa or Asia Minor, and returns in autumn. This is known from personal observation, for vast numbers arrive in the spring in Sicily and Naples, in company with the bee-eaters, orioles, hoopoes, and other migratory birds; and, after remaining a short time, they appear to direct their flight northward, from whence they return in August and September. The cuckoo is often followed by a small bird, said to be the titlark. It is thought that the purpose of the smaller bird is to watch the motions of the cuckoo, and drive her away, because, when on the wing, the titlark is seen to dart on the cuckoo as the swallow does on the sparrow-hawk; and, if the tit has any instinctive jealousy for the honour of his bed, his aversion to the cuckoo is naturally justifiable. It is the habit of the cuckoo in depositing her egg in the nest of another bird that has made it so much an object of curiosity. Many strange stories were formerly rife on this custom, which can hardly be called abandonment, as the nest of a bird that feeds its young with insects is always selected. Among others, the hedge-sparrow, the reed-sparrow, the titlark, the yellow-hammer, &c., have been recorded as the bird to whom the egg has been committed; but the first seems to be most frequently chosen. It is well known that the young cuckoo very speedily contrives to obtain sole possession of the nest, by forcibly ejecting its legitimate occupants; and it should seem that this wonderful instinct is absolutely necessary for the self-preservation of the young bird, which, if it did not dispose of all other claimants on the affection of the parents, must perish for want; and, as it is, the poor little birds to whose lot it falls to supply the demands of their craving and gigantic nestling have a weary time of it. Indeed, there are well-recorded instances of their being assisted by others of their own species, and by other insectivorous birds.

FRUGALITY

Is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.

Lessons for Little Ones.

HOW TO BE A SAILOR.

BY PETER PARLEY.

It is to the honour of our Queen (God bless her), and to the glory of old England, that she has an eye to the "sea service," and Peter Parley would have been delighted had he seen the little Prince of Wales in his blue jacket, canvass trowsers, and round hat. His little pointed shoes and buckles, his neckerchief loosely tied, and its ends flowing in the wind, have charms for every one that reflects upon the glories of the British flag, and the courage of British sailors.

But still these tailor et ceteras do not exactly make the sailor; nor the smell of tar, nor the stirring "yoe heave yoe," nor the "what cheer my hearty," the hard slap of the hand, nor the college hornpipe, however nicely danced at sea or on shore; these are, for the most part, to be put on like a habit, just as we see them put on in a stage sea-piece; for life, like the stage, has its simulations, and the sailor as well as the soldier is surrounded by the fictitious as well as the real.

The British tar has a soul proverbially open and generous, his heart is in his tongue, or in his hand. He is as straightforward as the shot coming from an eight-and-forty pounder, as sturdy as a handspike, as true as the compass to the pole, and as steadfast as the best bower anchor. While he knocks his enemy overboard with one hand, he would save him from drowning with the other. The spirit of the lion and the lamb is united in him, and generosity and fine feeling, sentiment and blunt impudence, are so mixed in him, that he is the most nondescript animal in earth, air, or water. Now for a specimen:—

There was in the village of Benhall, in Suffolk, close to the sea-port of Aldborough, a poor sea officer's widow, who had lost her husband by an act of daring bravery to a ship in distress, which was wrecked off the coast, fifty years ago. The excellent clergyman of that parish befriended the widow, and undertook to provide for her son, a lad of only twelve years of age, and had already procured a middy's birth for him on board the *Ajax*, when the good man was carried off by a fever. It had, no doubt, been the clergyman's intention to have fitted the boy out for the service; but in consequence of this mishap, the widow, Jack's mother, had to provide for him, with great difficulty indeed, for she was very poor, and was obliged to borrow of her neighbours, and to go in debt to stock Jack's sea-chest; but, however, the matter was accomplished, and Jack went to sea, and was soon after in an engagement.

It so happened that the British government in those days were exceedingly fond of beating every one that looked at all like an enemy. Our people at the head of affairs thought the Danish people were going to do something or other, so a powerful fleet was sent to Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, to burn and destroy that town, and all the rest of the country, if necessary; though what good ever came of it, has not been seen to this day.

But that is neither here nor there, as the saying is. We have no business with these matters; all that is sufficient for us is, that Jack Bowline, in the *Ajax*, was ordered on this service. The fleet stood in for the harbour, and peppered away at the Danes for a good many hours, who returned peppercorns, in the way of shot, so as wofully to maul our ships and boats; but the British stood to their guns the longest, and fired the fastest, and took it the coolest, and the Danes got the worst of it.

In the middle of the fight, Jack's captain, Commodore Martin, wanted a despatch taken to the Admiral's ship, near in shore; for the smoke was so great, and such damage had been done to the masts and rigging, that no signal could be kept flying. A boat was manned, and the despatch entrusted to a young lieutenant; but before she had got a hundred yards from the ship, three or four shot struck her in succession, and she and all her crew perished. Another effort was made with the same result. At last Jack sidled up to the Commodore, and said, "I can swim to the Admiral's ship, your honour, and will take the despatches; they can't hit me."

The old Commodore looked at the stripling, and, without saying another word, scratched a few words with a pencil on a scrap of paper, and said, "Try it."

Jack was overboard in an instant, and amid a hot dis-discharge of shot, shells, and rockets, struck out to the Admiral's ship, which he reached in safety, and mounting by some rigging which had been shot away and hung over the sides, presented himself to the Admiral.

"How did you come here?" inquired the Admiral.

"I swam here," said the boy.

"Very brave conduct. Now take this, and swim back again, and be lieutenant of the *Ajax*."

Jack took the dispatch, leaped overboard, and swimming through the thickest of the shot, reached the *Ajax* in safety.

The battle soon after this was over. Honour for many, glory for all; death for a great number; broken legs, broken heads, broken arms; cuts, maims, pains for life; misery, wretchedness, sorrow, for those on shore; money spent, houses burnt, churches riddled; and yet, after all, Jack was not made a lieutenant.

For ten long years did Jack "plough the watery deep" as a midshipman without any advancement. He, indeed, had reason to hope, for he saw all the other midshipmen, but one, raised to various posts; some had even obtained the rank of post-captain; but, then, they were the sons or cousins of those that had influence with the minister or the Admiralty, which, of course, made a very proper distinction.

The ship Jack was in had, during these ten years, been in many engagements; in one of them, Jack had rallied a boarding party, after it had been repulsed, and the lieutenant who led it killed. Jack cheered on the men, put himself at the head of them, and, sword in hand, leaped over the nettings, and having killed the captain of the ship with his own hand, took possession of her. Yet, seven years after this, Jack was still a midshipman.

After having been seventeen years in the service, Jack began to think he had not had fair play, and got rather low and moody; but still he had a heart in the right place, and would do a good turn for any one. There was on board the *Ajax*, at this time, a young lord, the son of the cousin of the First Lord of the Admiralty; he was a proud, selfish upstart, treated the poor middy with great hauteur, and would frequently, although a lad and young in the service, give himself great airs, and pretend to know a great deal, when, in fact, he knew nothing. He took a great antipathy to Jack, on account of his well-known bravery, and the love his shipmates bore him, and did him many petty injuries, and contrived to have him excluded from the captain's table almost entirely.

The ship was now on her West India station, and one morning the officers amused themselves with bathing. To protect the bathers against the sharks, which are numerous in these seas, a large sail was let down in a swag, so as to make a kind of bottom, and Jack, who was very fond of the sea-bath, had stripped ready for a plunge, when the young scion of nobility called out to him, "You, Sir, wait till I come out; you are not going in before me;" so saying, he took hold of the maintop bowline and threw himself into the water. But somehow or other, the sail had swagged out too much at one end, which remained open to the sea, and the young lord had not bobbed about in the water long, before a shark appeared, and making a grab, as sharks know how, took the young gentleman into deep water. The cry, "A man

overboard!" was heard; but none of the crew bestirred themselves smartly. The life-buoy was entangled, the boat was not readily lowered, and the grapple was thrown over so as to be of no service. The fact was, the young lord was thoroughly hated, and no one cared whether the shark swallowed him or not.

Jack, however, being a noble-hearted fellow, and ready to forget or to forgive, drew his dirk, plunged into the sea, and at the moment the shark rose with his prey, gave him such a poke under the gullet, that he found it difficult to take another bite. Taking the wounded boy in one hand, he dealt the monster another blow in the throat, and by this time the boat being lowered, both of the midshipmen were taken on board. The young lord dreadfully mangled, and almost dead, but Jack as lively as an eel.

The young lord soon recovered, but instead of feeling any gratitude to his deliverer, contrived to get him draughted to another ship. "It's only what one man ought to do for another," he said to himself; never, I dare say, asking himself whether he would have done the same for Jack. However, the captain of the *Ajax* thought differently, and as no family connection stood absolutely in the way, when Jack was draughted to the *Iphigenia*, got him a lieutenant's commission, through the agency of the young lord's mother, who felt really grateful for his services.

Years and years passed on; Jack signalized himself in several engagements; he lost an arm, had an eye knocked out, got a splinter in his back, and a wound in his leg; he could not stand upright, hobbled in his walk, and of course could see only on one side; and at the end of twenty-five years fighting, and hard service, he retired on half-pay, with a little smart money, and a slight pension, which, put him into the possession of the large sum of about one pound sixteen shillings a week.

Jack went back to his native village. His mother had been long dead! nearly all his old friends had followed her to the grave—his playmates were grown up into selfish men and women; some scarcely knew him; a few had grown rich, but most of them were miserably poor. Among the poor ones was old Mrs. Barton, of Saxmundham, who kept a sort of chandlery and drapery department, and who had helped to fit out Jack, more than twenty years before, for the "sea service;" and there was old Snobbin, the shoemaker, who had supplied Jack with half a dozen pairs of shoes as his outfit, and lent him two guineas besides; and there was the carpenter, who made his sea-chest; and, above all, there was old Joe Cragg, who carted his kit all the way to Ipswich for nothing. As to the principal friend of Jack's mother, old Ezekiel Homespun, the Quaker, he had long since died, and left his two daughters behind him, who kept a school, and could scarcely make two ends meet, with the best of all practical economy. Such was the village when Jack returned; all his friends were dead, and most of his mother's creditors living.

When Jack had fairly got ashore, and reached his native home, he was ready to jump out of his shoes with delight. He could not make enough of the old spot. It had been to him the haven-star to all his deeds of heroism, to all his sufferings by sea and by land; he was truly capering ashore, as well as his maimed leg would allow. He took up his quarters at the Red Lion Inn for a while, preparatory to getting himself a little house in which to reside. He had only about sixty pounds in cash, but this would go a good way to furnish a snug little place, and to make him as happy as a king.

But one day, when he was sitting on the beach at Aldborough, old Snobbins, the shoemaker, came towards him; his cheeks were pale, his hair was grey, his looks pinched and miserable; but they soon recognised each other, and Jack was the first to think of the two borrowed guineas. He invited the old boy to the Red Lion, and, after giving him a good meal, put two golden guineas into his hand, with a couple of Spanish dollars as interest.

With this little bit of true heroism, Jack began to think that there were others to whom he was under pecuniary obligations; he soon found out, too, that his mother had died a little in debt; that the loan of the Quaker's had never been paid, amounting to twenty pounds; and that several other matters had never been settled. This troubled Jack not a little.

Jack had become slightly acquainted with a little undersized, bilious, and black-browed lawyer's clerk, of Saxmundham, to whom he opened his mind on the subject. "Don't trouble yourself about that," said he, "you never administered to your mother's will; they have no claim upon you; you were under age. Pay nothing; if you pay one, all will come upon you." But Jack thought otherwise.

To make a long story a short one—Jack was so convinced that true heroism consists in paying our debts, when we are not forced to pay them according to law, that he determined to pay every farthing owing by his mother or himself, before he set up for a gentleman. And, indeed, there was not one to whom money was not very acceptable. Old Snobbin had been settled with; old Joe Cragg was quickly paid; the carpenter was satisfied to the full—and Jack went to the children of the old gentleman, who kept the boarding school, and paid the loan their father had lent his mother. This was all the work of a day. Jack's sixty pounds was dwindled down to thirty shillings; but, if his pockets were lighter, so was his heart, and he slept sounder that night than ever he did before in his life.

Now, this is what Peter Parley calls the highest kind of bravery. Jack, it is true, had fought like a Briton; he had shown the noble generosity of a Briton to his enemy—he had done his duty to his king and country—but if he had not paid his debts, he would have been no "true man" after all. Believe me, my young friends, it is sometimes easier to go into battle than to put our hands into our pockets to pay an old debt. Believe me, too, that the greatest valour we can possess, is the valour of pinching our desires for the sake of doing justice to others; at the same time, I would not have my young friends forget that this is the greatest of pleasures also.

There are moments of deep and mental repose, and intellectual quiet, in which the vivacity of intellect appears to droop, her sensibility to grow supine; and this is falsely deemed exhaustion, when it is not even a lethargy. The giant is never so much to be feared as when refreshed by the coolness of the shade; the eagle never more ready for flight, than when she has trimmed her sinewy wing. Like the vernal showers, these seasons of mental quiescence nourish the genius of future fruit. At such moments it is that Reason, the empress, holds her grand council in the palace of the soul, gives audience to her ministers, and receives the reports. Conscience investigates and condemns or ratifies the mental returns. What though at this time, as in the stillness of the night, the camp of the heart appears silent in slumber; yet, the senses and faculties, like watchful sentinels, are at their posts, preparatory to the dawn of active life, which is to summon the whole host to deeds of prowess. Reason then, in such moments, is tacit, but not dumb; she conceals her outward beams, to condense their glory with vividness within. Like a mighty vessel becalmed, she still possesses innate capacity of motion; and though the sail flaps idly, and the hull raises no ripple, yet, so soon as the breath of circumstances, or the reaction of inherent energy arise, she once more proudly bends her prow to the power she uses, yet appears to obey, and careers in majesty and strength through the shoals of error, bearing the virtues to the haven of truth.

RHYMES FOR YOUNG READERS.

THE DEATH OF MASTER TOMMY ROOK.

A FAIR of steady rooks,
Chose the safest of all nooks,
In the hollow of a tree to build their home;
And while they kept within,
They did not care a pin
For any roving sportsman who might come.

Their family of five,
Were all happy and alive,
And Mrs. Rook was careful as could be,
To never let them out,
Till she looked all round about,
And saw that they might wander far and free.

She had talked to every one
Of the dangers of a gun,
And fondly begged, that none of them would stir
To take a distant flight,
At morning, noon, or night,
Before they prudently asked leave of her.

But one fine sunny day,
Toward the end of May,
Young Tommy Rook began to scorn her power;
And said, that he should fly
Into the field close by,
And walk among the daisies for an hour.

"Stop, stop!" she cried, alarmed,
"I see a man that's armed,
And he will shoot you, sure as you are seen;
Wait till he goes, and then
Secure from guns and men,
We all will have a ramble on the green."

But Master Tommy Rook,
With a very saucy look,
Perched on a twig, and plumed his jetty breast;
Still talking all the while,
In a very pompous style,
Of doing just what he might like the best.

"I don't care one bit," said he,
"For any gun you see,
I am tired of the cautions you bestow;
I mean to have my way,
Whatever you may say,
And shall not ask when I may stay or go."

"But my son," the mother cried,
"I only wish to guide
Till you are wise, and fit to go alone;
I have seen much more of life,
Of danger, woe, and strife,
Than you, my child, can possibly have known.

Just wait ten minutes here,
Till that man shall disappear,
I am sure he means to do some evil thing;
I fear you may be shot,
If you leave this sheltered spot,
So, pray, come back, and keep beside my wing."

But Master Tommy Rook,
Gave another saucy look,
And chattered out, "Don't care! don't care! don't care!"
And off he flew with glee,
From his brothers in the tree,
And lighted on the field so green and fair.

He hopped about, and found
All pleasant things around;
He strutted through the daisies, but alas!
A loud shot—Bang! was heard,
And the wounded, silly bird,
Rolled over, faint and dying, on the grass.

"There, there, I told you so,"
Cried his mother, in her woe,
"I warned you, with a parent's thoughtful truth;
And you see that I was right,
When I tried to stop your flight,
And said you needed me to guide your youth."

Poor Master Tommy Rook,
Gave a melancholy look,
And cried, just as he drew his latest breath,
"Forgive me, mother dear,
And let my brothers hear,
That disobedience caused my cruel death."

Now when his lot was told,
The rooks, both young and old,
All said, he should have done as he was bid;
That he well deserved his fate;
And I, who now relate
His hapless story, really think he did.

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

To possess at once keen insight and imperative sympathies, is to be liable to extreme mental suffering. The ability to discern things in their actual relations, to pierce the rind of the conventional and draw near the heart of nature, may be enjoyed merely as a scientific pastime; but when "the strong necessity of loving" is united to such clear perceptions, the mind and the heart are exposed to severe and incessant conflict; and to reconcile them is the grand problem of life.

THERE is no saying shocks us so much, as that which we hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time.

WE make laws, but we follow customs.

So much are we the slaves of the world, that we sometimes hesitate to do an action which is prompted by the heart, fearful that it may be mistaken by others for folly.

MAN is sometimes our enemy, God is always our friend.

ROB life of its hypocrisy, and who would not avoid his neighbour and be avoided himself?

LIFE should be a continued effort to banish our prejudices, and extinguish our vices.

NOTHING that is excellent can be wrought suddenly.

THE higher the head, the humbler the heart.

THE art of life is to know how to enjoy a little, and to endure much.

LIBERTY is the only true riches. Of all the rest we are at once the masters and the slaves.

PEOPLE had much rather be thought to look ill than old; because it is possible to recover from sickness, but there is no recovering from age.

THE rich who do nothing themselves, represent idleness as the greatest crime. They have reason; it is necessary that some one should do something.

A WISE man had it for a bye-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, "Stay a little that we may make an end the sooner."

WE may forgive an injury and an insult; but we cannot endure to be bored, not even by those we love.

THE conversation of a friend brightens the eyes.

AN author may be considered as a merciful substitute to the Legislature. He acts not by punishing crimes, but by preventing them.

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A BEAM IN THE EYE!

THERE are some natures so happily constituted that they can find a good in everything. There is no calamity so great, but they educe comfort of some kind or other from it. No sky so black, but they can discern a gleam of sunshine issuing through it, from one quarter or another; and if the sun is not to be seen at all, they at least comfort themselves with the assurance that it *is* there, though now veiled from them, doubtless for some good purpose. These happy, sunshiny beings are to be envied. They have *a beam in the eye*—a beam of pleasure, gladness, philosophy, call it what you will. Sunshine is ever about their hearts; life is to them strewed with flowers; existence is with them a constant summer. Their mind gilds with its own hues all things that it looks upon. They draw comfort from sorrow; they educe good out of evil; like the bee, they gather honey even from poison flowers. "There is scarcely a single joy or sorrow (says Leigh Hunt, somewhere) within the experience of our fellow-creatures, which we have not tasted; yet the belief in the Good and the Beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success." The man who can write thus, has surely got the beam in his eye!

Let it not for one moment be imagined that natures, such as those we speak of, are necessarily weak, giddy, and unreflective. The very largest and most comprehensive natures are generally also the most cheerful, the most loving, the most hopeful, the most trustful. It is the wise man, the being of large vision, who is the quickest to discern the moral sunshine streaming through the thickest clouds. In present evil, he sees prospective good; in pain, he recognises the effort of nature to restore health; in trials, he discerns the best school of courage and strength; even in deepest sorrow he gathers comfort; and in the sternest disappointments and sufferings, he gathers the truest practical wisdom. "There's wit there, ye'll get there, ye'll find nae other where." His heart is strung to sympathy with universal nature, and, even in her blackest moods, does he find a sense and meaning. When he has burdens to bear, he bears them manfully and joyfully, not repining nor fretting and wasting his energies in useless lamentation, but struggling onward manfully, gathering up such flowers as are strewn along his path. Journeying steadily towards the sun, the shadow of his burden is thrown behind him.

There are few, indeed, who might not, with infinite advantage, cultivate the beam in the eye; in other words, who might not enjoy, far more than they do, the pleasures of rational existence. Happiness is certainly the end of our being; pain and misery are only incidental to it, and but too often are the result of the violence which man does to his own nature. To believe that pain was the end of existence, would be to impugn the goodness of Him who placed us in the midst of this fair and beautiful earth, to live upon it and to enjoy it. And do not pleasures of the highest order—of home, of affection, of friendly intercourse, of nature, of religion, lie about us on every side? Has not the great theatre of man's existence been so fitted up as that he who wills it may become a good, useful, and happy creature? Alas! that so many of us should not use our opportunities aright, but positively abuse them.

Let us begin forthwith, then, and cultivate a beam in the eye, looking at the bright, at the happy side of things; and being thus hopeful, trustful, and useful, let us look for gleams of sunshine, come from what quarter they may; and we shall thus have delight in struggling onward ourselves, and in helping others to do so likewise. Encourage the habit of being happy, for habit assuredly it is. Thus will adversity be made more hopeful, and prosperity more joyous. Let not the mind give way to gloomy thoughts, but be cheerful. Scarcely is there a subject that does not afford room for agreeable meditation. There is no human being so humble as not to be an object of human interest. There is no object in nature so mean as not to afford matter for instructive thought; and he who cannot extract benefit from such contemplations, is certainly not in any respect to be envied. Wordsworth, a poet with the beam in his eye—and there is no true poet without it—says,

> "He who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used."

There is pleasure to be gathered from things in themselves apparently the most trivial. A leaf, a flower, a passage of poetry or music, a fine painting or piece of sculpture, how much delight does the man or woman of instructed intellect derive from such things! To some they may appear blanks; they may gaze at them, yet *see* nothing. It is the beam in the eye that gives brightness, beauty, and meaning to them; it shines upon coldness, and warms it; upon suffering, and comforts it; upon ignorance, and enlightens it; upon sorrow, and cheers it. The beam in the eye gives lustre to intellect, and brightens beauty itself. Without it, the sunshine is not felt, flowers bloom in vain, the marvels of earth and heaven are not appreciated, and creation is but one dreary, lifeless, soulless blank.

It is pleasant to read the eloquent remarks of Jeremy Bentham, whom some would take to be only a musty, fusty old political economist, on this very subject, as given in his really interesting book on Deontology. He there gives the following excellent counsel:—"In all cases where the power of the will can be exercised on the thoughts, let those thoughts be directed towards happiness. Look out for the bright, for the brightest side of

things. If exceptions there are, the exceptions are but few, and sanctioned only by the consideration that a less favourable view may, in its results, produce a larger sum of enjoyment on the whole; as where, for example, an increased estimate of difficulty or danger might be needful to call up a greater exertion for the getting rid of a present or future evil. When the mind, however, reposes upon its own complacencies, and looks around itself in search of food for thought, when it seeks rest from laborious occupation, or is forced upon inaction by the presence of adjacent circumstances, let all its ideas be made to spring up in the realms of pleasure, as far as the will can act upon the production.

"A large part of existence is necessarily passed in inaction. By day (to take an instance from the thousands in constant recurrence), when in attendance on others, and the time is lost by being kept waiting; by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids,—the economy of happiness recommends the occupations of pleasurable thought. In walking abroad, or in resting at home, the mind cannot be vacant; its thoughts may be useful, useless, or pernicious to happiness. Direct them aright; *the habit of happy thought will spring up like any other habit.*

"It frequently happens when our mind is unable to furnish ideas of pleasure with which to drive out the impression of pain, these ideas may be found in the writings of others, and these writings will probably have a more potent interest when utterance is given to them. To a mind rich in stores of literature and philosophy, some thought, appropriate to the calming of sorrow, or the brightening of joy, will scarcely fail to present itself, clothed in the attractive language of some favourite author; and when emphatic expression is given to it, its power may be considerably increased. Poetry often lends itself to this benignant purpose; and where sound and sense, truth and harmony, benevolence and eloquence are allied, happy indeed are their influence."

This is sound practical sense,—moreover, excellent philosophy; and it affords valuable hints to those who would extract a rational enjoyment from existence. If suffering is to be borne—as it must—at least let us learn how it is best to be met, and how the struggling heart is to be comforted and supported in the midst of its trials. And here the consolations and pleasures of religion will at once suggest themselves. But let us not imitate those minds, which, like flies, are ever settling upon sores. We must endeavour to know much, and to love much; for the more one knows and loves, the more one lives, feels, and enjoys. Cherish the habit of cheerfulness above all things; it will serve alike for prosperity and adversity. In short, let us have the beam in the eye, and we shall be as happy and contented as this life can make us, or as Providence will admit of.

There is no greater impertinence, than for an obscure individual to set about pumping a character of celebrity. "Bring him to me," said a Doctor Tronchin, speaking of Rousseau, "that I may see whether he has anything in him." Before you can take measure of the capacity of others, you ought to be sure that they have not taken measure of yours. They may think you a spy on them, and may not like your company. If you really want to know whether another person can talk well, begin by saying a good thing yourself, and you will have a right to look for a rejoinder. "The best tennis-players," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "make the best matches."

> For wit is like a rest
> Held up at tennis, which men do the best
> With the best players.

We hear it often said of great authors, that they are very stupid people in private. But the chances are, it was a fool that said so. In conversation, as in other things, the action and reaction should bear a certain proportion to each other.

THE SCULPTOR OF BRUGES;
OR
THE MORAL OF A DREAM.

Years ago, when many of the arts were in their infancy, there dwelt in the good old Flemish town of Bruges, hard by the church of St. Donatus (now long since demolished), an honest journeyman, named John Van Euel, whose calling was to carve wooden figures and ornaments for the different churches and buildings which had arisen, and were still daily springing up, in that prosperous city of merchant-princes. This young man, according to the evidence of those who knew him best, was "nobody's enemy but his own;" he was a frank-hearted, merry fellow, and to say the truth, a better workman never existed; he might have had jobs by the dozen, but for one obstacle, that he was far too indolent to finish any of them. So long as he could pick up sufficient coin for present support, he was contented; when hungry, he worked, and when his money was gone, he had to set to work again, which he did with the best heart in the world. This could not last, however; no person ever employed him *twice*, he was so dilatory in getting his orders completed; and when John, upon the strength of a few stray florins which he had managed to scrape together, chose to take unto himself a wife, the neighbours (as neighbours generally do) looked upon the dark side of the matter, and gravely shaking their heads, augured nothing but misfortune from the union. John, however, had promised to "turn over a new leaf" (encouraging phrase), and for some time he kept his word. Bertha, the tidiest, brightest-eyed little damsel, in a town ever proverbial for the beauty of its maidens, formed no exception to a thriftiness which still attracts the notice of every Belgian tourist; and, morning after morning, she might be seen knitting in the little workshop by the side of her husband, who carolled merry ditties as he chopped away lustily at his work. By degrees, also, John resumed his old habits; and when Bertha fell ill, and was no longer present to cheer and keep him up to his toil, he began to forsake his chisel and hammer, and wander forth again into the streets, where there was,—truth to say,—sufficient to attract and absorb many a profounder mind than his. Bertha got well, and returned to her labours, but John could seldom be prevailed on to visit his board; the dust gathered upon the carved work of his unfinished angels' heads, and the rust penetrated the implements of his vocation. A family came on, and the ceaseless occupation of Bertha's quick fingers could scarcely keep starvation from the door.

And now idleness came to be a lesser evil than another which threatened to ruin the little family. John, distressed at the sight of his wife's anxious countenance, and worn out by the cries of their two half-famished children, strove to drown the reproaches of his own heart by frequenting a certain hostelry, where wine the worst, and of the most extortionate price, was dealt out to unhappy victims of short-lived indulgence. Many a time Bertha sought and gently drew him home; but terrified at the rough language she encountered from those she saw there, and sometimes totally unable to persuade him to leave their companionship, she gave up at last in despair, and contented herself with endeavouring to supply the deficiency by additional efforts for support, drawn from the already too-greatly-infringed hours of the night.

It had been a stormy day—the rain falling in torrents—John was sitting at evening over the heaped up logs of the inn fire, conversing with half a dozen disreputable vagabonds, who discussed every body's business but their own with the mock gravity of half-intoxication. His purse was exhausted, but his thirst was still unquenched, and diving to the bottom of the pockets in his threadbare

doublet for the hundredth time, he withdrew his hands with a deep sigh—not a single groschen remained. The host came into the miserable chamber, and finding no more orders in agitation, commenced an exordium upon the imprudence of late hours, by way of hint to his moneyless customers to be going. John parted from them on the threshold, and with a heavy heart and staggering gait turned his steps homeward.

As he emerged from the shadow of the inn gables, the moon struggled out through the moist atmosphere, illuminating the paved streets, which here and there were diversified by a deep and muddy pool, still agitated by a few drops of rain; and John, endeavouring with drunken wisdom to avoid these, stumbled into most of them, as he pursued his path. The wind sighed at intervals in broken and fitful blasts, and just as he reached the Grande Place, the carillons rang madly out, starting him by their crashing peal, with which the tempest took strange liberties, flinging the sounds, as in very wantonness, here and there and everywhere. He looked up at the belfry, which loomed white against the leaden hue of the sky, and stopped, half-disposed to expostulate with the building for the start its noisy inmates had given him. The air was keen, however, and he thought better of it, pursuing, with a half shiver, his way past the Hotel de Ville, whose noble line of statues he gravely acknowleged, one by one, by an obsequious reverence.

"I wonder," thought John to himself, as he groped his way (which, it must be confessed, was somewhat roundabout,) through the darker and smaller streets, "I wonder now why *I* could not carve just as fine figures as those yonder. Many a job I've done here in Bruges that others have got the credit of, and I would be at the top of the tree now if it were not for —, for —. What *is* the reason?" he said aloud, interrupting his reflections. —"Ah! that's the question!"

John was just sober enough to know *what* the reason was, but he had no intention of confessing it, for all that, even to himself; so he contented his conscience by repeating over and over in a muttering, melancholy tone, "Why, it's because I've no luck! no luck!"

"No luck?" half shrieked, half chuckled a voice at his side; "*you* no luck? Well now look here, John Van Euel, and I will show you how to get luck, and make your fortune by it, an you will——."

John had reached the bridge adjoining the Diore, and lolled against it in drowsy attitude; he started and shook more violently than when the carillons had made him jump in the Grande Place. "Hillo," he exclaimed, "who have we here?" as he looked round and discovered no one in sight; "*who* are you? *where* are you?" he shouted, gaining courage, and peeping over into the water, from whence the sounds had certainly appeared to come. A peal of merry and somewhat mocking laughter, was the answer; and the next moment climbing the balustrades of the bridge, and vaulting over them with the agility of a monkey, a little figure descended lightly at the side of John, who gazed with staring eyes, and mouth agape, at the form of the new arrival. He was a queer-looking fellow,—perhaps half the height of the stalwart journeyman, dressed in a suit of dingy brown, with a long rapier projecting from beneath his cloak at one side. His features, though quite in proportion with his size, possessed an expression of authority, blended, moreover, with considerable benevolence of character.

"And so you have no luck, John Van Euel!" he said; "no luck! Now listen, then, like an idle rascal as you are, and I will help you to find some—that is, you know, if you will only assist me in what I am going to propose to you."

"Oh ho!" thought John, "oh ho! there is to be a debtor and creditor account, then; go on, my mannikin! But I shrewdly suspect hoofs are to be seen under those fine buckled shoes, and I should not be surprised if that rapier yonder were a tail in disguise; so I'll be careful what I promise." He merely nodded his head, however, at his companion, who took that as a hint to proceed.

"You must know, John," said the little man, familiarly, but not without a certain solemnity in his voice, "you must know, that there is not a foot of this city of bridges but contains some portion, large or small, of hidden treasure. My life long have I been endeavouring to come upon some, but so difficult a matter is it to go to work the right way, that it is only lately that I have discovered the secret. One thing must be done first, which I cannot do myself, and which you can. Now, John, just walk a little way, and observe what happens."

As the little man spoke, he put one hand upon the parapet, and jumping up, squatted himself upon the top, motioning to John to look over into the water. The latter did so, taking care not to approach too near to his extraordinary companion. On gazing into the thick and muddy canal, he beheld the water agitated as if by volcanic agency, boiling and eddying in a sort of whirlpool, immediately beneath the point occupied by the mysterious dwarf, and presently the strains of soft, but somewhat wild music were heard, gradually gaining strength. Apparently under the influence of the melody, the watery commotion, little by little, subsided; and at length John beheld a figure, which presented the appearance of a female, as if carved in marble; the face slightly turned from him, and the head bent down, while the hands were apparently earnestly employed with some occupation which he could not discriminate. All the sculptor's admiration for classic beauty (and he possessed considerable) was aroused, and gazing with his whole soul in his eyes, he was mortified to find a cloud pass across the moon, entirely hiding the vision from his view. Impatiently he waited for the returning light, but upon looking again into the water, nothing was to be seen but its inky gloomy surface.

John turned to his companion, who was still sitting tailor-wise on the parapet.

"Well, John!" he said, "that is the genius who guards all the treasure we have been talking of, and if I can procure an image as like her as possible, carved in white marble, I shall, by means of some potent charms I possess, be able to animate the figure, and obtain replies to the questions I shall put to her respecting the exact spot where the largest treasure is hidden. Now, I will be contented to pay you handsomely if you will do this business for me; make the figure as like her as possible. I know where you live, and I shall come myself and fetch it away this day six months;" and taking out a large purse filled with golden coin, "look," he continued, "I'll give you ten, twenty, fifty times what you see here?"

"And what share of the *treasure?*" said John, who, like all idle fellows, was a bit of a speculator.

The little man laughed heartily.

"Don't be hard upon me, John," he said. "However, I'll tell you what I'll do (you must swear eternal secresy of course.) I'll promise you the half of what I get, and you may *depend* upon my honour. Now take the oath properly, man, upon my sword;" and he proceeded to dictate the following doggrel, making John repeat each word after him:—

"I—John Van Euel—undertake
This figure secretly to make,
And give up six months hence, provided
T'wixt us her treasure be divided."

John took this oath boldly. When he had concluded, the dwarf said, "Remember, John, if ever you divulge a word of the matter, our compact is at an end; now, here's my hand upon the bargain." They shook hands; and John was just feeling all his suspicions melt away, when the other, before he replaced the rapier in the sheath, made a sort of lunge at him, laughing at the same time his former mocking laugh. The journeyman put up his hand

to ward off the blow; the next moment he felt a sharp pain in the member, and fell heavily to the ground, his companion's mirth still ringing in his ears.

The sun was rising in the heavens, when John became conscious that he was sprawling on the bridge, a feeling of numbness painfully present in all his limbs; he rubbed his eyes, and thought what Bertha would say when he got home.

"What a fool of a dream I have had," he said to himself, as he arose to make the best of his way back. At this moment a smarting pain in his hand struck his attention. There was a small incision in it, about half an inch in length, and the blood had congealed round it. "It is all true, then," said he, jumping up with alacrity. But John heeded not the wound; the strange beauty of the marble vision he had beheld tormented his brain; its exquisite grace had stirred up the torpid passions of his genius, and eager to grasp his chisel, John hurried home in a tolerably sober state.

Bertha was watching at the door with an anxious air, and pale countenance, when he came in sight. How he longed to tell her all; but he kept his secret with some difficulty, as she hung sobbing about his neck. She soon saw the wound, however. "Why, John," she said, "you have had a fall," and she tenderly bathed and wrapped it up. "This is the cut of a flint stone."

John laughed at her anxiety. He saw nothing but the lovely statue. It seemed to stand before him, pointing the way to fortune; and already he beheld Bertha strutting to mass in a flowered cabinet gown, while he sported a cloak of Lyons velvet, and a feather as tall as the wealthiest burgomaster in Bruges.

John commenced the statue. Early and late did he pursue his occupation, and as the figure grew into almost lifelike beauty beneath his hand, the form of the original became still more vividly impressed upon his mind. From the moment that he conveyed into his workroom, with the assistance of a fellow-journeyman, the rude block, obtained by the sale of some of his angel's heads, he laboured incessantly to perpetuate, in indelible lines, the features of the beautiful vision now ever present to his thoughts.

He had begged Bertha not to question him, and she, satisfied in knowing him employed, and no longer frequenting his former profligate haunts, indulged her curiosity no further than to anticipate in all faith the result of his labours, and to speculate upon an object which served to redouble her exertion in providing for the wants of her family. John had a latent superstition that the dwarf would appear in flesh and blood, and worked on with energy and devotion.

The six months passed away—the figure was complete. With rapture John found himself a finished sculptor. The first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, he visited his now beloved Atelier, where Art herself appeared embodied in the lineaments of the beautiful statue, the presiding genius of the place, which seemed almost to smile upon him, as he gazed proudly on its exquisite proportions.

Day after day went by without bringing him intelligence of his extraordinary patron. He touched, and retouched, till he threw away the chisel in despair; still the dilatory little man came not. John, however, had tasted the sweets of mental, as well as bodily labour; it had become pleasant to him to feel his power, to see the ideal assume a palpable shape beneath his touch. Gradually another statue was commenced, and now the features of Bertha, her youngest born, an infant but a few weeks old, held in her arms, were transferred to the stone, and shone there a fair and gentle Madonna. The first figure was still, it is true, the adoration of his heart; it had taught him the joy of self-exertion; he loved it beyond expression; and even if the treacherous dwarf never came at all, the artist's ambition, which had always slumbered in his mind, now unobscured by indolence, was never quiet, but constantly whispered what he *might* become.

So the time went on, and a year was past. Coming home one day, what was his surprise to find Bertha with her lap full of money, weeping in her little chamber! His first thought was, that his employer had arrived and fetched away the statue. Rushing wildly to the door of his work-room, he threw it open—the figure was indeed gone; but Bertha, smiling through her tears, implored his forgiveness, and told him she would show it him again if he would come with her. "The beautiful statue was safe; would he come?" They threaded the streets together, the heart of John anxiously beating in his bosom. Bertha led the way to the Prefecture; as they neared it, John was astonished to observe the hats of his fellow townsmen doffed with respectful admiration to the neatly attired but threadbare figures of himself and his wife. They entered the Hotel de Ville; it was thronged with people; the burghers had just been deciding upon a tutelary figure for the Chamber of Commerce. There were numerous productions from the first sculptors in Bruges, the excellence of which attested at once their proficiency and the ambition felt by all to occupy the pre-eminent position of the successful candidate. The murmur of voices was lulled as the young pair advanced up the hall. "Hush!" said the crowd, "here he is;" and following Bertha, who swiftly, but full of tears and blushes, preceded him, he perceived on a pedestal, high above all the rest, his own beloved model—the accepted statue—while underneath it was engraved, in golden letters, the one word—INDUSTRY.

Was the little man a real or unreal creation after all? an inhabitant of the world of fact, or of fantasy? John always thought the first. To the successful sculptor, however, it mattered little. The mystery of the work's development was soon explained; overwhelmed by the offer of the burgomaster's gold, Bertha had sold the statue; and John had reason to bless her disobedience. Orders came rapidly in; employment never flagged, but became daily more attractive by habit; his profession was his joy, constituting alike the support and the happiness of his existence. One good quality also brought others along with it, for the virtues are sisters like the vices; and as the lifeless stone figured forth in succession their emblematic image, so the essential qualities themselves stepped each into her shrine in John's own breast, rendering his home their sacred precinct. The dwarf never appeared to claim his share, but the name of the mystic treasurer, that fair vision of the night, is well known.

Fortune and Fame bow to her, and every reckless idler may learn from John Van Euel's dream, that the "Spirit of Industry" is the only guide to the Throne of Power and the Temple of Happiness.

PORTIA.

THERE is no greater error in the world than is committed by those who associate ugliness with age, and though the dictionaries may conjoin them, we maintain that not unfrequently good looks come with advancing years,—we mean the good looks of a benignant and intellectual countenance. There is a great moral beauty in the appearance of one, whose garb denotes that she has yielded a willing submission to the fixed decrees of our being, who having seen the joyous delights of youth and passed the honourable period of mature age, is content to throw aside the ornaments which once she wore, and, instead of masquerading in laces and velvets, to be seen in the simple and unostentatious apparel that befits her years. To the eye of affection, the grey hairs upon her brow are far more becoming than any artificialities that could be procured, and the pallor of her cheek more attractive than the sunniest glow of early loveliness. It is when we look upon such a character as this, that we feel in their full force the veneration and regard which old age ought always to inspire.

THE GLASS OF GIN.

BY SILVERPEN.

(Concluded from page 123).

The day that Tom felt able to leave his couch, and walk to the parlour-window and back again, was one so delightful and full of hope and joy to Alice, as to make her forget, for the time at least, that she had a pain or a sorrow on earth. Fearful, however, of raising too flattering hopes in the heart of the loving grandfather, Alice, though she sent a daily account to the Admiral, refrained from enlarging upon the extent of Tom's convalescence. But this improvement was so steady, as soon to enable him to walk, without assistance, across the room, and with, to the rustic seat at the bottom of the garden.

At this stage of recovery, the hopeful truth might have been learnt by the Admiral, had not a circumstance occurred which led to its being purposely deferred till the cure was quite effected, and to the time of the return home. One unusually warm and pleasant evening in the latter part of May, when Alice and the children had been about seven weeks in Devonshire, Harold asked Alice to stroll with him down to the beach after tea.

"And I am sure I could walk as far as that quite stoutly, for when I reached the garden bench yesterday, I felt able to go as far again," said Tom. And as he promised to go no further than he felt able, and to let the gardener bring the little carriage if he felt tired, the party set out, Tom leaning on Alice's arm, and Harold and Pinch frisking on as usual before. A green turfed lane, shadowed on either side by hawthorn hedges, now thickly covered by a mass of blossom, led to the smooth sands, which Alice and her charge had nearly reached when they heard a rapid footstep behind them. Thinking at first it was some workman on his way homeward by the sands, they did not turn to look, till some one close upon them said,—

"Miss Clive! Tom! Is it possible you——." Both turned and beheld Mr. Murray.

"Is it possible, is it possible, after years of hopeless care, to see you so brave upon your legs again, my boy!" half articulated the uncle, as he pressed the lad to his heart. "What would your poor papa say?" As he spoke, he drew the boy gently away from Alice, still repeating his surprise and wonderment. "What would he say? what will your grandpapa say?"

"Only what I say and think, uncle, and tell Molly always, I should never have been well, but—but—for——" and with the bashful timidity of a lad, yet with the fervour and truth of the most earnest man, the boy crept back to the side of Alice, and with that unmistakeable affection with which a lad clings to his mother, wound his arms round her neck. "It is Clive, uncle, who is so good! dear mamma, we call her often, because I and Harold love her like one." Alice was too confused to look or speak; she faltered out some inquiry about the Admiral, and added something about returning to the house to make tea for Mr. Murray.

"Not at present, thank you, we'll go on to the beach. But here comes Harold and Pinch."

By the time, however, these further warm greetings were over, and they had walked onward slowly, Mr. Murray still breathlessly asking questions about Tom's convalescence, the poor boy grew tired, and could proceed no further.

"Then I will run to the house for the little carriage, and I and Pinch will draw you home," spoke Harold. So saying, he bounded back to the cottage, came speedily with the little chaise, and when Tom was assisted in, set proudly to work to draw it homeward.

Alice prepared to return with them.

"No," spoke Mr. Murray, somewhat peremptorily, "if Harold can manage alone, we'll walk onward to the beach, Miss Clive. I have several things to say to you, and this surprise necessitates my doing so the more." As he spoke, the proud and haughty man proffered his arm, for the first time in his life, to Alice, and they passed onwards on to the sands to a seat beneath the green cliffs. The still evening shadows fell around, and the fresh tide came in sun-tinted ripples, to their feet. They had not proceeded far, before all at once John Murray stopped, and taking the hand which so tremblingly rested on his own, he slightly drew back and looked down upon her, as we do at things which are precious to the sight; and then he said, in a voice more choked with suppressed emotion than it had yet been,—

"What can we do for you, Alice? how reward you? how thank you? *I* in particular?" He laid an emphasis on the pronoun. Alice trembled exceedingly, and could not, for several minutes, answer. At last she strugggled to say,

"I am more than fully repaid, Sir. A servant, so nobly treated as myself, can have nothing to complain of. The regard of your family, and the love of the children, are my best rewards." She tried to speak calmly, but her agitation betrayed her.

"Nonsense! the word servant has nothing to do with a case like this; you must understand—I have wanted you to understand me for a long time. I mean, will you like to be the mother of these children? I mean *my wife?*" He said this impatiently; just as stern and peremptory men are apt to speak, reckoning surely on the possession of what they ask for. But he knew not wholly the fine and noble heart of Alice, worthy of all his love, in its proudest acceptation.

"Mr. Murray—Sir—I perfectly understand you. The honour you confer is worthy the purest truth from me. Then recollect—I am poor, unknown, without friends——"

"Nonsense, Alice, don't be a casuist, splitting hairs on a subject of this kind; you will have *me* for a friend, *that* will surely be enough, eh? and I shall have in *you* the fortune I conceive most priceless, mind and soul—come."

"Please, if you regard me, Sir," spoke Alice timidly, not looking up, for then she would have lost her calmness, "let this question remain unanswered for a little time, till Tom's convalescence is quite complete. Let me have a pure and single heart until the end of this great duty; and *then* if it so pleases you——"

"Please me; of course it will. Every word you say only makes me love you more devotedly, Alice!"

"Then I can speak, Sir,——"

"Not Sir, Alice, but John."

"With a purer heart than now," continued Alice; "otherwise, people might think or say, I had had interested motives in performing the little services I have rendered Tom. Besides, the Admiral might think by your coming purposely, Mr. Murray,——"

"Not purposely, dear one, it could not be said. I have been ill since your absence, and am on my way with Colonel Fielding, who waits for me at Dover, to his estate near Bordeaux, for two or three weeks; and as for my father, do not doubt but what his gratitude will make him proudly own *you* for a daughter."

"If he will, Mr. Murray, let the acceptance be his own, free from any promise given or received. It will be better, Sir, purer, and more right in me."

"At least for the present," said John Murray, fervently, as regardless of Alice's reserve and timidity he drew her towards him, and pressed his lips on her forehead; "at least for a fortnight, or three weeks, not more, recollect; for my father is impatient to have you and the children back again, dear one, and then——"

Alice did not trust herself to answer or look up; to do so would have been to lose her own self-possession, to do what her whole soul prompted her to do, to say with the frankness which characterizes genuine natures, how passionately and truly this man's love was returned; but she did no more than point homewards along the level sands, which they reached, without this silence having once been broken.

A delightful evening was spent at the homely cottage, and at daybreak John Murray departed, leaving Alice as proud and happy as it was possible for a little human creature to be. Three weeks passed rapidly away, during which Tom Murray's strength increased day by day. About another fortnight remained of the time for which they had hired the cottage, when one morning Alice was astonished by receiving a brief, cold, and formal letter from the Admiral, desiring her and the children's immediate return, leaving Molly to take care of the house for the rest of the time. Though she mentioned her fears to no one, this letter alarmed Alice; as the only thing which could explain the enigma of it was, that Mr. Murray must have written to the Admiral, and spoken of his purpose, and that this was the way the Admiral thought it best to signify his disapprobation. Still her heart acquitting her of evil in this thing, she mentally strove to place this change to the account of some circumstance not connected with herself.

On a bright June evening, with their carriage half filled with flowers and fruits, and the simple riches of the sea-shore, Alice and the children reached Fludyer Street. Pompey and another servant came out to assist Master Tom from the carriage, and when they saw him sitting up aright in the carriage, and then alight without other assistance than the hand of Alice, their astonishment may be conceived,—it was as if the dead walked before their sight. Asking their silence, Alice led the way to the study where the Admiral was sitting, and gently opening the door, allowed Tom to pass in; then waiting an instant or two, she followed with Harold. As she imagined, the boy was folded in the wondering arms of the old man, who had learnt he was better, but not, as thus, raised from his bed like in the miracle of Scripture.

If to any moment of her life Alice had looked forward with expectancy, she had to this one, and this for many months, and more especially the last one, since had been deferred, till it were past, the decision of what related to her dearest hopes. Struggling with wonder, with joy, and with emotion, the old man at last released the boy, and looked on Alice strangely, for there was gratitude, affection, sternness, and yet reproof in his look.

"Good, very good," he muttered; "noble and good, as I have always found her. And yet——." He stopped, and looked again at the wondering girl.

"What is the matter, Sir?" at length spoke Alice, as chilled with fear she approached the old man. "Does Tom's progress in health disappoint you? Oh, Sir, I hoped otherwise, indeed I did." The sound of her voice seemed to recall some feeling or recollection to the heart of the proud old man, for drawing himself up to his full height, he said,

"Your services have far exceeded our expectations, Miss Alice; but just let me kiss Harold, and then I will speak to you."

He said these latter words so coldly, as to make Alice turn sick with fear. But she did not long remain in doubt, for placing Tom in his arm-chair, and caressing Harold, the old man led the way into the next room, the scene of so many happy hours, and where still stood the couch of the sick child, and still hung the little miniature of his young mother; had it been human, it would have wept at the old man's sternness.

"Unfortunately, Miss Clive," he said, as soon as he had closed the door, "my family and yourself must part to-night. As far as your personal services to my children are concerned, you have acted in all ways beyond praise; but—but—your disgraceful family connexion, and not only association with, but participation in such disgrace, necessitates my unalterable determination that you quit this roof to-night. As compensation for this abrupt dismissal, and yet more, as remuneration for your valuable services to my grandson, Tom, any sum you may like to name by letter, shall be placed at your disposal."

"Sir—Admiral Murray," faltered Alice, stunned and incredulous, "what does this mean—I cannot understand?"

"Miss Clive, I have stated my wishes, and my determination; this latter is unalterable. Believe me, I say these things with pain; but I have had too stringent a proof to doubt, and therefore you must avoid any further meeting with the children. Good night!" In an instant he was gone, and Alice was alone. For minutes she stood as if bereft of life; and then at length sinking down beside the little bed, she knelt motionless for a long while, her face buried in her hands, and her hands upon the bed.

At length looking up, as the shadows of the night stole on, the sweet face of the young mother looked down upon her, with what seemed such benignant love, and hope, and truth, as in this sad desolation to give sweetest comfort to the wretched girl.

She went quietly into the next room to find the Admiral, but he was gone; she therefore, without removing a single sign of her presence—she could not bring her soul to *that*—went down stairs, bid wondering Pompey call a cab, and, without other words than her usual kind "good night," had her boxes lifted in, and was driven to her old lodging. This room was still to let; the landlady heartily welcomed her return; and thus for the third time she found this poor place a haven, in profound affliction!

And yet *now* she was loved! In this broad world of ours, so much (as I believe) more filled with good than evil, how few of us are conscious of the infinite riches of the creature that can speak this word with truth. But it requires true natures to comprehend this truth, *with truth!*

"All will be right," thought Alice, "when Mr. Murray returns. That will be in a few days, and so I will not grieve; the Admiral will then hear my vindication from the truest source."

Thus trying to rest calmly on the strength of her innocent life and pure services, Alice neither wrote to the Admiral, nor vindicated herself by any method; but thinking over the causes which must have led to this abrupt dismissal, Lucy Phillips came to her recollection. That she was intimate with Mary, Alice had already learnt; but how her envy and her hatred had found a means of communicating their poison, to one in the rank of the Admiral, Alice could not think, unless through the agency of Lady Fielding.

As Alice afterwards found, this was the truth. Incidentally hearing of the sisters' separation, Lucy Phillips had sought out Mary Clive, and largely assisting to vituperate and denounce Alice, laughed at the downfall and ruin she prophesied. But when the contrary proved the case, when she became aware of Alice's daily intimacy with friends, in rank so far above acquaintances of her own, her envy knew no bounds. No long while after this discovery, the incident of a large general party introduced her to Lady Fielding, and speaking from this time, Lucy Phillips and her husband were in no great while invited to Lady Fielding's house. Acquaintanceship thus commenced, soon ripened into intimacy, when the ladies found their feelings with respect to Alice agreed. Wholly ignorant of Lucy's real character and motives, Lady Fielding was soon treated with a garbled history of Mary Clive, and led to believe, that Alice had incited her sister to drink, and occasionally assisted in the orgies. The gin-shop incident, already related, afforded *proof* of this. Lucy Phillips brought forward the garbled testimony of her servant in addition to her own as this proof; and thus the week before poor Alice's return, this presumptive evidence of immorality and guilt was detailed to the Admiral by his niece. At first the old man refused to believe these facts alleged by her; but when, to testify them, a lady of Lucy's appearance was brought forward, and to this was added the voice of her servant, all the old man's pride and sternness of character

were roused, and he decided upon, at whatever cost, Alice's peremptory dismissal, at an amount of mental pain and regret, which nothing but imagined duty to his grandchildren could, or did justify.

With poor Alice the days of nearly a fortnight went by without one message or letter touching the subjects which filled her heart with anxiety and grief. Her first impulse had been to call upon Mr. A——; but her noble nature recoiled from uttering one word of complaint, even in her own justification, against those whose lavish bounty, to say the least, had been bestowed on her so long. For precisely the same reasons she would not write to Molly, though in *her* she felt she had a true friend. But as day by day wore on, pain and fear merged themselves in agony. Three weeks of this life without a word or line! This was becoming more than her goodness and fortitude could bear. What made her mental anguish still greater was, that she felt sure, by reason of his official duties, Mr. Murray must be by this time returned; and if this was so, he, of course, must believe in the same calumnies as those which had poisoned the Admiral's mind, or else this dreadful suspense would have been broken by letter or message. And yet for him so to believe, was it consistent with devoted love? Her heart answered her—"no."

At length late one evening, at the close of the third week, when anxiety had gone beyond endurance, Alice carefully shutting up old Pinch in the room, wrapped a large dark shawl around her, and set out on foot to Westminster. It was not to vindicate or complain that she bent her steps this way, or either to be seen or recognised by any one who knew her, for the truth was scarcely admitted by her own heart; but simply at a distance, in street or park, to breathe the self-same air, to see the roof which covered in, to tread with lighter feet within the sacred footprints, to look with glistening eyes upon the lighted window panes; and thus, if possible, to soothe the anguish of her soul!

So more or less are the souls of us glorified by the ideal; so more or less, however bankrupt of all else, friends, fortune, or good name, however dull through ignorance, or callous through repeated sin, some measure of this sweet unselfish worship does enrich us, and links us most divinely from man to men, and from them thence to God!

The most prosaic natures are richest often in this grand poetry of the human soul; the most prosaic things, the most uncared for, the most despised, the smallest and the least, stand not, nor pass away, without some little service to this noblest portion of our natures. No stone in London streets, but what is hallowed to another by some human foot; no dusky window-pane, but what is sacred to some upturned gaze; no human heart which passes by us in the throng, but what has known, or feels, or recollects some love, which, being for another, has been or is a part of, and most dear to nature, because passing beyond the narrow bounds of SELF!

The usual light shone in the library windows; and now feeling certain that Mr. Murray was returned, the anguish of the little loving creature knew no limit. As she slowly passed homeward in the shadows of the street, a cab drove rapidly up to the Admiral's house. Turning slightly to see who alighted, Alice saw Pompey descend, and immediately after Molly come dressed to the hall-door with several baskets in her hand, whilst she called out immediately, in a pretty loud voice, "The pot of raspberry-jam and the plum-cake ain't in the basket, now! Pompey, run, will you, down stairs for them."

Afraid of being discovered, Alice walked rapidly onward, and reached home just as the little tailor's shop was closed for the night. As she passed up-stairs, the good landlady met her, and looked at her with surprise.

"Dear me, ma'am! I thought you were already at home, for not longer than ten minutes ago I heard footsteps in your room."

"Footsteps? surely not!"

"Yes, ma'am, and heavy ones."

Without reply, Alice hurried onward, and the landlady followed with her candle, for it was now quite dark. And surely some one had been in the room, for the cloth was torn from the table, the chairs upset, and dear old Pinch no where to be seen.

"There is no mercy for me in these heavy trials," spoke, at last, poor Alice. "Mary has been here, and the last thing left is gone—THE DOG."

Feeling that to part with Pinch was impossible, Alice, accompanied by her landlord, set off in search of him; but though they walked about till nearly midnight, nothing could be either heard of the dog or Mary, not even at the wretched woman's lodgings, "as she had been out two days and a night, having with her the last thing she possessed, an old grey cloak."

When she returned at midnight, worn and overcome, Alice's heart leapt up with joy as she opened her chamber door. A charming bright little fire burnt in the grate, some coffee steamed on the hob, the round table was set out with cups and saucers, and potted meat, and cake, and jam, and a large bouquet, and two little letters, red with waxen kisses. And as she looked, only for one moment, the good old servant folded her in her arms, and led her to the fire.

"Dear heart! dear heart!" said Molly, "only to think that dear old master could do such a thing."

"To think me sinning in such a way as that of drink," sobbed Alice; and kneeling down with buried face upon the nurse's lap, she, like the ever living lady of Verona, poured out her griefs and hopes, save one, and that was guessed at by the loving nurse.

"Dear heart! dear child!" wept Molly, too, "he'll be back to-morrow evening, and all will be right; though from what I said, dear old master thinks he's wrong already. Cheer up, my lady, I only got home this morning, or I should have been here before; but now I've come, and brought a letter from master Tom, and one from Harold, with forty little waxen kisses on it, as red as wax could make them, and a nosegay from Pompey, with his humble duty, and a cake from the cook, and a few little matters of my own; all's right, all's well, sweet heart."

Thus, with loving words the old nurse soothed the drooping girl, made her take some coffee, and then go to bed, with those little loving wax-kissed letters beneath her pillow, and in her soul the music of the words, "He's coming, and all will yet be well."

Molly remained with Alice that night, as well as on the morrow, till she had put things in order, prepared a nice little dinner, and set such inquiries on foot as the landlord thought might lead to the recovery of old Pinch. She then left her with the promise of returning in the evening.

For three weeks the matchless hair had, like a flower which droops in the absence of the sun, been little cared for; for three weeks had neither pin nor bow done their old service; for three weeks had the brightest eyes in nature been heavy with the saddest tears. But now by night twin Art and Love had done their little services to nature!

The clocks had just struck eight, and Alice was eagerly listening for Molly's coming, when, after a loud single rap, and much loud and hurried talking in the passage below, a crowd of feet came up-stairs, stayed at her door, and a minute after the landlord came in, followed by a red-faced man in a laced waistcoat, and a policeman.

"Beg pardon, mum, but you must come along o' us directly to —— wurkus. A woman's there, in the sick ward, as can't live the night through."

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," spoke the policeman, with more gentleness and less pomposity than the beadle. "This event must not surprise you, nothing less could be expected."

"Ah, ah! a fearful 'un, a fearful 'un," croaked the beadle, as liking to hear himself talk, he looked with sovereign contempt upon the softer nature of the policeman. "Why she'd bin two nights and jist three days at it. Fust har cloak, thin har shoes, thin har bunnit; and *last*, only jist think on't, the werry glass as finished har, was out on the werry sixpence for which she sold an old grey dog to a fiddling beggar."

"Sold?" asked Alice, incredulously.

"Yes, ma'am, for sixpence," answered the policeman, "the landlady of the gin-shop told me so."

And thus, lost to all feeling, decency, or sense, the wretched, shoeless, homeless, ragged drunkard,—

HAD SOLD OLD PINCH FOR GIN!

After suffering the landlady to put on a bonnet, and pin a shawl around her, Alice, overwhelmed and paralyzed, mechanically followed the beadle and policeman down to a cab waiting at the door. After driving a considerable distance, it stopped before a pair of large gates, dully lighted by a meagre gas-lamp. From thence, crossing a wide court, some intricate passages, and ascending a broad staircase, the policeman tapped at a door, which was immediately opened by a woman from the inner side. She had permitted Alice to enter, and was closing it again, when an appalling cry, from a mass of human voices, made the beadle, policeman, and several other men from the adjacent lobbies, rush in. The scene which met this common gaze was as wretched as it was appalling. On innumerable scanty beds, ranged on either side an enormously long room, and only separated from each other by scanty curtains, in many cases undrawn, lay bedridden old age, sick maternity, and a mass of disease of all description; but roused by the cry for help from a group of nurses and a doctor standing round a curtainless bed, the withered, furrowed faces of miserable age, those pallid from debility or flushed with hectic fever; old, young, and middle-aged, had started from their pillows, and were peering out upon the scene. As the nurses raised the cry, they and the doctor moved from the bed, and thus the first thing which the horror-stricken girl beheld was her wretched drunken sister. In a state of raving madness they had strapped her down to the bed, and, at the moment of the cry, the surgeon was applying cold lotions to her head, which had been previously shaved; but mustering up all the monstrous strength of madness, the wretched creature burst like threads the ligatures which bound her to the bed, and leapt upon the floor, with naked feet, and nothing scarcely on save her wretched drabbled gown. She saw Alice, and evidently recognising her, seemed about to leap upon her, and tear her down; but changing this impulse the instant it had crossed her brain, she stepped back a pace or two, seized a glass filled with vinegar, which stood with medicines on a little table at the foot of the bed, and waving it round her head a time or two, as drinkers do in a moment of wild conviviality, cried, "Come, come, a GLASS OF GIN;" and thus saying, with the glass still in her hand, dropped dead upon the floor!

So rapidly had all this occurred, that not an instant seemed to have intervened between the leap from the bed and the death scene on the floor; and now, as some stooped to lift the corpse, others (the surgeon amongst them) hurried to bear the little senseless sister from the room. As they reached the door, and the eager crowd made way to let them pass, a tall stern man, who had come at a bound up the staircase, pushed back the crowd, as if he were a Hercules, and lifting the girl from the surgeon's arms like a feather, and with jealous quickness, bore her down stairs with the same speed, across the court, and bidding the porter open the gates, lifted her into a private carriage which stood outside; and as the servant closed the door with a ready hand, he cried in a quick determined voice—

"Home, and not a moment lost!"

But utterly unconscious of life or death, or of the pure and holy love which now encompassed her, Alice lay. The policeman had pulled off her bonnet as the surgeon had raised her up, and now she lay with all her rich and abundant tresses, sweeping like a veil over the loving arms which encircled her. As her breath ebbed and came, though slowly, and John Murray gently raised her head, so as she might catch upon her face the balmy night air which came through the carriage window, the pin of the shawl gave way, and with it the little brooch which fastened the necklet of her gown; and as he lifted her face still higher, there rolled out, upon the carriage seat before him, his missing riding-glove. He knew it, and recollected it in a moment. Sometimes through his absence, he had, with jealous self-torture, attributed coldness and want of love to Alice; but now this precious, incidental proof of long and true affection was thus revealed, all the goodness and the fervour of his character welled upwards from his generous heart; and if loving words, and passionate entreaties, could have revived this noble heart so true to him and his, these would have done so, indeed, with magic power!

Once more in the house where her heart was, Alice was received by the loving nurse. But for three weeks, all the time of which she was insensible, she lay nearer death than life, so fearful was the shock she had received; John scarcely quitted her night or day. But once more conscious that she was, in what was now to her, a natural home, she grew rapidly better; and the very first day it was possible, she went down-stairs to the Admiral's study. Scarcely had she rested in the easy-chair Molly had made comfortable for her, before the old man entered. He came up to her side, looked on her pallid face, and could not speak.

"Don't be grieved, Sir," said Alice, broaching the subject which she knew was at his heart; "it was so natural to believe me sinning under such circumstances; it was, indeed it was."

"But calumnious tongues should not have made me, what I was, ungrateful about Tom——"

"Please say no more, Sir," spoke Alice, "or else you'll make me ill again. Only let me remain here henceforth; let my home be with your children."

"Your lawful home, Alice. John has told me all; so much of which has raised you in my estimation and affection, that as men take a precious thing to prize it, I call you *daughter*."

And so sitting he talked a long while, and poured out his confidence to the happy girl.

He was gone, and she had tried to take a step or two across the room; the door opened and John Murray came in. She was conscious that he had hovered round her sick bed during its extremity; but since she could speak, and began to recover, he had merely sent messages through the children or Molly. But now he came purposely in, and without more ado folded her to his heart; and she, not pretending to a false coyness she did not own, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him as the pure true husband which he was to her soul!

"And now, dear one," he said, when they had talked awhile, "marriages are usually made things of pomp and festivity, and of times of joy. But the marriage of true hearts, dear one, needs no outer pomp; neither do I think times of joy are needful; oftener would purer happiness be found in the participation of our sorrows with another. Therefore be mine, the first day you are well enough; we will go away quietly to some country spot. I have been getting a place prepared and ready, where you will rapidly gain health and strength."

She faltered "Yes," as she was folded in those loving arms.

Late on the noon of the same day, and just after the Admiral, returning from his ride, stepped up-stairs to see how Alice was, Lady Fielding and a friend were announced. At first, a peremptory and stern denial rose to the old man's lips; but checking this, he bid Pompey

usher his visitors in, and when in, for him to remain an instant.

As he rose to meet his niece, with an hauteur, rarely characteristic of his address, he was startled to find that the friend, accompanying her, was no other than Lucy Phillips. Seeing this, he at once with a peremptory and significant gesture, led them to the couch on which Alice was lying, and by which John Murray sat.

"Lady Fielding," he ironically said, "here lies the one whose character you blasted; so blasted, that in four days hence she is John's *wife*, and my *dear daughter*. And now, for this malignity, and (turning to Lucy Phillips) for the base ingratitude of wilful lies against one—to say the least—whose father's bread you have eaten, *there's the door*——Pompey, show these visitors out!"

Lady Fielding remained to vindicate and apologize; but Lucy Phillips, without one word, stole out, with downcast eyes, as Satan out of Paradise.

Some four mornings after this, the Admiral's carriage was at the door at an early hour, and in it quietly got a simply-dressed lady in her ordinary walking dress, two gentlemen, and two children. It drove rapidly to a quiet church in the western suburbs, set down its company and waited, the company going within the church. Then directly the lady and the younger gentleman knelt down before the altar, and the clergyman said the service, and the old gentleman gave the lady to her husband with a loving hand. As the lady rose from the cushion, unprompted the elder child came near her, and folding his arms around her neck, whispered, "Now, you won't leave us, will you, dear mamma?"

Alice said "No," with all her heart, and blessed the two young children, as she knelt.

They returned home to an early luncheon, to which was introduced in person, by Pompey, no less a friend than dear old Pinch; who, thus restored to his little mistress, was so wild with delight, as to be incapable of lying still, or eating any breakfast, though treated to some especial dainties on this occasion.

Immediately this was over, the lady, and the gentleman, and the old dog, departed in the same carriage to the western suburbs, and thence by railway all that afternoon and evening, a long journey. At the end of it, they entered a post-chaise, and continued their journey, but to where, Alice had never once asked; it was enough that she was with her husband. But as the moon began to rise, and show the rich scenery on either side, half fearfully the young wife clung to her husband's side, and whispered,—

"I'm surely going home, am I not, John?"

He made no answer, though he pressed her to his heart.

After the chaise had rattled a short distance over the stones of a village street, John opened the door, and lifting Alice out, bid the chaise drive on to the house. Then, as her husband pushed aside a rustic gate, and led her gently in, she saw, at a glance, that it was her own village churchyard, where lay her father and her mother. Without a word, her husband led her onward to a quiet spot beneath the old thick hawthorn hedge, but on which the splendid glory of the moon poured down. As her breath went and came, she saw, as she looked down, a new-turfed grave was at her feet, and without a word she read the secret of this visitation.

"Dear wife," at last spoke John, "kneel with me, it is Mary's. I thought it would comfort you, and soothe you into quietness, if *my* hand rescued her from a pauper coffin, and the corruption of a workhouse graveyard. So, as I thought, I've done, and she is here. Kneel, therefore, with me, dear one; for our largest charities grow out of sinning graves like these; and as we pray for mercy to ourselves, here on this grave forget the sins which were so large against you."

So, side by side, in the prodigality of the light of heaven they knelt; and hand in hand they prayed above the drunkard's grave,—

"FATHER, FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US!"

At last, though blind with tears, Alice was led away by her husband across a little wooden bridge she knew full well, up a rustic orchard, through a rich garden, and by a door into a room, where, looking round, it seemed to her, as if the time since she had last stood here had merely been a dream, so much was there which she had known before. Her father's favourite chair, his large desk, his bookcase, stood here again as of old.

"Molly, and I, and the good clergyman, have, in concert, effected these few wonders. So once more, all your old home is thine again, my dear one. Garden, field, and house, and orchard, well earned by your noble services to Tom, and as my father's gift, you must take them."

"Mine?" and Alice was incredulous.

"Yes, sweet wife. And now see how the moon sails above the far plain, and the sky promises a fine day to-morrow, for the journey here of Molly and the two boys."

Alice looked, for she and her husband stood beside the casement, whilst an elderly servant, hired by Molly on a secret journey hither, set out the table with refreshments, the garden, with every nook of which Pinch was renewing his acquaintance, rich before her with a thousand flowers, the orchard, the rippling brook, and the far off plain, so green against the sky; and thus standing, she felt as if some Divine voice spoke to her soul,—"Good and evil are not imaginary things; and such as, like you have done, pursue the steady way of virtue through trial and temptation, like you, shall find reward!"

SHAKSPERE.

SHAKSPERE towered above his fellows, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent." But he was one of a race of giants,—the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful, and beautiful of them; but it was a common and a noble brood. He was not something sacred and aloof from the vulgar herd of men, but shook hands with nature and the circumstances of the time, and is distinguished from his immediate contemporaries, not in kind, but in degree and greater variety of excellence. He did not form a class or species by himself, but belonged to a class or species. His age was necessary to him; nor could he have been wrenched from his place in the edifice of which he was so conspicuous a part, without equal injury to himself and it. Wordsworth says of Milton, that "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." This cannot be said with any propriety of Shakspere, who certainly moved in a constellation of bright luminaries, and "drew after him a third part of the heavens."

He differs essentially from all other writers; him, we may profess rather to feel than to understand; and it is safer to say, on many occasions, that we are possessed by him, than that we possess him. And no wonder; he scatters the seeds of things, the principles of character and action, with so cunning a hand, yet with so careless an air; and, master of our feelings, submits himself so little to our judgment, that everything seems superior. We discern not his course, we see no connection of cause and effect, we are wrapt in ignorant admiration, and claim no kindred with his abilities. All the incidents, all the parts, look like chance, whilst we feel and are sensible that the whole is design. His characters not only act and speak in strict conformity to nature, but in strict conformity to us; just so much is shown as is requisite, just so much is impressed; he commands every passage to our heads and to our hearts, and moulds us as he pleases, and that with so much ease, that he never betrays his own exertions. We see these characters act from the mingled motives of passion, reason, interest, habit, and complexion, in all their proportions, when they are supposed to know it not themselves; and we are made to

acknowledge that their actions and sentiments are, from those motives, the necessary result. He at once blends and distinguishes everything;—everything is complicated, everything is plain. It is really astonishing that a mere human being, a part of humanity only, should so perfectly comprehend the whole; and that he should possess such exquisite art, that, whilst every woman and every child shall feel the whole effect, his learned editors and commentators should yet so very frequently mistake, or seem ignorant, of the cause. A sceptre or a straw are, in his hands, of equal efficacy; he needs no selection; he converts everything into excellence; nothing is too great, nothing is too base. Is a character efficient, like *Richard*, it is everything we can wish; is it otherwise, like *Hamlet*, it is productive of equal admiration; action produces one mode of excellence, and inaction another; the chronicle, the novel, or the ballad; the king or the beggar, the hero, the madman, the sot, or the fool; it is all one;—nothing is worse, nothing is better; the same genius pervades and is equally admirable in all.

A WORD ON SLANG.

It is a mistake to suppose that slang is allied to "vulgarity" only. There is a manner of speaking in certain and set idioms in most grades of life and society, which amounts, at least with uninitiated ears, to a conventional slang. We confess it is an ugly and unseemly word to employ; yet we contend that the prescribed and vernacular jargon, current in the mouths of many who go about the world in "silver slippers," comes as fully under this term as the coarse and offensive expression of a Bill Sykes, though its modification is in a more dulcet tone, and it bears a "patent of nobility," conferred by the aristocracy of civilization. We have danced many a long night through in a fairy-filled ball-room, and listened to precisely the same legitimate fashion of address and conversation—the subjects unvarying—the language methodized into delicate, unruffled, rose-waterish sentences, and the whole scenes acted to such an insipid, monotonous, unchanging "libretto," that at the end of the season, we were fully impressed with the idea, that to be perfectly competent to the duty of "Almacks," a genteel and insinuating "slang" must be acquired. Once gained, it will serve in all places of the like dedication. There is a ball-room slang, most assuredly, without which, no votary to twinkling feet can hope to distinguish himself.

At concerts, there can be no doubt as to the technical "gradus" which is necessary to make us pass muster. We thought we were somewhat acquainted with the simple elements of harmony, and that we could gossip easily with the shades of Handel and Mendelssohn; but, Apollo, forgive us! the last time we attended a "Grand Festival," we stood aghast at our ignorance, and found we were totally unqualified to sit on the benches of judgment, that is, if the refined and elaborate "dictionary words" of musical mysteries which rattled about us, constitute an essential in criticism. The minute ramifications of the divine science were handled as glibly and discussed as lightly as plain "Oh dear, what can the matter be," by a housemaid over her broom. "Counter point," "instrumentation," "consecutive fifths," "minor thirds," "dissonances," "diatonics," "dominant harmony," and an interminable legion of such serious and responsible difficulties, were lavishly mentioned.

We confess we were afraid to speak; we were in raptures over many of the solos, and enthusiastic to slight insanity, during the choruses; but as we knew not how to make our pleasure audible, in acceptable phraseology, we prudently remained silent, and felt half ashamed of our inability to participate in the oral hieroglyphics. We had a shrewd idea that we could have as fully expressed our tasteful discrimination, and our intense approval, as our neighbours; but certainly not in their peculiar way, so we betook ourselves to deep study in the erudite and black letter lore of music, beginning with "Lasus of Hermione," and ending with "Clementi." And now we can venture to talk most learnedly of "breves" and "natural chords," with chromatic fluency; yet we are secretly of opinion that it sounds very like a superior "slang." "Tell it not in Gath" though, or we shall never have another concert ticket sent us.

All the world must have observed the routine of courteous and superficial utterance attendant on "morning calls," when healths are inquired after with strict grammatical solicitude, when running allusions to popular subjects of gossiping interest are "got up" with dramatic accuracy, as to text, and duly delivered in some half dozen drawing-rooms, where compliment and scandal are administered according to "*elite*" authority, in words and tones that have no variation from their first visit in Woburn Place, to their latest lingering in Belgrave Square. Genuine, simple, matter-of-fact English, would never carry people through the diplomatical embassies of "morning calls." Oh, dear no! be assured, gentle reader, that the tongue which acquits itself creditably in such work, must be acquainted with a certain method of speech, which is nothing more nor less than an elegant and refined "slang,"—a certain way and manner of talking, spangled nothings,—which would sadly perplex those foolish folks who have an obstinate knack of saying only what they think and what they mean. "Evening parties" are sustained on the same "derivatives" and "elements" of language, perhaps rendered occasionally a little more "mellifluous" in sound by the "liquids" of negus and champagne.

Who will deny that there is a most distinct, and not very euphonious, style of "slang" upon "'Change?" Only put your head into "Capel Court," and if you do not confess that the business there, is carried on in more abstract and exclusive terms than any ever employed by "Paul Clifford," or "Gentleman George," we will consent to give up our shares in the "Californian Junction Line." We sought to become enlightened in this living Sanscrit; we anxiously inquired into the natural history of the "bear," and endeavoured to gain a few particulars of the physiology of the "bull," but in vain; every interrogative was met by some masonic "'Changeism," which our simple brain could not possibly interpret. We tried to learn something of the "stag," but our most determined attempts were frustrated by the opaque "transcendentalism" of our city "Buffon." We have frequently seen one in the distance with a "pack" at his heels; but we know not to this hour, whether tears ever "course down his innocent nose." We made a rash and alarming essay in putting an inquiry to a sleek-looking gentleman, whom we have heard designated as a "lame duck," touching the "whys" and "wherefores" of his cognomen. The indignation and displeasure he evinced, made us believe, for the moment, that, like Moses, we had broken all the Commandments at once, and we have never since mentioned a word relative to any aquatic cripple within a mile of Cornhill. We purchased the shares above mentioned, in the vague hope, that through them, we might at least realize a trifle of intellectual endowment in the Gresham classics. How dearly we have paid for our rash pursuit of knowledge, we do not choose to tell. Be it sufficient to reveal, that we religiously believe the "whistle" alluded to so bitterly and philosophically by the immortal Franklin, must have been a "railway" one, and that we still consider the "parlance" of "scrip," and "transfer," among the most veritable "slang" that ever echoed in a commercial Babel.

There is a law "slang," which bewilders and confounds most painfully, for we seldom come within reach of its cabalistic breathings without knowing and feeling that the same will be all set down in "costs," and that every sentence of legal Hebrew formally chattered by a flippant clerk, or lynx-eyed principal, will be ultimately balanced

by round and sound "pocket-pieces." We once saw an old countryman fall into a violent fit of alarm on being told he was "*subpœned*" on an approaching trial. "Nobody shall 'subpeeny' me,' cried he; "I'll have none of your law tricks,—I'd rather go to Americky to get out of the way." It was explained that he was merely to bear testimony as a witness. "Aye, aye," said the old fellow, "that's all well enough; I ain't no objection to going speaking the truth, but I stand none of your 'subpeenying' bedevilments." Many a wiser citizen of the world has had equal dread of the "unknown tongue" so prevalent among "blue bags" and "briefs;" and happy for them if the imposing and astounding "slang," so peculiar to parchment and pleadings, intimates no greater infliction than a "subpeenying bedevilment."

There is a medical "slang," which has astonishing influence with hypochondriacal gentlemen and nervous old ladies. If a physician were to tell such patients that their stomachs and brains were oppressed by improper food and beverage, and that they only needed simple diet, mental employment, and bodily exercise, the unfortunate disciple of Esculapius might starve in his plain-spoken honesty; but let him discourse of an inflammation of the "pylorus," let him suspect congestion of the "biliary ducts," accompanied by gastric fermentation, and deranged ganglionic nerves, and that even the "pleura" and "diaphragm" show symptoms which need great attention; let him insinuate these important words, with grave demeanour, and the dear old ladies and gentlemen are satisfied most incomprehensibly; the talent of the physician is pronounced "first rate," and they give gold and take physic under the "hey presto" conjuration of a few words of medical "slang."

There is a political "slang" heard, perhaps, in fullest perfection, on an election hustings. Was there ever a "member" nominated who did not talk of "constitutional prerogatives," "the great cause of reform," "devotion to the people," "zeal for the national welfare," "allegiance to the Protestant Church," "noble and worthy constituents, "proud position of a representative," "unflinching in duty as a servant of the public," and a long train of inflated idioms, recognised as belonging exclusively to political "speechifying." They tell remarkably well, with the addition of open taverns; and perhaps the hustings' "slang" may be set down as among the most "corrupt" dialects ever listened to.

We could pursue the thread of our argument until it became a large skein; but we think the needleful we have given will show our readers that "slang" has its embossed and gilt-edged encyclopædia, as well as its coarsely printed hornbook. ELIZA COOK.

THE REAL HISTORY OF JEANIE DEANS.

IT is no longer doubted or denied, that Helen Walker, of the parish of Irongray, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, was the prototype of the heroine who, under the fictitious name of Jeanie Deans, figures so conspicuously in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Her history, however humble, was in some respects eventful, and when stripped of all adventitious ornament, may be given very briefly; though few readers require to be informed now how it has been expanded, by the fertile genius of Sir Walter Scott. From whence her parents came is not known, but it is generally believed that they were what are called "incomers" into the parish of Irongray, and were in no way connected with the Walkers of Clouden, a race alike distinguished for respectability and longevity, and who have flourished, time out of mind, upon the fertile and pleasant banks of the Cairn. Her father appears to have been a labouring man, and at his death, his widow, who was then well stricken in years, became dependent for support on the industry of her daughters, Nelly and Tibby Walker.

I regret that I am unable to fix the exact date of the principal incident in Helen Walker's life. I believe, however, that it occurred a few years previous to the more lenient law for child murder, which was passed in 1736. At this time, her sister Tibby, who was considerably younger, and a comely girl, resided in the same cottage; and it is not improbable that their father, a worthy man, was also alive. Isabella was courted by a youth of the name of Waugh, who had the character of being rather wild, fell a victim to his snares, and became enceinte, though she obstinately denied the fact to the last. The neighbours, however, suspected that a child had been born, and repeatedly urged her to confess her fault. But she was deaf to their entreaties, and denied all knowledge of a dead infant, which was found shortly after in the Cairn, or Clouden. The circumstance was soon bruited abroad, and by the directions of the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, of Irongray, the suspected person was carried before the authorities for examination. The unnatural mother was committed to prison, and confined in what was called the "thief's hole," in the old jail of Dumfries, a grated room on the ground-floor, whither her seducer sometimes repaired and conversed with her through the grating. When the day of trial arrived, Helen was told that "a single word of her mouth would save her sister, and that she would have time to repent afterwards;" but trying as was the ordeal, harassing the alternative, nothing could shake her noble fortitude, her enduring and virtuous resolution. Sleep for nights fled from her pillow; most fervently she prayed for help and succour in the time of need; often she wept till the tears refused to flow, and her heart seemed too large for her body; but still no arguments however subtle, no entreaties however agonizing, could induce her to offend her Maker by swerving from the truth.

Her sister was tried, condemned, and sentenced to be executed at the termination of the usual period of six weeks. The result is well known, and is truly as well as powerfully set forth in the novel. Immediately after the conviction, Helen Walker borrowed a sum of money, procured one or more letters of recommendation, and without any other guide than the public road, began to wend her way to the City of London, a journey which was then considered more formidable than a voyage to America is in our day. Over her best attire she threw a plaid and hood, walked barefooted the whole way, and completed the distance in fourteen days. Though her feet were "sorely blistered," her whole frame exhausted, and her spirits sadly jaded, she found it impossible to rest until she had inquired her way to the residence of John, Duke of Argyle. As she arrived at the door, his Grace was just about to step into his carriage, and as the moment was too critical to be lost, the heroic pilgrim presented her petition, fell upon her knees, and urged its prayer with a degree of earnestness and natural eloquence that more than realized the well-known saying of "snatching a grace beyond the reach of art." Here again the result is well known; a pardon was procured and despatched to Scotland, and the pilgrim, after her purse had been replenished, returned home, gladdened and supported by the consoling thought, that she had done her duty without violating her conscience. Touching this great chapter in her history, she was always remarkably shy and reserved. But there is one person still alive who has heard her say, that it was through the "Almighty's strength" that she was enabled to meet the Duke at the most critical moment, a moment which, if lost, never might have been recalled in time to save her sister's life.

Tibby Walker, from the stain cast on her good name, retired to England, and afterwards became united to the man who had wronged her, and with whom, as is believed, she lived happily for a greater part of half a century. Her sister resumed her quiet rural employments, and after a life of unsullied integrity, died in November or December, 1791, at the age of nearly fourscore. She was interred in Irongray churchyard, a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn.—*M'Diarmid.*

SEA-ROAMERS—OLD JOHNNY WOLGAR.

"List ye landsmen all to me."

That "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives," is a very ancient truth, I fancy, and, in spite of the advances of knowledge, it is perfectly applicable, I believe, in the present era of mankind. Every man has his own world, or a little plot cut out of the great mass to which his own wants and habitudes confine his experience, and which he calls "the world."

There are means of earning a subsistence, modes of human toil, so out of the great high-ways of industry, so disconnected from the regular rattle and bustle of the community, so lowly, lone, and independent of all general interests, that, with regard to ordinary observers, they may be said to be absolutely invisible to the naked eye. You must search for them, stoop down to them, handle them, as you would some minute and mysterious process of animal life; put your ear to them, smell at them, before you can ascertain or guess at their nature and use.

The accidents of my life have often brought me into very intimate communion with the poor, so as to make me perfectly familiar with their dispositions and habits, as dependent upon the peculiar circumstances of their condition, and let me into many secrets of strange drudgery and privation, which, as I never saw them mentioned under any head in the quarterly reports of our ever-increasing prosperity, are, I imagine, very little known or felt for out of the bosoms of the sufferers. The obscurity, remoteness, and narrowness of their "world," and the extreme insignificance of their relations with the worlds of other people, readily account for the sort of exile in which they live from common sympathy; a state still further secured to them by the gentle and quiet humility of their own manners and deportment; for, though the last, the lowest among the sons of toil, they are never forward to announce themselves in the angry language of repining and discontent.

I have lately been much in the company of a class of lowly labourers, calling themselves Sea-roamers, who work out, I think, about as stubborn and precarious a "daily bread" from this earth of ours, as any men who have ever fallen under my observation. They are not of the order of adventurers called "wreckers;" the service of the wrecker is uncertain and occasional; whereas, the roamer is a never-failing attendant at the sea-side, where he wanders about from morning till night, to pick up (if God sends him luck, says he) the refuse, the offal of the sea, native and extraneous, that is cast ashore by the tides. The Sea-roamer stands in about the same relation to society, as those Cyclops-like figures, with sacks at their backs, which my London readers, no doubt, must have often seen lurking about under back walls, and in dingy corners, rifling the treasures of cinder-heaps. These searchers of cinders are more abject in their appearance; they are black, blear-eyed, and have a furtive, larcenous look about them, which is not prepossessing; but still they may be honest (when back doors are shut); and as to substantial profits, they rather outdo, I believe, the poor rangers of the beach. I shall, perhaps, best illustrate the nature and vicissitudes of sea-roaming by some little account of the life of one of its most assiduous followers—a man with whose ways I happen to be deeply conversant, and who surely deserves some notice, as having been long known between Castle Point and Birley Gap, on the coast of S——, as "King of the Roamers." Half an hour's biography, collected from his pilgrimage of nearly four-score years on this globe, may not be unentertaining, I hope, to the reader, and, perhaps, not quite uninstructive.

"Old Johnny Wolgar" had always lived in his native place, a small town on the coast of S——, where in one form of enterprise or another, he had always, as the phrase is, followed the sea. I propose to say little of him but what I actually saw during the last two years of his life. Through the vigour of his manhood he had been an industrious and able fisherman, was part owner of a boat and nets, could make a trip to "the other side" once in a season, board an Indiaman in the channel on a dark night, and "all that sort of thing;" got married, came to be a father, and lived prosperously; till time at length had his usual effects with Johnny, as with all flesh; he grew old, was decided to be not seaworthy, sold his share in the boat that he could no longer serve, turned shrimper and purveyor of periwinkles, till he could no longer stoop to pick them up, and so dwindled away, step by step, till he finally settled into a roamer, content to take his pittances from the bounty of that element, from which he had once gallantly forced, as it were, his subsistence; a poor pensioner of the waves, an humble dependent on the chance-medley of "jetsam and flotsam."

He went on in this character without change, or wish for change, for many years; and at the period when I first became acquainted with him, and when he was seventy-two years old, he was still a simple roamer, relying on his own exertions for his subsistence, and for that of a wife about as old and crazy as himself. The first sight of him told you at once that he was no common man. You could not pass him on the beach like an every-day fish, I promise you. In his appearance were signs of age and decrepitude rather more marked than the years he had passed seemed to warrant; but Johnny had "lived hard," in a very hard sense of the word. His face was hollow and grim, the eyes little better than blanks, dim, pale, deep sunk in his head, and overthatched with a white bushy brow; the nose long and sharp, and the jaws skeletonized, and grizzled over from cheek to throat with a stubborn beard an inch in length. His skin had not a tinge of red upon it, but, without any hue of sickliness, was mellowed by sun and wind, and age, into a fine Rembrandt tan, and furrowed, and puckered, and knotted, like the bark of an old tree. On this time-worn, and weather-beaten head grew a very picturesque sort of hat, painted black and glazed, with a cupola top and a broad flapping brim, from beneath which dropped down a few lank locks of wiry hair. With all this ruggedness, there was an expression of extreme mildness and benevolence in his countenance; every feature was roughened and disfigured by long suffering and exposure; but amongst all his marks of hard usage, there was not one of ill-humour or discontent. Of his person you might fairly declare that he was still entire; he had all his limbs about him, though in truth, his usufruct in them was singularly limited. Rheumatism, he used to say, had clapped him in irons all over; his joints were all double-locked, and would as little bend as his shin bones. But in losing his suppleness, he had fortunately hardened upright, and it was among his few varieties that, if no longer apt at a hornpipe, he was as stiff and straight as a Prussian grenadier. He wore a smock-frock on his body, while his lower limbs were smothered in rags, so that he had not in the least the appearance of a creature of coat and breeches, but may have been said rather to have been bandaged than dressed. By various means, direct or indirect, he contrived at least to provide a sufficiency of covering to keep out the weather, and that done, his utmost pride on the score of dress was thoroughly satisfied.

This rigid body, so confined and mummied, will scarcely be thought properly appointed for walking, or any such violences. In fact, my old friend performed all his excursions on horseback, and he considered this means of locomotion, that was still spared to him, as an ample compensation for all the losses and crosses with which he had to reproach the weather and the world. "Keeping a horse" had not the same meaning with him as with ordinary riders. His horse was not a supernumerary servant, to be used one day and neglected another, as whim might suggest, but the main spring of his whole

system, his staff of life; to have deprived him of it would have been to doom him to perpetual imprisonment, and shut him out from all the uses of the world. It was his legs, his liberty, his everything. How he supported this necessary creature I could never exactly ascertain. In the summer time it fed cheaply if not abundantly (it was neither glutton nor epicure, I answer for it) on the compound and spontaneous vegetation of hedges and ditches; and during the barrenness of winter, a little eleemosynary damaged hay, from one kind farmer or another, was sufficient, it was found, to keep off absolute famine; what farther provision there was, I am not, I confess, prepared to set forth. The horse Bob, or "Old Bob," as he was most pertinently defined, was precisely the one that I should have chosen for Johnny, for it was impossible to conceive any thing more happily in keeping with all his peculiarities. I never saw his exact parallel; yet I have no bad eye, as we say, for a horse. He was some sixteen years old when I had first the luck to see him, and, as far as looks were concerned, could not have been older had he lived sixteen centuries. Every bone in his body was anatomically defined, all his flesh appearing, as it were, to have been dragged from his sides, and to bag down in a vast tense pot-belly. His great lumping head bore about the same proportion to his straight, scraggy neck, that a pump bears to its handle; and at his opposite extremity, bounding the spinal line of his sharp, knotty back, was another oddity quite as characteristical, in the shape of a tail, which stuck out horizontally, and consisted of about a foot of naked stump, fringed near the root with a scanty and irregular wisp of grizzly hair. He had been originally a black, but his coat, as black coats are wont, had apostatized into a Mulatto; and, like all old coats, too, betrayed every rent and mending that it had suffered in its whole course of wear and tear, together with large and frequent spots of bare, corny skin, which stared out like patches of another stuff, and gave the poor animal the same ragged, motley, beggar-like aspect that distinguished his loving master. On this reverend hack, with a sack for his saddle, Johnny usually took his station about an hour after day-light, and was seldom restored to the ground before dark. His labour and ceremony of mounting were by no means the least entertaining act of his day to lookers-on, though a sore tax on his own infirmities. With the help of two or three of his neighbours, who would always willingly be present, and his own hooked fingers, he contrived to scramble up and fall upon his belly across his horse's back, where he lay straightened out and see-sawing like a plank, till he was stopped by his friends, who would swing him round, and push him, and pull him, and poke him about, and so, at last, compel him to sit. This difficulty conquered, he had still much to do before he got fairly under way. First, his basket was handed up to him, the receptacle of his prizes, which he duly placed on his left thigh; he then introduced his left arm with the assistance of the right under the arch of the handle, and secured both articles in their places, by means of three or four turns of the bridle round his wrist. Bob, with many other faculties, had entirely lost his sense of bridle; yet the implement was still retained, and, bitless as it was, fastened to his head as to a post, not only for decency's sake, but as something for Johnny to take hold of for his ease and security. Now, as our adventurer never dismounted when abroad, unless tempted by a mighty high prize indeed, and as the act of dismounting and again mounting was, with such casual help as he could procure, in itself equivalent to at least half a day's work, he had provided against the necessity of leaving his seat by a simple instrument of his own invention, a long pole with a spike and hook at one end, with which he had learned to stick, pick, pull and bring to basket all such valuables as he was ordinarily in the habit of meeting with. Thus fully equipped, he fearlessly trusted himself to the elements, making his way at a steady and solemn pace to the shore. During all the stormy season of the year he was as one of the natural parts of the sea-side, a something that one could as little have afforded to miss, as a point of the bay, or the sands at low-water. There was cliff, and beach, and wind, and rain, and sea, and surf, and, "Old Johnny Wolgar." For me, who was a sea-roamer like himself, there seldom passed a day in which I did not encounter him, and from our continual familiarity, we soon became sworn friends and allies. I watched him narrowly, and have him, I think, in all his lineaments and actions thoroughly by heart. His riding was delicious. Nothing could be more sedate and slow than Bob's pace (he had but one), and a man on his back would naturally have been subjected to little more agitation than in his easy chair. But Johnny had a series of actions, a regular body-work entirely of his own making, which, contrasted with the grave deportment of his beast, had a very ludicrous effect. A hasty observer might have attributed these actions to fair riding, but they were, in truth, in conformity rather with the speed at which his horse ought to have gone, than to any movements which he could actually be charged with. This system of self-impulsion (which gave him the air of outriding his horse all to nothing) was originally adopted, perhaps, from testiness and impatience, and came at length to be persisted in as a mere habit, though it had the good effect of giving him a degree of exercise and warmth, which it was quite foreign from Bob's will or power to be in any way accessory to. The limits of authority and service had been long settled between them; their acts were all grown into matters of custom and prescription, and there was no resistance on one side, because there was no command on the other. Each may have had his vagrant wishes, his unruly thoughts of a little faster or a little slower; but these never ripened into deeds. At every twentieth pace Johnny stopped; and at every thirtieth pace, Bob stopped; Johnny stopped to see or fancy he saw something; and Bob stopped, it was not easy to say why, but he did; and so they proceeded, if such a term can be applied to them, darkling on their way through gloom and mist at the edge of the roaring surf, as satisfied with their destiny and each other as any couple in the world.

The journey conducted on these principles, amounted (including the outward and homeward passage) to about five miles, and was performed generally in about seven hours. As a feat of activity, this may be not thought much of; yet, with its usual accompaniment of wind and wet, it would have killed thousands, I fancy, who make far more noise in the world than Johnny. For his part, he made not the least account of the weather, as it addressed itself to his poor old hide, considering it good or bad only as it furnished provision for his basket. A fine day was a storm of wind from the south-west; and if there was a deluge of rain with it, why so, it was a mere chip in the porridge. He sat in the rain with as much composure and apparant unconsciousness as a gooseberry-bush. Not that he had the preference for such exposure, but that, duty impelling, and his character as a roamer being at stake, he had brought himself to this Spartan contempt of suffering. The south-east and south-west gales, the fiercest of the winter, were precisely those that sent most riches to the shore, so that if ever there was a day in the week peculiarly bad, Johnny had always the luck to be in the thick of it. He was often, to be sure, buffeted about by the wind most cruelly; and, in the weakliness of his latter days, had sometimes much ado to maintain himself in any decent posture of ease, safety, or dignity. You might have seen him in a squall, clinging with both arms round his horse's neck, tail to wind, his basket capsized and hastening fitfully homewards, his lance overboard, and himself in momentary danger of his dismissal before the rage of the tempest. This he called "lying to." On such occasions his fragmental dress would be sorely discomposed, entire vestments would be blown

from his back; while such rigging as still adhered to him became so loosened and at large, that he rattled in the wind like a ship "in stays."

His capabilities of endurance, in this war of wind and rain, were a striking exemplification of the force of habit. All the injury that the weather could do him it had done; he was as stiff and cramped as it was possible to be, and having reached this degree of fixedness and schirrosity alive, he trusted his impenetrable trunk to the inclemencies of the skies as confidently as his water-proof hat. The same remarks will precisely apply to his fellow-traveller Bob, of whom it could no longer be said that he was nimble and frisky, but who would stand to be pelted at by a winter's rain with a degree of spirit and alacrity that would shame the best Arabian that ever was bred.

In his manners, Johnny was exceedingly respectful, preserving a stately ceremoniousness in his deportment, that savoured much of what we understand by the "old school" of politeness. Whenever we met he always took off his hat, held it scrupulously at some distance from his head, and made me a most deferential bow. I did not like this humility of obeisance, for though a great admirer of gentleness of manners, and no confounder of the distances and degrees that separate the classes of men, yet age with me has it own rank, its dignities in wrinkles and white hairs, that supersede all other distinctions. When a very old man, though in rags, prostrates himself before me, an upstart of yesterday, I cannot help feeling a sense of impropriety in the act, of violence done to the just order of precedence, as founded in the laws of natural etiquette, which no lowliness and beggary on his side can reconcile me to. The distinctions of rank should surely be maintained; but what is greater in its claims to tender and respectful consideration, than threescore and ten? Johnny was pretty nearly a match for any body, but a few paces from that common home which makes equals of us all. With such feelings, I soon explained to him that he might spare his bow; but whatever may have been the worthiness of my intentions, they quite missed their mark, for the old man was so taken with what he was pleased to think my condescension in this respect, that he bowed to me with ten times more determinacy than ever, defeating me in the perverse spirit of Steele's funeral recruits, "the more he gave them, the merrier they looked."

It will scarcely be supposed that I was so incurious as not to have my peep into his basket. I would not trifle with my reader's suspense. But what does he suppose that I saw there? What was the result of the laborious preparations, the toilsome marches, and long scuffling with the tempest that I have explained to him? The produce was variable; but the following inventory may be relied upon as a pretty fair representation of its kind and amount for four days out of the six:—"A piece of wood, oak, with a nail in it, (important); three pieces of rope, (not worth much, but fit for oakum any day); an old shoe, slight, and upper leather wanting, (good for nothing but will burn); a bit of stranded fish of the flat kind, much bruised, and rather 'on the go,' (to be reserved for dame Wolgar's judgment); a piece of canvass, a mere rag, and quite rotten, (see how it turns out when dry, and when the worst's told will do for the paper-makers); a piece of blue cloth, coarse, but in tolerable preservation, (do for a seat for son-in-law's breeches, make a mop, or a thousand things); seven bones of the cuttle-fish (sold at three-pence a pound, to make pounce, or 'something white' for the doctors); the brim of a hat; no great matter, but to be taken home for consideration); a ship's block belonging to— (Hush!)." Add to this miscellany, a handful or two of sticks or chips for fire-wood, and you will have what Johnny would have esteemed a very reasonable day's allowance. "And what, Johnny," said I, "may be the average amount of your daily profits?"—"Why, Sir," said he, "taking one day with another, I think I might go so far as to say four-pence a day." He sometimes got less, sometimes nothing, but he sometimes got more, sixpence, a shilling; and this very precariousness of his returns gave an animation to his pursuit, that blinded him to its worthlessness, and was its own sufficient reward. "I wonder what it will be to day," he would say at starting; and this wonder at his age, was worth anything. A tub of gin might be picked up, there was no telling, and here was a ground of hope that sent him day after day to the beach, with a heart as light as his basket.

He had his comforts too of a more substantial character. Little as you might have thought of him, he had generally a piece of bread and cheese stowed away in some hole of his dress or other. This he called his dinner, and, increditable as it may appear to some people, he desired not a better. He never was hungry, and had outlived therefore all relish in eating. He used to talk of his stomach as if it and he were two persons, as if he had no living sympathies with it, and provided for its necessities as for those of his horse, or any foreign matter dependent on his care. "My stomach," he would say, "wants something, but I care little about it." He knew that he should become faint and weak by long inanition, and, to avoid this extremity, required himself to eat, having certain signs through the day out of himself, which regulated for him the season when this duty was to be performed. It was not, "I feel hungry," but, "it is low-water," or "the flood-tide is making," and out came the bread and cheese.

Such were the duties and delights of Johnny's winter days. In the summer, whose gentle winds and moderate seas bring no harvest to the beach, he forsook his natural haunts, cast away his lance and basket, and appeared in the tame, dull, character of an inland traveller and trader. Amongst his worldly goods, he numbered a cart, which had descended to him from his father, though he had mended it till you might almost say he had made it. One of the wheels, I believe, was aboriginal, and he used to point it out as something not to be matched by modern wheelwrights, and certainly not by its companion. In this vehicle, such as it was, with Bob appended, and freighted with a light cargo of nuts, gingerbread, and such child's matters, together with a few fish occasionally, when he could raise money or credit for the purchase, he visited the neighbouring villages and farms, the delight of little children, the plaything of village maids, and the butt of every clown that had a joke and a grin to spare. By such excursions he beguiled a little the long light of the summer; but they yielded him a miserable profit, and no cordial pleasure in any way. He would return sometimes bringing sad accounts of trade, and the condition of the country. "There never were such times, would you believe it?—a pint and a half of nuts, three ha'p'orth of ginger-bread, with three whitings, and a dab, no more, and a day's work, it was enough to ruin any man." The fact is" said he, "there *is* no money," and he put on a definitive look that added, "and you have *my* authority for saying so."

He languished under the tiresome sameness and stillness of sunny skies and dusty roads; and yearned for the animating violences, and all the hurly-burly of the beach, with a piping gale from the south. Besides, there was a meanness, a paltry narrowness in all his inland transactions, that humbled and dispirited him. He who had so long been used to deal with the ocean, and bargain with the storm, could ill condescend to higgle with a child for a halfpenny, and squabble with an old wife over a stale mackerel. I hasten, poor old soul! as he did, to his end.

Towards the close of a wet and stormy day in February, a man living at the tide-mill close upon the sea-shore, observed Johnny's horse, at the distance of about half a mile from him, standing alone on the beach, his rider being nowhere to be seen. As such a circumstance was not quite unprecedented, he retired to his work, giving it little consideration; but when, in half an hour afterwards,

he looked out again and saw things precisely in the same posture, he began to think, making all due allowances for their peculiar usages, there was something in this protracted steadfastness of the horse, and concealment of his master, that was strange and alarming. An hour elapsed, the night was drawing on, and still there was no change; when the man, a good-natured fellow, who knew Johnny well, and would not have had him come to harm for a trifle, felt his apprehensions so much awakened, that he determined to walk down to the place where the horse stood, and ascertain what was the matter. When he had got better than half way, he began hallooing as he walked, and then stopped in the fearful hope of seeing Johnny's well-known hat peep up above the long level ridge of the shingles, and hearing himself hailed in his turn; but no such image appeared on the dreary waste, and no voice but his own mingled with the raving of the wind and the roar of the surf. He then advanced till he distinguished the body of the old man, lying on its face, stretched stiff out (as it always was, lying or standing,) and close under his horse, whose nose was drooping down, till it rested apparently on the shoulders of his master. With a sickening foreboding of the truth that held back his feet, the man was still willing to hope that the travellers were both asleep, and he called out lustily upon Johnny; but received no notice in return, except from the horse, who raised his head, looked at him for a moment, and then resumed his former attitude, to wait for another signal of release, which was never to be seen again. The friendly miller now hastened at once to the body, "gave it a bit of a kick," crying, "Master Wolgar, Master Wolgar," stooped down, and turning over the face, found the old roamer stiff and cold—that indeed he had been for years, and alive—but he was now stiff and cold, and dead. His horse's bridle was still twisted as usual round his wrist, and, had he not been discovered before dark, the patient beast, confined by that slight bond as by a chain of iron, would have stood, probably, till he had dropped and perished by his master's side.

It was "a fit," people said, that thus suddenly terminated poor Johnny's career; and the coroner, with all his skill, could make out little more than what will be reported of us all in our turn, that he was "found dead." This was following up his business with a gallantry that was worthy of him, facing the enemy to the last moment, and dying under arms. He had complained of no indisposition, no unusual sensations on last leaving his home; but started on his expedition with his accustomed alacrity, beat his way against wind and rain, to the ordinary boundary of his outward voyage, and there "brought up," to rest from his roaming for ever.

In a few days a solemn bell announced to us poor Johnny's funeral, always an impressive scene in a small community, where all are known, and the meanest is missed. There was no lack of honest mourners to follow him; and if I breathed out my prayer with the rest for his peace, it was an act of obsequiousness (to say nothing of feeling) which I owed him, had it been only in return for the many, many times that he had bared his white head to the wind in courtesy to me.—*Richard Ayton.*

ILL-TEMPER.

It is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our tempers, than by real misfortunes. And it happens, unfortunately, that these irregularities of the temper are most apt to display themselves at our firesides, where everything ought to be tranquil and serene. But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak or ill-natured when we get out into the world, and so very heroically reserve all our ill-humour for our wives, children, and servants. We are meek where we might meet with opposition, but feel ourselves undauntedly bold where we are sure of no effectual resistance.

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

There are some things which are come at by an indirect process, more easily than by a direct one; and many competent judges believe that happiness is one of the number. We strongly incline to this opinion, and suspect that the pretended art of being happy is very much like the art of making gold, which at one time occupied the attention of so many of the learned, but which has long been admitted to be almost the only process by which gold cannot be made. Make shoes, make coats, make hats, make houses, make almost anything you please (except perhaps books), and you in fact make gold, because the product of your labour, whatever it may be, converts itself naturally in your hands into that valuable metal. But once attempt to make gold by a direct process, and you not only fail in your object, but sustain a total loss of time, labour, and capital employed in the operation. The case, we imagine, is nearly the same with studying directly the art of being happy. Study politics, study law, study commerce, study agriculture, study any of the fine or mechanical arts, and you, in fact study happiness, because, independently of the immediate fruit of skill, in this or that department of knowledge and practice, which you derive from your studies, there is no more certain way of being happy, than to pursue with activity and diligence almost any honest employment. But no sooner does a man set about studying directly how he shall be happy, than he is pretty sure to become completely miserable. "Your poor devil is your only happy man." And there is a good deal of truth, as well as much consolation, in this. The common blessings which Providence distributes abundantly to the prudent and virtuous of even the humblest classes, are no doubt quite as conducive to happiness as the imaginary and illusive advantages of the favourites of fortune. But if we ask, "who is the real poor devil?" we may, perhaps, reply with confidence, that it is not the man who is always studying to be happy. The experience of the world, in all ages and nations, from Seged, king of Ethiopia, down to the luckless schoolboy, groaning under the burden of a holiday, confirms this notion. And there appears to be a deep philosophical reason for the fact. It is, that happiness was not intended by nature to be the direct result of an operation, performed with the immediate purpose of attaining it; but on the contrary, the indirect result of an operation intended immediately and principally for the attainment of another object, which is moral perfection or virtue. Observe the tradesman who has made his fortune (as the phrase is), and retired from business, or the opulent proprietor enjoying his dignified leisure. How he toils at the task of doing nothing, as a ship without ballast at sea, when it falls calm after a heavy blow, labours more without stirring an inch, than in going ten knots an hour with a good breeze. How he "groans and sweats," as Shakspere has it, under a happy life! How he cons over at night, for the third time, the newspaper which he read through twice, from beginning to end, immediately after breakfast! But this is not the worst. No sooner does he find himself in the state of unoccupied blessedness, than a host of unwished-for visitants enter on his premises, and declare his body a good prize. Dyspepsia (a new name of horror) plucks from his lips the untasted morsel, and the brimming bowl bedims his eyes with unnatural blindness, and powders his locks with premature old age. Hypochondria (the accursed blues of the fathers) ploughs his cheeks with furrows, and heaps a perpetual cloud upon his brow. Gout grapples him by the great toe; so that what with black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, the poor man suffers martyrdom in every nerve and fibre. His Elysium is much like that of the departed Grecian heroes in the "Odyssey," who frankly avowed to Ulysses, that they would rather be the meanest day-labourers above ground, than reign supreme over all the shades below.

To conclude, the real "art of being happy," is to endeavour to make other people so.

THE GAY WORLD.

Pass on, thou World,
Follow the prosperous and the great,
Nor sympathise with suffering fate;
Nor let one tear for others flow—
Pass on—the poor and friendless know—
'Tis not for long!

Thy halls are bright
With music, beauty, all that Wealth reveals;
Why shouldst thou pause to think what misery feels—
With what sad terrors poverty must cope;—
Pass on—the wretched look to heaven, and hope
'Tis not for long!

Thy parks and lawns
Yield health, and bloom, and ever peaceful skies,
Why seek the couch where haggard sickness lies
In streets confined—in alleys chill and lorn—
Pass on—there is God's rose for sorrow's thorn—
'Tis not for long!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE GLOW-WORM.

(FROM PFEFFEL.)

SOFTLY beaming and content,
A glow-worm lay upon the ground,
Unconscious of the light she lent
To less distinguished worms around.

From out a mossy bed, close by,
A toad crept forth the worm to view,
And glancing with an evil eye,
Its venom at the bright thing threw.

"Oh, say, what harm I've done to thee,"
The worm exclaimed, "I can't divine!"
"Enough," the toad croaked angrily,
"Enough, that you presume to shine."

MILLY'S CONSOLATION.

"CHILDREN love me so, that sometimes I half fancy—its a silly fancy, William—they have some way I don't know of, of feeling for my little child and me, and understanding why their love is precious to me. If I have been quiet since, I have been more happy, William, in a hundred ways. Not least happy, dear, in this,—that even when my little child was born and dead but a few days, and I was weak and sorrowful, and could not help grieving a little, the thought arose, that if I tried to lead a good life, I should meet in heaven a bright creature, who would call me mother."—*Charles Dickens' Haunted Man.*

I'm joyous, yet I'm sorrowful, I think upon the past,
Of one thing bright and beautiful, too beautiful to last,
Of one sweet cherub sent to me, that came and went again,
Ere I could love and cherish it—ah! earthly hopes are vain.

Yes, I had hoped 'twould live and be a fond endearing child,
Returning all my love with love, so genial, so mild.
Perchance, it was too innocent to live on earth with me,
Its spirit sought for purer realms, while from earth's guilt 'twas free.

It is a silly dream I know, but oft-times I have thought,
That children seem to cling to me (I know not why they ought,)
They seem to have a sympathy for that dear child that's gone,
Oh, while their love is precious, my heart is not so lone.

When my sweet little child lay dead, one happy thought arose,
A solace and a comfort 'twas to all my earthly woes.
I thought that I would try to lead a pure and goodly life,
And try to wean myself from all world-vanity, and strife.

I thought if thus I liv'd on earth, to me it would be given
To meet that angel cherub in its glorious place in Heaven
To hear it call me mother once, oh! 'twould indeed be bliss,
And now I live for other worlds with comfort left in this.

J. H. JEWELL.

DIAMOND DUST

MEDICINE is but a temporary expedient, and the more we take the more we require. It may mitigate, assuage, or allay, it may afford relief when we are actually ill, it cannot prevent disease; still less can it save us from death, though it may be the means indeed of prolonging life. Medicine, as applied to the human frame, is like regulating a watch when out of order by moving the hands on the dial-plate, instead of removing the fundamental cause of the evil by an examination of the machinery within.

WE gain as much in avoiding the failings of others, as we do in imitating that in which they excel.

PERSPICUITY.—Remember that in writing, perspicuity is half the battle. The want of it is the ruin of more than half the poetry that is published. A meaning that does not stare you in the face is as bad as no meaning, because nobody will take the pains to poke for it.

IF we seek an interest of our own, detached from that of others, we seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existed. Can we be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, convince us that the thing is somewhere, at least, possible.

POLITENESS is the shadow of civilization. Christianity is the substance.

FALLIBILITY is the mother of us all. Idleness wastes a fortune in half the time that industry makes one.

HAPPINESS, like mocking, is catching. At least, none but those who are happy in themselves, can make others so. No wit, no understanding, neither riches nor beauty, can communicate this feeling—the happy alone can make happy. Love and joy are twins, or born of each other.

AMBITION is but Avarice on stilts and masked.

"WHAT all the world says must be true," we will take it on credit; but "what all the world *does* is right," is longer credit than we can afford to give.

WE should be slow in our censure of princes. Kingship is a profession which has produced both the most contemptible and illustrious of the human race. That sovereign is worthy of no slight respect who rises in moral dignity to the level of his subjects; so manifold and so great are the impediments.

OUR home is not where we are, but where we wish to be.

LIFE is a moment stolen from eternity.

MEMORY, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming mother of Wisdom.

EVERY hour is favourable throughout existence to the sowing some seed, or gathering some fruit, for "in satisfying one's conscience, we satisfy God," saith Confucius.

BY checking the flight of expectation, we cheat disappointment of its pain.

RATHER let us suffer for speaking the truth, than that truth should suffer for want of speaking.

WE seldom learn the true want of what we have, till it is discovered that we can have no more.

IT is one of the conditions of life, that experience is not transmissible. No man can learn from the sufferings of another, he must suffer himself; each must bear his own burden.

IF women had fair play, men would oftener lose the game.

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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL

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THE HEALTH OF THE SKIN.

THE skin of man performs many important functions. It is not merely the sensitive covering of the body connecting us with surrounding nature, but it is also one of the most important depurating organs of the system, constantly employed in removing its impurities, and without the incessant activity and agency of which, there can neither be health nor long life.

One of the characteristic features of all organized beings is, the series of changes which the material composing them is constantly undergoing. During every moment of our existence, we are adding new particles to our frame, in place of old particles which are thrown off; and no person can say with truth, that at any one moment he is the same being, in the material which composes him, that he was the moment before, or will be the moment after. This constant change of particles holds true of the infirm man of eighty, as of the infant a day old. And of the organs concerned in this extraordinary change of the material composing the human structure, the skin is one of the most important; both *absorbing*, or drawing in new matter; and *excreting*, or throwing off, old.

The outermost covering of the body is called the *cuticle*, or scarf-skin. It is a thin layer of elastic matter, something like a coating of india-rubber, a kind of natural macintosh. Strange to say, this part of the skin is quite dead—it has no more sensation than a glove. Its component parts resemble those of the nails and hair. Viewed under a microscope, it presents the appearance of an infinity of dry, flattened, and extremely thin scales, overlapping each other; an arrangement which admits of the utmost freedom of movement of the body, and at the same time of the exercise of the faculties of sensation and touch. The minute scales which we have referred to are undergoing a continual change—they fall off by constant wearing and friction, and their removal by ablution is rendered necessary, not merely to the health of the skin, but to that of the entire body. Sometimes, by constant pressure or friction, the cuticle becomes much thickened, as in the needlewoman's finger, and in the blacksmith's hand, when it assumes the consistence of horn.

Immediately underneath the cuticle is a second layer, though not separable from it, (called the *rete mucosum*,) in which the colour of the skin resides; in the negro, black; in the Malay, olive-tinted, and so on. Then we arrive at the *true* or *sensitive* skin, by which the chief functions of the organ are performed. It is abundantly supplied with sensitive nerves, blood-vessels, absorbing and exhalatory vessels. These are knitted together by cellular tissue, and are so interwoven together, that they constitute a firm, strong, and flexible web. The true skin is extremely sensitive, its surface being amazingly extended by the contrivance of an infinite number of minute, elongated, conical prominences, technically termed *papillæ*. The extreme sensitiveness of these is blunted by the cuticle which covers them—otherwise sensation and touch could not be exercised without pain.

Perhaps the most important function of the skin is that which it performs as an exhalant of waste matter, after it has done its proper work in the system. To perform this office, the skin is everywhere perforated by what are called the *pores*. Dr. Erasmus Wilson gives the following account of the extraordinary number of them, in his excellent little work on Healthy Skin. "To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3,528 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube of about a quarter of an inch long, it follows, that in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand, there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73½ feet. On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeds that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2,268, and the length of tube 567 inches, or 47 feet. To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2,800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 700, consequently, of the number of inches in length. Now, the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk is 2,500; the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000, and the number of inches of perspiratory tube 1,750,000, that is 145,833 feet, or 48,600 yards, or nearly twenty-eight miles!"

When the skin is in a healthy state, and kept free from impurities, it throws off exactly that amount of moisture which is necessary for bodily comfort and the preservation of health. Perspiration is going on at all times; and if suddenly checked, the body is soon thrown into a state of high fever. We are not, however, always conscious of it; hence the term *insensible perspiration*. It is only after violent exercise, or exposure to a high temperature, that the perspiration becomes excessive and sensible. And it may here be remarked, that besides performing the office of an excretory organ, the skin also, by the process of perspiration, acts as a regulator of the temperature of the body. The watery particles, which are thrown off mostly in vapour, carry off its surplus heat, in obedience to that law by which fluids absorb caloric on assuming the gaseous form.

Some idea of the important uses of the skin, as an excretory organ, may be formed from the fact, that the insensible perspiration of the adult amounts to between two and three pounds daily. In warm weather, and

during exercise or hard work, the amount perspired is, of course, very much greater. Many operatives, who work in heated rooms, or are exposed to engine-fires, throw off through the skin perspirable matter to the amount of some twenty pounds in the day.

An interesting experiment has been recorded by Dr. Southwood Smith, in his "Philosophy of Health," showing the extraordinary activity of the skin both as an organ of exhalation and absorption. Eight of the workmen employed at the Phœnix Gas-works, London, in drawing and charging the retorts, and in making up the fires, which labour they perform twice a-day, and for about an hour at a time, were accurately weighed in their clothes immediately before they began, and after they had finished their work. In one case, two men, who worked for an hour and ten minutes in a very hot place, were found to have lost, the one four pounds fourteen ounces, and the other five pounds two ounces, within that very short period. The same men were immediately put into a hot-bath, where they remained half an hour; and, on being re-weighed after coming out of the bath, it was found that they had again gained all the weight that they had lost, with the exception of a few ounces. Several of the men were also weighed at intervals of some months, and it appeared, that while some of them had lost in average weight, others of them had considerably gained.

The perspiration, when it passes through the skin, carries with it saline and animal matters, which are precipitated and left on the skin, from which they can be thoroughly removed only by the process of washing. When these matters are not so removed, they accumulate, and by the absorbing power of the skin, to which we have above referred, parts of them are again carried into the system, where there is every reason to believe that they act as a poison, more or less virulent according to circumstances, producing fever, inflammation, and even death itself. Hence the importance of frequent ablutions, of warm or cold baths, and of cleanliness and washing of all sorts.

The bath is as yet far too little known in England, where, on account of the humidity of our climate, its general use would prove of great public benefit. Nowhere are these necessities of healthy life more required than in our large towns and cities; for there the immense quantities of soot and smoke with which the atmosphere is impregnated, seek their way through the clothes, defiling the linen, flannel, and skin, and rendering frequent and regular ablution necessary in order to secure any ordinary degree of purity and cleanliness.

The occupations of large numbers of our operatives, also, are necessarily among materials which defile the skin; and, in many cases, they work among matters that are decidedly poisonous if absorbed into the system. It is far from being a reproach to the workman that his hands and his body bear the indications of his honest labour; there is honour, high honour, in industry of all kinds, no matter howsoever it soil the skin. But, after all, this is only one of the accidents and accompaniments of labour; and after the hours of daily toil are over, the defilement is removable. The hands and the skin may be washed, and for this purpose abundance of pure water, and cheap and easy access to public baths, ought to be within the reach of the operatives and artisans of all large towns.

Nothing would be easier than to establish baths in connection with most large workshops and factories. In almost all of them there is a steam-engine and plenty of hot water, which is at present allowed to run entirely to waste. This might easily be saved for the supply of warm baths for the workpeople, which might be constructed at a very small expense. Already several large manufacturers, anxious to promote the health and comfort of their workpeople, have erected baths for their accommodation. The Messrs. Catterall and Co., of Preston, recently opened a series of spacious baths in connection with their works, for the use of those in their employment. There are three baths, each forty-seven feet long and twelve wide, one of which is for men, another for women, and a third for children. Mr. Samuel Greg, of Bollington, has also erected, at a cost of only about eighty pounds, seven baths for the use of his workpeople, copiously supplied with hot and cold water. Admission to these baths is by means of tickets, for which a penny is charged; subscribers pay a shilling a month, for which five baths weekly are allowed. These receipts go to pay the bath-keepers' and attendants' wages. An arrangement of the same kind has been adopted at the splendid establishment of the Messrs. Marshall, at Leeds. All masters would do a great public service by following the examples of these men.

But even though the masters fail to take the initiative in the establishment of baths for the working classes, we would have the workmen themselves to set about the thing, relying mainly on their own exertions. The examples of the operatives of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other towns in Scotland, where the working classes have themselves established public baths, ought to act as incentives to the working classes in other places. We are glad also to observe, that public bathing and washing-houses are being established on a large scale, through the generous aid of the upper and middle classes, in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns in England. In this movement the Bishop of London has taken a distinguished and highly creditable part.

When baths are not accessible, an excellent substitute may be adopted in daily sponging the whole surface of the body with cold or tepid water. Every workman, especially whose occupation exposes him to impurity, or excites his skin to copious perspiration, ought regularly to practise this method of washing, when a daily bath cannot be had. It keeps the skin clean, and preserves the body from disease by case-hardening it, as it were, against vicissitudes both in temperature and humidity.

We need scarcely remind our readers of the moral as well as physical beauty of cleanliness—cleanliness which indicates self-respect, and is the root of many fine virtues—and especially of purity, delicacy, and decency. We might even go farther, and say, that purity of thought and feeling result from habitual purity of body. For, the mind and heart of man are, to a very great extent indeed, influenced by external conditions and circumstances; and habit and custom, as regards outward things, stamp themselves deeply on the whole character,—alike upon the moral feelings and the intellectual powers. It is not, we believe, too much to say, that the cleanly habits of persons will induce cleanly habits of thinking, and we fear it may very generally be pronounced with truth that the body that is habitually dirty will have a mind that is dirty.

Among the eastern nations, cleanliness is a part of their religion; they go beyond the Apostle of the Christian faith, and esteem it not only as next to godliness, but as a part itself of godliness. They connect the idea of internal sanctity with that of external purification. They feel that it would be an insult to the Maker they worship, to come into His presence covered with impurity. Hence the Mahommedans devote almost as much care to the erection of baths, as to that of mosques; and alongside of the place of worship is generally found erected the place of cleansing, that the faithful may have the ready means of purification previous to their acts of worship.

And "what worship," says a great writer, "is there not in mere washing! perhaps one of the most moral things a man, in common cases, has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the bath, or were it into the limpid pool of a running brook, and there wash and be clean, thou wilt step out again a purer and a better man. This consciousness of perfect outer pureness—that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck of imperfection—how it radiates on thee, with cunning symbolic in-

fluences to thy very soul! thou hast an increased tendency towards all good things whatsoever. The oldest eastern sages, with joy and holy gratitude, had felt it to be so, and that it was the Maker's gift and will. It remained a religious duty in the East. Nor could Herr Professor Strauss, when I put the question, deny that for us, at present, it is still such here in the West. To that dingy operative emerging from his soot-mill, what is the first duty I will prescribe, and offer help towards? That he clean the skin of him. Can he pray by any ascertained method? One knows not to a certainty; but with a sufficiency of soap and water, he can wash. Even the dull English feel something of that; they have a saying, 'Cleanliness is near of kin to godliness;' yet never, in any country, saw I men worse washed, and in a climate drenched with the softest cloud-water, such a scarcity of baths."

We are in a fair way, however, of removing this reproach. Baths are now becoming more common, in public places as well as in private houses. Every effort should be made to promote the progress of this movement—water should be supplied in abundance to the inhabitants of towns at low rates—the tax on soap, which is a tax on cleanliness, should be abolished—and all classes should cordially unite to promote the general establishment of baths and washhouses, as a means towards the increased happiness, morality, education, and even religious progress, of the entire community.

THE BARONET'S STORY.

The following story was related to me by an old friend, an Irish baronet, and, as far as my memory serves, I will give it to you in his own words:—

About four months after my marriage it was my wont, each morning after breakfast, to stroll about my gardens and fields until, perhaps, one o'clock, at which hour I returned home to enjoy my wife's society, and, when the weather permitted, we occasionally took a walk or ride.

One morning, feeling myself not quite well, I returned much earlier than usual, about eleven o'clock, and went into the house by a back entrance: as neither knocking nor ringing announced my arrival, my wife was not aware of my return.

I sought her first in the drawing-room, but not finding her there, proceeded to her bed-room, and, whilst passing through my dressing-room to it, I was surprised by a sudden rush to the bed-room door, which was instantly bolted from within. I distinctly heard a low whispering, and, as I thought, a hurried receding step; yet, altogether I was not kept waiting more than a few seconds; my wife's maid opened the door, when, to my greater perplexity, I beheld my wife's usually pale face suffused with crimson blushes; I also detected her manœuvering a comb through her hair, to hide, as I instantly suspected, her blushes from me, or her disordered curls.

"What is the meaning of all this," thought I; "it is strange! The maid, too, looks confused and frightened."

My wife did not hasten to meet me with her usual sunny welcome; there was not even one smile to greet me. At length, recovering herself a little, she, with a hesitating manner, said—"Well, love, how goes on the farm?"

But I was grieved; for the first time in my life, I felt that I was not welcome. I felt something was going on that I was not to know; so, merely saying, "I will tell you when we meet in the drawing-room," I abruptly quitted her.

Not knowing whither I was going, or why I suffered so sudden, so frightful a revolution of feelings, I hurried down stairs, rushed through the hall, across the lawn, and plunged into the fir-path that leads to a sequestered part of the grounds; nor did I slacken my pace until I was fully a mile from the house, when I threw myself upon the green bank by the side of the river, the most miserable of men. I, who, one half-hour before, was the happiest of men, now, unaccountably, unutterably wretched.

Pride had, at the moment, prevented my asking for an explanation; that, I thought, ought to have been given unsought; and I determined not to ask Lady —— *why* my visit was evidently so unwelcome.

But, thenceforth, I resolved to keep a watchful eye upon her. A thousand cruel thoughts crowded upon me, now that I discovered there was something which my wife concealed from me; she—whom I thought so artless, so free from all duplicity.

At this period I had attained my thirtieth year. Lady —— was only two years younger than myself; but, from her sweet and girlish style of beauty, and gay, happy manner, no one would suppose her more than twenty. She had been educated on the Continent. I knew that, soon after leaving school, she had received matrimonial proposals,—if she had not been actually engaged to a gentleman,—before quitting Paris. Hitherto, this circumstance had never given me the slightest uneasiness; but now my thoughts involuntarily reverted to it; it haunted me day and night.

Between my wife and her maid there was an unusual intimacy, owing, as I understood, to the latter being, what is called, an old follower of the family. This woman was one of the tallest I ever saw, and large in proportion: her face was handsome, the features strongly defined, her eyes large, intensely dark and penetrating; her long black ringlets looked false; in appearance you would have said that she was nearer fifty than forty. This person, with her erect figure, was, taken altogether, what many would pronounce a very fine woman, but somewhat masculine.

Having described my wife's maid, how shall I tell you of the horrible suspicion which seized upon my imagination!

I thought——perchance——this maid——was——her foreign lover in disguise!

And yet I did not, could not believe it, though the frightful idea never absented itself from my brain. To hint such a thought to my beautiful Agnes, my beloved wife, I could never bring myself. I strove, rather, to banish the idea from my mind as a suggestion of Satan.

From that day I became much changed, both in the outward and inward man. My happiness was gone, my naturally light and cheerful manner gave place to irritability and gloom. Time flew on, days and weeks passed without any particular occurrence, until one morning, having arranged to accompany a gentleman in the neighbourhood on a fishing excursion, I informed Agnes that I should not return until evening, when I would bring my friend to dinner. Immediately after breakfast, off we started in a dog-cart. We had not proceeded more than four miles, when, in turning a corner of the road, a boy, who was shooting sparrows, fired so near to the horse's head that it took fright and dashed off at a furious gallop, nor stopped until we were upset into a ditch. We were compelled to give up our day's excursion, and leaving the groom to take care of the bruised horse, my friend and I walked smartly home by a short cut, and entering the house, after conducting my friend into the drawing-room, I hastened up stairs to relate our disaster to Agnes. When, as I again passed through my dressing-room, the door was again bolted, and I distinctly heard my wife say, with a faultering voice, "He is returned; we are discovered!" The scales fell from my eyes, I had no longer any doubt, my worst fears were realized!

Oh, the agony of that moment! I staggered back a few paces, my head reeled, my heart felt bursting, and I had well nigh fallen to the ground, when a frenzy of despair and rage seizing me, I made one rush at the door, and roared for instant admittance. Agnes opened the door and stood trembling before me; her attendant flew to the furthest end of the apartment. I dashed my

wife aside, shouting, "this moment quit my house;" and darting across the room, seized my rival by the throat, thundering forth, "confess all, or this instant you die."

There was a moment's pause; oh, the agony of that moment!

Pale as a corpse, Agnes stood transfixed with horror, gazing breathlessly upon the tableau before her, whilst, with suffocating accents, my victim sobbed out, "Oh! Sir, Sir! as sure as the life is in my poor body, I have nothing to confess, but—that I was plucking out mistress's grey hairs!!"

CHEMISTRY FOR THE KITCHEN.

Perhaps there is no science to which the unworthy, and now almost exploded, remark of *cui bono* (what good) can be addressed with less show of justice than to chemistry. Whether we are aware of the fact or not, every act of our lives, waking or sleeping, in motion or at rest, feeding or fasting, is performed in accordance with chemical laws; and it is only in proportion as we adapt our actions to those laws, and endeavour to work with, and not against them, that our existence passes pleasantly and healthily.

With regard to no set of actions do these remarks apply with greater force than to those which are concerned with the preparation of human food, or in plain terms, to cookery. Every operation of a cook, from the simple boiling of an egg or a potatoe, to the preparation of the most refined and costly viands, is essentially a chemical operation, and the chief difference between a good and a bad cook is (the mere seasoning, perhaps, excepted), that one operates in accordance with chemistry, and the other in opposition to it. It is not meant to assert by this statement, that every great cook is a great chemist, or that Soyer is superior in scientific acquirements to Faraday; but to state what is simply true, that the best modes of cooking are those which are most in accordance with scientific knowledge. As an illustration of these statements, we may refer to the difference between the modes adopted of stewing meat in England and France. A French cook converts a cold joint into a delicious and tender ragout, whilst an English one makes a hash, which alike defies the teeth and the digestion, and fully justifies the proverbial expression that indicates the complete spoiling of anything, by stating, that "it has been made a hash of." The cause of this difference is of easy explanation; one operation is in strict accordance with chemical principles, the other in direct opposition to them.

Within the few last years, the chemistry of food has received considerable attention from the most eminent chemists, both in this country and on the Continent; their researches throw great light upon the nature and value of the different kinds of food, and upon the best modes of preparing them for human use; their results are, however, stated in expensive books, written only for the strictly scientific and professional reader. In these articles, the object proposed, is, the practical application of this knowledge to the purposes of daily life; they are not intended to make cooks chemists, but to furnish, in plain and simple language, the results of scientific inquiries, and to enable them to improve their processes, by acting upon rational principles.

The present article will be devoted to the consideration of meat.

The flesh of animals is composed of a variety of substances, the most important being—

Fibrine, which forms the largest part of the solid fibre of flesh, and which is not dissolved by hot or cold water, but is hardened by long boiling.

Albumen, which resembles exactly the white of egg, and which is readily dissolved by cold water, but hardened or coagulated by boiling water, or by heat.

Gelatine, which resembles isinglass or size, dissolving readily in water, and forming a solution which becomes a jelly on cooling if much gelatine is present.

The Juice of Meat, which contains a number of soluble substances of the greatest value as nourishment. This juice is readily drawn from the meat by the action of cold or warm water.

Such are the substances with which the cook has to deal. Fibrine, insoluble both in cold and hot water; albumen, soluble in cold and hardened by hot water; gelatine, soluble in hot water; and the juice of the flesh. In order that meat should be nutritious to the greatest degree, it is requisite that it be so cooked that all these substances be taken as food; each of them by itself is incapable of supporting life for any long time; an animal, for example, dies quickly of starvation, if fed only on the richest jellies or gelatine.

Let us now examine the various modes of cooking meat, and endeavour to find out how they accord with these facts.

Boiling is usually performed by putting meat into a large quantity of cold water, heating it gradually to the boiling point, and allowing it to boil for some time; the result of this mode is, that the parts capable of being dissolved in cold water are extracted, and the fibrine alone, hardened by long boiling, remains in the outer portions of the meat, whilst the water containing a large portion of the most nutritious parts is thrown away as useless. If we wish boiled meat to retain all its nourishment, the plan recommended by Liebig must be adopted. A piece of meat of considerable size should be taken, put into boiling water, and kept boiling for a few minutes, then enough cold water should be thrown in to lower the heat to 160° (about half as much cold as there is boiling water is usually required), and at this warmth the meat should be kept some hours. The effect of this method of proceeding is to harden the albumen on the outside of the meat, and to form it into a sort of crust or shell, which prevents the escape of any of the fluids or soluble part into the water, whilst the moderate heat to which the meat is afterwards exposed, thoroughly cooks it without hardening the fibrine; and the joint, on being cut into, is found to be juicy, tender, well-flavoured, and nutritious, whilst the water in which it was boiled is useless.

If our object is to make soup only, the plan must be reversed, the meat cut into small pieces, put into cold water, and heated very gradually, so that all the soluble matters may be dissolved before the meat is hardened by the action of boiling water. Liebig's own directions for making soup are nearly as follows. He says,—"If 1lb. of lean meat, finely chopped, is mixed with 1lb. of cold water, slowly heated to boiling, and boiled for a minute to coagulate the dissolved albumen (which then forms the scum), we obtain, on straining from the meat, the best and strongest possible soup that can be obtained from 1lb. of meat, and which, when mixed with salt and seasoned, and darkened in colour, if required, by burnt onion or caramel, viz., browning or burnt sugar, forms the best and most aromatic soup that can be obtained from that quantity of meat."

Of course the details of these directions are not applicable to every case, but the principles are, the important ones being that to obtain the most nutritious soup we must use chopped meat, and employ cold water very slowly heated.

The application of these principles, to the making of soups and beef-tea for the sick and convalescent, is evident.

If soup, so prepared, be boiled to dryness, without burning, a brown mass remains, which is a true extract of meat, or *real* portable soup; so nutritious is this extract, that it has been found to restore the strength of severely wounded soldiers, exhausted by loss of blood, and to enable them to bear fatigues that would otherwise have proved fatal. It may be mentioned, that the

portable soup sold in the shops is little more than gelatine, obtained from the sinewy parts of animals, and is comparatively innutritious.

In roasting, all the parts of the flesh are retained, and the only precautions that can be suggested by the chemist are, the very gradual application of a moderate heat, and the employment of such means as larding, frequent basting, or enclosure in greased paper, all of which tend to prevent the drying up of the fluids. In broiling, a coating of hardened albumen is formed on the outside of the meat, which prevents the escape of the juice. If a knife or fork is thrust into the meat during the process, the gravy escapes rapidly, as the heat does not reach the depth of the cut so as to harden its inner surface; therefore, in turning the meat, the fork should be placed in the fat.

The preparation of meat (that is, lean meat as distinguished from fat) by salting, is a process which is alike opposed by chemistry and by experience. If we reflect for a moment on the circumstances that occur during this operation, we cannot but be struck with its injurious effects. Immediately that meat is rubbed with salt, it discharges a large proportion of its juice, containing the most nutritious and valuable portions. The salt employed dissolves in this fluid, forming what is called the brine; this cannot, from its saltness, be used as food, and the meat remains comparatively innutritious.

The disease called scurvy, is now ascertained to be owing to the want of nutritious food. It has frequently appeared in prisons, where low dietaries have been employed, and has always disappeared with an increase of diet. The tendency of salt meat to produce this disease is so well-known, that in the navy, "after fourteen days' use of salt food, lemon juice, with an additional quantity of sugar, is issued as an anti-scorbutic." The extract of meat, previously described, is an admirable corrective to the bad effects of long continued salt meat, as it supplies all those nutritious parts that have been abstracted. It is a very erroneous notion, that the salting of beef previous to boiling is necessary to make it palatable; if beef is boiled perfectly fresh, and served with salt gravy, it is much more juicy, tenderer, and more nutritious, than after salting; which process should only be had recourse to when it is absolutely necessary to preserve meat for future use.

It may be mentioned, that the employment of fresh provisions, preserved in soldered air-tight tin cases, is becoming very general in sea voyages, food of every description, prepared in this manner, keeping any length of time without change. Fat does not, like the lean of meat, suffer any injurious change by salting; hence the value of this process for preserving bacon.

Trusting that our plain hints may not be entirely uninteresting, or useless, we shall take an early opportunity of resuming them.

W. Bernhard.

PINS.

How many occasions of instruction do we daily omit, or pervert to the worst purposes! How seldom are we aware, that every atom of the universe is a text, and every article in our household a homily! Few out of the immense female population of these realms but in some way are beholden to pins; and yet how few, how very few, derive any advantage from them, beyond a temporary concinnity of garments, the support of an apron, or the adhesion of a neckerchief; they stick them in at morning, and pull them out at night, daily, for years, without enlargement of intellect, or melioration of morals.

Yet there is not a pin in a tailor's arm, but might teach the wise of the world a lesson.

Let us divide it into matter and form, and we shall perceive that it is the form alone that constitutes it a pin. Time was when it slumbered in the chaos of brazen metal. Time was, too, when it was molten in the furnace, when the solid brass became as water, and rushed from its ore with a glowing rapidity. When this took place we know not; what strange mutations the metals may have undergone we cannot conjecture. It may have shone on the breast of Achilles, or ejected the spirit of Hector. Who knows but it may have partaken of the sacredness of Solomon's lavers, or have gleamed destruction in the mirror of Archimedes?

From form, then, is derived disgrace or dignity; of which the poor passive matter is but an involuntary recipient.

Just like this pin is man. Once he was, while yet he was not, even in the earth, from whence the spirit which pervades all nature, and contains in itself the forms and living principles of all things, summoned him to life and consciousness. How various his subsequent fates! how high his exaltation! how sacred his offices! how brilliant his genius! how terrible his valour! yet still the poor human animal is the same clod of earth, or the same mass of bullion, that is sown by the seeds that float in the atmosphere of circumstance, and stamped by the dies of education and example.

See him in the decline, in the super-civilization of social life. He is sunk to a pin. His sole solidity is brazen impudence. His outside mercurial glitter, a counterfeit polish, as deleterious as it is attractive; composed of changeable fashions, that glide away like quicksilver, and like quicksilver are excellent to denote the changes of the season.

Consider the head of a pin. Does it not resemble those royal personages which the English have been in the habit of importing from foreign parts to govern them? For, observe, it is no part of the pin, but superinduced upon it, a mere exotic, a naturalized alien. It is a common remark upon a person of moderate intellects, that he has a head, and so has a pin; but I believe, it is to our national rather than our individual heads that this is meant to be applied; for what similarity can there exist between the silliest head that grows between a pair of shoulders and an adventitious nob, owing its elevation wholly to the caprice or convenience of a pin-maker? But if the public head be intended, the analogy is strong enough for a commentator on the Apocalypse. A foreign prince, by the wisdom of a British parliament, became united to the headless trunk of the nation; becomes part of us by force of time and adhesion.

But if the head be thus dignified, shall the point want respect, without which the head were no head, and the shaft of no value, though, in relation to these noble members, it is but as the tail? Is it not the operative artificer, the pioneer to clear the way, the herald to announce, the warrior to subdue opposition? How aptly does this little javelin typify the frame of human society! What the head of a pin would be without its point, and the point without the head, that were the labourer without the ruler, or the ruler without the labourer.

There is one more resemblance I would fain suppress, did not truth call for its statement. That pin may long glitter in the orderly rank of the paper, or repose in the soft security of the cushion; it may fix itself on the bosom of beauty, or support the cumbrous honours of her train; but an end is predestined to its glories. It shall one day be broken, lost, trampled under foot, and forgotten; its slender length, which now is as straight as the arrow of Cupid, shall be as crooked as his bow; and it shall share the fate of fallen kings, and exploded patriots.

By the constant exertion of our best energies, we can keep down many of the thorns along the path of life; but some will thwart us, whether we carry our book with us or walk without it, whether we cast our eyes upon earth or upon heaven.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

There is something amusing in the fulsome horror, and hypercritical indignation, with which society, awakening from its too easy credulity, surveys past years of contented connivance with, and practical encouragement of, systematic extortion and deceit. Beggary has been *hitherto* regarded as yielding a degree of wholesome, if not pleasureable excitement to its portly brother—wealth; but now, with the tendency of humanity to excess, so far from being barely tolerated, nothing is heard but anathemas against the very semblance of distress, as unquestionably the "masquerade" of poverty. The hounds of justice, worse than "a farmer's dog, bark at a beggar;" Pall Mall and the City are turned into hunting fields, affording a quiet chase to the metropolitan official, after all "vagrant men;" necessity, which *used* to have no law, is rendered amenable to a dozen; and deliberate roguery is supposed, where, perhaps, scarcely option has existed.

But while the world is compassionated and protected, fenced in by guards, lest it should even look misfortune in the face, let us plead for the exercise of discrimination in awarding the fiat of its judgment. Let not one instance of misapplied charity close the heart to the appreciation of real want; we may transform, to an incalculable extent, the victims of poverty into the disciples of crime. If effects, not causes, are the things investigated, not only will the judgment be harsh, but destitution, placed upon a parallel of punishment with its noxious offspring, will (by the inducement of despair, and utter recklessness) crush those lingering elements of good, which may be shrouded still, but not extinguished by the garb of penury. *The cure of the mendicant must originate in the moral elevation of the man;* but few, alas! are the Ashleys, the Howards, and the Frys, who, realizing the truth of this great axiom, dive into the abysses of misfortune and its too frequent companion, guilt, and separate the two; conscious that many a pearl is hid beneath the dark waters, which redeemed, might benefit mankind; that much golden ore, buried in the mines of ignorance, might gleam brighter than Californian wealth, if cleansed by the purifying impulse of Christian pity, from the fast encrusting soil!

Among the callings invented to supply the famishing with a shadow of existence, who will not include the crossing-sweeper's (and perhaps rightly) as one of the very worst and lowest assumed by society's pariahs. Constant in the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, lying in wait at some undreamed-of corners, dodging backwards and forwards almost beneath the horses' hoofs, and evermore pestering the pedestrian with his monotonous whine, we behold, armed with his besom, the unfortunate (and if a child, doubly deplorable) object who seeks an apparently honest livelihood, in earning the few stray halfpence which habit or an indolent compassion permit to reward his labour. Wading in the cold and wet, hour after hour, over how many miles does that monkey-like trot, convey the little woe-begone creature during the long day? There in the morning, in the thick fog or drenching rain, frozen in the snow-storm, parched in the dust and heat, never so active as in the bleak and marrow-piercing thaw; look at those pale cheeks; the blue, pinched nose; the tangled mass of untended hair, resembling the mane of some shaggy inmate of the forest.

Before us is a child—you would call him an infant, but for the sharpened and eager expression of his features; his limbs are garbed (if such a term may be applied to those rags,) in the coarsest and dirtiest of clothing; his arms, his legs, and feet are bare,—begrimed with mud and smoke, as are his cheeks, though their haggardness is perceptible through all. Six months ago that cuffed and desolate creature was set upon the crossing, and told to labour.

Watch him as he emerges from that black den of evil, and wearily turns his steps towards the accustomed post. It is still quite dark, but a few of the lesser shops are opening their shutters, and the flaring gaslight shines through the panes within, rendering the appearance of everything as cold and cheerless as may well be imagined. He passes a tin-stand, where coffee is sold; the smell revives him, he lingers near, but he has been too often watched and suddenly attacked when wistfully looking first at the penny in his hand, and then with hungry eyes through the window of the baker's shop, at the corner of the street, to be betrayed into either dishonesty or negligence; he has already learned the lesson of deception well enough never to transgress, where there is *risk* of *discovery*, so he continues his way, and reaches his destination.

The morning advances, the boy looks upward at the murky atmosphere, and wonders if the sun will come out; he is always glad when it does, it seems to warm him if it smiles but a moment, and to render him lighter and stronger for the day. The sun's ray falls upon the heart of the poor as the glance of some protector above, on him the unprotected, here; and in return there is a species of worship like to the Persian's, in the love with which he regards it. The streets are growing full—business and pleasure, the lungs of the world's life, begin to breathe; vehicles of all sorts pass rapidly too and fro, from the gay carriage rolling towards the park, to the donkey cart, piled with green vegetables, whose freshness suggests the thought of wide fields and trimly kept garden rows. Presently the clock strikes—what a change, what a sudden change is there now in the boy! He starts! the look of vacant listlessness brightens into a restless anxious expression, and then, he positively smiles as he glances around; the sun which *has* come out, rests on his features, and lights up his large wild eyes into wondrous beauty. With renewed energy he now works away, almost as if he enjoyed it; not a footstep crosses but he brushes off the trace in a moment, the oddest thing being, that he sometimes forgets to solicit alms. What can it be which causes all this agitation, and makes him turn his gaze ever and anon up yonder street, as if expecting some one? Let us explain the mystery.

Suppose it now five years that he has been occupied with his present employment; for the last three he has, at stated intervals, expected a visitant whose appearance is the bright spot in the week; the reward for which he labours, the source of those sweet visions of happiness which denied to his waking hours, come in a thousand forms to shed their brilliance on his sleeping head, in the alley at night. He has long considered her his only friend, perhaps he is right.——

The first time he saw her, was on an April morning, and the remembrance of the day is so closely associated with its circumstances, that he loves beyond all things the smell of the fresh rain on the thirsty earth, and the sight of the rainbow, which shone out at the moment she passed. He was sick and weak that day, the previous one had been an evil one on many accounts, for he had taken little home, and the drunken fury of revenge had been poured out upon him in double measure; aching in every bone, he had dragged himself to his accustomed stand, and stood there the very epitome of abject misery. The boy had not tasted food since the previous morning, and as he looked into the corner shop, two tears rolled down his cheeks washing a channel for themselves, which heightened the expression of the picture.

A little girl, accompanied by her nurse, came out of the shop, where they had taken refuge during the rain; the former was skipping joyously along, and held in her hand a large bun, which she was beginning to nibble with great glee, when the boy's face caught her eye. For a moment she stood fixed with attention. What a free-masonry

there is among children! Her spirit fathomed instantly the boy's distress, and she left her nurse's grasp, and advancing a step nearer to the object of her pity, placed the tempting morsel in his hand. The great gulf between their several stations seemed erased, gratitude filled up the abyss, and the genius of love linked, by an unknown, yet adamantine chain, the heart of the mendicant to the destiny of the child of wealth! The attendant proceeded to guide the child's steps over the crossing, while the sweet face was ever and anon wistfully turned back, till they were out of sight.

Many thoughts had come into his mind then, and had often come since; he had heard others talk of their sisters—very rarely, it is true, but he remembered it. Sometimes he had watched boys and girls of a family pass hand in hand along the street, looking lovingly into each others faces, and speaking in merry tones. Why had *he* not a sister; a sister just like her? What! to labour and strive all day, and to go home at night and endure brutality as well as famine! there! His chaos of mind could not determine how this should be; but he clenched his little fist at the thought of his own picture, and the spirit of a lion seemed to animate the pigmy frame. "No! no one should harm her if he were near."

Once in every week, at the same hour, she goes by; generally on foot, sometimes, in bad weather, in a carriage; and though it is evening, and in winter the lamps are lighted, he has never missed distinguishing her face, that bright young face that ever looks kindly on him.

But Time pauses not—the childish features are now bright with ingenuous smiles, with the rosy tint of girlhood; chestnut ringlets curl under her little straw bonnet; her eyes dance in the light of youth's expectancy. Her heart has just inhaled the fragrance of a world to her untainted, and she longs to know it more! He sees her—the face usually so vacant, lights up into some expression strange to behold; she drops the coin into his hand, which is mechanically extended to receive it, for he is not thinking of that, but on the face he intently gazes upon, as he trots by her side across the road, brushing carefully every speck in the path; yet never for a moment seeming to withdraw his eyes from her's. He watches her as she goes out of sight; the smile of compassion is so legible on her features, that he can almost tell what she is thinking as she looks down at her own warm clothing; and sighingly contrasts it with the rags of the poor crossing-sweeper.

So it goes on for some years more! The boy is growing into a stunted dwarfish man, while hard usage and association with necessity's sad followers—isolation, brutality, and misery, have shaped the rugged outline of his features to an iron sternness; yet he brings home his earnings with the obedience of a child, nor does hope paint aught beyond the peaceable retention of the crossing, for there she passes, generally on the same day in every week; and it is now a habit to expect her, a habit which is near akin to life itself.

The girl is tall and graceful as formerly she was active and buoyant; the expression of infantine pity and interest combined, also, is exchanged now for the calm glance of the intelligent but compassionate woman. She always notices him, and sometimes proffers more money; but a change has come over him, for he never accepts it.

One frosty night, just as the passengers had begun to thin, and the streets were still enough to render the sound shriller and louder in the clear air, an alarm of fire was heard. Engines rattled up the street, escapes were being borne along, men rushed past; and shouldering his besom, the crossing-sweeper determined to join the throng, and see what was to be seen.

When he arrived at the scene of conflagration, the fire had already laid hold of the entire front of a house, the middle floor of which was completely enveloped in flames. Much valuable furniture had been rescued hastily; and against the pile, surrounded by policemen, rested the inmates of the house, a widow-lady, with her servants, clinging together with the familiarity calamity never fails to elicit, and gazing wildly at the fire. At this moment a woman rushed passionately forward, and glancing rapidly at the little group, exclaimed in piteous accents, "they are not *all* here—Marian, Miss Marian, is in the house! Oh save her! save her!"

"Where is she? which is the room?" cried out a hundred voices aloud. The paralyzed mother had fallen insensible to the ground; but the servant, who had discovered the absence of the unfortunate girl, frantically pointed to one of the upper windows. In another moment a fire-escape was set against the one indicated; but a difficulty arose—the inmate of the chamber appeared totally ignorant of their efforts for her preservation; some one must go to her, she might perish if an instant's delay occurred. A dozen men rushed towards the door of the house, but retreated as suddenly, when the light, blazing momentarily through the thick black vapour, revealed the staircase enveloped in flames, which twisted and circled like a living thing around it, to the upper floor. There was a confused murmur; a lad sprang forward from among the bystanders; he had a besom on his shoulder, which he threw aside as he entered the house; he had recognized the servant in a moment. Who should stop him? not death itself; he would save *her*!

The spectators fell back aghast; an awful stillness reigned through that before buzzing mass; the boy, apparently on the road to certain destruction, was already on the burning staircase. Holding his breath, that he might not swallow the biting vapour, scorched and blackened as he rushed onward, yet apparently insensible to pain, heeding nothing—fearing nothing but for *her*, he had gained the second landing. One vigorous leap, and he had alighted safely upon the next flight; a few steps only now between him and *her*—the boards crackle—courage! one moment more, and he leaps forward to the door.

A low wail breaks from the crowd—"he has perished!" they cry, "they are both lost!" Suddenly the window is thrown up; through the thick darkness of the smoke they distinguish him bearing in his arms something enveloped in white drapery; he enters the escape—not for an instant do his arms forsake her as they both glide downwards. He heeds not the crowd; mad with fear and agitation, his eyes are strained upon *her*—she recovers! she is safe! and *he* has saved her.

The old domestic received the pale form of the girl; she did not recognize the preserver of her charge, and the youth deigned no reply when they asked him his name, and told him where to come on the morrow; and shouldering his besom (which he sought with perfect calmness where he had deposited it), he only waited to see her borne to a neighbouring house, and turned his steps homeward, to dream of what had passed.

For some time after the fire, the young lady appeared no more at the street-crossing; she was ill, he doubted not, but would recover, and *then* he should see her again. The servant occasionally passed, and her looks were not sad, or her garb different to ordinary. He was contented.

It might have been some half-year from the date of the escape, when one day the crossing-sweeper was aroused from his usual state of stolid indifference by the merry peal of church-bells, and gathered from the hum of voices around, that a wedding party was issuing from the neighbouring church. They soon came in sight; several carriages, each adorned with white favours, coachmen, horses, all looking gay and happy in the sunshine. There had been a storm, but it was bright enough now; he hastened to give the crossing a furbish before the carriages approached; a handsome gratuity might fall to his share; who knows? Concluding his task hurriedly enough, not

to be too late, he looked up; the rain was over; the sun shone brilliantly; there was a *rainbow* overhead. At this moment the first carriage passed; some one threw him a shilling, it fell to the ground; he stood so close that he could see plainly into the interior. A young man sat within, his hand holding that of his companion, who, with eyes downcast, but glittering with emotion, seemed drinking in his every accent. *She* was the bride. It was Marian! Oh! more like the angels in his dreams than ever! She did not even glance at him as she passed; her whole attention was wrapped in the words her husband was saying to her.

Rivetted to the spot stood the gazer; for a moment his mind was all clear and light as day; he understood suddenly what had been lying so long silently at his heart, and comprehended the whole extent of his misery.

Gradually, however, the vacant look returned to his features, and settled upon them with a heavier pressure. The shilling lay on the ground at his feet; by its side was a flower which had become disengaged from the head of the horse; he picked it up—it was a white carnation, and tenderly, with hands that bore the deep and scarred memorial of the event but six months old, he placed it within the ragged breast of his coat. The bells were still ringing gaily, (those mocking bells!) but the last of the carriages had gone by; they had splashed the mud completely over the street, and in another moment he was busily engaged in his vocation, removing the vestiges of their transit.

Scarcely twelve months after, and when the spring was again everywhere (even in dark and busy London), a lady and gentleman passed up the street towards the scene of our sketch. She had been telling him how, years ago, and till within two, she used to go this way once a week to see the uncle whose pet she still continued, and whom they were now going to take away to live with them in their happy country home.

The bright anticipations of her heart had all been realised; the promise of personal loveliness more than fulfilled; her voice was joyous and musical; her step as light as ever. They approached the point where the roads diverged, and reached the corner by the baker's shop, which appeared in every respect the same that it had always done; they prepared to cross, and Marian looked brightly up to recognise her old protége. A bold-looking man, with "malignant expression of visage," occupied his place, and assailed the pair with a torrent of solicitations. Marian shuddered as she put some half-pence into his extended hat.

"I wonder, dear!" she said to her husband, as they turned down the next street, "what has become of the poor little crossing-sweeper?"

"Alas! the poor crossing-sweeper, he who had nursed the highest principles of life, and snatched a fellow being from the jaws of death, had died lonely and unpitied in a London hospital, with no other fame than that of an "idle beggar" and "rude imposter."

CALYPTRA.

LOOKING into the fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united, soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light, injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great, that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection. and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight, should preserve their general health by correct habits, and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

PREJUDICE.

"Wait till you have rubbed the lamp"
GRANDMAMMA.

I REMEMBER when I was a very little boy, and that does not seem to me so very long ago, albeit some thirty odd years have passed since then, I remember my youthful playmates and myself used to be chidden whenever we suffered our little fancies to run away with us, and gave a too hasty judgment *pro* or *con*, by this pithy saying:—*Wait till you have rubbed the lamp.* It was a very venerable old lady who used to check us with this admonition, and a most effectual way she found it to pull down our jolly, mounting, riotous fancies from the clouds. The worthy dame was the mother of old Black, our schoolmaster, himself no chicken as to age, and though she had a very predominant taste, she said, for letters, as in duty bound, for it was the trade of her son, she had but two books in her library, one was the Bible, the other was the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The good creature had studied the latter of these with great assiduity for sixty years, and I have no doubt had paid still greater attention to the sacred volume; but, as she found a more easy currency for the celebrated tales of fiction, among a set of unruly boys, she drew upon them more frequently for our benefit. And I think she was right. Indeed, if Mrs. Black's example were followed in the world, people would be wiser and better than they are. The minds of men should, I think, be cleansed by the moralist, before they can become fitted for religion; but this opinion I leave for the consideration of better judges.

Whenever this petticoated Lycurgus saw any of her juvenile charges lapse into a fault, to which she could point a moral, she would place him by her side, and tell him one of her wondrous tales. There was no necessity to call the other boys to listen, they soon came about her of their own accord. For she told her stories admirably, as most women do, when they know how to curtail them; and Mrs. Black was obliged to do this, on account of the short interim between the school hours. But there was none of these stories she told so often, or so purposely as Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp. Every boy in the school could tell it too, for we were never tired of listening to it; and that sagacious legislator, whose aim it was to turn her stories to account, had drawn a golden maxim from this tale—*Wait till you have rubbed the lamp.* Now, reader, I suppose you remember the pitiful scorn with which the mother of Aladdin viewed the dirty old lamp, when first she saw it brought home from the cave, and how her sentiments changed with regard to it, after it had been rubbed, and the obedient Genii had brought in all the gold, silver, diamonds, and precious stones, which they could dispose of in favour of the owner of that lamp. So whenever the worthy Mrs. Black had caught any of us in the guilty act of forming a hasty opinion, she used to put up her forefinger with great solemnity, shake her head, and repeat her favourite maxim. Her influence was astonishing, and there was no base mixture in it; she never either used the rod, or bribed us with cakes or sweetmeats.

This admirable moralist has been dead many, many years, but not so her wisdom. There must be still other survivors of that school besides me, and not one of them I will be bound, ever can forget her as she sat in her arm-chair, looking long and lingeringly upon the little culprit, far from miserable at the punishment which awaited him, and in the deep and finely toned voice, exclaiming, *Wait till you have rubbed the lamp!* Ah! that indeed would have been a picture for any living Rubens who might have seen it. The gentle old woman, without any terror at all to arm her, surrounded by thirty or forty boys still, and quiet as mice, hearkening with breathless attention to her instructive wisdom, and giving up all their games and tricks to listen to her stories. Oh!

Mrs. Black, Mrs. Black! why did not *you* write a book on education, and tell us the meaning of that riddle, which to many dull, heavy, prosing dunderheads have tried in vain to solve. You found it without looking for it. We used to call the old lady, GRANDMAMMA, a word which I have never in my life heard without pleasure, as I'll be sworn is the case with every surviving auditor of that most pointed of instructors or *instructresses*, if the word may be used for once in honour of one who perhaps never had a rival.

Mrs. Black, I said, has long passed to her account, but let her golden maxim live.

"Kitty," says papa, to a smart young lady of nineteen, "should you like to go to Lady Spangle's ball?" "O papa, I should like it of all things," says Kitty, "and so would sister Sophy and Caroline." Then Kitty, and Sophy, and Caroline immediately set about contriving a thousand things for the ball? What shall they wear, is the first question? What must they purchase to complete their attire, is the next. And when their poor heads have been driven nearly crazy with all these preparations, and a thousand delightfully exciting questions of "who is to be there?"—And "what sort of ball will it be?" &c., &c. Off they go, with gas enough in their heads to light up a play-house. In this state it is, in this feverish flutter of spirits, that many a girl sees, for the first time, the man who for the rest of his life will be dearer to her than her own mother. She does not always marry him, because many worldly considerations may prevent that. But the surrender of her affections is an involuntary act, and too frequently as sudden as a glance. To all young ladies therefore, going to a ball, where nothing is as it seems, where all is art, fuss, and delusion, we would say—*Wait till you have rubbed the lamp.* Indeed, there is no prejudice so fatal to woman as this generous, this chivalrous one of giving the heart away without any previous reflection. And, therefore, knowing the danger by experience, fathers and mothers should be cautious in exposing their young daughters to it, until they have become by degrees used to pleasure, and are rendered superior to its sudden influences.

You send your son, Henry, at fourteen, to be articled as a pupil to a lawyer. In the same office he meets with two youths of very different appearance; one of them, Anthony Crab, is a sober, steady, quiet lad, attentive to his duty only, and very brief in his questions and answers; he seems to think of nothing but his master's concerns, and to have few thoughts to spare for anybody else; he does Henry no harm, and yet your son, Henry, already begins to dislike him; he cannot tell how it is, but still he dislikes him. Now, if you would save your boy from a very unjust prejudice, this is the hour; now step in, and anticipate the evil. That youth, Anthony Crab, will one day be a lawyer himself, and a great one; that parsimony of words, and thoughts, and time, is already building up his subsequent fame and fortune. His father has told him that this world is a very hard one; that the steady man alone gets on; that the idle one soon sinks to the ground, and is trodden under foot; he has no rich relations, no hope of wealth; all his prospects are bounded by his own industry. His father has told him, that every penny spent in indulgence before twenty, may be equal to a week's labour after forty. Why should he be blamed for his taciturn habits? His father is taciturn, his uncle is taciturn, all his family are taciturn, and it is wrong to condemn him without staying to make these discoveries. If Henry waited, and did not give way to his hasty prejudice, he would find that his near comrade, who has unfortunately made so bad an impression on him, is, in spite of his youth, the possessor of three great endowments—never prompt to appear and court men's eyes, a good head, a good heart, and a good mind. But prejudice has let fall the seed of aversion in the heart of the new pupil, and it will grow up to be as strong as an oak before he finds out his error. Alack! Henry, why did you not *Wait till you had rubbed the lamp?*

How different is Henry's other comrade, Herbert Sunbeam. The first moment the new comer had entered the office, Herbert darted a smile at him. Every second moment he raises his eyes from his books and papers to give his new associate some fair word. Now he offers him a pen, then a pencil, then a ruler; if Henry stops over his work, Herbert approaches to assist him in his difficulty. At dinner time, he offers to be his guide to the best chop-house; after the day's work, he must see him home. He has a double ticket for the Lyceum on the day after to-morrow, and forces it upon Henry. All this is very well, Henry likes him, as who would not? Such qualities are most amiable, and the human heart will always be sensible of them. But Henry, these little amenities are but the spangles on the robe of character, not the form and shape of the figure beneath. See now, Herbert has broken off his work, and is slyly making sport of Anthony. Here character is beginning to show itself, and it is not a good one. Herbert knows the unpleasant impression made by his more laborious companion, and he is deepening the prejudice, though he knows its injustice. Herbert has got a proud mother, who was once affluent, and has not forgotten her former condition. She has told him, that he has rich relations, that he is a gentleman, and will one day inherit a fortune. Puffed up with these delusions, he has no care for the future, and folly and idleness have begun to corrode a heart not naturally vicious. Shall I tell you the fate of Herbert? He will grow up to be a man, without having a man's character; he will not inherit the property he expects; covetous of riches, without any just expectation of acquiring them, he will try to obtain them by sudden and speculative contrivances. Every step he takes will be a new disappointment; all his schemes will fail; he will have no distinct profession to earn his bread; he will become an adventurer, a gambler. Further than this we need not follow him. But is Herbert Sunbeam the most worthy and honourable associate?

How many men and women there are, whose prospects of life have been utterly forfeited; whose honour and happiness have been wrecked by a single prejudice? Most of us have ample powers and means to judge and appreciate things and persons, then why not use them? If a man gives you a sovereign in payment of a debt, and you are doubtful of its weight or purity, you are very likely to assure yourself of the truth by judicious means. And yet, because he has a good coat on his back, an oily tongue, and a pleasant countenance to look upon, you will introduce to your family, without due inquiry, some dissolute person, who shall steal your money under pretence of borrowing it, contaminate your domestic ties, and involve you in financial embarrassment, and mental mortification and repentancy.

Beware then of prejudice! On what side soever you employ your judgment, whether to approve or disapprove, look well at the thing, and turn it over on all sides before you form a judgment. A rash judgment is a prejudice, and that prejudice is an error, which may beget other errors. The minds of ordinary people are made up of these prejudices or false opinions. We all of us supposed a few months ago, that a certain king was the wisest of sovereigns. But what became of his wisdom? Where s he now? In 1832 I saw a great warrior pursued in the streets of London by an angry raving crowd; now, when you meet him in the streets, an army of admiring passengers gathers about him, and almost worship him aloud.

Let the common order of intellect then beware how it runs into voluntary extravagance and injustice, by trusting to the first appearance of things and persons. Beware of prejudice, my gentle reader! I have held you by the button for a few minutes, it is time to let go, with this recommendation in your ear, do not judge too hastily; *Wait till you have rubbed the lamp.* JUSTUS.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

MILLINERS AND DRESSMAKERS.

The Appendix to the Second Report of the Childrens' Employment Commission, issued in the Parliamentary Session of 1843, at the time when the Ten Hours Bill was under discussion, first drew public attention to the condition of milliners and dressmakers. Long before this, however, medical men, and observers of our social condition, were more or less convinced of the immense evils, both moral and physical, which arose out of these employments, as conducted by the majority of employers. But, not till the evidence thus collected by one of the assisting commissioners, Mr. R. D. Grainger, the celebrated anatomist, is it probable that the general public, as a body, were cognizant of there being masses of human creatures, of tender age and sex, whose lives were prematurely shortened by an excess of labour, of which these masterly and voluminous reports show scarcely another parallel. Women of the higher and middle classes, tender mothers and gentle daughters amongst them, learnt indirectly from this source, through the agency of newspapers, the true secrets of the labour which clothed them in luxury and fineness; whilst legislators, and men interested in the progress of public health and morality, were, by the vital information thus obtained, led to some of the causes of the enormous annual waste of human life, through consumption, and of the deterioration, both physical and moral, which assists to throw so many youthful females on our streets.

Since the publication referred to, the progress of public opinion has effected some ameliorations; and the efforts of the clergy, and other enlightened friends of humanity, through sermons, and meetings, and speeches, have largely awakened public sympathy; yet it is a notorious fact, that the general state of things remains the same, and that at this moment, whilst we write (the height of the London season), hundreds and thousands of young females in this metropolis are working *eighteen* and *twenty* out of every twenty-four hours, and this for successive weeks. "I have been in several London houses," says Miss H. Baker, "and in some the hours were regulated, and in others not. The common hours, where they are regulated, are from eight in the morning till ten o'clock at night. In those houses which are regulated, by which is meant, those who do not make a practice of working all night, it happens, that if any particular order is to be executed, they go on later than eleven, often till two or three in the morning, and if requisite, all night. In those houses which are not so well regulated, they often work all night, and in the season, it is usual to go on till one or two in the morning, and rise again at five. In one house, where I formerly worked, during three months successively, I had never more than four hours' rest, regularly going to bed between twelve and one o'clock, and rising again at four in the morning. On the occasion of the general mourning for King William the Fourth, I worked, without going to bed, from four o'clock on Thursday morning, till half-past ten on Sunday morning, and during this time I did not sleep at all; of this I am certain. In order to keep awake, I stood nearly the whole of Friday night, Saturday, and Saturday night. Two other young persons worked at the same house, for the same time; these two dozed occasionally in a chair. I was made very ill by this exertion; and when, on Sunday, I went to bed, I could not sleep. My feet and legs were so swelled, as to make my feet seem to overhang my shoes. No difference is made as to the time of beginning in the morning, when the work has been carried on very late the night before. In some houses they work on the Sunday, and the young persons are often so fatigued, that they lay in bed so long on a Sunday, as not to be able to go to church."

"The hours of work," says Miss O'Neil, "in the spring season, are longer than those in the autumn season; in the former they are unlimited. The common hours are, from six in the morning till twelve at night; sometimes from four till twelve. I have often worked from six in the morning till twelve at night, for two or three months together. It is not at all uncommon, especially in the dressmaking, to work all night three times a week. I have worked myself twice in the week all night. In some houses, which profess to study the health of their young people, they begin at four in the morning, and leave off at eleven at night. In other houses, to prevent late hours on Saturday, they work all night on Friday, and they frequently lay in bed on Sunday to rest themselves. Sometimes the young persons are called up at two o'clock on Monday morning, and continue till the usual hour, eleven or twelve at night. The hours are considered short, if they do not exceed from seven in the morning till eleven at night. The time for meals is very short; ten minutes for breakfast, fifteen for dinner, and ten for tea; in most houses there is no supper till the work is finished, although that is not till eleven or twelve at night. In some establishments, the food is insufficient in quantity, and inferior in quality; salt beef is frequently used, and hard puddings. I have been obliged to buy food, in consequence of the insufficient allowance, and I have known others to do the same. The hours of work are decidedly longer in the fashionable houses than in any others. It is very common in those to work all night. There are no relays on these occasions; the same who work by day, work by night. I think, if it be possible, the French houses are worse than the English; the work-people are of both nations. In some of the French houses, I believe, there are relays, night and day workers, and that they go on night and day. If they get very sleepy, they lie on the floor, 'on the cuttings, if there are any.' This indulgence depends on the kindness of the 'head of the room.' Every season, in at least half the houses of business, it happens that the young people occasionally work twenty hours out of the twenty-four, twice or thrice a week. On special occasions, such as drawing-rooms, general mournings, and very frequently, wedding orders, it is not uncommon to work all night. I have myself worked twenty out of the twenty-four hours, for three months together. At this time I was suffering from illness, and the medical attendants remonstrated against the treatment which I received."

There are of course many and honourable exceptions to this class of employers, and to the fearful amount of labour thus imposed. We believe, too, that such exceptions are rapidly extending; yet, still, this system exists as a general thing, and deserves the severest reprobation which justice and humanity can dictate. It was the opinion of the majority of those examined by Mr. Grainger, both of the excellent class of employers, who carried out a more humane system in their several establishments, and of those employed in the other class houses of business, that these hours might be considerably shortened, by the employment of more day workers, and out-door hands, and by greater consideration on the part of ladies, in allowing sufficient time for the execution of their orders.

Can it be wondered that, under this monstrous system of labour, consumption carries off as many victims as it does? Can it be wondered, that the health of all thus employed is permanently injured? If life be spared; that they are subject to faintings, curvature of the spine, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and hysteria in their most aggravated forms, and that the hands and feet die away from want of circulation and exercise, as thousands of young creatures thus occupied, never see "the outside of the door from Sunday to Sunday," and this at a period of life when exercise in the open air and a due proportion of rest, are essential to the development of the human system. "Among those circumstances which predispose to consumption," says Sir James Clarke, in his masterly work on this subject, "none operate more injuriously,

in disposing the body to the morbid state, which in itself is the first stage of this formidable disease, than the deficient bodily exercise and the want of pure air, which are in general united with sedentary occupations. Shoemakers, tailors, weavers, and dressmakers, may be cited amongst those who suffer most from these causes. Their sedentary employment, the constrained posture which it requires, and the crowded and ill-ventilated apartments in which it is generally carried on, are eminently calculated to prevent the free exercise of the respiratory organs; to diminish the powers of the circulation, to impair the nutritious function, and produce a corresponding depression of nervous energy. If the female dressmakers, and other females employed in similar occupations, are exempted from some of the causes, such as exposure to cold and damp, and the evils arising from dram-drinking, which influence those pursuing sedentary trades in the opposite sex, the almost total privation of exercise, the long hours, and late duration of their work, are more than sufficient to injure, if not destroy, their health in a few years."

Wherever this excess of labour prevails, evidence shows that it is almost invariably accompanied by improper diet and impure air, thus aggravating, still further, the evils which cupidity or necessity engenders. Even when life is passed in the advantageous positions of society, the digestive organs of the female are best suited to, and their powers carried on, by light and nutritious food; and this need of nature is turned into an absolute necessity, when the digestive organs are weakened by intense sedentary labour, and by hurried meals. A witness of this Commission might well say, "that were it not for the continuous supply of fresh hands from the country, as improvers and apprentices, the work of those London establishments would never be carried on."

The majority of the business-houses in the country towns are scarcely better than those complained of in London. In places such as Cheltenham, Leamington, Bath, and Brighton, subject to a periodic influx of company, a system of continuous labour, equally monstrous, is carried on; whilst there, as in the metropolis, defective vision or entire loss of sight, so invariably result from these occupations when carried out with aggravated excess, as to be as common as consumption, or, as the diseases of the digestive organs. "A fair and delicate girl," says Mr. Tyrrell, surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Hospital, and to St. Thomas's Hospital, "about seventeen years of age, was brought to me in consequence of total loss of vision. On examination, both eyes were found disorganised, and recovery therefore was hopeless. She had been apprenticed as a dressmaker at the west end of town, and some time before her vision became affected, her general health had been entirely deranged from too close confinement and excessive work. The immediate cause of the disease in the eyes was excessive and continued application to making mourning. She stated, that she had been compelled to remain without changing her dress for *nine days and nights* consecutively; that during this period she had been permitted only occasionally to rest on a mattrass placed on the floor, for an hour at a time; and that her meals were placed at her side, *cut up*, so that as little time as possible should be spent in their consumption."

After evidence like this, we naturally ask ourselves, what is the primary cause of such abuse, and where the effective remedy is really to be sought, when so many tried have proved useless? To us it seems, looking beyond the surface, that both cause and remedy are intimately related, viz., ignorance and knowledge. It is the need of true education, it is a low mental condition, which leads the lady of fashion and wealth into issuing preposterous commands, for the simple reason that because she can afford to pay, her ignorance and frivolous will must be laws. It is equally the want of education and that spirit of humanity and justice which springs out of it, which makes the employer a slave to unjust caprice, and a tyrant to meek and unresisting dependence; and it is equally a want of education and the self-dependence growing out of it, which induces parents to enforce this calling upon their children, regardless of notorious evils and their results.

Amongst the lower degrees of this class of occupations, those which constitute the mass of daily workers, assisting sempstresses, and others who earn a precarious bread, as labour ebbs and flows, this fact of ignorance as a cause of the evil complained of is stringently correct. Go into any little village, or country town, or the narrow streets and courts of this metropolis, and we shall find the majority of the daughters of the labouring population "dressmakers." No sooner is this class of parents one degree above the parish, than their notion of respectability consists in making "Ann" or "Mary" dressmakers, precisely for the same reasons which have perpetuated so much social misery amongst the handloom weavers, viz., that "it is clean and easy learnt work." A self-dependent and educated class of parents would understand that these kinds of occupations are always overcrowded with labourers; and refraining from placing their children where starvation, misery, and degradation must fall as a natural result upon the majority, endeavour to raise them into positions where remuneration is less fluctuating, because such are not overcrowded by supernumerary hands. But whilst the operative classes act otherwise towards their children, and will believe the use of the needle by the shirtmaker and dressmaker more respectable as an occupation than household work, whether at home or in service, most of our present state of things in these respects must remain unaltered, and a host of starved needle-women and dressmakers add yearly to the ranks of prostitution, and to our parochial burdens. In fact, could we reverse this order of things, could we by any process, convert these scores of young and middle-aged women into good domestic servants, good wives, and good housekeepers, more would be done to improve the moral and physical conditions of the working classes, than at a narrow glance can be conceived; so notoriously deficient are the poor, in all those womanly requisites which serve to make home provident and happy.

Whilst education is the primary remedy to this class of evils in its various forms, and whilst some plan of emigration would best remedy the present existing misery amongst the starving thousands who make dresses and shirts, at a price which *can* bring no remuneration, much might be done for the fifteen thousand and more young women, who are employed in the various dressmaking and millinery establishments of this metropolis, as journeywomen, improvers, and apprentices, by an agitation narrowed to this question only, as to the amount of labour imposed upon them, though co-operating with the general plans of the Early Closing Association.

Cannot some such plan be organized and carried out by LADIES, under the official guidance of the Association? Cannot this be! Cannot the gentler sex, the WIVES and MOTHERS of London, be roused to consecutive action and energy, in behalf of the *fifteen thousand* human creatures who minister to their adornment and luxury; and yet for no other fact than this, are consigned to premature and early graves! Surely this can be; and if so, let it be a will, omnipotent and untiring! Let it be a WILL having birth from these pages; and let it be said in times to come, when a new Macaulay writes the progress of our national history, that, in a JOURNAL edited and conducted by women, a good and great movement was materially assisted, in one of its most pitiable and needful points, by assisting to free a most oppressed and useful class from a pernicious system of slavery, and a slow process of death, which, in the whole circumference of British labour, had then no parallel.

Agreeing with Mr. Mill, that any legislative restriction, as to time, would be both indefensible and mischievous,

still let the Early Closing Association, through an acting section of their own body, petition the influential ladies of this country to countenance an abridgment of hours in this department, and solicit the patronage of her Most Gracious Majesty to the same. We desire no monopoly of trade, or monopoly of patronage; but justice and mercy should, and will, be countenanced by the just and merciful. SILVERPEN.

RURAL RAMBLES.

BY PETER PARLEY.

YEARNING again for the enjoyment of the pure air and bright sunshine, the freshness of meadows, the blue skies, aye, even for the passing showers! What delicious feelings arise in hearts alive to Nature, with every morning that arises over the city smoke. I often, in my mind, recur to the eulogy of a country life, by Guevarce, who sayeth, in what Tennyson would call heartfeltedness of feeling, "O, who can ever express the pleasures and happiness of the country life! What refreshment it is to behold the green shades, the beauty and majesty of the tall and ancient groves; to ascend fresh and healthful hills; to descend into the bosom of the vallies, or the fragrant dewy meadows." But we can off, and find ourselves, at twenty minutes past nine at Drayton, and from thence by a sixpenny omnibus to the ancient and honourable town of Uxbridge.

Uxbridge is a place of some historical associations; it connects us with that great and mighty period of our history, when the struggles of a people against unjust prerogative was at its height, and freedom was bursting from its swaddling clothes. At the western end of the town is an old inn, called the Crown, famous for its eels, its excellent entertainment to the comers of the angle, and above all, for its fine old wainscoted room, with its rich oak panels and carvings. The house was formerly a seat of the Bennett family, and at the time of the treaty, the residence of Mr. Carr; it was *converted* into an inn about forty years ago. The part towards the high-road has been newly fronted, but one entire end, and some inferior sections on the outside, still retain their original appearance. Two principal rooms also remain untouched by modern innovations; in one of these, it is affirmed, King Charles slept. The treaty-room, as it is called, is now divested of all ornament but its old oak carving. Before the house was converted into an inn, it contained several portraits of various characters of that period. The room, in which the King is said to have slept, is more handsomely wainscoted than the treaty-room, being in many parts curiously and elaborately carved, and has a circular oak pillar on each side of the fireplace, which is ornamented with tasteful workmanship.

The Commissioners met in January, 1645; sixteen on the part of the King, and twelve on that of the Parliament; but the demands made by the Parliament were so great, that had they been granted, the Crown would have been divested of its due weight and dignity in the state, and the negotiations ended in no practical result. But to our "Ramble."

Just beyond the treaty-house, the high-road to Oxford, a continuation of the Uxbridge main-street passes over the river Coln.

Pursuing our way towards Chalfont, to see the house of Milton, we pass up Red Hill, from the top of which a lovely view is obtained; and half-a-mile further on, we turn to the right, and descend the hill on its northern side, into a beautiful valley.

> Now the restless eye may rove
> From mead to mead, and grove to grove;
> Now the village church it views
> Nested in its ancient pews;
> Fields with corn or pasture green,
> And strips of barren heath, between
> Villas, farms, and glimmering sool
> The glassy pond or rushy pool.

The road, as we descend the hilly slope, is indeed a peaceful one. In many places it is completely overhung by the boughs of "high armed oaks," drooping ash-trees, or gigantic elms; while the eglantine and the wild briar rose clusters on every side. This is the true heraldic rose of England, and it is worthy of her nationality.

The way still continues charming; here and there a way-side cottage presents itself, with its white walls and trim gardens. From narrow openings in the trees we look over a noble park, and to lovely hills beyond, where fences and walls are broken here and there by chalk-pits. Now we pass over a brawling brook, and amuse ourselves by watching the rosy sticklebacks, leaping up in the sunshine, as they travel over the sandy bed. Thinking of Chaucer's "quick stremes and colde," and admiring in its beautiful contortions, the antique root quaintly broidered with moss, peeping out from the rugged branch above it.

We now reach the village of Chalfont St. Peter's, about a mile and half from the lone place of pilgrimage, but not still to be despised by the humble traveller, who contents himself with humble fare, at an humble inn in the village on the left. To such we repaired, and having strengthened the inner man, we fell in with one of the fraternity of masons, from Uxbridge, who was proceeding to the other Chalfont, to superintend the erection of a memorial to some "parent dead," in the churchyard. To the genius of this son of the chisel we committed ourselves, and from the garden of the inn, and beside a pretty little forget-me-not bordered stream, we proceeded over the fields, towards the famous residence of the great poet.

It is delightful to meet an intelligent mind at all times, but doubly so when you do not expect it. The mason was a "true burgess of the forest," and one that Shakspere might have woven into his best of comedies. Though his hand was rough, his mind was as polished as a piece of his own statuary, and his conversation proved what a man may accomplish by a turn for reading, even amid the laborious occupations of life, as it exhibited both taste, feeling, and wit, and many of his remarks would have done honour to the Oxford or Cambridge lordling.

After losing sight of our little stream for a moment, we came suddenly to a spacious opening, at the further end of which stood the church of St. Giles, Chalfont. The village lies behind it; it is a small sequestered hamlet, quiet as the grave. There is a large elm tree in the centre of the village, perhaps coeval with the poet's time, one or two neat public-houses, a blacksmith's and wheelwright's shop, and two or three tradesmen's "stores." As you pass up the village, the street curves to the eastward, and at its upper end, the very last house on the left, is that formerly occupied by the great poet of Liberty. The house was, in Milton's time, one of the best houses in the village, and might have served as the dwelling of a respectable yeoman or farmer. Its gable end gives a kind of side frontage to it, and juts out on a garden with a small latch-gate, through which you enter the little mansion, now inhabited by a worthy knight of the thimble. The man seems proud of his dwelling. We entered it by a small door, to the right of which is a low keeping room, and to the left is a kitchen. Over these are bed-rooms; and the one over the sitting-room was, in all probability, the bed-room of the poet. On a former visit to this place, in the year 1827, there was fronting the street a porch with side seats to it, but which some Vandal, in the shape of a bricklayer, has removed, and patched up the hole with bricks and mortar.

Such is the venerated spot—a spot second only to that above, where the "poet of all time" saw the light. Was it not something to drink of the water of the poet's well, to look upon the trees he loved to look on, and to walk in the garden in which he used to moralize? It was

to this spot, when the plague was raging in London, in 1665, that Milton removed. Here it was that Thomas Elwood, the preacher, who acted occasionally as Milton's secretary, visited him one day, and after some "common discourses," as he himself says, "had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure. When I came home, and set myself to read it, I found that it was that excellent poem, 'Paradise Lost.' At Chalfont, also, it is supposed that Milton wrote 'Paradise Regained,' at the suggestion of Ellwood, a poem not so celebrated as it ought to be."

Milton is described, by one who knew him at that time, sitting at the door of his house, in warm and sunny weather, enjoying the fresh air, clad in a coarse grey coat, and there, as well as in his rooms, receiving the visits of the numerous distinguished persons who came to see and converse with him. Milton was fond of rural walks. He was an early goer to bed, an early riser; he generally retired at nine, and rose at four in summer; in winter at five. When he first rose, he either read, or, when blind, heard read to him, a chapter in the Hebrew Bible. He then commonly studied till twelve, then had some exercise for an hour, then dined; afterwards played on the organ, or bass viol, or sang, or made his wife sing, who he said had a good voice, but no ear. He then read or wrote till six, and at eight gave way to social converse and his friends till the time for bed. His last enjoyment seems to have been a glass of cold water and a pipe of tobacco.

A walk of about a mile and a half along a bye-road, remarkable for its rural beauty, brings us to a spot but little inferior in interest to the place we have just left—a spot in such sweet and happy character with those whom it loves to treasure, as to be well called "holy ground," though it canonically is not. For silence and solitude it is not to be surpassed.

Delighted with the grassy dingles and the overhanging boughs of elm and ash, we wandered on almost unconsciously till we suddenly came upon a little hollow in the road, carved in a craggy ravine, above which the grave oak, and fir, and beech waved; and beneath stood, all alone, quiet, and unobtrusive, a little meeting-house of the Quakers, called "Jerdean's Meeting-house," and well known to that religious body for its solemn associations, for here lie the bodies, side by side, of one of their religious leaders, William Penn; another, great in being associated with the poet Milton, Thomas Elwood, before mentioned; and Isaac Pennington, one of the most sturdy of the early friends.

The grave of Penn—the man of peace—whose word stands more eternal than the oath of kings! Who could stand near the grave of Penn without emotion? The spirit of the red Indian keeps watch over the hallowed place.

Of William Penn every one knows; but the circumstances attending the signing of his celebrated treaty with the Indians, are not so generally known. From traditions in Quaker families, it appears that the contracting parties met at a place near Philadelphia, then called Shackamaxon, now Kenseyton, where was an elm-tree of prodigious size. To this the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its wide spreading branches. William Penn appeared in his usual clothes. He had no crown, sword, mace, sceptre, halberd or any other insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash round his waist, which was made of silk net-work. On his right hand was Colonel Markham, his relation and secretary, and on the left his friend Peerson, after which followed a train of Quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandise, which, when they came near the Sachems, were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, in his hand. One of the Sachems, who was the chief, then put upon his own head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a *small horn*. This is, in the primitive eastern nations, an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the chief put it on, it was understood that the place was sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn, the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, and seated themselves round their chief, in the form of a half moon, on the ground. The chief Sachem then announced, through an interpreter, to William Penn, that the natives were ready to hear him.

William Penn then began:—"The Great Spirit," he said, "who had made heaven and earth, and who knew the innermost thought of man's heart, knew that he and his friends desired to live in peace and friendship with them. That they did not wish for hostile warfare. Their object was to love them and do good to them. That red men and white men were brethren, and that God was the father of all, and only loved his children when he saw that they loved one another." After these he unrolled the parchment, and, by means of the interpreter, described to them the purchase, and the words of the compact. He then delivered it to the Sachem who wore the horn in his chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it from generation to generation.

Such was the famous treaty, one which has been signalized as the only treaty between these people and Christians made without the ratification of an OATH, and the only one which has never been broken.

INSANITY.

There are two classes of individuals to whom the truth, that the mind influences the body, and through the body itself, ought to be a subject of serious consideration, public men and parents. It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom, to educate the head, and to forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection when he is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy, the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by things which impress the senses and move the heart; and a father shall instil more solid and available instruction in one hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen, and felt, than in a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in stereotyped aphorisms.

No physician doubts that precocious children, in fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundations of insanity are laid. When the studies of maturer years are stuffed into the head of a child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed, and can bear exertion, the other is growing, and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts, to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail; in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is just as rational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiment on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart, to the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out such a course; for the emotions are then the liveliest, and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source that the mass of men are hereafter to draw their sum of happiness or misery; the actions of the immense majority are, under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than by reflection; in truth, life presents an infinity of occasions where it is essential to happiness that we should feel rightly, very few where it is at all necessary that we should think profoundly.

ANTIQUITY.

There is something peculiarly interesting in antiquity, independent of the interest that particular antiquities may derive from their own beauty, or even from historical association. It is Nature's factor, and represents the opposite poles of mutability and eternity.

A Roman encampment, though it be now but a green mound, and was formerly the seat of mutiny, and, in fact, little better than a den of thieves, is more poetical than a modern barrack, though tenanted by brave Britons, the veterans of Egypt, or the medalists of Waterloo. What more prosaic than a halfpenny of the last coinage? You can in no ways put a sentiment into it, unless you give it to a child to buy sugar-plums, or to a beggar, in defiance of the vagrant laws and the Mendicity Society. But let the grim visages and execrated names of Caligula or Nero be deciphered through the verdant veil of venerable verdigris, and it becomes precious as Queen Anne's farthings, or the crooked sixpence that heretofore served for lovers' tokens. The spirit of ages invests them like a glory-cloud.

Time is a mighty leveller; yea, oftentimes makes that most precious which originally was vilest. A manuscript of Bavius, preserved from the cinders of Herculaneum, or a copy of Zoïlus, traced beneath the legend of some Grecian monk, would be prized by collectors far above Virgil or Aristotle.

What are the Pyramids? Huge piles of brick or stone, with square bases and triangular sides, reared by slaves for tyrants to moulder in, standing evidences of heartless pride and heart-withering debasement, ponderous burdens heaped on mother earth to defraud her of her due.

Such were they when they were new. It would have gone against one's conscience to have visited them. But it is quite otherwise now. They no longer belong to Cheops or Sesostris, Pharaohs or Ptolemies, Mamelukes or Turks, but to the imagination of mankind. It were worth a pilgrimage to see them, could seeing add any thing to their power. But they are so simple both in form and association, so easily, so clearly presentable to the mind's eye, that it is doubtful whether much would be gained by viewing them with the bodily organs, beyond the satisfaction of saying and thinking that one had seen them. It were nothing to measure their basis, or take their altitude, somewhat tedious to pore over the hieroglyphics, not very much, except for a savant, to rummage the interior. But to conceive them, or, after all, it would be better to see them, standing on the same earth which has entombed so many thousand generations, pointing to the self-same sky, which heard the cry of the oppressed when they were building; to sink, as in a dream, "through the dark backward and abyss of time;" this is indeed sublime. There would be nothing sublime in covering the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields (said to be equal in square contents to the great pyramid) with a fac simile. It would be a piece of lumbering inutility. Parliament, with all its omnipotence, could not endow it with a grant of centuries. It might be voted the tomb of kings, but not the sepulchre of ages.

The Pyramids are particularly happy in their locality. Under our changeful atmosphere, among fields and trees, the ever-varying, self-renewing operations of nature, they would be in too sharp contrast. In a free land of thriving industry they would be out of keeping, they would occupy too much ground, or stand a chance of being pulled down for the value of the materials. But they harmonize admirably with a dewless heaven, a sandy waste, a people that have been. They seem like a remnant of a world that has perished, things which the huge Titans, "while yet there was no fear of Jove," might have built in wantonness, as boys pile up stones on mountain heads. There is a sublimity in their uselessness. They should have been made when the earth bore all things spontaneously, before vitality had received its name.

The Egyptians, of all nations, seem to have built and planned with the most exclusive regard to permanence. They designed to make antiquities. A dim bewildered instinct, a yearning after immortality, marked all their undertakings. They preferred an unconscious existence, in the form of hideous mummies, to utter dissolution; they feared that the bodiless spirit might lose its personal identity; and expected, or wished, after the expiration of the great cycle, to find all that they had left exactly as they left it, the same bodies, the same buildings, the same obelisks, pointing at the same stars. Strange faith! that the soul, after all varieties of untried being, would return to animate a mummy.

The Greeks built for beauty, the Romans for magnificence, the Orientals for barbaric splendour, (the Chinese, indeed, for fantastic finery,) the Gothic nations for the sublimity of religious effect, or martial strength; a Dutchman builds to please himself, a sensible Englishman for convenience, others of that nation, to show their wealth or their taste. But the Egyptan built in defiance of time, or rather propitiated that ruthless power, by erecting him altars whereon to inscribe his victories over all beside.

Should a modern architect succeed in rivalling the hallowed structures of our forefathers, (an event by no means probable), still his workmanship would savour of the times of yore, of other men than we, other manners than ours. We should feel the new stone and stucco-work, the freshness of youth upon the new wonder, somewhat painfully; and, in a fanciful mood, might marvel in what cavern of the earth it had been hidden so many centuries, by what mechanism it had been raised. It is seldom safe to imitate antiquities. An antiquity that is not ancient is a contradiction. It reminds us of something that it is not. The charm is gone. It is like the tragedy of "Hamlet" with the character of *Hamlet* omitted. In great works, it is well to keep close to the eternal, to that which is never modern, and never can be antique. But it is impossible to exclude the spirit of our own age; and, therefore, to mimic that of another can only produce incongruity.

As there are some things which never become antique, by virtue of their permanent and catholic excellence, so others are excluded from that character by their worthlessness. The full-bottomed periwig, and the hooped petticoat, are out of fashion; and, should they be treasured in museums, or recorded in pictures, till Plato's great year is completed, they will only be out of fashion still. Some people assert, that there is no antiquity, like that of nature; but this is not true. Nature, indeed, has her antiquities; but they are not the sun, the moon, the stars, nor the everflowing ocean, nor the eternal hills. These are all exempt from time; they never were new; and they are no older now than when angels sang hallelujahs at their creation. Nature has her antiquities; for she has some productions which she has ceased to produce; but for her streams and her mountains, her fields and her flowers, I hope they will never be antiquated. An aged tree, especially if shivered by wind or lightning, is certainly a thing of other times. A rock rifted by an earthquake, a fragment fallen at some far-distant or forgotten period from a mountain side, a deep fissure seemingly rent by some power greater than any which nature is now exerting, may fitly be called natural antiquities. So are the mammoth's bones. They tell tales of the planet's vigorous youth; they belong to an order of things different from the present.

But there is nothing in nature, however green and fresh, or perpetually reproduced, which may not be rendered antique by poetry and superstition. Is not the very ground of Palestine and Egypt hoary? Are not the Nile and Jordan ages upon ages elder than Little Muddy River, or Great, Big, Dry River, or Philosophy, Philanthropy, and Wisdom Rivers, which unite to form Jefferson River?

Something of this hallowed character invests every

plant and animal to which a superstition is attached. The fancies of old poets; love charms and magic incantations; the dreams of alchymy and astrology; the rites of obsolete religions; the strange fictions and unutterable compounds of the old medicine; the dark tales of philtres and secret poisons; more than all, fireside tradition, have given to many an herb, and bird, and creeping thing, a stamp and odour of auld langsyne. The pansy is still sacred to Oberon and Titania, the mistletoe is not of our generation, the mandrake is a fearful ghost of departed days, the toad is the most ancient of reptiles, and the raven is "a secular bird of ages." But this imputation of antiquity belongs not to every flower that has been sung in past ages. If they were celebrated merely for beauty or fragrance, or even for such fanciful associations as might occur to any poet at any time, it does not make them antique. The rose and the lily have been time immemorial the poets' themes; yet they are not antiquities, their loveliness has no more relation to one age than another.

The Catholic religion is an antiquity; and this makes it, with all its imperfections, a gentlemanly mode of faith. It respects other antiquities. The Puritans, on the other hand, who, not to speak it profanely, were not gentlemen had an odd perverse antipathy to every thing that reminded them of times when they were not. They would not have spared a Madonna of Raphael. They would have made lime of the Apollo Belvidere, and plastered a conventicle with the Venus de Medicis.

A smack of the antique is an excellent ingredient in gentility. A gentleman, to be the *beau ideal* of his order, should live in an old house, (if haunted so much the better,) well stocked with old books and old wine, and well hung with family-portraits and choice pieces of the old masters. He should keep all his father's old servants, and an old nurse, replete with legendary lore. His old horses, when past labour, should roam at large in his park; and his superannuated dogs should be allowed to doze out their old age in the sun, or on the hearth-rug. If an old man, his dress should be forty fashions out of date at least. At any rate, his face should have something of the cavalier cut, a likeness to the family of Vandyke; and his manners, without being absolutely antiquated, should show somewhat of an inherited courtesy. In all, he should display a consciousness, that he is to represent something historical, something that is not of to day or yesterday, a power derived from times of yore.

Yet antiquity is not always genteel. The Jewish nation is the greatest antiquity upon earth. It is a remnant of a dispensation that has past away. The law and the prophets are their family-history. Their rites and customs, their food, their daily life, are derived from times long anterior to all records but their own. But, alas! it is not good for nations to be antiquities. They cannot but fall to ruin; and a human ruin is not a ruined temple.

The Gypsies, as a relic of the old Nomadic life, may be regarded with somewhat similar, but less melancholy feelings. We know not that they were ever better than they are, though certainly the tide of society is daily leaving them farther behind. In the list of retrograde nations, we may mention the Abyssinians. All their laws, customs, and forms, declare that they must once have been a civilized people. At present they seem to be barbarians, with a few antique traditions of civilization, like Indians, armed with the weapons and clothed in the garments of some murdered European crew.

An antiquity, in short, to conclude instead of beginning with a definition, is not that which is merely old, but that which has outlived its time, which belongs to another state of society, another age of man or nature than that in which it is contemplated. It must not be of the essence of universal nature, for she is ever renewing; nor of pure reason, for that is eternal. Neither must it be a mere whim, an arbitrary fancy or fashion, having no ground in either; but it must be a mode, an emanation of nature, a form which she has assumed and laid aside.

SHOW YOU HAVE A HEART.

In this dull world we cheat ourselves and one another of innocent pleasures by the score, through very carelessness and apathy; courted day after day by happy memories, we rudely brush them off with this indiscriminating besom, the stern material present; invited to help in rendering joyful many a patient heart, we neglect the little word that might have done it, and continually defraud creation of its share of kindness from us. The child made merrier by your interest in its toy; the old domestic flattered by our seeing him look so well; the poor better helped by your blessing than your penny (though give the penny too); the labourer cheered on in his toil by a timely word of praise; the humble friend encouraged by your frankness; equals made to love you by the expression of your love; and superiors gratified by attention and respect, and looking out to benefit the kindly—how many pleasures here for one hand to gather; how many blessings for any heart to give! Instead of these, what have we rife about the world? frigid compliment—for warmth is vulgar; reserve of tongue—for it's folly to be talkative; composure, never at fault—for feelings are dangerous things; gravity—for that looks wise; coolness—for other men are cold; selfishness—for every one is struggling for his own. This is all false, all bad; the slavery chain of custom, riveted by the foolishness of fashion; because there is ever a band of men and women who have nothing to recommend them but externals—their looks are their dresses, their ranks are their wealth—and in order to exalt the honour of these, they agree to set a compact seal of silence in the heart and on the mind, lest the flood of humbler men's affections, or of wiser men's intelligence, should pale their tinsel-praise; and the warm and the wise too softly acquiesce in this injury done to heartiness, shamed by the effrontery of cold calm fools, and the shallow dignity of an empty presence. Turn the table on them, ye truer gentry, truer nobility, truer royalty of the heart and of the mind; speak freely, love warmly, laugh cheerfully, explain frankly, exhort zealously, admire liberally, advise earnestly—be not ashamed to show you have a heart; and if some cold-blooded simpleton greet your social efforts with a sneer, repay him (for you can well afford a richer gift than his whole treasury possesses) with a kind, good-humoured smile.

Decision of Character.—It is of great importance in order to be successful in any undertaking, that a man possess a good degree of firmness; because, if after he have undertaken any business or enterprise, he become discouraged merely because he meets with a few difficulties and embarrassments which he did not anticipate, his capabilities for conducting his business will be paralyzed, and his efforts weak and ill-directed, so that his failure will almost of necessity be the result. But if a man of a firm and decided cast of character meet with obstacles to his prosperity, he nerves himself to meet them, taxes his utmost ability, and directs all the energies of his mind and body to remove the causes of his embarrassment, and the result in nine out of ten cases will be complete success. He could scarcely fail to be successful, unless he has engaged in an enterprise for which he possesses no qualifications, and to which his energies are inadequate; which is rarely the case with a man of firmness. Such men, generally speaking, "weigh well the means, the manner, and the end," of their designs, before attempting to put them into execution, and when their resolutions are once taken, trifles don't stop them.

HOUSEHOLD WALLS.

We talk of "old familiar faces,"
And love them warmly and sincerely;
But there are old familiar places,
That cling to us almost as dearly.

Say, who among us, with a heart
Where feeling's holy sunshine falls,
Can bear, untouched, to turn and part
From even long-known household walls?

Walls, that have echoed to our pleasure,
Walls, that have hidden us in grief,
Been shaken by our dancing measure,
And garnished by our Christmas leaf.

The chairs, that we have drawn around
The twilight fire, with friends beside us,
When in that tiny world we found
The peace the larger world denied us.

The table, where our arm has leaned,
And held our brow in pensive thinking,
The cosey curtain, that has screened
When north-east draughts have found us shrinking;

Oh! are there not some hearts, that ever
A tint of love from these can borrow;
And when they say "Good bye," can never,
Take the last look without deep sorrow?

And how the spirit learns to talk
To some old tree, or whitethorn hedge,
Or worship some poor garden walk,
As though 'twere bound by sacred pledge.

Oh! many a throbbing heart will yearn
To household wall, or old green lane,
And many a farewell glance will turn,
Half dimmed, to peep just once again.

At some familiar noteless thing,
Which we have dwelt with, till it seems
A feather in the gentle wing,
That nestles all our happiest dreams.

Oh! love, thou hast a noble throne
In bosoms where thy life-light falls,
So warm and wide, that they have sighed,
At leaving even household walls.

Eliza Cook.

God in Nature.—There is religion in everything around us—a calm and holy religion, in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes quietly, and without excitement. It has no terror, no gloom in its approaches. It does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammeled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of its author, glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, which pervades and quickens it. It is written on the arched sky. It looks out from every star. It is on the sailing cloud, and in the invisible wind. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates, before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language, upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

DIAMOND DUST.

A feeble and delicate exterior is not unfrequently united with great force of intellect, and it would appear as if, occasionally, the energies of the one increase in strength as the powers of the other decline. Would Moscow have illumed the sky with her thousand fires had she been built of more durable material?

It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to *half-do* ten times as much.

A little thing consoles us, because a little thing affects us.

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object, cannot live.

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living being.

We slightly remember our frailties, and the sharpest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves.

Learn properly to understand and to love life if thou wilt rightly understand and love eternity. A true Christian must already be happy here on earth; that is the problem of life which every one of us must endeavour with all our might to solve, that difficult problem whose solution so few have achieved, and which has cost the multitude so much conflict. Yet the more and the greater are the difficulties, the more honourable it is to carry off the victory. Man may be disappointed in his greatest hopes in life, without, on that account, becoming unhappy.

The best actions we never recompence, and the worst are seldom chastised.

Those who believe nothing often make others believe most; as the best actors in our theatres are those who retain the most perfect command over their feelings, voice, and countenance.

Beware of idleness, the listless idleness that lounges and reads without the severity of study, the active idleness for ever busy about matters neither very difficult nor very valuable.

All the men who have done things well in life have been remarkable for decision of character.

In our conduct to animals less gifted than ourselves, let us not forget, that we are only the elder born of our mother's womb, and whatever may be the number of her children, they are all dear in the eye of our common parent.

The love of woman is gold that is tried in the fire. The love of man is too often alloyed with baser metals.

We prefer obeying some to commanding others.

The outside trappings which we assume when we go into public are more frequently wanted at home than abroad.

The more a man has to do, the more he finds himself capable of doing, even beyond the direct task.

Mankind, in general, mistake difficulties for impossibilities. That is the difference between those who effect and those who do not.

Romping.—Never find fault with girls if they are decided romps; but be thoughtful that they have the health and spirits necessary for romping. Better be a romp, than have a narrow chest and flushed cheek.

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IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON.

THE impression which the daily life of London makes upon the mind of the native-born citizen, is very faint compared with that experienced by the provincial visitor. To the Londoner, London is a fact daily familiar; the busy throng of its streets, the rush of life in its thoroughfares, the tremendous tide of human necessity which rolls throughout its vast extent from day to day, fail to arrest his attention, or to excite his sense of wonder. To a visitor from the quiet country, it presents itself in a very different aspect. London is to him a new world, unlike everything he has before seen, or even imagined. It at once fills his mind, and takes possession of his whole being.

There are country visitors to London who have told us, that they felt oppressed beyond description, by a sense of their own comparative insignificance in it, amidst a mass of human beings so immense; they were as if lost in the mighty crowd, a stray unit amidst two millions of strange people! On others, the effect is different; it produces an excitement of the liveliest kind. London! of which they have read and heard so much, from the days in which they sat around the old fireside at home far off in the country, when its wonders and greatness sounded to them as something infinitely more marvellous than anything they had ever read of, even in the "Arabian Nights," to the days when, pushing their way onwards in life, they have at length mastered its difficulties, gained a firm footing in their provincial sphere, and at last felt themselves free to indulge in a visit to the great world's metropolis;—and now at last, such visitor is in London, treading its thoroughfares, visiting its classic places, its galleries, its cathedrals, its legislature, and drinking in large draughts of pleasurable excitement at every step.

LONDON! how grand the very name sounds! The names of all other European cities, with the exception, perhaps, of Rome and Constantinople, give but little idea of their greatness and importance. Paris, Berlin, Vienna (or "Wien," as the Germans call it,) sound small and insignificant, compared with "LONDON!" The very word imports greatness—the name is worthy the capital of the world—the heart of empires—the centre of civilization.

It would be vain for any one to attempt to *describe* London. Its enormous vastness—its myriad population—its boundless wealth, its unparalleled power and grandeur, set description at defiance. It eludes the grasp of imagination—the mind is staggered at the very idea of it. Think of two millions of human beings concentrated round St. Paul's. Just fancy two millions of human hearts and souls jammed together in a space not larger than many a duke's park. But we must not under estimate the vast extent of London. Think of nine miles of houses from east to west, and six miles of houses from north to south! But this can give one no adequate idea of the hundreds of thousands of houses in which those two millions of human beings live.

Ascend to the top of St. Paul's, as early in the morning as you choose, before the smoke has begun to dim the atmosphere overhanging the great city, and if you cast your eyes about you. lo! there are dense habitations in all directions—roofs, gables, chimney-tops, church spires, apparently without end; an interminable world of brick. Look down, and immediately beneath you are the densely built streets of "the City," wherein the wealth of the commercial world centres. Here is Cheapside, there Cornhill, Leadenhall Street, and Threadneedle Street, where inestimable wealth daily circulates; for there is the Bank, there the Exchange, there the East India House, and there the warehouses of the merchant princes of Britain. Cast your eyes eastward, and you look over Whitechapel, Commercial Road, the wretched district of Bethnal Green; and still eastward, inclining southward, you see Poplar, Limehouse, and the famous docks, towards which the wealth of the Indies is wafted; far in the east, at an immense distance, you catch a glimpse of the green fields of Essex, and what you take to be a streak of the German ocean, opposite the mouth of the Thames. Turn round—it is the same in whichever direction you look—to the west, over Buckingham Palace and the lofty towers of Westminster; still miles on miles of houses. Beneath you there is Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, the Strand, and Piccadilly; and to the right, Holborn, Oxford Street, the Edgware Road,—shops, dwellings, offices, hovels, churches, gin-shops, in endless succession. To the north, over the vastly populous district of Finsbury, it is the same; and southward, across the Thames, looking towards Surrey and Kent, there are still miles on miles of human habitations.

London is unlike every other capital in the world. You can scarcely tell where it begins, and what is the line of demarcation that separates it from the country in any direction. Sail along the Thames, the silent highway of the metropolis, and for twenty miles you have city on either side of you. Run out towards the country—north or south, whichever you will—say five or ten miles, and you can scarcely say you are out of London. Villas, terraces, towns, villages, clumps of houses, lie spread in all directions—peopled by London citizens. But it is impossible to define or set bounds to London—to say where it begins, or where it ends. Its hugeness defies definition.

And when such is the bulk and expansion of this mighty London, how is it possible for any one to see it all, to know it all, to understand it all, out-growing as it daily does all possible means of seeing and knowing it? Londoners themselves, who spend their daily life in it, are often as much in the dark as to the public ongoings there, as denizens of the country are. The inhabitant of the East

End may be as much a stranger to the localities of the West End, as is the inhabitant of Wales or the Highlands. Their respective populations are unknown to each other; next-door neighbours may remain unacquainted even with each other's names for years. To most men, London may be an utter solitude, if they wish it. They may live there for half a century, unknowing and unknown. In the midst of millions they may be alone, far more than they can possibly be in the country village, where each man's life and concerns are made the business of everybody. Here there is an entire emancipation from tattlers and busy-bodies; but there is also a want of personal sympathy. The people are strangers to each other; each is intent upon his own business, knowing nothing, and caring little about what his neighbour is doing. Jostling each other in the streets, each man presses forward eagerly on his own errand; all seeming to have some special object of pursuit in their looks. What matters it that this man whom they have just passed is a country magnate come up to town? He is nothing to them—a nobody, whatever he may be in his own province. There is, indeed, no such remedy for provincial vanity and self-importance as a visit to London.

One of the most striking sights of London, at least to a visitor, who has not become quite familiarized with the daily life of the metropolis, is the streets leading towards the City, the streams of human beings that throng past—pouring on and on—never resting for a moment—crushing, and pressing, and panting onward—multitudes this way, that way, and every way; and this, not for an hour together, but from morn till night, at all times and seasons. The grand centre *towards* which the immense current rolls, in the earlier part of the day, is the City; in the evening, the current is principally *from* it. The City is the centre of the business operations of London, and in the morning, crowds upon crowds, from all directions, pour their tide of life towards St. Paul's from every point of the compass. Busses are plying at an early hour—all converging towards "the Bank," the great monetary heart of London, and the various places of business in the City. As they proceed, the thoroughfares become more and more crowded; and for miles together, this mass of human beings presses on, thickening as you approach the City, where the busses disgorge their contents, the foot-passengers throng into the shops, offices, and warehouses, and London is in the full heyday of life and vigour.

All day long are the streets of London in a move—in a swarm. Here let us stand for a moment, and look down Ludgate Hill, along Fleet Street. There, as far as the eye can see, down towards Temple Bar, you have before you an interminable throng of coaches, cabs, carriages, omnibuses, carts, drays, broughams, buggies, waggons, gigs, vans, shop-carts, barouches, coal-waggons, trucks, placard caravans, donkey-carts, and all possible descriptions of vehicles, blocking up the road sometimes for an hour together, so as to render crossing the street next to an impossibility. It is the same in all the streets leading to the Bank. Your first wonder is, where can all those people come from? the next, where can they all be going to? One would think they must at length all pass by, and leave the streets quiet. But no! on come new streams of life—whirling and eddying; more busses, caravans, cabs, and waggons. There is no end of the din, bustle, and tumult. Only towards midnight do the streets become comparatively quiet, and only for an hour or two in the early morning do they seem hushed in sleep.

Let us mix with the crowd thronging Ludgate Hill, and stroll westward towards the Court end of the town. Passing along Fleet Street, we observe the office of the great Punch, and then we meet with the Dispatch office; and further on, mostly in the Strand, the offices of the Morning Chronicle, the Sun, the Globe, the Economist, the John Bull, the Weekly Chronicle, and many others. We have already passed the entrance to the Temple, where lawyers eat their way to the bar; and Temple Bar, which offers no slight impediment to the thoroughfare of passengers and vehicles. We pass by St. Clement's Danes Church, and reach the front of Somerset House; enter the courts and look around—it is a fine solemn-looking pile of building, now chiefly devoted to the purposes of Government Commissions and public education. Pass out by King's College; and, again proceeding westward along the Strand, you discern numerous other newspaper offices. In and about Wellington Street, you find the local habitation of most of the leading literary papers—the Athenæum, Spectator, and Examiner. In this street, on the right, you observe the portico of the Lyceum, the most beautifully decorated little theatre in London, where Charles Matthews, and the ever-enduring Madame Vestris, charm nightly audiences. The same street conducts you to the Royal Italian Operahouse, in Covent Garden, where you find the most complete operatic company and orchestra probably to be found in the whole world. In the same neighbourhood is Drury Lane, where the fourth foreign operatic company in London has lately commenced a series of performances. Pursuing our rout along the Strand, we pass the Adelphi Theatre, where Wright and Paul Bedford draw nightly peals of laughter; Exeter Hall, where most of the religious assemblies are held; and also where the magnificent oratorios of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn are performed to enormous audiences. Then emerging from the Strand, we reach Charing Cross. Here we are in Trafalgar Square; on one side the National Gallery, constructed in the pepper-box style of architecture; in front are the fountains, made famous by Punch; and also Nelson's monument, the hero which surmounts it having a rope and anchor so arranged about his extremities, as very much to resemble a tail. To the right, the road leads us to the Haymarket, to the Queen's Theatre, where Jenny Lind has lately closed her triumphant operatic career; and further on, into Pall Mall, Regent Street, St. James's, and Piccadilly. But let us rather turn to the left, and go down by Whitehall. Here, every step is full of interest. To the right, we pass the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, the Treasury, in which the principal offices of the Government are situated, and where the machinery is managed which holds this mighty empire in order. Pass through the Horse Guards' porch, and you are at once in the quiet park of St. James's, the most beautiful of the Parks of London. But rather return with us, and go along Whitehall. There, opposite the Horse Guards, is the famous Banqueting Hall, erected by Inigo Jones. Pass into the Privy Gardens behind, and you have pointed out to you the window from which Charles the First stepped forth to his execution. With a very questionable taste, the statue of his son, James the Second, a bigot and an imbecile, has been erected, his finger pointing to the spot whereon the scaffold was erected on which his father was beheaded. Nearly opposite the Banqueting Hall is Sir Robert Peel's private mansion—a quiet green retreat, shaded by trees, and almost rural in appearance, though so close to one of the great thoroughfares of London. You emerge at the other side, pass down Downing Street, and enter Parliament Street, at the further end of which stand Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of the Legislature.

The associations connected with this neighbourhood are of the most deeply interesting character to every person who has read the history of his country, or takes note of the important political events of modern times. There, on the one hand, frown the dark and stupendous walls of Westminster Abbey; and here, on the other, is St. Stephen's Chapel, and the venerable pile of Westminster Hall, behind which slowly rise up the new Houses of Parliament. Along these streets have trod all the great men of British history—Saxon, Norman, Anglo-Norman, and modern British. Here have passed, in the dim pro-

cession of ages, mail-clad barons, mitred ecclesiastics, people's representatives, tyrants, serfs, and freemen. Here has shouted a stormy multitude while a king was tried. Here Cromwell, Vane, and Hampden have trod; and in later times, Pitt, Burke, Chatham, Fox, and Sheridan, have passed to the scene of their triumph and glory; and there opposite, stands the statue of Canning pointing towards the place where his great spirit was consumed and wasted.

But the interest of Palace and Westminster Yard does not consist merely in associations with the past; there is not a spot in London which presents more objects of profound interest to the mind which feels concern in the great movements of the present time. During the sitting of the Houses, the men who wield the destinies of this great empire are constantly to be seen passing and repassing. See that little man of slender appearance, of obviously nervous temperament, and of pale pointed features, which bear upon them too obvious indications of anxiety, care, and the "fret that doth consume us;" in that person see the Prime Minister of Great Britain—Lord John Russell. And who is this tall, well-proportioned man, carelessly dressed, in a dark frock-coat, and grey trowsers, his shirt-collar turned down at one side, and his hat pressed nearly over his eyes—of handsome countenance, but containing an expression which is altogether indefinable, and which no artist has yet succeded in hitting? A buzz follows his steps—"it is Sir Robert Peel!" And here comes the unmistakeable rolling Baronet—the large square prominent-nosed Sir J. Graham. Then observe this delicately-featured man, of pale and anxious countenance, as if he were suffering from some internal pain, his frame attenuated and shrunken, his gait drooping and faltering; that body contains a great and noble soul—he is Roebuck, the new member for Sheffield, one of the men of true mark, who, if his life be spared, will yet be heard of. Another follows, tall and pale—here you have the face of a thinker and a student; his black curly locks, and large dark eyes, indicate his race of eastern origin; yet, here he is about to take his place among British legislators, where he is already a man of no mean note; for the philippics of Benjamin D'Israeli must certainly be acknowledged as among the most brilliant specimens of modern Parliamentary eloquence. After him comes Shiel, a man anything but good-looking, exhibiting a round and pale face, a projecting chin, a sarcastic mouth, and an expression not at all pleasing. Yet this man is the orator of the House, and when he speaks, all memory of his external uncouthness fades away. Then follow in a stream other well known members,—Colonel Thompson, the honest sailor-looking member for Bradford; Reynolds, the "original," of Dublin; the unassuming-looking Cobden; honest Muntz of Birmingham, with his thick stick, and bushy beard; sturdy John Bright in his quaker-cut coat, and many others of equal notoriety.

But who is this driving up to the lobby of the House of Lords, about whom so much interest seems to be excited? A plain, high-wheeled cab, driven by an ordinary looking servant in plain livery, draws up underneath the porch, and forth steps, hesitatingly and feebly, an old and decrepid man, spare and slender in figure, dressed in a plain black frock-coat, and, though the day is cold, in white ducks; he walks slowly into the lobby. We catch a sight of his profile, and instantly recognise in the shrunken old man—THE DUKE! Yes; we have before us the victor of Assye—the constructor of the lines at Torres Vedras—the vanquisher of Soult and Massena—the conqueror of Salamanca and Vittoria—the hero of Waterloo—the rival of Napoleon! Alas, unconquered Wellington, like the greatest of earth's heroes, cannot resist the ruthless attacks of Time. The "Iron Duke" has shrunk into the "lean and slippered pantaloon." It is something, however, to have seen a man of so great a fame as a warrior; though we fervently trust that with him may expire the race of "great military heroes."

Scarcely has the Duke's cab driven away from the porch, ere up comes a wiry, fussy, hurried, fidgety-looking man, in shepherd's-plaid trowsers, and a blue swallow-tailed coat, and darts into the lobby-door. We catch a glimpse of his nose; it is Brougham!—the same active, restless, speaking, plodding parliamentarian as ever.

We have thus set down a few, and but a very few, of the Impressions of London on the mind of the visitor. The subject is one which is almost boundless; and we feel, on leaving it, as if we had scarcely done more than touch it. We might further have spoken of the admirable police of London, and the perfect security in which these two millions of people go about their business from day to day; and yet, at the same time, the entire and perfect liberty which they enjoy. London is a centre of all free movements; it is a very refuge from despotism and oppression of all kinds. The refugees of all countries flock to it,—Poles, French, Italians, and Spanish. There you may at present find Louis Blanc and Metternich; Guizot, Caussidiere and Polignac; refugees from the vengeance of people and their governments. But a year ago, London was equally the resort of refugees from the despotism of kings; of such men as Mazzini the Italian, Bem the Hungarian, and Freiligrath the German patriot. These men are now engaged in manfully working out the emancipation of their countrymen; and may all success attend them in their efforts.

We might further speak of the extreme mental liberty which is enjoyed by the people of London. There each man may think and speak as he likes. No man is muzzled, or exposed, on account of his opinions, to the petty persecutions and oppression he has so often to endure in the country. Hence the general absence of hypocrisy among Londoners. No man needs any pretence for being a hypocrite, for he is perfectly free to think and do as he chooses. Public opinion in London may be inactive, and slow to manifest itself; but private opinion is ever active, free, and independent. This, to any strong mind, forms one of the chief attractions of London life, for it is one of the greatest privileges and enjoyments which free-minded men can desire. This great and glorious freedom of thought is certainly one of the deepest and most grateful of all our "Impressions of London."

MAN loves the green, sunny spots of earth. A tradition seems to lurk in the memory even of the dweller amidst bricks and mortar which inclines his soul with an undefined longing towards nature arrayed in her unadorned simplicity. There is a charm about the idea of the greenwood shade, and a couch of velvet grass, which fascinates the man in his childhood, and grows with him, as years increase, into absolute fondness; as if the capacity for the original nomade existence he enjoyed was destined by the unalterable laws of his constitution never to be eradicated. Hence the flowers we see tended with so much care in the squalid districts of our large towns, and the arid patches, with plants pining in the shade, cultivated with an assiduity which apologizes for many a grave error. But of all the places which Providence, by the instrumentality of an advanced degree of civilization, has created for the comfort of man, there is none like home; and of all homes the English one is the best. An Englishman instinctively loves the russet and green amid which his remote ancestors freely roved; but he also loves his home, and, when he can, places it on the margin of the huge town from which he draws the means of subsistence; so that he may, in his hours of relaxation, scent the thorn, and watch those pretty day-stars, the daisies, dot the green fields over which comes the healthful breeze that brings the bloom to his cheeks.

A SOUL AMONGST THE VAGRANTS.

BY SILVERPEN.

Over a little dell in Epping Forest, the high trees arched, and made a night at noon! Yet here in dampness, and in shade, beneath old winter leaves and brambles intertwined, the violets gave sweet odour to the air; and had a dye as rich as purple clouds that curtain round the glory of the setting sun! unseen they were! untouched they were! Pity! pity! that such a waste should be; for what dear heaven makes beautiful, it makes for man!

Yet sudden here a streak of light, a thorny bramble thrust aside; a glorious, flickering strip of sun, a light hand moving wintry leaves away; and lo! they were plucked from out their grassy nooks, from brambles interlaced and shade of trees, and grew more scented in the broadening sun. So scented, that nature owned the balm, and scattered it most lavishly upon the noontide air! Be odorous, be beautiful small flowers; and own thy nurture of the woods and fields:—

For beauty is most needed where human tears fall most; and fragrance where fetid odours make the only atmosphere; and the purity, typified by thy sylvan loveliness sweet flowers, most where pollution festers, and where human nature is a fallen angel, wingless, and in the dust!

It was a spring evening in the sweetest May, that the vagrant girl after filling her long flat basket from these solitary nooks, and treading the forest paths with rapid feet, went on towards London. The dew fell thick upon the bending grass; the sun sank far away behind the distant boughs; and night, stealing up the glades, and over harebells and the waving fern, at last closed in, and round the plucked violets themselves. Yet it was not quite dark, when, with shoeless dusty feet she reached a rustic cottage between Forest Gate and Stratford-le-Bow. A decent clad countryman was leaning over the little garden gate smoking his pipe, and the cottage door standing open, showed a pleasant glimpse within. As the girl passed by this garden gate, a very little child came running out with tottering feet, and cried out in a little voice which was the very music of delight, "Dad! the cakes are done," and the kindly father after stooping to kiss the little upraised baby face, took its small hand, and went merrily within. The tea-table had been placed so near the door, as to enable any passer-by to see what covered it, and now the cakes, being added, they could be seen too; and such tempting cakes, so crisp, so hot, so full, and thick, and dark with plums, as to make some six or seven baby faces, looking on around the table, beam with the sweetest baby smiles. It seemed as if this were some little birthday night, the tea hour late, and the cakes made to welcome it.

The shoeless vagrant was hungry; nothing but a dram had passed her lips that day, and she but yet thirteen! She took a root of violets from the leaves and mould which lay within the basket, and leaning across the garden gate, offered it for sale.

"Violets," answered the labourer, as well as his mouthful of hot cake would permit. "What's them out o' th' leaves and grass o' th' forest, to the double 'uns in the border yander, with a scent as strong as gill' flower, or a June rose? No, no, flowers be like t'other things. Them as get muck and dressing, and the early sun, are on course a pretty deal fragranter, than sich as is plucked out on a ditch. Jist as much difference atween 'em, as atween a thief and a gentleman."

"There, send her off, John," said the goodly wife, as she placed a cake in the baby's hand, with a kiss upon its little sugar stained mouth, "the forest brings so many London thieves and vagrants to these parts, that ——"

But the baby's eyes (newer from the fashioning hand of God) saw with an intuition, yet, untouched by earth, truth in the hungry face which looked so keenly on its own; and instantly holding forth the unbitten cake within its little hand, lisped, "give." To this the loving mother not saying nay, the vagrant set down her basket, and went in.

"Well, I declare," said the good woman, as soon as she had looked closer at the girl, "if it isn't the very lass as helped me so kindly last summer when I fell with the pitcher! So take the cake; and may be you'll have a sup of milk too; though ye see, I'm not specially fond of trampers." The girl saying "yes," the woman rose, and going to a sort of little dairy, or pantry across the kitchen, fetched her a jug of milk, yet warm, from the cow. Instead, however, of drinking it quickly, as her visible hunger and thirst seemed to prompt, the drooping vagrant, after some little hesitation, asked for a broken basin, or phial, in which she could carry a drop "to little Irish Pat, a blind lad, who lodged with his mother, at Huggins's."

"Well! thou hast a tender heart, though a vagrant," replied the woman, "so I'll lend thee little Tom's school bottle; and if thee 'lt bring it back, thee shalt be welcome to a cup of milk, or a round of bread, any day thee be going by." So saying, the good woman filled the school boy's bottle, and giving her a penny, and saying "God's speed," allowed the girl to go.

Once out of sight of the cottage, the poor vagrant robbed her ravenous appetite of the cake; and hiding its larger portion beneath the forest grass and violet leaves, came on with fleeter steps towards town. By a little after nine she reached the middle of Shoreditch; and though the prime freshness of the violets had passed away, their still lovely odour made many turn to catch a glimpse of these forest flowers; and God help such poor humanity—the degraded loveliness of the young creature who bore them!

As she passed a glaring gin-shop, a group of half-drunken women, of evil character, seized her by the arm, and would not let her go on.

"'Lord bless us!' as the prison-make-us-good says, you've turned into the honest line have you, since the fortnight at Horsemonger. But, it won't do, Miss Modesty, out o' the jug, so stump up, and take a dram for acquaintance sake."

The young and wearied creature protested that she had but one penny about her, and that must be deposited with Slink, as part payment of her night's lodging; but, they would not hear reason, and dragging the penny from the bosom of her frock, pushed her through the easy door, and swore they would stand the rest.

They did so; and each taking a dram, sipped and looked, with a sort of fiendish pleasure, at the glass uplifted to the childish vagrant's lip, as if they stood and measured drop by drop; and laughed at heart, as drop went after drop, to paralyze, to imbrutify, to bring to their own last stage of infamy, disease, and ruin, poor Frailty (over which the largest mercy might have wept) that linked with extreme youth, with Hebe rounded beauty, and a tender heart, was sin so light beside their own, as to be a feather to a mountain! This their sad knowledge told them; but, then malignity and envy are the last and deadliest of human sins, and still cleave to such sad and lamentable natures, when all presence of the divinity which humanizes seems passed away. Seems! but thank God is not so! The soul has too divine a Giver to be wholly or irretrievably corrupt!

Soon flushed by the dram, and callous to their brutal taunts, the childish vagrant moved queenlike, as if rags and ruin were no longer hers, to take up the violets and go; but, as soon as these women saw the movement, they hurried, with a vociferous laugh, from the glaring shop, and when the girl had gained the street, she found they had robbed the basket of the better portion of the flowers, the piece of cake, the bottle of milk, and scattered them with wanton cruelty upon the pavement. She had nothing now to pay even a portion of that night's lodging with; though, with the flushed glory of the dram

upon her, she was careless of hunger and want of shelter. It was only as the fevered anxious face of the blind child rose up stronger and stronger before her sight, that her step sobered, and her misery and desolation were again things of consciousness. She went on till she reached Threadneedle Street; and then, with the basket at her side, she cowered down upon a door step.

There had been a great meeting hard by at the London Tavern that night, for the purpose of considering a more effective administration of the Criminal Law, with reference to the class of Secondary Punishment. Amongst the most able and efficient speakers and movers of that night, had been a great criminal lawyer, a profound mathematician, an eloquent Member of Parliament, summed up in one man, known as Sergeant Verney; but, perhaps still better by the stern severity of his written books, and the inflexibility of his adjudications. He laughed, satirically laughed, at what he called "Bentham philosophy," and applied but one very little word to any sort or degree of reformatory process, namely, "fudge." According to his own theory, the whipping-post and the gallows were the only things needed to eradicate crime; and that men and statesmen in fashioning codes, had but a simple thing to do; that was, to make them sufficiently severe. With him, action upon causes was nothing; action upon effects, everything. Yet, this lawyer, this mathematician, this man, was always maudlin, and on occasions lachrymose, when he quoted the statistics of crime, and showed its increase; and, moreover, had usually some twenty or thirty pretty little aphorisms at his fingers' ends to quote, concerning the amount of original evil in man's nature. Yet—and I must speak the truth, secret as it was—this man through his life had won, seduced, and crushed, and been the first cause of many an after-act of theft, and shame, which in horsehair, and lawn, and serge, he often had sat afterwards to punish.

True to his nature now, and seeing few passers by were up or down the street, he stopped abruptly before the vagrant. The few remaining flowers had still some native odour left, and her childish figure, in its cowering attitude, impersonated grace. "Girl," he said gently, after regarding her for a few minutes, "have you got no home?" and as she lifted up her face at the question, his interest was at once increased, for he had noticed its beauty a short time before, when he had passed a sentence of three months' imprisonment upon the possessor, for a petty theft of some description or another. "And would be glad of a good home I daresay," he continued, "and would like to wear new clothes." At first she scarcely answered, for her senses were dull from the narcotic of the gin-glass, and her exhaustion and fatigue overwhelming; but, as he followed up his words with more seducing ones, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, brought it out, and showed it full of gold, this promise to hunger, to weariness, to destitution, brightened the dull senses at last to comprehension, and she stood up hand in hand with him who had passed judgment, and said "no" to nothing which was said.

Oh! do not let us who stand triply guarded by our education, by the fruits of our self-denying industry, by the great soul armour of our dear religion, condemn the guilty, though passive affirmation to this more guilty seduction of hunger, destitution, and ignorance. The Immortal One in his great spiritual wisdom did not condemn, when ages long ago, he through forgiving much of sin, and saying "*sin no more*," showed how much good shall and will conquer evil, and be the master victor; and showing so, founded a divine philosophy of sovereign and pregnant import to the world. A philosophy so pregnant with truth, and justice, and beneficence, as to have lying within its course of destined action the beautiful province through lessening evil and enlarging good, of narrowing the need of mercy—a philosophy which it is the destiny of the sciences to elucidate, because *they* will help to teach man that evil in most shapes, especially within the boundaries of disease and crime, spring from causes governable by man himself, and that their eradication is a necessary portion of his own great progress; because, through such progress, less and less will be narrowed his divergencies from the perfect laws of nature; till, at last, like sweet harmonies blending into one still sweeter, love and faith shall pervade the actions of his material, and his spiritual life!

The vagrant left the violets on the door-step, and stood on the pavement-edge with Verney, till an empty cab, he had hailed, drew up. Just as it came, and the door was opened, she turned her head at the sound of footsteps, and saw passing, between where she stood and the door-step, a young man, his gaze bent towards the ground, as if lost in thought, and a mass of light hair falling round, and down upon his shoulders, joined to a face of singular sweetness and beauty; so much so, as to make it, to the pregnant fancy, like as one of those beautiful countenances which smiled godlike at the Marriage at Cana in Galilee, or bending, heard the Sermon on the Mount.

The vagrant saw that face, and could not sin, if even only in thought, before it; she moved aside, dropped the hand of the seducing judge, took up the violets, and fled in an opposite direction.

Secretly annoyed that the girl had thus escaped, though hiding his chagrin under an habitual gravity common to him, he entered the cab, and was driven to his costly chambers in Stone Buildings, Temple. Several friends presently dropped in, to talk over that night's meeting at the London Tavern. After some conversation, other topics were incidentally broached.

"I have had a letter, full of singular news, from Cambridge, to-day," said one who was a professor in the London University; "both —— and —— have been disappointed in their hopes of gaining the Mathematical Prize. It has been awarded, with extraordinary honours—specific analogy being made to the greatest mathematicians—to that poor sizar of St. John's, named Plowdon, who was usher at the village school in Lincolnshire. Well, John Plowdon has got the gold medal; but this is not all, for the most extraordinary part of my story has to come; indeed, so extraordinary, that I should have at once doubted its authenticity, but that little Redtape, of Furnival's Inn, recapitulated the whole of it to me not an hour since. The same day this prize was awarded, Redtape, being attorney in the matter, went down to Cambridge, to acquaint Plowdon that he was discovered to be heir-at-law, by the mother's side, to the miser, Huggins, the notorious lodging-house owner, who died some months since intestate, leaving freehold and funded property to the amount, it is said, of more than £500,000."

"Well," interrupted Verney, with one of his satirical, iron-soul'd laughs, "I suppose he'll cast mathematics to the winds, and keep to the single figure of his gold."

"No! the truth is still more extraordinary; and little Redtape, who is by no means a sentimental man, was so struck by it, as to relate it verbatim. Rather as one who had been disappointed of, rather than rewarded with the highest honours the University can bestow, he found him in the topmost story of St. John's, quietly reading, in the gathering twilight, some French book. He was sitting without his coat, the gyp being in one corner of the room inking its white seams, so as to be respectable for the great dinner in the Hall that night. The window was open, and the chapel organ was, at intervals, to be heard distinctly. 'At first,' Redtape says, 'Plowdon seemed paralyzed by the news, and doubted the relationship; but when the pedigree was traced, and every doubt removed, there was elation and joy, with so little of self about it,' said Redtape, 'that, for the first time in my life, *I felt that there are men, whom man may justly worship*; and this was

one. For he stood up in the increasing moonlight, with clasped hands, and said, 'Thank God for means to prove, means gathered out of sin, misery, and poverty, means from a dunghill, means from hell itself, to teach the world that in mere figures lie one great accord of spiritual truth; teach it that the straightest lines run up from earth towards heaven, or rather, that the laws of nature are the inflexible, the undiverging lines, which help to carry man forward to his God. Thank God, *I* shall sink into no feeding tutor, no stereotyper of exploded jargon, into no patentee of steam locomotives, into no improver of the spinning jenny or jacquard loom, into no mere analyzer of Euclid! but that *I* shall *have* power to show, something more lies in this great science of numbers and form, than what tends to the mere development of material laws; that the spiritual is a portion too; that in the formal lie the flowing tendencies of the sublimest human progress.' 'Do I not behold,' he continued, as the open window before which he stood showed him the broad heavens above the college gardens, 'in those calm depths of infinite space, that *there*, where they are uncontrolled by the ignorance of man, the sublime laws of nature produce effects in harmony with their undisturbed causes; and peace, order, and sublimity make up the entireness of a lesson, not yet spelt out by those who gaze upon it.' "

"Ha, ha!" laughed Verney "this MORAL NEWTON, is going to reform the world, is he? Well, let him try.

"But let me finish with the poetical Blackstone, Redtape. As they stood, the organ in the college chapel was again touched by some one officiating at the evening service, and the magnificent chords which swelled upon the ear, read from what he said, *this* plain truth to the metaphysical mind of the mathematician. 'Were such notes in ignorance wrongly touched, absolute and distressing disharmony would follow. But governed by a hand, which through diligence has ascertained the fixed laws of their proportions, sweetness and richness combine and make the result magnificent and holy. *Therefore, in the physical and spiritual laws which govern man and his nature, who knows the depth, the worth, the greatness of their harmony, when he shall be capable of evoking it?*"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the great lawyer still louder, "he had better stop in college, and settle the inflections of a Greek participle, or the altitude of the disputed triangle, than preach such nonsense to the world."

"He's not likely to follow your advice, Verney, for he came up to town yesterday with Redtape, and is going with him *incognito* to-night, to see a precious portion of the Huggins' estate—that is Slink's lodging-house on Saffron Hill!"

"Ha! ha! the moral Newton."

* * * * * * * *

The girl never stayed till she reached the pestiferous court, running towards Peter Street, at the back of Saffron Hill, where one Slink farmed Huggins' accommodation to the general public at two-pence per night. She stayed here, however, for she did not possess the "open sesame" of a penny, and Slink was as inexorable as the Fates themselves. Just, however, as any new form of temptation, that had crossed her path, would have found her frail, (so unstable are the motives and resolves of ignorance and misery,) an old beggar on crutches crawled through the archway. An old violin in a green bag was swung round his neck, and a little dog, called Kite, was at his side.

"Would ye be answerable to Slink for the penny, Sawney?" asked the girl, as the old man approached. "I've bin all the way to the forest, Sawney, and not a mite o' bread."

The old man glanced down at the wretched basket, and then whined out with a broad Scotch accent. "A mon can be no answerable, except for hissel, lassie. But, if ye'll rin for a pot o' fourpenny, twa herrings, a pou'nd of sausages, and the bran new loaf, (th' wee drap o' comfortable is swinging in the kit here,) and don't muckle pick th' one, and sip th' other, I'll be no against a word to Slink, till ye can be up o' th' morn, and sell the wee bit o' flowers—so be rinning. Ay, ay, and ye'll no be objecting to free the sassangers bru'ne too when ye come back." With this necessary per centage upon his good word, Mr. Sawney, with a jerk at the kit and "comfortable," pushed open the lodging-house door and entered. Over and above immediate payment of his nightly twopence, Mr. Sawney had the policy to add an additional penny, namely, one halfpenny for the *next use* of the frying pan (a thing of importance to the sausages,) and another for the use of an old easy chair, which he was in the habit of making soft, by spreading the green bag, generally devoted to the kit and "comfortable," upon his seat; the general company being less elegantly accommodated upon benches, and down-turned barrels.

By the time the girl entered, her basket on one arm, and Sawney's goods on the other, two hundred and fifty to three hundred vagrants, of every age and character, were huddled in the infectious den; some lying on the floor, some crouched on the benches, some leaning forward on the dirty tables, some gambling with a few coppers, some feeding luxuriously, others greedily, some glancing on with ravenous and covetous gaze; some around the fire cooking their suppers; but heaven help such! the majority without supper at all. She glanced timidly round, as if she expected a blow, or a rebuke, and then moved forward to a corner of the room, filled with a huddled group of women and children. But the Scotch fiddler called her peremptorily back.—"Tout lassie, the guid word's spoken, so come quickly to th' bru'ning o' th' sassangers, and th' mixing o' th' wee bit o' mustard. D'ye hear, lass?" She obeyed; and the violets covered by her ragged apron, drooped in the warmth of the fire, whilst the coarse viands spluttered in the seething pan, and hissed, and leapt, well guarded by the beggar's greedy eye. But no sooner was his meal set before him to its fullest fraction, the corner of the dirty table covered by the various items of the feast, and Kite the dog perched upon its hind legs watching for the expectant bit, with eyes as sedulous as those of the twenty hungry faces which looked on, than pushing through the crowd of women, the vagrant knelt down beside a mere handful of straw, on which was huddled a sleeping child, so gaunt, so mere a skeleton, so frail, that it might, there sleeping, have passed for a Theban mummy, born and cradled three thousand years ago.

"Biddy, his mother," said one of the women, in reply to the vagrant's question, "spouted Pat's fiddle, and hav'n bin heard of since; and left him here with nothing but a tea-pot o' water."

As the child's pale shrunken face lay so deathlike thus before her, the full sin of the night's dram, and all its consequences, touched the vagrant's soul to tears; but penitence and tears were of short duration, for as she moved away again, evidently on some intent for the benefit of the little sleeper, one of a group of five or six flashily dressed young fellows, seated on benches round a small square table, on which were pipes, pewter pots, a gin-bottle, and a dip candle in a greasy old tin candlestick, seized her by the waist, and forcing her to sit beside him, urged her not in vain, to drink; till with dishevelled hair, bright eyes, loud laughter, merry voice, she was amongst the very wildest of that promiscuous multitude. For though the hungry and the penniless shrunk as it were within themselves still more, the coarse laughter, the brutal jest were soon general; for the Scotch fiddler having sunk into a soddened sleep over the remnants of his supper, the boldest had seized the relics of the "comfortable," and were boisterous over both its flavour and the theft.

This sensual revelry of the crime, licentiousness, de-

pravity, and ignorance, which society, through pest and lazar houses, such as was this of Slink's, breeds and fosters in its bosom with blind fatality, was at its full height, when a woman, moving away from this corner towards the fireplace with her sleeping child, the little Irish lad was seen sitting upright in his bed, with eager face, and rolling, sightless eyes, as if listening to catch some single voice from out the uproar. It was for the vagrant's. The instant he heard it, he called out to her imploringly. True to the divineness of the womanly nature within her, she warded off the restraining hands, smoothed down her wild hair, and went towards the child. He was searching vainly in the straw about him, when she took his hand; but the moment he felt it, he half leapt up, and clung around her.

"Havn't you brought me something?" he asked eagerly. "I'm very hungry." She covered her face with her hands, though he was sightless.

"Nothing?" he asked again, piteously.

"No, Pat. Some girls robbed me."

"Nothing," he again said; and his sightless eyes looked as if they saw within her very soul.

"Only some violets from the forest, Pat," she said softly, "and you want ——"

"Oh, let me feel them, smell them," he replied eagerly. "Oh, do!" She crept away subdued, her contrition making her an angel for the moment.

She took the violets from where they had grown faint in the heat and smoke, and where they had been trodden under foot, shook out their fallen leaves, and filled an old spoutless jug from the large waterbutt in the damp cellar below, and, putting in the violets, brought them to the blind child's bed.

He had been again searching in the straw, and some one had just told him that his mother had pawned the violin. He, however, bent down towards the flowers as the girl touched him, and inhaled, with greedy sense, their reviving odour, as if it flowed inward to his soul, and dissipated languor and pain.

"Sweet, sweet," he said to the girl, "so cool and fresh too. If the kit had been here, and I could have played 'em a little tune, it would be thanking 'em for coming." Again he searched amidst the straw, as for something that till then had been ever by his side.

The vagrant knew the blind child's love for his poor fiddle; she stole unheeded across the floor, took Sawney's kit from behind the chair where it hung, not, however, without a growl from Kite, and brought it to him. He felt it, took it; ran his little wasted fingers along the strings, and then drawing the bow across, commenced, without other preparation, a melody so simple, so touching, so without art, yet so marvellously liquid, so running out from sweetness into sweetness, as not only to show that, though blind to outward sense, the light within the soul was large and pure, but, that had the flowers had voices, they could not have told of summer winds, of shade, of sunlight, of waving fern and grass, by sweeter, and by more enraptured melody!

And yet, and yet, far above the sweetness of the sound itself, was the power of its wonderful metaphysic influence over the leer, the jest, the dram, the brawl, the curse, the sin, and as if these, like a mist, had fallen away, a purer nature was appealed to, and answered. For the very worst of the thieves, the drunkards, the brawlers, one by one, grouped themselves, with eager faces, round the little dirty scrap of straw; and drawn there by an influence, so beautifully shown by the old poets, in their Orphean Fables, declared by this very influence, that there are qualities in the nature of *all* men, which only require, like music, to be discreetly touched, to subdue, whilst such influence lasts, the worst degradation, and to arrest, with iron hand, even the curses of a Babel!

The vagrant, by an impulsion, looked round whilst the child still played, and beheld not only a man with an extraordinary abstract gaze, looking keenly on, but, coming in through the opening door, he of the falling locks, Emanuel, the mild and earnest preacher.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HOW TO LIVE WITH ONE'S FRIENDS.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now, it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "had you listened to me," "but you always will," and such scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or, rather, speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

Again; we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give; and, especially, must not expect contrary things.

Intimate friends and relations should be careful, when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends, or meet him in company with them.

Lastly, in conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. "The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is, perhaps, a result of our whole nature, and, at any rate, is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies."

It may be said, that if the great principles of Christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above, would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit—moulding the one, and expressing the other.

Talents always Ascendant.—Talents, whenever they have had a suitable theatre, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress, and crush them; the base and malignant rancour of impotent spleen, and envy—may strive to embarrass and retard their flight; but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity, in the ascent of genuine, and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit, with an additional stream of glory.

"LOVED AT HOME."

I NEVER had a ten-pound note, I care not who may know,
Nor golden brooch, nor silver chain, nor ought that's worn for show;
I've earned each meal I've had for years by honest daily toil,
Yet few have had a merrier heart or worn a gladder smile.

Loud demagogues have brawled for years, "you all shall soon be free;"
But loud and frothy prophecies have gained no vote for me.
I've heard the factions rave and rave, and plan and counter-plan,
Yet ne'er perceived by all their schemes, I was a happier man.

I'm proud to be an Englishman—there is no land on earth
I should so much have gloried in—could I have picked my birth;
And nought ambition tempts me with, my spirit could have strung
To higher aim, than simple rhyme in Shakspere's mother tongue.

But I have had a blessed home, beneath whose humble roof
A mother's nightly prayers for me were breathed without reproof;
And where my sisters' clustering love grew round my friendly stem,
And looked into mine eyes with hope as I looked joy to them.

Ye who have given my lips delight, and ye whose friendly press,
Has ever held my hand in yours to welcome and to bless;
Oh ye have ever heard me say, "Whatever else may come,
There's no such joy on earth for man, as being 'loved at home.'"

If pride could see my scanty room, some twelve feet six by ten,
And take down all the chattels there, 'twould scarcely soil a pen;
But there are years of mother's love—in letters week by week,
A wealth that hearts can better weigh than tongues can aptly speak.

And judging hence from what I've felt, whene'er I see a face
Smile-lighted on the path of life, I'm certain I can trace
The root whence that sweet influence can only truly come,
The inward joy that fills the soul when we are "loved at home."

HENRY FRANK LOTT.

SLOW PEOPLE.

PERSONS of dull and languid habits trail themselves sluggishly through life, as if some loathsome and agonizing viscus clogged every movement, and prevented all refreshing repose. Their substance is nothing but the slime of indolence, and their contracted snail-path is covered with their own pollution. There is no healthy alacrity in them, none of that vivacious energy which indicates either a vigorous body or a forcible mind. They drag themselves tardily to their toil, as if every joint were a socket of torture; and touch the implements of industry as timidly as if they expected their effeminate flesh to adhere to whatever it handled. Work affords them no joy, and duty no delight; they are emasculated of all manly vigour, and have buried their conscience in their laziness. They are a sort of perpetual somnambulist, walking through their sleep; moving in a constant mystery, looking for their faculties, and forgetting what they are looking for; not able to find their work, or when they have found that, not able to find their hands; doing everything dreaming, and therefore everything confusedly and incompletely; their work is a dream, their sleep a dream, not repose, not refreshment, but a slumberous vision of rest, a dreaming query concerning sleep; too late for everything, taking their passage when the ship has sailed, insuring their property when the house is burnt, locking the door when the goods are stolen—men, whose bodies seem to have started in the race of existence before their minds were ready, and who are always gazing out vacantly as if they expected their wits were coming up by the next arrival.

MONTEZUMA MOGGS.

"Now Moggs—you Moggs—good Moggs—dear Moggs!" said his wife, running through the chromatic scale of matrimonial address, and modulating her words and her tones from irritation into tenderness, "yes, Moggs, that's a good soul! I do wish for once you would try to be a little useful to your family. Stay at home to day, Moggs, can't you, while I do the washing? It would be so pleasant, Moggs, so like old times, to hear you whistling at your work, while I am busy at mine.

And a smile of affection stole across the countenance of Mrs. Moggs, like a stray sunbeam on a cloudy day, breaking up the sharp and fixed lines of care into which her features had settled as an habitual expression, and causing her also to look as she did in the "old times," to which she now so kindly referred.

"Wont you, Moggs?" added she, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "it would be so pleasant, dear—would'n't it? I should not mind hard work, Moggs, if you were at work near me."

There was a tear, perhaps, twinkling in the eye of the wife, giving gentleness to the hard, stony look which she in general wore, caused by those unceasing troubles of her existence that leave no time for weeping. Perpetual struggle hardens the heart and dries up the source of tears.

"Wont you, Moggs?"

The idea of combined effort was a pleasant family picture to Mrs. Moggs, though it did involve not a little of toil. Still, to her loneliness it was a pleasant picture, accustomed as she had been to strive alone, and continually, to support existence. But it seems that perceptions of the pleasant and of the picturesque in such matters, differ essentially; and Moggs, glancing through the sentimental, and beyond it, felt determined, as he always did, to avoid the trouble which it threatened.

"Can't be," responded Moggs, slightly shrugging his shoulder, as a hint to his wife that the weight of her hand was oppressive. "Can't be," continued he, as he set himself industriously, for in this he was industrious, to the consumption of the best part of the breakfast that was before him, a breakfast that had been, as usual, provided by his wife, and prepared by her, while Montezuma Moggs was fast asleep, an amusement to which, next to eating, Montezuma Moggs was greatly addicted when at home, as demanding the least possible effort and exertion on his part. Montezuma Moggs, you see, was, in some respects, not a little of an economist; and, as a rule, never made his appearance in the morning until firmly assured that breakfast was quite ready.

"Say ready—quite ready—and I will come," muttered he, in that sleepy debate between bed and breakfast which often consumes so much time. "Because," as Moggs wisely observed, "that half hour before breakfast, reflecting on sausages and speculating on coffee, if there is sausages and coffee, frets a man dreadful, and does him more harm than all the rest of the day put together." Sagacious Moggs!

Besides, Moggs has a great respect for himself, much more, probably, than he has for other people, being the respector of a person, rather than of persons, and that person being himself. Moggs, therefore, disdains the kindling of fires, splitting wood, and all that, especially of frosty mornings, and eschews the putting on of kettles, well knowing that if an individual is in the way when the aid of an individual is required, there is likely to be a requisition on the individual's services. Montezuma Moggs understood how to "skulk;" and we all comprehend the fact, that to "skulk" judiciously is a fine political feature, saving much of wear and tear to the body corporate.

"Mend boots, mind shop, tend baby! can't be," repeated Moggs, draining the last drop from his cup, "boots, shops and babies, must mend, mind and tend

themselves, I'm going to do something better than that;" and so Moggs rose leisurely, took his hat, and departed, to stroll the streets, to talk at the corners, and to read the bulletin-boards at the newspaper offices.

It was a little shop, in one of the poorer sections of the city, where Montezuma Moggs resided with his family, Mrs. Moggs and five juveniles of that name and race; a shop of the miscellaneous order, in which was offered for sale a little, but a very little, of any thing, and every thing; one of those distressed looking shops which bring a sensation of dreariness over the mind, and which cause a sinking of the heart before you have time to ask why you are saddened; a frail and feeble barrier it seems against penury and famine, to yield at the approach of the gaunt enemy, a shop that has no aspect of business about it, but compels you to think of distraining for rent, of broken hearts, of sickness, suffering, and death.

It was a shop, moreover, we have all seen the like, with a bell to it, which rings out an announcement as we open the door, that, few and far between, there has been an arrival in the way of a customer, though it may be, as sometimes happens, that the bell, with all its untuned sharpness, fails to triumph over the din of domestic affairs in the little back-room, which serves for parlour, and kitchen, and hall, and proves unavailing to spread the news against the turbulent clamour of noisy children and a vociferous wife.

But be patient to the last, even if the bell does prove insufficient to attract due attention to your majestic presence, whether you come to make purchases, or to avail yourself of the additional proffer made by the sign appertaining to Moggs exclusively, relative to "Boots and shoes mended," collateral to which you observe a work-bench in the corner; still, be patient, and cause the energies of your heel to hold "wooden discourse" with the sanded floor, as emphatically you cry—

"Shop!" and beat with pennies on the counter.

Be patient; for, look ye, Mrs. Moggs will soon appear, with a flushed countenance and soiled garb, her youngest hope, if a young Moggs is to be called a hope, sobbing loudly on its mother's shoulder, while the unawed prattlers within carry on the war with increasing violence.

"Shop!"

"Comin'!—what's wanten?" is the sharp and somewhat discourteous reply, as Mrs. Moggs gives a shake of admonition to her peevish little charge, and turns half back to the riotous assemblage in the rear.

Now, we ask it of you as a special favour, that you do not suffer any shadow of offence to arise at the dash of acerbity that may manifest itself in the tones of Mrs. Montezuma Moggs. According to our notion of the world, as it goes, she, and such as she, deserve rather to be honoured than to provoke wrath by the defects of an unpolished and unguarded manner. She has her troubles, poor woman, gnawing cares, to which, in all likelihood, yours are but as the gossamer upon the wind, or as the thistle-down floating upon the summer breeze; and if there be cash in your pocket, do not, after having caused such a turmoil, content yourself with simply asking where Jones resides, or Jenkins lives. It would be cruel, indeed it would. True, Mrs. Moggs expects little else from one of your dashing style and elegant appearance. Such a call rarely comes to her but with some profitless query; you look around at the spare candles, the withering apples, and the forlorn groceries, specimens of which are affixed to the window-panes in triangular patches of paste and paper, speak they not of poverty? Purchase, then, if it be but a trifle.

Mrs. Moggs, unluckily for herself, is possessed of a husband. Husbands, they say, are often regarded as desirable; and some of them are spoken of as if they were a blessing. But if the opinion of Mrs. Moggs were obtained on that score, it would probably be somewhat different; for be it known that the husband of Mrs. Moggs is of the kind that is neither useful nor ornamental. He belongs to that division which addicts itself mainly to laziness, a species of the biped called husband, which unfortunately is not so rare that we seek for the specimen only in museums. We know not whether Montezuma Moggs was or was not born lazy; nor shall we undertake to decide that laziness is an inherent quality; but as Mrs. Moggs was herself a thrifty, painstaking woman, as women, to their credit be it spoken, are apt to be, her lazy husband, as lazy husbands will, in all such cases, continued to grow and to increase in laziness, shifting every care from his own broad shoulders to any other shoulders, whether broad or narrow, strong or weak, they had no craven shrinkings from the load; Moggs contenting himself in an indolence which must be seen to be appreciated by those husbands or wives, who perform their tasks in this great work-shop of human effort with becoming zeal, and with conscientious assiduity, regarding laziness as a sin against the great purposes of their being. If this assumption be true, as we suspect it is, Montezuma Moggs has much to answer for; though it is a common occurrence this falling back into imbecility, if there be any one at hand willing to ply the oar, as too often shown in the fact that the children of the industrious are willing to let their parents work, while the energetic wife has a drag upon her in the shape of a lounging husband.

Yes, Mrs. Moggs belongs to the numerous class of women who have what is well called "a trying time of it." You may recognise them in the street, by their look of premature age, anxious, hollow-eyed, and worn to shadows. There is a whole history in every line of their faces, which tells of unceasing trouble; and their hard, quick movement as they press onward regardless of all that begirts the way, indicates those who have no thought to spare from their own immediate necessities, for comment upon the gay and flaunting world. Little does ostentation know, as it flashes by in satined arrogance and jewelled pride, of the sorrow it may jostle from its path; and perhaps it is happy for us as we move along in smiles and pleasantness, not to comprehend that the glance which meets our own comes from the bleakness of a withered heart, withered by penury's unceasing presence.

Moggs is in fault—ay, Montezuma Moggs—what! he "mend boots, mind shop, tend baby," bringing down his lofty aspirations for the future to be cabined within the miserable confines of the present!

"Hard work?" sneers Moggs; "yes, if a man sets himself down to hard work, there he may set—nothing else but hard work will ever come to him—but if he wont do hard work, then something easier will be sure to come toddlin' along sooner or later."

Montezuma Moggs had a turn for politics; and for many a year he exhibited great activity in that respect, believing confidently that good luck to himself might grow from town-meetings and elections; and you may have observed him on the platform when oratory addressed the "masses," or on the election-ground with a placard to his button, and a whole handful of tickets. But his luck did not seem to wear that shape; and politically, Montezuma Moggs at last took his place in the "innumerable caravan" of the disappointed. And thus, in turn, has he courted Fortune in all her phases, without a smile of recognition from the blind goddess. The world never knows its noblest sons; and Montezuma Moggs was left to sorrow and despair.

Could he have been honoured with a lofty commission, Montezuma Moggs might have set forth to a revel in the halls of his namesake; but as one of the rank and file, he could not think of it. And in private conversation with his friend, sneering Quiggens, to whose captiousness and criticism Moggs submitted on the score of the cigars occasionally derivable from that source, he ventured the subjoined remarks relative to his military dispositions:

"What I want," said Moggs, "is a large amount of glory, and a bigger share of pay; a man like me ought to

have plenty of both, glory, to swagger about with, while the people run into the street to stare at Moggs, all whiskers and glory, and plenty of pay, to make the glory shine, and to set it off. I wouldn't mind, besides, if I did have a nice little wound or two, if they've got any that don't hurt much, so that I might have my arm in a sling, or a black patch on my countenance. But if I was only one of the rank and file, I'm very much afraid I might have considerable more of knocks that would hurt a great deal, than I should of either the pay or the glory; that is what troubles me in the milintary way. But make me a gineral, and then, I'll talk to you about the matter, make me a gineral ossifer, with the commission, and the feathers, and the cocked hat, plenty of pay, and a large slice of rations, there's nothing like rations, and then I'll talk to you like a book. Then I'll pledge you my lives, and my fortunes, and my sacred honours, all of 'em, that I will furnish the genius whenever it is wanted, genius in great big gloves, monstrous long boots, and astride of a hoss that scatters the little boys like Boston, whenever I touch the critter with my long spurs, to astonish the ladies. Oh, get out! do you think I couldn't play at gineral, and look black as thunder, for such pay as ginerals get? I'd do it for half the money, and I'd not only do it cheaper, but considerable better than you ever see it done the best Fourth of July you ever met with. At present, I know I've not much rations, and no money at all, money's skarse, but as for genus, look at my eye, isn't genus there? I tell you, Quiggens, I've so much genus that I can't work. When a man's genus is a workin' in his upper story, and mine always is, then his hands has to be idle, so 's not to interrupt his genus."

"Yes," responded Quiggens, who is rather of the satirical turn, "yes, you've got so much genus in your upper story that it has made a hole in the crown of your hat, so it can see what sort of weather is going on out of doors, and it is your genus, I reckon, that's peeping out of your elbows. Why don't you ask your genus to patch your knees, and to mend the holes in your boots?"

"Quiggens, go 'way, Quiggens, you're of the common natur', Quiggens, a vulgar fraction, Quiggens; and you can't understand an indiwidooal who has a mind inside of his hat, and a whole soul packed away under his jacket. I'm always thinkin' on what I'm going to be, and a preparin' myself for what natur' intended, though I don't know exactly what it is yet. But I don't believe that sich a man as Montezuma Moggs was brought into the world only to put patches on shoes, and to heel-tap people's boots. No, Quiggens, no, it can't be, Quiggens! But you don't understand, and I'll have to talk to my genus. It's the only friend I have."

"Why don't you ask your genus to lend you a fip then, or see whether it's got any cigars to give away," replied Quiggens, contemptuously, as he walked up the street, while Moggs, in offended majesty, stalked sulkily off in another direction."

"I would go somewheres, if I only knew where to go to," soliloquized Moggs, as he strolled slowly along the deserted streets; "but when there's no wheres to go to, then I suppose a person must go home, specially of cold nights like this, when the thermometer is down as far as Nero, and acts cruel on the 'countenance. It's always colder, too, when there's nobody about but yourself, you get your own share and every body else's besides; and it's lucky if you are not friz. Why don't they have gloves for people's noses? I ought to have a carriage, yes, and horses, ay, and a coloured gemman to drive 'em, to say nothing of a big house warmed all over, with curtains to the windows. And why have n't I? Is n't Montezuma Moggs as good as any body, is n't he as big, as full of genus? It's cold now, a footin' it round. But here's home, here's where you must go when you don't know what to do with yourself. Whenever a man tells you he has nowheres to go to, or says he's goin' nowheres, that man's a crawlin' home, because he can't help it. Well, well, there's nothin' else to be did, and so somebody must turn out and let me in home."

It appeared, however, that Montezuma Moggs erred in part, in this calculation. It is true enough that he knocked and knocked for admission at the door of his domicile; but the muscular effort thus employed seemed to serve no other purpose than that of exercise. Tired with the employment of his hands in this regard, Moggs resorted to his feet, then tried his knee, and anon his back, after the usual desperate variety of such appeal resorted to by the "great locked out," when they become a little savage or so at the delay to which they are subjected. Sometimes, also, he would rap fiercely, and then apply his eye to the key-hole, as if to watch for the effect of his rapping. "I don't see'em," groaned he. And then, again, his ear would be placed against the lock, "I don't hear 'em either." There were moments when he would frantically kick the door, and then rush as frantically to the middle of the street, to look at the windows; but no sign of animation peered forth within to cheer him. After full an hour of toil and hope deferred, Montezuma Moggs tossed his arms aloft in despair, let them fall listlessly at his side, and then sat down on the curb-stone to weep, while the neighbours looked at him from their respective windows; a benevolent few, not afraid of catching cold, coming down to him with their condolements. None, however, offered a resting place to the homeless, unsheltered and despairing Moggs.

In the course of his musings and mournings, as he sat chattering with cold, a loosened paving-stone arrested his attention; and, with the instinct of genius, which catches comfort and assistance from means apparently the most trivial, and unpromising in their aspect, the paving-stone seemed to impart an idea to Montezuma Moggs, in this "his last and fearfulest extremity." Grappling this new weapon in both his hands, he raised and poised it aloft.

"I shall make a ten-strike now," exclaimed he, as he launched the missile at the door with herculean force, and himself remained in classic attitude watching the effect of the shot, as the door groaned, and creaked, and splintered under the unwonted infliction. Still, however, it did not give way before this application of force, though the prospect was encouraging. The observers laughed, Moggs chuckled, the dogs barked louder than before; and indeed it seemed all round as if a new light had been cast upon the subject.

"Hongcore!" cried somebody.

"I will," said Moggs, preparing to demonstrate accordingly.

"Stop there," said the voice of Mrs. Montezuma Moggs, as she raised the window, "if you hongcore the door of this'ere house again, I'll call the watch, to see what he thinks of such doings, I will. And now, once for all, you can't come in here to night."

"Can't, indeed!—why can't I?—not come into my own house? Do you call this a free country, on the gineral average, if such rebellions are to be tolerated?"

"Your house, Mr. Moggs, yours? who pays the rent, Moggs, who feeds you and the children, Moggs—who finds the fire and every thing else? Tell us that?"

This was somewhat of the nature of a home-thrust, and Moggs, rather conscience-stricken, was dumbfounded and appalled. Moggs was very cold, and therefore, for the time being, deficient in his usual pride and self-esteem, leaving himself more pervious to the assault of reproach from without and within, than he would have been in a more genial state of the atmosphere. No man is courageous when he is thoroughly chilled; and it had become painfully evident that this was not a momentary riot, but an enduring revolution, through the intermedium of a civil war.

"Ho, ho!" faintly responded Moggs, though once more preparing to carry the citadel by storm, "I'll settle this business in a twinkling."

Splash!

Anything but cold water in quantity at a crisis like this. Who could endure a shower-bath under such ungenial circumstances. Not Priessnitz himself. It is not, then, to be wondered at that Montezuma Moggs now quailed, having nothing in him of the amphibious nature.

"Water is cheap, Mr. Moggs; and you'd better take keer. There's several buckets yet up here of uncommon cold water, all of which is at your service without charge, won't ask you nothin', Moggs, for your washin'; and if you're feverish, may be it will do you good."

Everybody laughed, as you know everybody will, at any other body's misfortune or disaster. Everybody laughed but Moggs, and he shivered.

"I'll sattinly ketch my death," moaned he; "I'll be friz, standing straight up, like a big icicle. Call being friz hard an easy thing! I'd rather be biled any time. What shall I do—what shall I do?"

"Perhaps they'll put you in an ice-house, and kiver you up with tan till summer comes, you'd be good for something then, which is more nor you are now," observed Mrs. Moggs, from the window.

"Quit twitting a man with his misfortunes," whined Montezuma, of the now broken heart.

"Why, my duck!"

'Y-e-e-s—y-e-e-s! that's it, I am a duck, indeed! but by morning I'll be only a snow-ball, the boys will take my head for a snow-ball. What shall I do, I guvs up, and I guvs in.

"Well, I'll tell you, Montezuma Moggs, what you must do to be thawed. Promise me faithfully only to work half as hard as I do, and you may come to the fire, the ten-plate stove is almost red-hot. Promise to mend boots, mind shop, and tend baby; them's the terms, that's the price of admission."

Hard terms, certainly, the severest of terms, but then hard terms, and severe terms, are good terms, if no other terms are to be had. One must do the best he can in this world, if it be imperative upon him to do something, as it evidently was in Moggs' case.

"I promise," shivered Moggs.

"Promise what?"

"T-t-to tend baby, m-m-mind shop, and m-m-mend boots;" and the vanquished Moggs sank down exhausted, proving beyond the possibility of doubt, that cold water, when skilfully applied of a cold night, is the sovereignest thing on earth for the cure of "genus" in its lazier branches.

It is but justice, however, to state, that Moggs kept his word faithfully, in which he contradicted the general expectation, which, with reason enough in the main, places but little reliance on promises; and he became, for him, quite an industrious person. His wife's buckets served as a continual remembrancer. But Mrs. Moggs never exulted over his defeat; and, though once compelled to harshness, continued to be to Montezuma a most excellent wife. The shop looks lively now, and the bell to the door is removed; for Moggs with his rat-tat-tat, is ever at his post, doing admired execution on the dilapidated boots and shoes. The Moggses prosper, and all through the efficacy of a bucket of cold water. We should not wonder if, in the end, the Moggs' family were to become rich, through the force of industry, and without recourse to "genus."

THE MULBERRY TREE.—The mulberry tree is universally known not to put forth its buds and leaves till the season is so far advanced, that, in the ordinary course of events, there is no inclement weather to be apprehended. It has, therefore, been called the wisest of trees, and in heraldry it is adopted as an hieroglyphic of wisdom, whose property is to speak and to do all things in opportune season.

MY LAUNDRESS.*

READER, hast thou an attachment to places? In phrenological phrase, is the organ of inhabitiveness fully developed? Does thy heart yearn after the places, as well as the persons loved of old? Is the house thou hast once lived in dear to thee? If thou canst answer truly in the affirmative, then will I crave thy attention for a moment before I begin my little story. If thou answer "nay," then, I pray thee to pass over the next paragraph, for it will interest thee no more than colours please the blind man.

The place I am about to recommend to your notice is, as far as I am aware, quite unknown to fame. It may have had its "mute inglorious Miltons," "guiltless Cromwells," and the like, perhaps, even loud-singing, glorious Miltons, and great Cromwells; but the memory of them, if such they were, has long since departed, and "the place which knew them, knows them no more." Some years ago, to suit the convenience of business, I was obliged to live in London, near the Inns of Court, and, to suit the inconvenience of a scanty purse, it was necessary that my lodging should be cheap, I went forth in quest of an abiding-place.

There was a solemn dingy grandeur about the general aspect of Chancery Lane which took my fancy. The fitful flittings of barristers across the street had a great charm for me. Their flowing robes, uncouth wigs, fluttering papers, hurried steps, and grave, worried faces (wearing generally a *noli me tangere* sort of expression) had a fascinating power on a conveyancer's clerk. Whenever I came across one of these enviable mortals, I gazed at him with contemplative interest, and quoted Dr. Watt's beautiful and appropriate line—

"This man's but a picture of what *I* may be."

Fired with a noble desire of becoming familiar with my future self, I inquired the rent of some lodgings in this notable street; I was struck dumb by the reply, and bade adieu to all hope of residing in Chancery Lane for many years to come. Holborn was noisy, vulgar, broad, and trivial by comparison. The streets leading from it were objectionable on various grounds; Fetter Lane was too narrow and too busy; Brook Street was too dark and too dull; Gray's Inn Lane too lively, by reason of innumerable gossiping Jew-brokers and women, to say nothing of caged larks and squalling children; King Street was highly respectable, but it looked what housemaids call "stuck up;" besides, it was opposite Little Queen Street, to which I have an enduring antipathy; Southampton Buildings and Furnival's Inn were shut out to me, for the same reason as Chancery Lane. I had nearly given up Holborn, and its tributaries, in despair, when I found myself in Bartlett's Buildings. Reader, do you know the spot? It is unpretending, quiet, and cheap. It lies on the south side of Holborn, near the summit of that hill, which must once have been so beautiful, when a hill in London meant a *green* natural elevation of the ground; when *the Fleet* and *the old Bourne* were rivers, and flowed away pleasantly to eye and ear. In those far-off days, which the mind of a Londoner refuseth to realize, when the great city was not, ere the Romans came, saw, and *tried* to conquer. When the long-haired Trinobantes built clay cottages, or hunted deer and wolves on the green hill of Holborn, the spot which is now Bartlett's Buildings, must have excited admiration even in the breasts of our unshorn, wood-dyed, untaught ancestors. Probably, luxuriant forest-trees waved gracefully where now stand stiff rows of brick houses; where man has spread his grey stone pavement, nature then spread out her carpet of bright green moss, thicker and softer than the wonders of the looms of Axminster. On this very spot the lordly savage might pause to gaze around. There lay the broad, silver Thames, bright in the sunbeams, with here and

* The main circumstances of this little tale are strictly true.

there a light coracle shooting athwart its glittering tide; beyond that stretched the distant chain of the Surrey hills, with their gentle outlines and soft colouring; while close at hand, on all sides of him, were tangled thickets, bubbling springs, and the edge of a vast forest, which covered all the lands for many miles to the north. Such, reader, was the condition of the little street we love, and its environment, some two thousand years ago. Changed, as it is now, "that great goddess, Mutabilitie," will, doubtless, produce as great a change from the present state of things in two thousand more years.

I am, however, getting too speculative for a story-teller already, and must decline investigating the causes of such a change, leaving it as a subject for a future article in this journal, to be especially addressed to conquerors, merchants, manufacturers, and the diffusers of useful knowledge. To return to Bartlett's Buildings:—It is a short street, with no carriage thoroughfare; it is of a moderate width, the end communicating with Holborn being suddenly narrowed, and bearing the same proportion to the rest of the street that the neck of a wine-bottle does to its body.

After pacing up one side of this quiet street, and down the other, my eye caught this inscription in a window on the ground floor, "Lodgings to let furnished." I immediately knocked at the door; it was opened by a curly-headed boy of about nine years of age, who stared at me for a moment, with a bright, scrutinizing eye. "I want to see the lodgings, my boy," said I.

"Yes, Sir, I'll run and tell mother."

He skipped up the first flight of stairs, and then lounging over the banisters, with his eye fixed on me, he shouted out like a young Stentor, "Mother; here's a gentleman come to see the lodgings; shall I show them?"

After a pause I heard a door open above, and a musical, mild voice answered in a suppressed tone, "No, my dear, say I will come down directly."

The child came down to me again, and bawled out, in a cheerful, friendly way, "Mother will come down directly, Sir."

It struck me, that if his mother had half a dozen children, and they all had such good lungs, the house would not suit me.

"How many brothers and sisters have you, my little man?"

"I have not got any; why do you ask?" said the child, with an inquisitive look.

"Because I wished to know."

"Oh! perhaps you know mother, Sir. Would you like to know how she is to day? he inquired in an honest simple tone, as if it were quite natural that all persons should care to know how his mother was.

I was taken with the boy's easy, yet perfectly childlike manner; it was clear to my mind that he was well brought up, and had never been subject to any but kind treatment. Such a thing as a rebuff or a sharp answer, was evidently beyond his experience. I replied in a good-hatured tone, "certainly, I should like to know how your mother is."

"Why, she says she is better; but I do not think she is, for after she has worked a little while, she is obliged to lie down to rest."

"Then why does she work?"

"Why if she did not do dress-making, we should not have any money to pay for our room, or to buy things to eat, or to pay for my school. But," added the boy, with more animation, "I shall soon be old enough to go out and earn some money, you know, and then mother is to have a room out in the country. The doctor says if she had fresh air, she would soon be well again."

"Then your mother is not the land-lady?"

"Oh, no, Sir; Mrs. Green is the land-lady, and a very nice lady she is, too. Mother says she is one of the best women she ever knew; she has gone out to market now. While she is away, mother and I will mind the door and wait on the lodgers.

"Indeed! And what is your name?"

"Charley Wallis, Sir."

At this moment I heard a slight movement on the stairs, and looking up, I saw a tall graceful woman, in a plain black gown, of the poorest material, but scrupulously neat. A clean muslin cap covered one of the finest shaped heads I have ever seen, and the cotton gown hung about a figure emaciated by sorrow or sickness, but very finely proportioned. Her face was one of those which are rarely seen, and when seen are never forgotten. It was not beautiful, for the features were irregular; but its clear, marble paleness, the sorrowful earnest expression of the eyes, and the patient suffering of the mouth, had an irresistable attraction, which was increased by the quality of her voice. It was remarkable for its fulness and melodious tone. She appeared to be about thirty years of age. Her carriage and manners were so quiet (not to say dignified), so unlike other women of her station, that I assumed involuntarily a respectful manner towards her. We went up to the first floor to look at the rooms which were to let. I found that they were clean, comfortable, and moderate in price. There were no other lodgers in the house at that time but Mrs. Wallis herself. Mrs. Green and her husband occupied the ground-floor; and her son, a young man, had a bed-room above, on the second-floor. Everything I saw about the house pleased me, and I promised to call to-morrow, at a certain hour, and see Mrs. Green herself.

Little Charley, who had attended us very closely all the time, said, as he opened the street-door to let me out,

"I hope you will really come and live here, Sir."

"It is very likely that I shall. But why do you wish it?"

"Because I like you, Sir; and I think you will like to come and live with mother and Mrs. Green."

His mother smiled and stroked his hair, but did not reprove his familiarity; she merely said, "He is rather free spoken, Sir, but he is a good little boy, and does not fear anybody."

"That is well," said I; "there is every chance, if I may judge by the face, of his growing up into a truthful honest man."

"God grant he may," said the poor woman, with visible emotion, and she pressed his rosy face affectionately against her side, and looked down on him with a searching glance. I wished them good morning, and left the house.

In a very few days I was comfortably installed in my new lodgings at Mrs. Green's, Bartlett's Buildings. Mrs. Green was a dapper little woman, with bright black eyes and a remarkably cheerful smile. She had once been pretty; nay, when dressed in her best lavender silk gown and clean lace cap, with rose-coloured ribbons, she was pretty still. But this gorgeous attire was reserved for Sunday afternoons, when I was generally from home; however, when I happened to return before eleven on Sunday night, I was generally favoured with a sight of Mrs. Green, in full splendour, as she opened the door to let me in. The first time that this happened, I was so dazzled by her appearance, that I could not forbear making some complimentary remarks on it. The good woman looked a little shocked, and, at the same time, very much pleased.

"La, Sir! what will you say next? Of course, one should look a little decent on Sundays, or we might just as well be heathens, you know, Sir; and as the minister said to day, it is a shocking sin to break the Sabbath, and not to make no difference between Sundays and working-days, like savages, and radicals, and atheists, and such like. No, no! as I said to Mrs. Wallis this morning, 'Mrs. Wallis,' said I, 'Sunday is Sunday,' and I hope I shall always act accordingly; and clean myself and go to church, as is proper, and leave things to rights and com-

fortable, like a Christian ought to do; which I trust I am, and always shall be."

"Quite right, Mrs. Green," I replied. "And does Mrs. Wallis go to church, too?"

"Why, no, Sir," and the little woman looked sadly pious, instantaneously. "I am sorry to say it, but she can't muster nerve enough to go to a place of public worship. It ain't to be so much wondered at," continued she, lowering her voice, and resuming her usual kindly look, and shutting the door carefully, for she had followed me into my parlour, "she has had a heavy affliction, poor dear! But as I tell her, it is written in the Bible, 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'"

I will confess to you, reader, that from the first moment I saw her, Mrs. Wallis had interested me very much. There was evidently some mystery about her, which I was not sorry to have solved.

"Pray sit down a moment, Mrs. Green," said I. "And so, your friend, Mrs. Wallis, has had a heavy affliction. The loss of her husband, I suppose?"

"Loss, indeed!" and Mrs. Green glanced hurriedly round the room, and began to shake her head in a very surprising way. "Poor thing! poor thing!—you are a kind gentleman I know, and will feel for a poor *desultory* widow. You won't despise her, like a great many would. She has a way with her, a little proud, like,—for all the world like a real lady,—which she *may* be, perhaps, if we knew all."

"Very likely, indeed!" I replied. "But what *do* you know about her?"

"Why, I'll tell you, Sir; that is, if you won't speak of it to her, or to any one else."

"I give you my word."

"Well then, Sir, you must know it was just four years come next Lady-day, as I was cleaning these very first-floor window-sills, which I always do every Monday morning before you are up, what should I see but a coach come driving slowly down the street. The coachman was a looking first on one side, and then on the other; and, I thought to myself, I wonder what name he is looking for; when lo, and behold, the coach stops at my very door. I was all in a flurry, and leaves my flannels and things here; and down stairs I went, just as I was, all in a disserbil, as one may say. When I opened the door, there was a lady in black (for, as I say, she does look like *a lady* in her best things); that was Mrs. Wallis; but she had got a thick veil over her face, so that I couldn't tell what she was like. She was all of a tremble, and says, 'can I see your lodgings?' 'Yes, Ma'am,' says I, 'but I've only a single bed-room, and its the second-floor back.' 'Oh never mind,' says she, 'that will do very well.' She never asked a word about the rent nor nothing; but she went back to the coach, and brought out a little boy—little Charley, bless him. And the coachman brought in a box, and put it down; and then the lady (I mean Mrs. Wallis) paid him, all steady and collected like; and when he was gone, she shut the door very quick, and then sat down on her box, in the passage, and took the child in her arms, and held him very tight. Then she looked up at me, so wild like, that I began to be a little frightened. I asked her in a consoling way what was the matter, and she said, 'Oh nothing, nothing! I should like to see my room directly.' I felt very awkward, as you may suppose, Sir. It won't do for lodging-houses, that call themselves respectable, to take in all sorts, without knowing them from Adam. Now, she had said nothing about references, nor paying. And, yet somehow, when I saw her face, and what a state of agitation she was in, I didn't like to say right out what I meant. So I said, in a kind and delicate way, 'May be the room is not good enough for you, Ma'am; for its only five shilling a week, and quite in a humble way. She seemed to understand me; and I was so vexed with myself for having said it, that I coloured all over. She said, rising from the box, and looking a little proud, 'I know no one in London to whom I can refer you; but if I pay you a month's rent in advance, perhaps that will satisfy you;' and she took a sovereign out of her purse. At first I hardly liked to take it, for it looked mean, and I can't abide meanness, no how. But then I thought again, that Green would be angry, if I took her in without a reference, and without any money in advance. There are so many cheats in the world that it makes one suspicious; indeed it do, Sir. And we are poor, Sir, and can't afford to lose by our lodgers, or else other folks would lose by us, and so I took the money, and said, that there was no need of a reference. I asked her to walk up stairs, and said, my husband would bring up the box presently. She said, very well; and we went up stairs. I thought it very odd, she never looked at anything about the room, but sat down on the bed, and stared at me, quite stupid like, while I showed her the cupboards and the comfortable fire-place, and the looking-glass. When I left off speaking, she said, 'Yes, it is all very nice.' Just then, I remember (indeed, I shall never forget it) the clock struck eight—all the church-clocks round began to strike; she started up and listened; as she counted the strokes, I felt all in a shiver to look at her. She had taken off her bonnet, and her cap was hanging down, and her head was uncovered, and her fine black hair was falling all about her shoulders. She looked for all the world like a picture. Her face was very white, and her lips were blueish. 'What clock is that?' she asked, in a strange whisper. 'St. Andrew's, Ma'am,' said I, 'and that heavy one is St. Paul's; and there goes St. Sepulchre's.' When I said the last word, she listened very attentively, and then sat down on the bed, with her hands clasped, just so. I saw she was dreadful ill, so I helped her to lie down, and told her I would take care of her little boy. She was not quite insensible, for she seemed to be listening again; but she did not pay any attention to what I said. I told her I would bring her a cup of tea; and then I carried the child with me down stairs. He was a sweet little fellow. He prattled so pretty, that my husband was quite pleased. He was always fond of children, and he is particular fond of Charley. I recollect everything that happened that morning, as well as if it was yesterday. Well, it was a shocking thing to be sure!" Here Mrs. Green paused a moment, to sigh and shake her head.

"Well! as I was saying, Charley spoke so pretty at breakfast, and took so to Green, that when we had done, he carried the child out with him to the street-door, to speak to a neighbour. They chattered a matter of a quarter of an hour; and I was obliged to go out and tell Green it was getting on for ten, and he would be late for business, which he is in general very exact, as every one knows. Just as I was reminding him, and playing a bit with the child, who was perched on the door-step, quite at home, there comes one of them criers at the other end of the street, and he began to bawl out—'The last dying speech and confession of Robert Wilson, the notorious forger, who was hanged this morning at Newgate,' and a great deal more of it. Now, you must know, Sir, I always like to read them papers; and so I went with the child down the street to buy one of them. I remember, Green called after me, 'What, *another* dreadful murder, Mary? You'll buy one too many, one of these days.' Little Charley took the paper, and was quite delighted, pretty innocent! He would not give it me back; but cried out, 'No, no!' for mamma! love to read—mamma teach Charley his letters. I went up stairs with him, for I was anxious like to know how she was. Little Charley pushed open the door; Mrs. Wallis was kneeling beside the bed with her face hidden in the clothes. I thought she was praying, and did not like to go in; but stood outside. Charley ran to his mother, holding out the paper, and crying 'look mamma!—look!—pretty reading! Oh *so* pretty!'

She smiled faintly for a moment, and kissed him, and then her eyes fell on the printed words. Oh! Sir, while I live may I never see such a sight again. Her face became shockingly white, her jaws fell, and her eyes grew so large, that it seemed as if they would start out of her head. Presently she gave one cry, only one, which made my heart leap, and then she fell down in strong convulsions. Poor thing! poor thing!" Here Mrs. Green paused again, and wiped her eyes.

"Well! I ran down stairs, and sent Green for the doctor, and he took the child with him. I went back to poor Mrs. Wallis; she was a little quieter, but quite insensible. I began to guess that the printed paper about the hanging that morning had something to do with her illness. I looked about, to see if there was anything by which I could tell whether I was right or wrong. I took up the prayer-book, which was on the bed, and saw the name, '*Louisa Wilson.*' As I took it up, a slip of paper fell out; there was written on it these words:—

'*I am convinced that your husband is innocent; but the evidence bears so strongly against him, that the jury will, in all probability, bring him in guilty. So be prepared for the worst, and may God help you to bear it.*

'*C. D.*'

"You may well shudder, Sir," continued my good landlady, seeing me somewhat affected at this little story. "At the time, I was so overcome myself, that I sat down, half stupid, before I could think of what was best to be done for the poor woman. My heart bled for her. To think what she must have felt, when she saw her blessed little child wanting to learn his letters on his own father's last-dying-speech. When the doctor came, he said she was dangerous; and his words was true. For a month she never left her bed. Green and I did what we could for her. I sat up at nights with her, and we took care of Charley. We told the doctor, and everybody, that her name was *Wallis*, thinking she would rather not hear her own again. Poor thing! she suffered dreadfully; and if it had not been for the child, I should have prayed the Lord to take her, over and over again. At last she got better, and when she was strong enough, we told her we knew who she was, and how we had kept her secret, and called her Mrs. *Wallis*. She was very grateful, poor dear; and one day she told us all about her husband's trial, and it was plain that he had nothing to do with the business for which he had suffered; though he had gone wrong, and was mixed up with the very people that really did it. Now, I say, Sir, the judges, and such like, ought to be more careful, and not hang up people who don't deserve it, and letting those as do, go free. Ever since then Mrs. Wallis has lodged here. She was not a person to sit down, like a fine lady, and be beholden to any one, when she could work herself. She has got grand relations, I fancy, but she never mentions them. She has a very small income, about twenty pounds a year, and besides this, she takes in needle-work, and gets up fine linen very nicely; she can turn her hand to anything except hard household work, and she's not very fit for that, as you may guess, to look at her. If you are not settled with a laundress, Sir, I think you could not do better than employ Mrs. Wallis; and if you want anything made, or mended, she would do it very reasonable."

"Certainly, my good Mrs. Green; I should be much obliged if you will manage all that for me. Let her have all that I can give her to do. *You* must pay her, and set the accounts in my weekly bill to you."

"I am sure that is very kind of you, Sir, and I am much obliged. But I am keeping you from your books, and it is getting quite late. Good night, Sir."

After she was gone, I sat ruminating on the singular occurrence which she had related. I remembered the execution of Robert Wilson very well, and, like many other persons at the time, had been thoroughly convinced that he was guiltless. The image of my new laundress came to my mind again; and its mournful grace, and womanly, motherly gentleness, seemed redoubled, now that I knew this touching circumstance of her life. I did not then foresee how intimately subsequent events would connect my life with that of Mrs. Wallis, my laundress. Perhaps I may be able to relate the events at some future time, and show how my lodgings in Bartlett's Buildings became the scene of the one romance of my life, and the tomb, as well as the birthplace of real love. No; not its *tomb!* Real love can never die. J. M. W.

PERSEVERANCE.

Having made a wise and deliberate selection of a business, go on with it, go through with it. Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakably more useful, than talented inconstancy. In the heathery turf you will often find a plant chiefly remarkable for its peculiar roots; from the main stem down to the minutest fibre, you will find them all abruptly terminate as if shorn or bitten off; and the silly superstition of the country people alleges, that once on a time it was a plant of singular potency for healing all sorts of maladies; and, therefore, the great enemy of man, in his malignity, bit off the roots in which its virtues resided. This plant, with this quaint history, is a very good emblem of many well meaning, but little effecting people. The efficacy of every good work lies in its completion; and all their good works terminate abruptly, and are left off unfinished. The devil frustrates their efficacy by cutting off their ends; their unprofitable history is made up of plans and projects, schemes of usefulness that were never gone about, and magnificent undertakings that were never carried forward; societies that were set a-going, then left to shift for themselves, and forlorn beings who for a time were taken up and instructed, and just when they were beginning to show symptoms of improvement, were cast on the world again. But others there are, who, before beginning to build, count the cost, and having collected their materials, and laid their foundations deep and broad, go on to rear their structure, indifferent to more tempting schemes and sublime enterprises subsequently suggested. The man who provides a home for a poor neighbour is a greater benefactor of the poor, than he who lays the foundation of a stately alms-house, and never finishes a single apartment. The patriot who sets his heart on abolishing the slave trade, and after twenty years of rebuffs and revilings, of tantalized hope and disappointed effort, at last succeeded, achieved a greater work than if he had set afloat all possible schemes of philanthropy, an l then left them, one after the other, to sink or swim. So short is life, that we can afford to lose none of it in abortive undertakings; and once we are assured that a given work is one which it is worth our while to do, it is true wisdom to set about it instantly, and when once we have begun it, it is true economy to finish it.

The Pasha.—However familiar this title may be to European ears, its real meaning and derivation are scarcely familiar even to the "erudite few." The word itself is compounded of the Persian "*pai shah*," or the shah's foot, and is a standing memorial of the designations which, according to Xenophon, Cyrus bestowed on his officers of state; calling them his feet, hand, eyes, and ears. Those entrusted with domestic affairs were styled "the eyes;" the secret emissary was termed "the ear;" the tax-gatherer "the hands;" the warrior "the foot;" and the judge, as mouth-piece of the law, "the tongue of equity." Of so remote an institution as this is the name of the present Turkish pashas, who, in their several capacities of governor, general, and vizier or minister, are appositely styled the "feet of their master."

A GENTLEMAN.

The full and legitimate meaning of the word "gentleman" signifies that character which is distinguished by strict honour, self-possession, forbearance, generous as well as refined feelings, and polished deportment—a character to which all meanness, explosive irritableness and peevish fretfulness, are alien; to which, consequently, a generous candour, scrupulous veracity, courage, both moral and physical, dignity, and self-respect, a studious avoidance of giving offence to others, or oppressing them, and liberality in thought, argument, and conduct, are habitual, and have become natural. Perhaps we are justified in saying that the character of the gentleman implies an addition of refinement, of feeling, and loftiness of conduct to the rigid dictates of morality and purifying precepts of religion.

Where so many important qualities and distinct attributes, held in high and common esteem, are blended into one character, we must be prepared to meet with corresponding caricatures and mimicking impersonations of faulty, vicious, or depraved dispositions and passions. We find the sensitive honour of the gentleman, counterfeited in the touchy duellist; his courage, by the arrant bully; his calmness of mind, by supercilious or stolid indifference, or a fear of betraying the purest emotions; his refinement of feeling, by sentimentality or affectation; his polished manners, by a punctilious observance of trivial forms; his ready compliance with conventional forms, in order to avoid the pain of giving offence to others, or his natural habit of moving in those forms which have come to be established among the accomplished, by the silly hunter after new fashions, or a censurable and enfeebling love of approbation; his liberality, by the spendthrift; his dignity and self-respect, by conceit or a dogged resistance to acknowledge error or wrong; his candour, by an ill-natured desire of telling unwelcome truths; his freedom from petulance, by incapacity of enthusiasm, and his composure by egotism. But these distorted reflections from a deforming mirror do not detract from the real worth, and the important attributes of the well-proportioned original; nor can it be said that this character has been set up as a purely ethical model in spite of religion. I am convinced that it was possible to conceive this character in its fulness, only by the aid of Christianity, and believe—I say it with bowing reverence—that in Him to whom we look for the model of every perfection, we also find the perfect type of that character which occupies our attention.

There are millions of actions which a gentleman cannot find the heart to perform, although the law of the land would permit them, and ought to permit them, lest an intermeddling despotism should stifle all freedom of action.

The forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of the true gentleman; indeed, we may say that power, physical, moral, purely social or political, is one of the touchstones of genuine gentlemanship. The power which the husband has over his wife, in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her; the father over his children; the teacher over his pupils; the old over the young and the young over the aged; the strong over the weak; the officer over his men; the master of a vessel over his hands; the magistrate over the citizen; the employer over the employed; the rich over the poor; the educated over the unlettered; the experienced over the confiding; the keeper of a secret over him whom it touches; the gifted over the ordinary man; even the clever over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power and authority, or a total abstinence from it, where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. Every traveller knows at once whether a gentlemanly or rude officer is searching his trunk. But the use of power does not only form a touchstone; even the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test. No gentleman can boast of the delights of superior health in presence of a languid patient, or speak of great good luck when hearing of a man bent by habitual misfortune. Let a man, who happily enjoys the advantages of a pure and honest life, speak of it to a fallen, criminal fellow being, and you will soon see whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not. The gentleman does not needlessly and unceasingly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character, which imparts sufficient strength to let the past be truly past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence, a false step or an unfortunate exposure of weakness give him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbour. A true man of honour feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.

Greatness will be found to consist in openness of mind and soul. These qualities may not seem at first to be so potent. But see what growth there is in them. The education of a man of open mind is never ended. Then, with openness of soul a man sees some way into all other souls that come near him, feels with them, has their experience, is in himself a people. Sympathy is the universal solvent. Nothing is understood without it. The capacity of a man, at least for understanding, may almost be said to vary according to his powers of sympathy. Again, what is there that can counteract selfishness like sympathy? Selfishness may be hedged in by minute watchfulness and self-denial, but it is counteracted by the nature being encouraged to grow out and fix its tendrils upon foreign objects. The immense defect that want of sympathy is, may be strikingly seen in the failure of the many attempts that have been made in all ages to construct the Christian character, omitting sympathy. It has produced numbers of people walking up and down one narrow plank of self-restraint, pondering over their own merits and demerits, keeping out, not the world exactly, but their fellow-creatures, from their hearts, and caring only to drive their neighbours before them on this plank of theirs, or to push them headlong. Thus, with many virtues, and much hard work at the formation of character, we have had splendid bigots or censorious small people. Without independence, a man can never discover what is his own mind, if indeed he have a mind of his own. The mind cannot take wing, any more than the bird, without breaking its shell. No one who suffers himself to be smothered under the eternal incubation of others can ever soar. Men must speak, and act, and think as living beings, having authority to do these things. It is the fear of darting out of the old turnpike-road that has chained so many down to a grovelling mediocrity. Who can tell how many a gem of genius has been buried in the "dark unfathomed mines" of dulness, merely from a slavish fear and unmanly dependence on the wisdom or folly of others? Such men, like the blind, *must* keep the beaten path, striking the staff on each side, and, like them, they go through the world, seeing nothing new, and creeping in privacy at a snail's pace along the road of knowledge, for no one will act upon what another tells him is truth, unless it is made true to him by his own convictions. That which appears false or indifferent to an individual is false to him, to all intents and purposes, for he will not act upon it; but a man will act upon what he really believes to be true, and even though it be false, he may do some good in the world, not indeed by falsities, but by the energies of a believing, earnest spirit, bringing out some truth, which otherwise being cramped by dulness, unbelief or fear, might be hidden in a napkin. He who, by asserting even bold untruths, awakens dormant minds to new exertions in behalf of the truth, does more good than he who only rocks the world to sleep by a lullaby of stagnant common-places.'

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

—

"Be ye sober."—St. Peter.

Who shall talk of strength and freedom,
With a loud and fever'd breath,
While they let a full cup lead 'em
To the slavery of death?

Men of labour, wake to thinking,
Shout not with a reeling brain!
Lips that argue o'er deep drinking
Ever yield more chaff than grain.

Bravery that needs inspiring
By the grape and barley corn,
Only gives the random firing,
Cunning foes may laugh to scorn.

Do ye hope to march the faster
To the summit of your claims;
While ye let such tyrant master
Strike your limbs in staggering shame?

Do ye find the hot libation,
Poured so wildly on the heart,
Make it fitter for its station,
Whatsoe'er may be its part?

Father, husband, wife, or mother!
Can ye do the work ye should,
While the fumes of madness smother
Human love and human good?

Wonder not that children trample
All fair precept in the dust,
When a parent's foul example
Robs a home of peace and trust.

Who shall reckon all the anguish
Who shall dream of all the sin,
Who shall tell the souls that languish
At the spectre-shrine of Gin?

Never shall we find a surer
Portal to the beams and cell,
Where the poor becometh poorer,
Where earth seems akin to hell.

God sent all things for our pleasure,
Food for man and food for beast.
Say, which takes the surfeit measure,
At the board of Nature's feast?

God sent all things for our using,
Meat, and malt, and oil, and wine.
Woe attends our rash abusing
Heaven's merciful design.

Prize the boon we are possessing,
But mark well the holy verse:
Take enough, it is a blessing;—
Take too much, it proves a curse.

"Be ye sober!" they who struggle
For the better lot below,
Must not let the full cup juggle
Soul and body into woe.

"Be ye sober!" if ye covet
Healthy days and peaceful nights.
Strong drink warpeth those who love it
Into sad and fearful sights.

"Be ye sober!" cheeks grow haggard,
Eyes turn dim, and pulse-tide blood
Runs too fast, or crawleth laggard
When there's poison in the flood.

Will ye let a demon bind ye
In the chain of Helot thrall!
Will ye let the last hour find ye
In the lowest pit of all?

Oh! stand back in godly terror,
When Temptation's joys begin;
'Tis such wily maze of Error,
Few get out who once go in.

Shun the "dram" that can but darken,
When its vapour gleam has fled.
Reason says, and ye must hearken,
"Lessened drink brings doubled bread."

Though your rulers may neglect ye,
"Be ye sober!" in your strength;
And they must and shall respect ye,
And the light shall dawn at length.

But let none cry out for freedom,
With a loud and fevered breath,
While they let a full cup lead 'em
To the slavery of death.

Eliza Cook.

DIAMOND DUST.

Ink is the black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well-informed persons, there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any one present—without submitting to act the part of a *butt*, or of that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

Some men in the world advance like crabs, by their eccentricities—walking contrary to every one else.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state.

There is a closer connection between good sense and good nature than is commonly supposed.

What blockheads are those wise persons, who think it necessary that a child should comprehend everything it reads.

Industry, economy, and prudence are the sure forerunners of success. They create that admirable combination of powers in one, which always conduce to eventual prosperity.

To diffuse useful information, to farther intellectual refinement—sure forerunners of moral improvement, to hasten the coming of that bright day, when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lingering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid; this, indeed, is a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part.

Happiness doats on her works, and is prodigal to her favourite. As one drop of water hath an attraction for another, so do felicities run into felicities.

There are some minds which we must leave to their idiotism.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

He who has nothing to do, has no business to live.

Speculation is a word that sometimes begins with its second letter.

We have little pity for others, until we are in a situation to claim it ourselves.

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OUR WOMEN SERVANTS.

THE women employed as domestic servants constitute by far the most numerous class of workwomen in the kingdom. The field of female employment is exceedingly restricted in all directions, save this; and, accordingly, the number of women who are under the necessity of thus earning their bread, is very large, being considerably upwards of one million. We need not say how much the domestic comfort and well-being of families are influenced by this class. Servants are constantly about us in our homes; the cleanliness, order, and economy of households are dependent on them; and they have in their power the thousand little atoms of which the sum total of domestic happiness is composed. Their moral and social condition re-acts powerfully on those who employ them, and with whom they live in immediate contact. Especially are the manners and morals of children confided to their care affected by their example; for the servant is very often the model of the child during the early years of life, when the mind is most susceptible of impressions. They are about us in health and sickness; in sorrow and festivity; ministering to our wants, our comforts, and our luxuries.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged importance of this class, and the necessity which exists for making the condition of domestic servants one of as much comfort and satisfaction to themselves as possible, it must be admitted, that the actual condition of the great majority of them is exceedingly unsatisfactory, and stands greatly in need of amendment. Their position is such, however, that no law can be devised for their relief, as in the case of the women employed in mines and factories. No Act of Parliament can enter into the home, and determine the relations of employer and domestic servant there. Any amelioration which is possible, can only be effected through the agency of an improved public opinion, which is generally very slow in its operation. We admit that, in many families, servants are treated with the consideration due to them; and where this is the case, their position is one of much comfort, which re-acts beneficially on the comfort of the families themselves. But we regret to say, that these are the exceptions rather than the rule.

The ordinary relation between mistress and servant, is that of an employer who buys service, and a woman who sells it. The bond which unites them, is money-wages. There is little or no sympathy in the relationship, although they are members of the same family. The mistress treats the woman she hires, merely as a servant; the servant regards the woman she serves, merely as an employer. To the servant is allotted generally the least comfortable part of the house to live in—in large towns often a cellar-kitchen by day, and an attic by night. A distinction is often made in their food, which the servant cannot help contrasting with the dainty feeding of her employers. Servants must have no visitors, or "followers," as they are called; and are thus required to shut themselves out from companionship and friendly intercourse. They endure a confinement to the house from day to day, and from week to week. Ebullitions of laughter or gay snatches of song, are obnoxious to peremptory prohibition. If the servant goes out on an errand, she "must not loiter away her time.' If she is spoken roughly to, and scolded, even if wrongfully, she must not "answer," but must "know her place." She must bear patiently all sorts of caprices and querulousness. If a kindness is vouchsafed, it is done as if from a superior to an inferior being, and servility is expected in return. In short, the servant is treated, in far too many cases, as but a "necessary evil;" and it is not attempted to be concealed from her that she is so treated. It is too often forgotten that servants have such possessions as feelings, affections, and sympathies; and what wonder need there be, if under such treatment, their better nature should be perverted, and their character become cunning, treacherous, wasteful, careless, and often vicious. This is only what their employers have contributed to make them. Amidst the numerous books of "confessions" made now a-days, we should like to see one containing the real confessions of a domestic servant; giving her general opinion of her several mistresses; her feelings respecting her own conduct, and its reward—her sorrows, and anxiety often so recklessly caused. What a revelation it would be; and how much it would help us to a true understanding of the relations existing between mistress and servant!

It is admitted that domestic servants belong to the poorest and least instructed classes of the community. They are generally the daughters of peasants, artisans, and labourers; and a large proportion of them have not had the benefit of any school education whatever in their early years. Their domestic education has necessarily been of a very imperfect kind; they have grown up in a rude and uncultivated state, and are in this condition transferred to a "place," where they are expected to do every thing well; and where, if they fail, they are treated with censure and harsh words. Nothing is done to improve their education; if they learn anything, they must pick it up the best way they can. The policy the most general is, not to lead, but to drive them; and scolding is employed as the goad. Very often, too, their moral culture is not improved by what they see and hear about them. They are ordered to say "not at home" at the door, even when the mistress sits in the next room, within hearing. They dare not venture on expostulation in such a case; this would be deemed a stretch of insolence and audacity. The gossip and scandal which they hear poured out at dining tables does not improve them

either; nor the importance which they see attached to dress, equipage, and cookery. They thus insensibly acquire notions, especially in rich families, which lead to vanity, ostentation, and folly, often ending in vice; and, if they marry and return to their own early sphere of life, they carry with them perverted ideas respecting dress, diet, and labour, and often a disregard of economy which is fruitful of much suffering. Generally speaking, we find the best servants, and the most comfortable, in families of moderate income and regular habits. There they are personally known to the master and mistress, and their good feelings are oftener called forth than in families of the higher circles, where servants are as little sympathized with as if they were beings of another race.

It is among the poorer order of the middle-class that we find the most hard-worked, probably, of all human beings, the maids-of-all-work. It would be difficult for any one, who has not been a maid-of-all-work, to picture the hardships of this life, especially where there is a large family, or a house full of lodgers. Up first in the morning, and on foot last at night. In the dark morning she kindles the fires, cleans the boots, and tidies the rooms, before the family are astir. She has no time to tidy herself, for she is engaged during the whole day in the preparation of the family meals, in answering the door, in cleaning up, in putting by, in going errands, and in the thousand indescribable little details of house-work; sometimes running up and down stairs from twenty to thirty times in the course of the day. She must always be at command; she has no leisure, not a minute which she can call her own; all her time is sold to her employer, and the whole of it is demanded. After a life of this sort, the maid-of-all-work finds herself at advanced years without savings, for she is not taught to take care of what she earns, and, with a constitution so broken up, that it is fit only for the workhouse or the lunatic asylum. "We find, on inquiry," said Prince Albert, at the meeting of the Servants' Provident Institution the other day, "that in the metropolis, the greater part of the inmates of the workhouses are domestic servants." And, "next to governesses," says Miss Martineau, "the largest class of female patients in lunatic asylums is maids of all work."

There is, we fear, much in the condition of domestic servants that is unavoidable, and we do not see clearly how it is to be altogether remedied. As we have said, no LAW can touch it. Any amelioration that is possible, must be carried into effect by individual employers; and it is, therefore, our anxious desire to promote among such a more kindly and considerate regard for their servants. The comfort of all families would be greatly promoted thereby. So long as the only bond which unites mistress and servant is money-wages, so long will servants be dull, sulky, self-seeking, and alienated. Every human being has a right to be treated with respect and kindness, whatever the station of life they fill. We must exhibit kind and considerate conduct, in order to beget the affections of others, and obtain their hearty and reasonable service. Employ a contrary course, treat them with distrust and suspicion, be always scolding and complaining at them, and they will distrust, fear, and, perhaps, hate and despise you; and the result will be, a constant carking, discontent, and misery in the midst of the family where such conduct is pursued.

Woman, in whatever station she be placed, is entitled to respect as woman; she is, moreover, entitled to the respect which is due to her as an immortal being. Unless where this truth has entered the minds of the employers of women, we fear the amelioration of the servants employed by them must be regarded as, in a great measure, hopeless. Where this truth is felt, the mistress will then be ready to acknowledge, in the relation which exists between her servant and herself, a social tie, imposing certain duties and affections growing out of their common sympathies as human beings, and the positions they respectively fill, and from the obligation of which no circumstances can release them. We rejoice to believe, that already there are many true-hearted mistresses impenetrated with this truth, and who act accordingly in their households; who are charitable enough to believe, that a broken tea-cup was an accident, and do not punish it as if it were an act of premeditated malice; who are considerate enough to admit, that the best of us are not without faults, the most careful not without moments of carelessness, and that servants may share this common failing without undue punishment. Such mistresses have generally good servants, servants who do their duty cheerfully, if not faultlessly. They are not perpetual declaimers against ingratitude, because, if they sometimes meet with it (and they must meet with it, so long as human nature is imperfect) they know that the fault was not in the kindness, but, most probably, in the harshness of some prior employer, who corrupted the servant's nature. To us the wonder is, on viewing the numerous temptations thrown in servants' way, and the indifference to their interests which is so commonly displayed, not that their good feelings are so often stifled, but that we find among them so many excellent and virtuous characters.

The author of the excellent little book, entitled, "The Claims of Labour," justly observes, "There is nothing in which the aid of imagination, that handmaid of charity, may be more advantageously employed, than in considering the condition of domestic servants. Let a man endeavour to realize it to himself, let him think of its narrow sphere, of its unvarying nature, and he will be careful not to throw in, unnecessarily, the trouble even of a single harsh word, which may make so large a disturbance in the shallow current of a domestic's hopes and joys. How often, on the contrary, do you find that masters (and mistresses, too) seem to have no apprehension of the feelings of those under them, no idea of any duties on their side, beyond "cash payment;" whereas, the good, old, patriarchal feeling towards your household is one which the mere introduction of money-wages has not, by any means, superseded, and which cannot, in fact, be superseded. You would bear with lenity, from a child, many things, for which, in a servant, you can find nothing but the harshest names. Yet, how often are these poor, uneducated creatures, little better than children! . . . . Another mode of viewing, with charity, the conduct of domestic servants, is to imagine what manner of servant *you* would make yourself, or any one of those whom, in your own rank, you esteem and love. Do you not perceive, in almost every character, some element which would occasionally make its possessor fail in performing the duties of domestic service? Do you find that faithfulness, accuracy, diligence, and truth pervade the circle of your equals in such abundance, that you should be exorbitantly angry, the moment you perceive a deficiency in such qualities amongst those who have been but indifferently brought up, and who, perhaps, have early imbibed those vices of their class, fear and falsehood—vices which their employers can only hope to eradicate by a long course of considerate kindness? . . . . The essential requisites on the employer's part, are truth and kindness. These qualities may, however, belong, in a high degree, to persons who fail to gain the confidence of their dependents. In domestic life, confidence may be prevented by fits of capricious passion on the part of the ruling powers; and a man (or woman) who, in all important matters, acts kindly and justly towards his family, may be deprived of their confidence, by weakness of temper in little things. When you find a lack of truth in those about you, consider whether it may not arise from the furiousness of your own temper, which scares truth away from you; and reflect how fearful a part the angry man may have in the sin of those falsehoods, which immoderate fear of him gives rise to. Such, I am afraid, is the tyrannous nature of the human heart, that we not only show, but really feel, more anger at offence given us by those under our power, than at any other cause whatever. . . . . Do not

be fond of the display of authority, or think that there is anything grand in being obeyed with abject fear. One certainly meets with persons who are vain of their ill-temper, and of seeing how it keeps people about them in order; a species of vanity which they might share with any wild animal at large."

Besides the means which it is so desirable to adopt, for the improvement of the domestic condition of servants, much also might be done to improve their moral state, and to secure for them that competency in old age, which their protracted and valuable services in our families so justly entitle them to. An excellent movement in this direction has already commenced, in which we rejoice to perceive, from the report of the recent meeting of the Servants' Provident and Benevolent Institution, at the Hanover Square Rooms, our enlightened King Consort, Prince Albert, has taken a part, which does him great honour. The institution referred to proposes to enable servants to purchase annuities for their old age, by the deposit of small instalments, at stated periods. A home for servants, when out of place, is a part of the scheme; and also a registry for servants in want of situations.

When the fact, stated by Prince Albert at the above meeting, is considered, that "in the metropolis, the greater part of the inmates of the workhouses are domestic servants," and when we reflect further on the danger, and, too often, the ruin and infamy which befall young women, who are suddenly cast loose upon the temptations of city life, without a home to turn to for shelter, we cannot praise too highly the philanthropic scheme of the Servants' Provident and Benevolent Institution, nor too cordially co-operate in the promotion of its success.

THOMAS HOOD.—"OUR FAMILY."

"Poor Hood!" Thus does everyone speak of the lamented Thomas Hood, who died just as the world was beginning to appreciate the true genius of the man, but before he could reap any of its substantial rewards. Hood's reputation through life was that of a humourist, for he wrote for bread, and as the public would not have Hood's deeper thoughts, he gave them his lighter ones; he spun them "comic annuals," and "laughter from year to year;" and thus he managed to live on from day to day. But just before he passed away, there rung through our island those thrilling stanzas, appealing to the profoundest sympathies of the human heart, "The Song of the Shirt," "The Lay of the Labourer," and "The Bridge of Sighs;" and then it was the public decreed that Hood was something more than a humorist; that he was, in fact, a great tragic poet.

Thomas Hood was of Scotch parentage, though born in London, where his father was a partner in the bookselling firm of Vernon and Hood, Poultry. He was first apprenticed as a merchant's clerk, but his health being delicate, it was found necessary to take him away from his desk, and he was sent to his father's relatives, in Dundee, where he remained some time, and made his successful debut, as a writer, in the pages of the local magazines and journals. Here, doubtless, he acquired his knowledge of the broad Scotch dialect, which we find him re-producing in the old Scotch housekeeper in "Tylney Hall," a novel, though not much known, of the most powerful character, full of highly wrought incident, and situations of the most tragic kind.

With his health somewhat restored, he returned to London, and was apprenticed to his uncle, Robert Sands, the engraver, and was afterwards transferred to one of the Le Keux. He was a good draughtsman, and might have attained distinction in his profession, but that he was soon attracted from it by the more agreeable pursuit of literature. Yet, we often afterwards find him at work with the pencil and graver, in furnishing the quaint and comical designs of his own works, his "Bonnie Annuals," "Up the Rhine," "Magazine," &c.

We believe his first published book of poems was his "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," a little work full of poetic beauty; tender, graceful, and exquisite. But the book was not popular; indeed, it is not so yet. So, as the public would not take his poetry, he met them on their own ground, and gave them jokes and *facetiæ*, which they would read. Laughter, however, was not Hood's only object in writing. He amused the multitude to attract their attention; and he used his wit and humour as the vehicles wherewith to convey his wholesome and lasting lessons of morality. Though, as a writer, who lived by his writings, he had to write that which the public would buy, and thus suited his productions to the general taste, he never wrote down to the lowest taste. His wit was never sullied by impurity nor coarseness; never indelicate nor profane. Nay, his delicacy was extreme; he was as sensitive as a mimosa leaf; and a sort of melancholy often dashed his merriest writings, which made his jests to "scald like tears." Many of his quaint and laughter-exciting conceits were steeped in human feeling and passion. As he himself has so touchingly said—

> "All things are touch'd with melancholy,
> Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
> To feel her fair ethereal wings
> Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
> Even the bright extremes of joy
> Bring on conclusions of disgust,
> Like the sweet blossom of the May,
> Whose fragrance ends in must.
> Oh, give her, then, her tribute just,
> Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
> There is no music in the life
> That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
> There's not a string attuned to mirth,
> But has its chord in melancholy."

Towards the close of Hood's life, while he was still popularly known as a humourist, there appeared in the columns of *Punch* that wonderful poem which instantly thrilled through the hearts of thousands, and produced an effect such as, we believe, no piece of writing within the same small compass had ever before done—his agonizing "Song of the Shirt." Parliamentary reports had exposed, in long detail, the hardships inflicted on a large portion of the industrious community; volumes had been written about them, eloquent speeches delivered on the subject, the miseries of our female artisans—dressmakers and shirtmakers—had been deplored in all forms, but Hood's little poem effected more than them all. It went straight to its mark; it thrilled the common heart. He hit the nail on the head, and sent it home at a blow. Not less touching, not less full of penetrating truth, was his "Bridge of Sighs," one of the most powerful expositions of a great social evil, a cancerous sore eating away the hearts of multitudes of human beings, which has ever been penned. These pieces, short though they were, revealed the almost Shaksperian genius of Thomas Hood. They were the last thoughts of his great heart, ever longing for the emancipation and happiness of the down-trodden and the suffering many. And thus floating away towards the deep waters of eternity, did he in these piteous appeals to human sympathy pour out his soul in song.

Notwithstanding the great genius of Hood, and the large amount of literary labour of various kinds which he performed, he died very poor; for the literary man has no position in England; he may be a great genius, but if his books do not sell very largely, and he cannot command high prices for his copyrights, he may soon starve. The literary labours of twenty years enabled Hood to do no more than subsist, and the only legacy he left to his family was his fame. We cannot but lament, that the close of the poet's career, hopeful and clear though it was as regarded the beyond of this life, was clouded by

this reflection, though the generous letter of Sir Robert Peel, communicating the intelligence, that a pension of £100 a year had been granted to his wife, did much to alleviate the pressure of this anxiety. The life of the mere literary man is one of great labour and of small gains; it is precarious; and his genius, or literary stock in trade, cannot be bequeathed, like a bookselling or banking business, to his offspring. The literary labourer must always be at the mill-wheel, grinding, whether well or ill; and it is the nature of literary labour to wear into the health, and to stimulate into unhealthy activity the nervous system at the expense of the physical powers. Hood was a victim to the "literary ailment." For many years, towards the close of his life, he was labouring under disease—habitually ill—dying slowly; and yet he wrote on. In one of the last publications to which he gave his name as editor, "Hood's Magazine," he thus humourously pointed out the pains of the literary life, in an imaginary letter from "A Subscriber":—

"Sir,—By your not coming out on the Furst, I conclude you are lade up, being notorus for enjoyin bad helth. Pullmery, of course, like my poor Robert, for I've had a litterry branch in my own fammily, a periodical one like yourself, only every Sunday, insted of once a munth; and as such, well knew what it was to write long-winded articles with Weekly lungs. Poor fellow! as I often said, so much head work, and nothin but head work, will make a cherubbim of you; and so it did. Nothing but write, write, write; and read, read, read; and as our Doctor says, it's as bad to studdy till al is broun, as to drink till all is blew. Mix your cullers. And werry good advice it is, when it can be follerd, witch is not always the case; for if necessity has no Law, it has a good deal of Litterature, and Authors must rite what they must.

"As poor Robert used to say about seddontory habits, it's very well, says he, to tell me about, like Mr. Wordsworth's single man as grew double, sticking to my chair; but if there's no sitting, says he, ther'll be no hatching; and if I do brood too much at my desk, its because there's a brood expected from me once a week. Oh! its very well, says he, to cry Up, up with you, and go fetch a walk, and take a look at the daisies, when you've sold your mind to Miffy Stofilis, and there's a devil waiting for your last proofs, as he did for Doctor Forster's. I know its killin me, says he, but if I die of overwork its in the way of my vocation. Poor boy! I did all I could to nurridge him. Mock Turkey soop and strong slops, and wormy jelly, and island moss; but he couldn't eat. And no wonder; for mental labour, as the Doctor said, wares out the stummack as well as the branes; and so he'd been spinning out his inside, like a spider. And a spider he did look at last, sure enuff; one of that sort, with long spindle legs, and only a dot of a body in the middle.

"Another bad thing is settin up all nite, as my sun did, but it's all again natur. Not but what sum must, and partickly the writers of politicks for the papers; but they ruin the constitushun. And, besides, even poetry is apt to get prosy, after twelve or one; and some late authors read very sleepy. But, as poor Robert said, what is one to do, when no day is long enuff for one's work, nor no munth either. And, to be sure, April, June, and September, are all short munths, but Febber-*very!* However, one grate thing is, relaxing, if you can, as the Doctor used to say, what made Jack a dull boy? why, being always in the workhouse, and never at the playhouse. So, get out of your gownd and slippers, says he, and put on your best things, and unbend yourself, like a beau. If you've been at your poeticle flights, go and look at the Tems tunnel; and if you're tired of being witty, go and spend a hour with the wax wurk. The mind requires a change, as well as the merchants.

"So take my advice, Sir—a mother's advice—and relax a little. You want brassing, a change of *hair*, and more stummuck. And you ought to ware flannel, and take tonicks. Do you ever drink Basses pail? It's as good as cammomile tea. But above all, there's one thing I recommend to you, steal wine; it's been a savin to some invallids.

"Hoping you will excuse this liberty from a stranger, but a well-meaning one, I am, Sir, A Subscriber."

Thus could Hood play with a subject full of painful import, and inculcate severe truths, in quaint and humorous guise. He made the eye dance with laughter, at the same time that he touched the heart to its depths. It was Comus teaching sympathy and human kindness. The laugh passed away, but the stern truth remained.

While quoting from "Hood's Magazine," we may shortly refer to a tale, commenced by him in that periodical, entitled "Our Family," which seems to be well worthy of a reprint. It was cut short by the death of its author; but it is full of humour, and is most interesting, so far as it goes. There is some admirable portraiture of character in the tale. Uncle Rumbold is a thorough original; but we can only give here a specimen of Catechism Jack, being his introduction as apprentice to the village doctor:—

"My father was the parish doctor, and when he entered the surgery, Mr. Postle was making up a prescription. A poor, shabbily dressed woman was waiting for the medicine, and a tall, foolish-looking lad was waiting for the poor woman. She was a widow, as it is called, without an encumbrance, and had a cottage and some small means of her own, which she eked out with the stipend allowed to her by the overseers, for taking charge of some infirm or imbecile pauper. The half-witted boy was her present ward.

"It's for Jacobs," said the woman, as my father glanced over the shoulder of his assistant at the prescription. "He gets wus and wus."

"Of course he does," said my father, "and will, whilst he takes those opium pills."

"So I tell him," said the woman; "with his ague, and in a flat marshy country like this, with water enough about to give any one the hydraulics."

"Hydroptics."

"Well—droptics. You want stimuluses," says I, "and not nar—nar—cis—"

"Narcotics."

"Well—cotics. But the poor people all take it. If'ts their last penny, it goes for a penny-worth of opie, as they call it, at Dr. Shackles."

"I wonder he sells it," said my father.

"And asking your pardon, Doctor," said the woman, "I wonder you don't. They say he makes a mint of money by it."

"Never!" said my father, with unusual emphasis; "never, if I want a shilling."

The assistant suddenly checked the pestle with which he was pounding, and looked inquisitively at his principal, who fixed his eyes on the idiot boy.

"Well, my lad, and who are you?" inquired my father; "what's your name?"

"M. or N.," answered the boy, slowly dragging the wet forefinger, which he had withdrawn from his mouth, with a long snail-like trail along the counter.

"Fiddlestick," exclaimed the woman, giving her charge a good shaking by the shoulder; "you've got another name besides that."

"Yes," drawled the boy, "some call me Catechism Jack."

"Ah! that is an odd name!" said my father; "who gave it you?"

"My godfathers and godmothers, in my baptism," said Jack.

"No such thing, Sir," said the woman; "it was the idle boys of the village, because he was always repeating on it! and, indeed, poor fellow, he can repeat nothing else."

"Then how did he get that?"

"Why, you see, Sir," said the woman, "between ourselves it was all along of his godmother."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed my father. "His godmother, eh?"

"Yes; Mrs. Foyer, as was, for she's dead now, as well as his own mother; and that's how he came into my care. His mother went first, while he was in petticoats, and so Mrs. Foyer took charge of him, and sent him to the infant day-school. She was a very strict woman in her religious principles, and so was the schoolmistress; and both made it a great point for the children to be taught accordingly, which they was. Well, one day there they were all, in the schoolroom, up one pair, and little Jack amongst the rest, the last of the row, a-setting on the very end of a long form, close to the open door. Well, by-and-bye the children were all called up to say catechism; so up they all got at once, except Jack, who had been playing instead of getting his task by rote, which made him backwarder to rise than the rest; when, lo, and behold! up tilts the form, like a rearing horse, and pitches Jack, heels over-head, through the door, and down the whole stone flight, where he was picked up at the bottom, quite unsensible."

"Ah! with a concussion of the brain," said my father.

"A contusion of the occiput," added Mr. Postle; "the spinal vertebræ excoriated, of course, and bruises on both patellæ."

"I don't know about that," said the woman; but he had a lump on the back of his head as big as an egg, the two nubbles of his back were rubbed quite raw, and his two kneepans were as black as a coal. It was thought, too, that his intellex was shook up in a muddle."

"No doubt of it," said my father.

"Well, to go on with Jack. At long and at last he came to, sore enough and smarting, as you may suppose, for he had been carried home to his godmother, and she had rubbed his wounds with spirits of salts, which had got into the cuts. And now Jack, says she, mark my words, and let them be a warning. Its a judgment of God upon you, says she, for not knowing your catechism; for if so be you had got it by heart, you would have ris with the rest, and this would never have happened. But its a judgment upon you, said she, and the schoolmistress says its the same thing; till between both, the poor thing was so scared, he set to work, he did, at his catechism, and never rested day or night, till he got it by heart, as he has now, so thoroughly, you may dodge him any how, backward and forward, and he wont miss a syllable. And that's how he came by it, Sir, as well as by his nickname; for except catechism, which his head is too full of, I suppose, to hold anything else, he dont know a thing else in the world."

"Poor fellow," said my father, opening one of the surgery drawers. "Here Jack, will you have a lozenge?"

"Yes, verily, and by God's help, so I will. And I heartily thank——."

"There, there, hush! go along with you," said the woman, giving her protégé a push towards the outer door, and then taking up the medicine, with a nod of acknowledgment to Mr. Postle, and a curtsey to my father, she departed, her forlorn charge clinging to her garments, and muttering scraps of that formula which had procured for him the *sobriquet* of Catechism Jack. * *

It was Catechism Jack,—who, after a preliminary peep or two from behind the door post, at last crept with a sidling gait and a sheepish air, into the surgery, where by eccentric approaches, like those of a sly bird, he gradually placed himself at the counter.

"Well, Jack, said my father, "what do you want?"

Jack made no reply, but dropping his head on his right shoulder, with a look askance at my father, plucked his sodden finger out of his mouth, and pointed with it to one of the drawers.

"You see," said my father, in an aside to Postle, "the fellow is not quite a fool. He remembers where the lozenge came from."

"Mere animal instinct," answered Postle, in the same under tone, "a monkey would do as much, and remember the cannister where he got a lump of sugar."

"I will try him further," said my father, putting his hand in the drawer for a lozenge, which he held out between his finger and thumb. "Well, Jack, what will you do if I give you this?" Jack eyed the lozenge, grinned, looked at my father, and drawled out his answer.

"I'll say my catechism."

"No, no, Jack!" cried my father, "we don't want that. But will you be a good boy?"

"Yes," said Jack, his head suddenly drooping down again, while a cloud passed over his face. "Yes, I will, and not tumble down stairs."

"Poor fellow!" said my father, "they make a fault of his misfortune. I have a great mind to take him. Should you like, Jack, to get your own living?"

"Yes," answered Jack with alacrity, for my father had unconsciously given him a familiar cue, "to learn and labour truly to get my cwn living, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it may please God to call me."

"Catechism again!" whispered Mr. Postle.

"Yes, but aptly quoted and applied," answered my father. "Do you know, Jack, what physic is?"

Jack nodded, and pantomimically expressed his acquaintance with medicine by making a horrible grimace.

"Well, but speak out, Jack;" said my father, "use your tongue. Let us hear what you know about it. What's physic?"

"Nasty stuff," said Jack, "in a spoon."

"Yes, said my father, "or in a wine-glass, Jack, or in a cup. Very good. And do you remember my foot-boy, Jack, who used to carry out the physic in a basket?"

Jack nodded again.

"Should you like to take his place, and carry out the medicine in the same way?"

"I—don't—know," drawled Jack, sympathetically sucking his finger, while he ogled the little oval confection, which my father still retained in its old position.

"Do you think you could do it?"

Jack was silent.

"Would you try to learn?"

"I learn two things," mumbled Jack, "my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour."

"Not very appropriate that," muttered Mr. Postle.

"Not much either way," answered my father, and he resumed the examination.

"Well, Jack, suppose I was to take you into my service, and feed and clothe you; should you like a smart new livery?"

"Yes."

"And a new hat?"

"Yes."

"And if I were to give you a pair of new shoes, would you take care of them?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and walk in the same all the days of my life."

"There!" said my father, giving Postle a nudge with his elbow, "what do you think of that?"

"A mere random shot," answered Mr. Postle.

"Not at all," said my father, again turning to his protégé. "Well, Jack, I have a great mind to give you a trial. If I take you into the house, and find you in a good bed, and comfortable meals, and a suit of clothes, and provide for you altogether, would you promise to behave yourself?"

"They did promise and vow three things in my name," answered Jack, "first, that I should renounce the devil and all his works——"

"Yes, yes," cried my father, hastily, for Postle was grinning, "we know all that. But would you take care of the basket, Jack, and leave the medicines for the neighbours at the right houses, and attend to your duty?"

"My duty towards my neighbour," answered Jack, "is to love him as well as myself, and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me. Give us the lozenge."

My father gave him the lozenge, which the lad eagerly popped into his mouth, occasionally taking it out again to look edgeways at its thinness till all was gone.

* * * * * * *

"Yes, my mind is made up," said my father; "at any rate, the unfortunate creature shall have a chance. With a little looking after at first, he will do very well."

Much of the after interest of the tale turns on the blunders of Jack. But we have not space to follow his career, or to make more than one other extract. The paupers of the village became dissatisfied with the parish doctor, and he speedily becomes unpopular. Here is an instance:—

"Mother Hopkins hobbled into the surgery, with foul weather on her face. Her lips were compressed, here was a red angry spot in the middle of each sallow cheek, and anger glimmered in her dark black eye, like a spark in a tinderbox. She spoke harshly and abruptly.

"I'm come to return the bottles."

"Very good," said my father, receiving phial after phial from the cankered woman, with as much courtesy and humility as if he had been honoured and obliged by her custom. "I hope the medicine has done you good. How is your lameness?"

"As bad as ever."

"I am sorry to hear it," said my father. "But your complaint is chronic, and requires time for its treatment. By-and-bye we shall see an amendment."

"We shall see no such thing," said the shrew; "I ar'nt going to take any more physic."

"No?"

"No. It's good for nothing, or you wouldn't give it away gratis."

My father's face flushed slightly—as whose would not? with so much physic thrown into it, though but metaphorically, all the draughts and embrocations he had supplied her with for the last six months?

"That's all the bottles," she said, "and there," throwing a paper bag on the counter, "there's the corks."

* * * * * * *

"Pshaw!" said he to himself, "I am as unreasonable as the old woman! Poor creatures, that have hardly daily bread enough to justify a thanksgiving; and to expect from them a grace before and after physic! To be sure they might be more civil; and yet, poor, ragged, infirm, disappointed in life, and diseased, what worldly sugar have they in their cup to sweeten their dispositions? What cream of comfort, or soothing syrup, to make them mild, affable, and good-humoured? And besides, what do they meet with themselves from society at large but practical rudeness? Scorned and shunned, because penniless and shabby; oppressed, snubbed, and wronged, because weak and powerless; neglected and insulted, because old and ugly; and unceremoniously packed off at last, as no longer ornamental, useful, or profitable, to that human lumber-hole—the workhouse! Accustomed to endure poverty without pity, age without reverence, want without succour, pain without sympathy, what wonder if their minds get warped with their frames, and as sensitive to slights and affronts as their bodies to damps, and cold winds. If their judgments become as harsh as their voices, or if their tempers sharpen with their features? What wonder if their prejudices stiffen with their limbs, their whims increase with their wrinkles, their repinings with their infirmities; nay, if their very hearts harden with their fates, or their patience fails utterly under the tedious suffering of some chronic disease, which Art can only palliate, whilst Hope, perhaps, promised a cure? No, no, we must not expect too much from human nature under such trials, and so many privations.

PERIODICALS.

Periodical literature—how sweet is the name! 'Tis a type of many of the most beautiful things and events in nature; or say, rather, that they are types of it, both the flowers and the stars. As to flowers, they are the prettiest periodicals ever published in folio, the leaves are wire-wove and hot-pressed by Nature's self; their circulation is wide over all the land; from castle to cottage they are regularly taken in; as old age bends over them, his youth is renewed; and you see childhood poring upon them, pressed close to its very bosom.

The flowers are the periodicals of the earth, the stars are those of heaven. Yes, the great periodical press of heaven is unceasingly at work, night and day; and though even it has been taxed, and its emanations confined, still their circulation is incalculable; nor have we yet heard that ministers intend instituting any prosecution against it. It is yet free, the only free power all over the world. 'Tis indeed like the air we breathe, if we have it not, we die!

Look, then, at all our paper periodicals with pleasure, for the sake of the flowers and the stars. Suppose them all extinct, and life would be like a flowerless earth, a starless heaven. We should soon forget the seasons themselves, the days of the week, the weeks of the month, and the months of the year, and the years of the century, and the centuries of all time, and all time itself flowing away on into eternity. The periodicals of external nature would soon all lose their meaning, were there no longer any periodicals of the soul. These are the lights and shadows of life, merrily dancing or gravely stealing over the dial; remembrancers of the past, teachers of the present, prophets of the future hours. We should suspect him of a bad, black heart, who loved not the periodical literature of earth and sky, who would not weep to see one of its flowers wither, one of its stars fall, one beauty to die on its humble bed, one glory to drop from its lofty sphere.

We often pity our poor ancestors. How they contrived to make the ends meet, surpasses our conjectural powers. What a weary waste must have seemed expanding before their eyes between morning and night! Don't tell us that the human female never longs for other pastime than

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

True, ladies sighed not then for periodicals, but there, in the depths of their ignorance, lay their utter wretchedness. What! pickling and preserving during the whole mortal life of an immortal being! Except when at jelly, everlastingly at jam! The soul sickens at the monotonous sweetness of such an existence. True that many sat all life-long at needle-work; but is not that a very sew-sew sort of life? Then oh! the miserable males! We speak of times after the invention, it is true, of printing, but who read what were called books then? Books! no more like our periodicals, than dry, worm-eaten, fungous logs are like green living leafy trees, laden with dews, bees, and birds, in the musical sunshine.

The art of printing seems long to have preceded the art of reading. It did not occur to those generations that books were intended to be read by people in general, but only by the select few. Whereas now, reading is not only one of the luxuries, but absolutely one of the necessaries of life, and we no more think of going without our book than without our breakfast.

A great revolution there has been, from nobody's reading anything, to every body's reading all things. Now, will any one presume to deny, that this has been a great change for the better, and that there is now something worth living for in the world? Look at our literature now, and it is all periodical together. The whole day is one meal, one physical, moral, and intellectual feast; the public goes to bed with a periodical in her hand, and falls asleep with it beneath her pillow.—*Blackwood.*

THE MISSES.

We were talking last night, my dear Anne, of a family of Misses, whose acquaintance is generally avoided by people of sense. They are most of them old maids, which is not very surprising, considering that the qualities they possess are not the most desirable for a helpmate. They are a pretty numerous clan, and I shall endeavour to give you such a description of them as may enable you to decline their visits; especially as, though many of them are extremely unlike in feature and temper, and, indeed, very distantly related, yet they have a wonderful knack at introducing each other; so that if you open your doors to one of them, you are very likely, in process of time, to be troubled with the whole tribe.

The first I shall mention, and, indeed, she deserves to be mentioned first, for she was always very fond of being a ringleader of her company, is *Miss Chief*. The young lady was brought up, until she was fourteen, in a large rambling mansion in the country, where she was allowed to romp all day with the servants and idle boys of the neighbourhood. There she employed herself in the summer in tying the grass together across the path to throw people down; and in winter, making slides before the door for the same purpose; and the accidents these gave rise to always procured her the enjoyment of a hearty laugh. She was a great lover of fun; and at Christmas time distinguished herself by various tricks, such as putting furze balls into the beds, and pulling people's seats from under them. Miss was sent off to a boarding-school; here she was no small favourite with the girls, whom she led into all manner of scrapes; and no small plague to the poor governess, whose tables were hacked, and beds cut, and curtains set on fire continually. It is true, Miss soon laid aside her romping airs, and assumed a very demure appearance; but she was always playing one sly trick or another, and had learned to tell lies, in order to lay it upon the innocent. At length she was discovered in the act of writing anonymous letters, by which whole families in the town had been set at variance; and she was then dismissed the school with ignominy. She has since lived a very busy life in the world; seldom is there a great crowd of which she does not make one, and she has even frequently been taken up for riots, and other disorderly proceedings.

The next I shall introduce to your acquaintance is a city lady, *Miss Management*, a very stirring notable woman, always in a bustle, and always behindhand. In the parlour, she saves candle-ends; in the kitchen, every thing is waste and extravagance; she hires her servants at half wages, and changes them at every quarter; she is a great buyer of cheap bargains, but as she cannot always use them, they grow worm and moth-eaten on her hands; when she pays a long score to her butcher, she wrangles for the odd pence, and forgets to add up the pounds. Though it is her great study to save, she is continually outrunning her income, which is partly owing to trusting a cousin of hers, *Miss Calculation*, with the settling her accounts, who, it is very well known, could never be persuaded to learn her multiplication table, or state rightly a sum in the rule of three.

Miss Lay and *Miss Place* are sisters, great slatterns. When Miss Place gets up in the morning she cannot find her combs, because she has put them in her writing-box. Miss Lay would willingly go to work, but her housewife is in the drawer of the kitchen-dresser, her bag hanging on a tree in the garden, and her thimble any where but in her pocket. If Miss Lay is going a journey, the keys of her trunk are sure to be lost. If Miss Place wants a volume out of her bookcase, she is certain not to find it along with the rest of the set. If you peep into Miss Place's dressing-room, you find her drawers filled with foul linen, and her best cap hanging upon the carpet broom. If you call Miss Lay to take a lesson in drawing, she is so long in gathering together her pencils, her chalk, her india-rubber, and her drawing-paper, that her master's hour is expired before she has well got her materials together.

Miss Understanding. This lady comes of a respectable family, and has a half-sister distinguished for her good sense and solidity; but she herself, though not a little fond of reasoning, always takes the perverse side of any question; she is often seen with another of her intimates, *Miss Representation*, who is a great tale-bearer, and goes about from house to house telling people what such a one and such a one said of them behind their backs. Miss Representation is a notable story-teller, and can so change, enlarge, and dress up an anecdote, that the person to whom it happened should not know it again; how many friendships have been broken by these two, or turned into bitter enmities? The latter lady does a great deal of varnish work, which wonderfully sets off her paintings, for she pretends to use the pencil; but her productions are such miserable daubings, that it is the varnish alone that makes them pass the most common eye. Though she has all sorts, black varnish is what she uses most. As I wish you very much to be on your guard against this lady, whenever you meet her in company, I must tell you she is to be distinguished by a very ugly leer; it is quite out of her power to look straight at any object.

Miss Trust, a sour old creature, wrinkled und shaking with the palsy. She is continally peeping and prying about, in the expectation of finding something wrong; she watches her servants through the keyhole, and has lost all her friends by little shynesses, that have arisen no one knows how; she is worn away to skin and bone, and her voice never rises above a whisper.

Miss Rule. This lady is of a very lofty spirit, and had she been married, would certainly have governed her husband; as it is, she interferes very much in the management of families; and as she is very highly connected, she has as much influence in the fashionable world as amongst the lower orders. She even interferes in political concerns, and I have heard it whispered that there is scarcely a cabinet in Europe where she has not some share in the direction of affairs.

Miss Hap and *Miss Chance*. These are twin-sisters, so like as scarcely to be distinguished from each other; their whole conversation turns upon little disasters. They are both left-handed, and so exceedingly awkward and ungainly, that if you trust either of them with a cup and saucer, you are sure to have them broken. These ladies used frequently to keep days for visiting, and as people were not very fond of meeting them, many used to shut themselves up and see no company on those days, for fear of stumbling upon either of them; some people, even now, will hardly open their doors on Friday for fear of letting them in.

Miss Take. This lady is an old doting woman, who is purblind, and has lost her memory; she invites her acquaintance on wrong days, calls them by wrong names, and always intends to do just the contrary thing to what she does.

Miss Fortune. This lady has the most forbidding look of any of the clan, and people are sufficiently disposed to avoid her as much as it is in their power to do; yet some pretend, that notwithstanding the sternness of her countenance on the first address, her physiognomy softens as you grow more familiar with her; and though she has it not in her power to be an agreeable acquaintance, she has sometimes proved a valuable friend. There are lessons which none can teach as well as herself, and the wisest philosophers have not scrupled to acknowledge themselves the better for her company.—*Barbauld*.

Transcendentalism is the spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragability, connected with concutient ademption of incoluminent spirituality and etherialized contention of subsultory concretion.

THE GREEN OF THE DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LABOURS OF IDLENESS," &c.

'Tis a green spot of time in the even-tide, when
The sleepy-head flowers are winking,
And the cuckoo's sweet hiccuping down in the glen
Tells of the dew she's been drinking.

When the blackbird is filling the reed in his throat,
The wood-nun her vespers beginning;
And the hedge-piping wren with her minikin note,
Sings to the housewife a-spinning.

When the silver-wing'd bee from his travels return'd,
What tale he shall tell, hummeth over;
What sights he has seen, and what facts he has learn'd
While abroad he has been, and a rover.

Then to lean o'er the stile, and look down o'er the meads,
Where the woods in wet sun-beams are smoking,
And the quarrelsome crows are all making their beds,
And cawing, and craving, and croaking.

Now they settle and swing in their hammocks so high,
Safe as halcyons sleep, and as quiet;
Till a friend steals a straw,—when up! up! and the sky
Is all wings, and the wood is all riot.

Down again, and to rest. But the petulant stream
Murmurs on, murmurs on its wild journey;
And the gnats sparkling swift thro' the rich yellow beam,
Buzz as bright by your cheek as they'd burn ye.

Gentle eve comes apace—gentle eve with a veil
Dew-besteep'd, that falls balm in a shower,
If its grey fleecy folds are but puffed by the gale
That would scarce move the wing of a flower.

O 'tis sweet to the heart, and 'tis sweet to the ear
At this hour of tired Nature's reposing,
The hush that runs o'er the woodland to hear,
As her dim dusky eyelids are closing.

No roar from the valley, no moan from the grove,
No noise that the noon-season numbers;
But a low stilly sound, such as Psyche's own Love
Might fan from his wings o'er her slumbers.

MAN must grow up harmoniously and industriously, if he would rise to eminent usefulness, with simultaneous expansion in trunk, branch, and foliage, as grows a tree; the sap of immortal energy must circulate in every fibre, maturing fruits perennial and divine. Two laws are manifest in the constitution of man, a due regard to which cannot but conduce to our welfare, and elevate our conceptions of the Supreme Being.—In the first place, in proportion as the physical nature of a man is healthfully developed, by suitable discipline winning the greatest vigour of limb, and the greatest acuteness of sense, he will derive important aids to the intellect and moral powers, from the perfection of his outward frame. Secondly, by a delightful reaction, the mind, in proportion, as it is invigorated and beautified, gives strength and elegance to the body, and enlarges the sphere of action and enjoyment. These laws have been recognised and observed by the best educators of the world. At Athens, the gymnasia became the temples of the graces. They were not merely places of exercise for the young, but they drew to their halls, porticos, baths, and groves, the most distinguished votaries of every art and science. The field of Olympia was to the Greeks the most sacred enclosure of the gods. The games thereon practised, among other uses, promoted manly education, by teaching that the body has its honours, as well as the mind. They felt that vast importance belongs to physical agility and strength, not only that the intellect may be thus aided in energetic action, but that a firm basis may be laid in a sound body, for the exercise of exalted virtues. Without physical vigour, the feeble flickerings of the mind are only "a gilded halo hovering round decay."

INDUSTRY.

WHEN Scanderbeg, Prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks wished to get his bones, that each might wear a piece near his heart, hoping thus to obtain some part of that courage he displayed while living, and which they had too often experienced in battle. What a blessing if the idle could obtain such charms to raise them to habits of industry! for the philosopher's stone by which men attain their ends, when they set about undertakings in which they wish to succeed and prosper, is industry. "Work! work! work!" was the motto of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and his unvarying reply to all young artists who applied to him for the means by which they could place themselves on a high eminence in the arts. Supposing they were gifted with genius, he told them that "toil well-directed would do the rest." Beyond a doubt, the pursuit of an object with perseverance and inflexibility of purpose will secure its attainment. The man who can advance to eminence in any line, is only he who carries into his pursuits the habit of first consulting wisely, then resolving firmly, and, after that, undismayed by the petty difficulties that daunt weaker spirits, executing his purpose with inflexible perseverance. This was the quality which, according to Lucan, distinguished Julius Cæsar, and made him so eminent both as a warrior and a civilian. Every man, with such a disposition, provided he never attempts anything impossible or impracticable, can hardly fail of compassing his designs, because he applies all the requisite means, and bends all his forces to the accomplishment of his desires. By undertaking every enterprise with resolution, and prosecuting it with vigour, he breaks through all difficulties, and subdues every opposition that thwarts his purpose. Let no one, on the other hand, imagine that he can achieve anything with half a mind—with being industrious at one period, and at another slothful; his endeavours will be lame; his schemes will prove abortive; his labours will end in disappointment.

For all that, a notion is abroad that a great genius can accomplish all he aims at without much labour. History, however, does not prove this to be the case. Biography may occasionally teach us that a genius, who has bestowed little study on a subject, may, in a first attempt, outdo and eclipse another who is more experienced, but less inspired. Yet, all the great geniuses of whom the world knows anything, do not seem to have been so vain as to have imagined that "things would come to them," without their going in search of them. They appear, from their earliest years, to have made up their minds that industry was the price of all they were to obtain, and at once they began to pay down. Napoleon Bonaparte worked so hard, that he exhausted the energies of four or five secretaries at a time. The same industry characterized Charles XII.; he frequently tired out all his officers. Milton is said, from his boyhood, to have applied himself to letters with such indefatigable industry, that he was rarely prevailed with to quit his studies before midnight, which occasioned the weakness in his eyes that terminated in a total privation of sight. Newton and Locke, also, pursued their studies with unparalleled assiduity. Pope spent his whole life in a studious retirement, which made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head. The industry of Sir Walter Scott is evident, in the number of volumes he published—a matter itself of unaffected amazement. Byron was in the habit of reading even at his meals. Pliny the elder had conveniences for making extracts or memoranda while he was travelling. Seneca said there was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good author. Petrarch never felt he had passed a happy day unless, during it, he had either read or written, or done both. The same industry marked the career of Canova; the chisel was almost always in his hands. Martin Luther had the same rigid

system of doing something. Not a day passed but he translated at least a verse from the Bible, which soon brought him to the close of a very perfect translation of the whole Bible, a matter of astonishment to all Europe, when the activity and multiplicity of his labours, and the time he spent in travelling, were considered. By forming the habit of being decidedly industrious every day, many a man has acquired a great reputation, and done wonders. Many, also, by not throwing away any of those odd moments, those little vacancies which occur in the duties of us all, have acquired a knowledge that has made them truly wise, and even done things that have gained them celebrity. The poor scholar, Erasmus, who was compelled from poverty to solicit from the great, and who spent the greater part of his life in wandering from country to country, chasing promises of patronage, which were held out only to deceive, continued, by an undeviating and vigilant improvement of his time, to write more valuable books than many men, in like circumstances, would have been able to read. Madame de Genlis, who, as the companion of the Queen of France, had to wait for her mistress every day just fifteen minutes before dinner, saved that quarter of an hour by writing, and a volume or two was the result. Why, then, should any one, under the impression that he is a genius, throw away his time in indolence? To become truly great, it is not enough that the mind is highly gifted. It must be refined by education; it must be enlargened and quickened by study; it must acquire habits of attentive meditation, which can alone give it the capability of thinking on any subject, or on any occasion. How, but by dint of vast mental labour, can this advancing the faculties to their highest state be effected. And only by this course of training do men become original thinkers, profound philosophers, ingenious poets, able statesmen, or great in intellectual pursuits of any kind.

The industrious man, who earns his subsistence in one way or another, is possessed of a broad mind, and a noble disposition. Dissatisfied with the gifts of fortune, he seeks to acquire another and a better destiny, and he pursues the things to which he aspires with perseverance and adventurous courage through difficulties and obstacles; he is indebted for the conveniences of life neither to the labour nor to the liberality of others; he pilfers no livelihood from the world; he reaps no benefit from the care and toil of his fellow creatures. No burden and no trouble to them, he supports himself by his own industry. The bread he eats, he earns. Such a man is industrious upon principles of conscience and honour; and in whatever condition of life he may be placed, he is a benefit and an ornament to society.

It is, therefore, most unjust to look upon any industrious set of men as an inferior class. Notwithstanding, it is too much the custom to do so, in this country. Take, for example, tradesmen and mechanics. There is nothing mean in an useful occupation, no matter whether it leads to civil honours or not. No matter whether a man is working at the bar, or on the bench, in the senate, or in the pulpit, in the sciences, the arts, or in literature, in a trade, or in a mechanical pursuit, he is equally to be admired, though in a different degree, according to his vocation. It is a fine sight to see such a man, with a proper pride and spirit of independence, reposing in safety on his sagacity and intelligence, aware that he possesses in his business a capital of which he cannot be deprived. It is a fine sight to see such a man up early and late, living hard—working hard, and, for a term of years, making great sacrifices of his ease and comfort, to realize in later days the good results of his ingenuity, enterprise, sobriety, and industry. From the tone of his mind, the propriety of his habits, and the usefulness of his pursuits, he is a man of merit, and, consequently, a man to be respected; and he will always be honoured by every good judge of human nature, and of true worth. Napoleon, whenever he visited a specimen of ingenuity, or of mechanical art, always, on taking leave, walked up formally to the mechanic or engineer, and, taking off his hat, saluted him with a low and respectful bow. It was a homage due to merit; and the debt was always paid by Napoleon.

Only idiots and mad people live in a state of incessant listlessness. The man sound in mind and body feels the necessity of action, and obeys the call of nature. The mind of such a person is never in a total cessation from thought. Like a ship at sea, it is either steered by the sinews of reason, or tossed by the waves of fancy, or driven by the winds of temptation; but, as the mind, being naturally weary of constraint, is not easily kept in a constant attention to the same thing, or in the same train of thought, it is only when by pain and labour we pursue some object in a straight and steady course, without wavering or flinching, that we deserve the reputation of being industrious; for industry is a serious and steady application of the mind, combined with a vigorous and constant exercise of the active faculties. By such painful labour, and such vigorous industry, are we alone able to attain any determinate end of great importance. The achievements that make men great were never accomplished by any individual who worked loosely and slackly.

But, independently of the wealth, influence, and greatness industry gains for us, it carries along with it another great advantage—it is conducive to the preservation of health. Even as all things in nature are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, and in their lustre, by motion, but, when resting, become corrupted or defiled—even as the air, when it is fanned by breezes, is pure and wholesome, but, when inactive, thick and putrid,—even as metals, when in use, are smooth and sparkling, but, when laid by, contract rust,—even as the soil when tilled, yields corn, but, when fallow is overgrown with weeds and thistles,—even as, in fact, everything in nature is preserved in its proper condition, by constant agitation, so the mental and bodily faculties of man, when in constant exercise, are preserved and improved, but when unemployed, become dull and heavy, as if they had contracted a rust. By industry alone, then, do we preserve our healths, and perfect our natures. The Marquis of Spinola once asked Sir Horace Vere, "of what his brother died?"—"He died, Sir," replied Sir Horace, "of having nothing to do."—"Alas! Sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all." True, it is, indolence destroys the health of our bodies in the same way as it impairs the vigour of our minds.

Industry is the duty of the rich, as much as it is the lot of the poor; and the rich man who wastes his time in indolence, not merely throws away opportunities for improving his mind, and benefiting himself in a worldly point of view, but, although possessed of a large fortune, he acquires habits injurious enough to precipitate and ensure his ruin. A country gentleman once had a freehold estate which gave him an annual rentroll of five hundred pounds. It was a part of his nature to be indolent. In a few years he became so involved in debt, that he was obliged to sell half, and let the remainder of his land to a farmer for twenty years. The lease was drawing towards its expiration, when, one day, the farmer going to pay his rent, asked the gentleman, whether he would sell the farm. "Why, will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised. "If you will part with it, and we can agree," was the answer. "That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman. "Pray, tell me how it happens that, while I could not live upon twice as much land for which I pay no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year for your farm, and are able, in a few years, to purchase it."—"The reason is plain," was the reply. "You sat still, and said *go*: I got up, and said *come*; you laid in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in in the morning, and minded my business." Can there be a greater encouragement to the industrious, or a greater warning to the indolent, than this anecdote?

A SOUL AMONGST THE VAGRANTS.

BY SILVERPEN.

(Concluded from our last.)

As soon as the blind child's unpremeditated harmony had ceased, which it did by such sweet links of gradual fineness, as falling, and still falling, like a forest runnel far away into shadowing leaves, it melted into silence before the finest ear knew that the pause had come, Emanuel crossed the kitchen, parted the crowd, and stood, beside the miserable bed, a pace or two from the vagrant girl. She cowered beneath his steady glance, mild and yet sorrowful; and kneeling down presently beside the child, sought, as it seemed, still more to shut out the look of reproof so cast upon her.

"I thought, Leah," he said, in a voice which conveyed the expression of his face, "your penitence was sincere; I thought, when you came out of gaol, you would have kept at the Refuge, and tried to show those interested in your welfare, that the good preached was not in vain."

Still cowering beside the miserable heap of straw, and visibly trembling, she replied, naively, and in a manner which deprecated anger, "I was forced to come *here*."

"But, Leah, where penitence was true, even a place, or a company like this, would offer no temptations. In prison you were penitent, in the Refuge steady, and why——"

The vagrant girl did not allow the preacher to finish this reproof, for still more deprecatingly she said, "I was forced to come here; vagrants and trampers sich as we, Sir, ain't no other home, and in sich homes, Sir, we do as others do."

The motley crowd which for the time had been drawn from the coarse and demoralizing pleasures of the gin-bottle, the pipe, the pitch-and-toss, the cards, the brawl, the brutal jest, or soothed for the moment from out of the despair of hunger and destitution, by the Orphean music of the blind child's hand, had now mostly resumed their former places, round the table, on the benches, or before the fire, leaving none but a few women, and some children, gathered round the kneeling vagrant. But evidently hearing what the preacher had said, though the roar of the Babel had now almost reached its former height, the man of abstract gaze passed from the door beside which he had hitherto stood, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Can you believe," he said, "that words alone will carry out great reformations, either in the individual or in society? Can you expect that words alone will give a harvest from a soil like this, where every influence deadens and debases? If you do so, you carry onwards society's worst fallacy, which is, that words are of more efficacy than action. We build prisons, and we have chaplains; we have a criminal code, and judicial administrators; we have ragged-schools, and thousands of noble and self-denying teachers therein; but, whilst public dens and nuisances, such as this before us, are allowed to go uncontrolled by law; whilst old and young, innocence and guilt, are thus suffered to herd together in a promiscuous throng; whilst we do not open to the young, and those simply poor, to the wayfarer and the wretched orphan children of our city streets, more decent nightly shelter than such as this, an army of preachers, a million of schools, are half valueless; for society herein fosters the crime it is called upon with solemnity, and monstrous cost, to punish; and you ask of the untaught, unfed vagrants here, virtues which an angel could not practice in such a den."

Whatever might have been the mild and gentle preacher's answer, it was peremptorily stayed by a little, waddling, thick-set old man, habited in a dirty flannel jacket, above which peeped a red silk bandana handkerchief tied loosely round his throat, and who, pushing his way between the preacher and the man of science, said, coarsely,—

"Come, none o' this, my man; beggars can't expect a palace, and worser ain't done here than in t'other houses in the tup'penny lodging line. So be marching. For though I've great respect for Huggins's man o' business, too many sermons and preachers ain't the sort o' things here." Saying thus, he set his hand with a fierce clutch upon the shoulder of the one he addressed, and winking at a group of young fellows, seated round the nearest gin-bottle, bid them, as it were, render him such active assistance as they might fancy, or think proper. But the instant these had sprung to their feet, with an alacrity which showed how ready they were to execute any command, however nefarious or brutal, Mr. Redtape, who had kept close by the door, opened it with a quick hand, and admitted three or four men, who, though in plain clothes, were instantly recognised, by many present, as policemen. Without, however, calling further upon their assistance, Mr. Redtape, in his own person, pushed his way through he gathering crowd, and said, peremptorily, to the man in the flannel jacket,—

"Do you know, Mr. Slink, whom you're addressing? If you don't, it's Huggins's heir, to whom you owe a year and a half's rent, and a back debt for repairs. The document lies at my office, and will be forwarded to you in the morning. So take your hands off—you touch a gentleman." At this magnanimous speech of the worthy little Redtape, the man in the flannel jacket and red handkerchief, without more than a mingled look of hate and fear, which for the instant gave to his bloated features, and bloodshot eyes, the most sinister expression imaginable, slunk back to his seat behind a sort of low dresser, in a far part of the kitchen, from which he dispensed, at some three hundred per cent. profit, such luxuries of food and drink as his more profligate customers could afford.

As Mr. Slink thus returned to his tabernacle of dusty bottles queerly labelled, little wet-lipped pewter measures, one fat Dutch-like keg, mysterious drawers in a nest affixed to the wall at his back, and scores of elegant chamber-candlesticks of such original device as to have had nature for their modeller, being no other than oyster shells, primitively lined with clay, serving to hold the third of an inch of candle, a howl, from two or three women close at hand arrested John Plowden, as he followed Redtape and the policemen to the door. He returned rapidly to where he had stood some minutes previously, and found Emanuel bending abstractedly above the sick child, whilst the vagrant, kneeling with her arms round his neck, was partly raising up his deathlike face—as he had swooned—for the women to sprinkle it with water from the violet jug, and blow upon it, as they did, for the purpose of reviving him. Plowden glanced down upon the child, and then waving his hand to the master of the Dutch keg, called for a glass of brandy. When this was brought, after some delay, in a little battered pewter measure, he knelt and poured a few drops between the child's dead lips, with a gentleness which showed the infinite mercy of his large and genuine heart. As these few drops revived a little, and the pulsation hitherto still, trembled, and ebbed and flowed, like an æolian chord, touched by the passing wind, or like a flickering strip of sun upon a dim cathedral floor, Plowden bid the most decent woman of the group fold him in the coarse blue cloak she had upon her, and follow him. "And you, too," he said, to Leah, as she unfolded her arms, and assisted the women to wrap up the child. When they had done this, and were ready to follow him, the great mathematician took the mild and gentle preacher by the hand, and spoke as good men speak when they recognise a kindred soul.

"ACTION AS WELL AS PRAYER, Sir. The two in unison become a perfect operating whole; come with me, therefore, and let us see what *work and faith* can do, in rooting out such a curse as this from the bosom of civilized communities; for recollect, we have pregnant

texts for ACTION as a helpmate to FAITH. The multitude were fed when they were hungry, and the Samaritan bound up the stranger's wounds with oil and balm. Come with me." As if led by the unresistible power of a stronger will than his own, the preacher bent his head in acquiescence, and followed the mathematician with a ready step. Marshalled out by the magnanimous little Redtape, amidst the wonder and curiosity of the motley crowd, Plowden and the preacher had partly crossed the pestiferous court towards the street, when all at once a shoeless, ragged urchin darting past them, and taking the worthy little attorney off his guard for an instant, by uttering a loud and unearthly cry just at his ear, seized the black ribbon which hung across his velvet waistcoat, and giving it a pull which burst it like a thread, dragged forth the watch it held, and ran towards the mouth of the court. It was a hazardous trick, seeing the police were at his heels; and the result was such as might have naturally been expected. After a short chase, the lad was captured, and brought back to where Mr. Redtape, in an uncontrolled fit of laughter, stood with the rest of the party.

"Eh! eh! I left my chain and forty guinea repeater at home, of course I did, so don't make a charge of it my men; the thing *don't* go, for it hasn't neither mainspring nor fly-wheel. It was a make-believe, gentlemen, a make-believe." And Redtape laughed still more.

"But we must, Sir," said the police sergeant, respectfully, "for this lad, as ain't yet ten, is the very worst thief in London. Why, gentlemen, he's been seventeen times in gaol, and whipped six, and yet bain't no better."

"Yes," chimed in the lad, with such cool *sang froid* as to approach the humourous, "I've bin cotched a precious sight o' times; and this 'n's to be a tight pull up, as him as is sergeant promised me, last time I went 'afore him. But what care I; I'se known prison too long to care tuppence." So saying, he buttoned up the single button of the old corduroy coat he wore, with the air of a Macheath, and then, as if submitting to an act of glory, he allowed the handcuffs to be put on him, and followed the policemen full of jest and joke. Mr. Redtape, in order to make the necessitated charge, followed in that direction too, and this most reluctantly; for none dislike the law so much as those who know best the law's vexation and delay.

"Such is the fruit of our system of punishments," said Plowdon, as he proceeded onwards.

"It isn't so much the fault of the law, Sir," spoke the policeman, who stayed to attend Mr. Plowdon till he had passed into a more open thoroughfare; "but it's allowing such places as this of Slink's to go uncontrolled. Why, whatever good lads take in gaol, and they do a good deal very often, is soon put out of them, when they've no better homes to come back to than these sort o' lodging-houses. Ay, Sir, if Sergeant Verney, as is so sharp on lads, like this one just charged, could just see the dens they have for homes, he'd come to the root of the evil, which he never will whilst he sits on the bench, punishing severely because he thinks that nothing 'll cure crime except the gaoler's key, or the task-master's whip."

Plowdon made no answer, but led the way rapidly onward, across Smithfield, to London Wall, and thence from the open street into one of those old, quaint, flagstoned courts which lie often hidden in districts such as this. At this hour of night, it had a monastic stillness about it, which brought to mind dim cloisters far away in woodland solitudes; and it bore this sort of still and hidden aspect probably through the day, as its flag-way was little worn by human feet, and the houses round very old, were mostly with blank windows turned towards the court. On either side this flagged path-way, which led to a house at the end, towards which Plowdon proceeded, lay, covered with lichens and mildew, from long exposure to the weather, old door stalls, wooden chimney-pieces, panels of wainscot-work, thick carved balustrades of vast old oaken staircases, window frames, rusty grates and boilers, and planks of ancient flooring, making the place look for all the world like an hospital for decayed houses, by no means juvenile, or new-built, at the epoch of the Fire of London. Unlocking the door of the old house they now reached, John Plowdon admitted his little party into a wide, old, gloomy hall, totally unfurnished; and guided by a candle, which stood burning at the stairs' foot, led the way up the broad staircase, across a sort of gallery, similar to the one below, though piled up like a lumberer's shop, with all sorts of nondescript furniture. Just as he reached a door, through the chinks of which a light shone, it was quickly opened, and a little creature of a woman, his very image and likeness, only that she was pretty, and much younger, who not seeing, perhaps, by reason of the dull light and shadowing furniture, that he had company, hurried forward, and, clasping both his hands within her own, exclaimed,—

"I'm so glad that you are back, John; for, though I am no coward, seeing that I have been always used to a lone country place, still this is a very dull old house, and conjures up a hundred fancies of the brain. I'm very glad you're back again."

The mathematician, stooping, kissed the young girl tenderly; and then moving her gently from him a pace or two, so that she stood in the full light of the open door, said, as he turned towards the preacher in the rear, "My only sister, Sir, Magdalene Plowdon."

Bashful, to find herself thus in the midst of strangers, the young girl pushed the door more open, and ushered her brother and the preacher into an immense old panelled room, greatly lumbered up, like the gallery near, with heaps of rusty locks of all sizes, nails, screws, iron rods, window lines, and a thousand odds and ends, heaped on the floor, and on dusty shelves and tables. But a fine fire glowed in the enormous old grate, and so far sent its warmth and light across the otherwise sad and desolate chamber, as to shine within the remotest shadows, and flicker up and down the walls, like noonday sunbeams upon rippling water. A sort of lozenge shaped table had been drawn before the fire, and on this stood cups and saucers, bread and butter, whilst on the huge hob steamed a bright new tin tea-kettle and coffee-pot. They were the only things new in that strange room, and shone like diamonds in a coal mine.

"You will pardon this sort of place," said the mathematician to the preacher, as Magdalene drew an old worn leather chair for him beside the table, "but this has been a miser's habitation; and as my sister only came up from Shropshire this morning, and we have not taken possession of it many hours, you must excuse much which you see, though Magdalene has certainly done wonders."

So saying, he again took Magdalene's hand, and beckoning to Leah and the Irishwoman, who had entered the room, but had not advanced beyond the shadow of the doorway, he opened the ragged cloak, and displayed to the astonished gaze of this little sister, the miserable, wasted, fevered Irish lad.

"Though fevered and blind, and dying, perhaps, my dear one," he said, subduing his voice so low, as to make it only audible to this little sister's ear, "there is such infinite delicacy in these wasted fingers, such an ear for harmony, such a power within the soul to touch, and for the time influence the worst of passions, as, seen and heard in the vagrants' lodging-house to night, has given me new thoughts as to the moral influences man may be able to bring towards the diminution and eradication of crime. Therefore, we must do our best to save, through action as well as pity."

It would have done good to a million hard and worldly hearts, perhaps, to have seen the great mathematician's little sister when this was spoken; how the largest pity beamed upon her face, as the full sun's rays upon a

budding flower draws forth its richest colour, and its rarest odour; and how, like one used to both think and act promptly, she immediately suggested that a fire should be lighted in a small adjoining room, a bed made upon the floor, the child washed and laid therein, as soon as it should be revived by a cup of coffee.

All this was promptly done; and within an hour, a bright fire burnt in the adjoining chamber, the little bed made near it (for the night air was cold in this dull place), the Irishwoman dismissed with a gratuity, and the child revived by coffee, and bread dipped in wine, lay in a profound sleep, watched over by the vagrant girl, whose supper of steaming coffee and bread and butter had been brought to her by Magdalene, and, as soon as brought, ravenously devoured.

"The thing is," said Plowdon, as he and this bright little sister sat round the cheerful fire with Emanuel, when their frugal meal was over, "these opinions of mine are not newly formed, or inherited with the wealth this extraordinary incident has made me heir of, but have grown as knowledge increased. I have been led to search the censuses of population, the bills of mortality, the registers of births and marriages, the criminal returns of many nations, and those various civic and national documents which mark the progress or the deterioration of nations. I find, in plenteous seasons, the increase of marriages and births most remarkable; in years of diminished harvests, and those marked by commercial panics, deaths increase and births are fewest; that as the sanitary condition of cities is improved, so increases the average proportion of health, relative to amount of population; that as we improve the wisdom of laws, and remove restrictions and monopolies, so do we indirectly spread a wise, a thankful, and a productive people over the great bosom of the earth; and, above all, that so far as the blessing of education, of moral and religious supervision, is bestowed by legislators on the millions they govern, so does, and so increasingly will crime narrow itself, from a rule of large amount into an exception of singular occurrence; and those masses of population, who are now the subject of a stringent code of laws, who need gaols and tribunals, and the convict-ship, will become, through habits of self-dependence, industry, frugality, and providence, blessings to their respective nations, instead, as now, and heretofore, their curse and sorest wound. But to assist the course of approximations such as these, men *must* change their speculation upon CAUSES into a search after LAWS—those laws of nature, which, like the more physical ones of astronomy, will be found to be of sublime simplicity when cleared from the entanglements by which ignorance, confused thought, and narrow judgment, have hitherto both hindered and vitiated their operating power. Therefore, fitly to deduce these laws from their place in the vast code of nature, we must become philosophers through action, legislators in other parliaments than that of the state, and followers of scientific truths in other senate-houses and universities than those alone constituted by the usage of communities, or the endowment of individuals. We have had a Newton, a La Place, a Cuvier, a Humboldt in the sublime region of speculative and inductive truth; let us now have men equally great in the wonderful, if more confined, province of action; and let us solve great human problems in the prison, the school, the hospital, the convict-ship, and the beggars' lodging-house, where crime is taught as schoolmasters teach virtue, and infamy springs up and flourishes, like a fungus on a dunghill."

"You say truly, Mr. Plowdon," said Emanuel, gently; "and to place some control over these houses, either through direct law of the state, or, indirectly, through individual exertion, would be to root up the very cause and focus of two-thirds of the crime which inundates this country. And I speak advisedly; for, through the period of my self-constituted mission of preaching in all the lowest haunts of crime throughout this country, scarcely one of such dens as we have seen to-night but what I have entered, and witnessed therein scenes to which the one revealed to us so lately, was virtue, and decency, and morality, thrice purified. The very noblest nature ever fashioned must be debased in such places; and when I tell you, that the miserable vagrant girl in the next chamber, ductile, obedient, and of excellent conduct, in both the prison and the ragged-school, lapses into drunkenness and crime, the instant the necessity again occurs of her entering such a den to find a nightly shelter, I tell you of but an instance out of thousands. Oh, Sir, if something can be done, I will bless and aid you. For experience, such as this of mine to-night, shakes faith; even faith drawn from the ever living waters of the fountain of our creed; and when such earnest prayers as mine fail, as they seemed to fail to-night, when I saw the vagrant girl, flushed with drink and premeditated sin, after my council and my truest prayers, the last and divinest remnant of my hope and faith quitted me, and fell away, like a useless garment to the feet; and for minutes I seemed to stand dark and desolate, like one shipwrecked by the midnight storm of a polar sea."

"Oh no! not so," said John; "only let action and faith be one; let us govern effects through causes, and the result is largely certain.

In his mild and benign manner (which, as I before said, was a thing natural to this sweet and earnest character) Emanuel took the mathematician's hand, and as he did so, Plowdon rose, and bidding Magdalene precede them with the candle, they stepped together lightly into the next chamber, and there, on the little bed, lay the blind child, in a calm and deep sleep, the blood flowing through his hitherto death-like lips, whilst Leah, half sitting, half leaning on the floor beside him, had dropped into a slumber equally tranquil and deep.

"On these, then," said the mathematician, "our humanizing processes shall begin; for much that I have seen of this poor outcast girl has touched my heart; and guided, too, by what I have observed to-night, I will elucidate that there was much that is divine in the sweet heathen fable of the god, who, charmed rough winds and ocean waves by the dulcet, and the ennobling power of sound.—For human progress needs all assisting circumstances, however slight and mean they be to common judgment and narrow observation."

"Only let me not teach and pray in vain," replied Emanuel, "as so often heretofore."

"You shall not," said Plowdon. On the very spot on which you stood to-night I will build a VAGRANT LODGING-HOUSE, such as yet only the physician and the man of science have contemplated."

Saying this, as the preacher turned to go, John Plowdon took the candle from Magdalene's hand, and lighted him down the gloomy staircase, and from the house. But long after, till the fire burnt low, and the candle dim, did the grave brother and the sweet young sister sit, for they had much to talk about,—of the years since they had met, of their dead parents, of their ancient family, of that far-away Shropshire village, where they had been born and reared, and of their hitherto sorrows and poverty. And as a sweet ending to this pregnant theme of banished sorrow and of future joy, this little doting and most gentle sister sat with clasped hands within his own, and told John all about the great surprise of his two consecutive letters, each one bearing such wonderful news, so wonderful as to be almost past belief; and how rejoiced she had been to obey his summons, and meet him in London, as she had done that very morning, for she had not been kindly treated in the farmer's family, in which she had been governess since her mother's death; and now how glad she was, above all joy of the great and wonderful fortune, to thus sit by a loving brother's side, even though on a miser's hearth, and amidst such seeming penury and desolation.

At last, as the hour waxed very late, Plowdon retired

to such accommodation up stairs as a charwoman, under Mr. Redtape's command, had hastily prepared that afternoon, and Magdalene was about to arouse the vagrant girl, and make her up a bed on the old miser's sofa, before she retired to her own, when the door opened, and Leah passed in, and up to where she stood beside the hearth, like a shadow.

"I was coming in to wake you, and see to you, and find you a bed," said Magdalene gently; for there was that in the manner of the vagrant which won her utmost pity and sympathy.

Before these words were well uttered, the vagrant had knelt down and convulsively caught within her own the pure, young, gentle creature's hands; "I may stop, then, I am not to go, I am not to be turned out?"

"No, Leah, my brother and I have been very much touched by what the preacher said of you, that you would be good if you had some home or shelter amongst good people, and so we will endeavour to serve you; and you shall find us your friends, if you will try to act so that we can trust and love you."

"I will, I will," sobbed the poor vagrant, as she passionately kissed the gathered hands, and pressed them against the folds of her ragged frock, as if she would have them feel that she was human, and not senseless and hard, though such a thing of poverty and sin, "for I've never had a friend kinder than the prison-miss'is, or the school-miss'is, and such bea'nt all that human cre'turs need, when they've a deal to say agin themselves, and feel too proud to say it."

"We want no words about the past, Leah," spoke the mathematician's little sister, with choked voice, "only for you to be a good girl in the future. We all have sins, and those who have the heaviest often reform and make good men and women."

"Be you good to me, be you good to me," still sobbed the kneeling girl, "and I can't be bad agin, only trust me, Miss, for I can do a many things as is useful, only folks wouldn't try me, because I was a vagrant, and had no decent things for service."

"We will talk all about this to-morrow, Leah; and so be happy, for I believe what you say. Now, let me make you a bed on the old sofa there, where you will be comfortable, and hear the blind child if he need you."

"Bless you, Miss, I know Pat will love you. It'll be a rare bed, only too nice for me, as for many a score nights I ain't had one at all. But I can be up in the morning, and light the fire, and boil the kittle, and begin to show you that I ain't all badness."

Magdalene Plowdon did not answer, but making the girl lie down upon the wide old sofa, which had been the miser's bed for fifty years, covered her up tenderly with a thick shawl and coat. As she moved away, one of those impulsions, which show us to be divine, made her turn for the instant to look again upon the vagrant's face, when, seeing those large eyes so full of gratitude and new-born good fixed, like some star of promise, on her own, all that was human, all that was womanly, all that was pure and tender, made her divinely to forget the gulf which was betwixt them, and kneeling, with her arms around this vagrant, press her own young lips upon those sadder ones, as the promise and the bond of future purity.

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Like, as in that fable of the chariot rolling onwards towards the sun, I, in these varied delineations of the course of human progress, and its needed agents, shall sometimes travel onward for a time, and then stay to glance upon the prospects which environ me.

It is at close of an intensely hot day in summer, some ten years beyond the time so lately written of, that a little, good-humoured, rotund, well-shaped man, who has been closed in the Old Bailey Court all day, asks to speak to the presiding judge, who has just retired from the bench. As this little man, who is no other than our old friend of Furnival's Inn, Mr. Redtape, is well known to have been engaged upon the defence of the criminal, whose trial, just concluded, has occupied the Court many hours, he is ushered by the weary official into the private room where the judge has retired to disrobe. Mr. Redtape finds him stern and grave, and with his official brevity by no means cast aside.

"I cannot give my recommendation to mercy in this matter, Mr. Redtape. The crime is too atrocious, and clemency perfectly useless in the case of such a criminal. The law, on this occasion must decidedly take its course."

"Your Lordship, not waiting to hear its purport, mistakes the motives of my errand," speaks the little man. "It is not to bespeak your Lordship's clemency; for when we have left crime to flourish to this height, by rather fostering than eradicating many of its causes, a peremptory check upon its course is a duty society has a right to demand of us; but my object is to bring to your Lordship's memory the fact that this youth, scarcely more than eighteen, has received sentence from your Lordship fifteen times, and thus proves to you how inadequate is mere severity of punishment, as a reformatory process."

"Ay, ay, I find you are still a friend of the moral Newton, Plowdon. But this sort of philanthropic (or rather, as it is called, progressive) nonsense, is of no use, Mr. Redtape, as this very case proves. If I recollect aright, this boy had most merciful sentences in all the first instances; and more, was placed at my recommendation under unusual moral and religious supervision in several gaols; to what purpose we have seen to-day."

"Yes; but at the time of the trial, respecting my watch, I asked the Court, of what use were mere prison teachings, when they were to be followed out by necessitated return to such nightly shelter as that found in vagrant lodging-houses? But these, in a degree, are now past things; for, perhaps, your Lordship will admit one thing, that juvenile delinquency has rapidly decreased, and may now be said to have reached the lowest *minimum* point which can exist with such predisposing causes as yet remain."

"Certainly; it is a thing often remarked of late. The Attorney-General was saying so to me yesterday."

"Well; your Lordship will, perhaps, permit me to show you *one* cause, as far as regards this metropolis. It is a condescension for your Lordship, but I would do much to win your assent.

"You shall not need, Mr. Redtape, for I owe your probity and business-like habits more than one service; but I understand what you propose—it is for me to see this Model Vagrant Lodging-house. Well; I will accompany you; but recollect, I shall not turn *humanitarian* or *statician*. I need facts and proofs not likely to arise out of the dreams of your friend."

"Your Lordship shall have proofs; one in particular. Is to-night convenient to you to accompany me?"

"Yes; I dine at eight; perhaps you will be in Stone Buildings by nine."

"With pleasure;" and Mr. Redtape bows himself out of the presence of Baron Verney.

As the clocks strike nine this sultry summer's night, two gentlemen are permitted ingress by the porter into a large court on the brow of Saffron Hill, now very differently paved and lighted than what it was some years ago. A large building occupies three sides of this court; and, without any unsuited nonsense about it of pilasters or Corinthian columns, it is plain and substantially built of iron, slate, and desiccated wood, and shows that some original geniuses are beginning to found a style of architecture suited to our climate and the advance of the age. They are met by a decent man, dressed somewhat as a policeman, and by him led into a sort of hall in the centre building, and of its entire height, which is lighted by gas, and from which branch off on either side wide staircases and doors to extensive chambers on the basement. The first conspicuous thing in this hall is a large

slab of iron, on which is painted conspicuously many rules. The following are some of them.

"3rd. No one admitted for a single night without prepayment of twopence, unless in such cases of absolute destitution, as may be considered authentic by the officers.

"4th. Upon the use of the lodging-house for a certain number of consecutive nights, the charge to be one penny halfpenny.

"5th. *An entire and absolute separation of the sexes*, except in the instances where adults can produce a marriage certificate, properly authenticated.

"7th. But mothers not to be divided from their young children.

"9th. No one admitted to any of the rooms in the house, without using a bath provided, unless such persons are well known by the officials as frequenting the house, and as being of cleanly and decent habits.

"14th. No profane language, drinking, or games of chance allowed.

"17th. Baskets, bundles, and burthens to be left in charge of an officer, appointed for the same.

"20th. Good food to be bought in the kitchens at a certain fixed price, named on tables hanging therein.

"22nd. Apprentices, young persons of both sexes, and children, especially invited to make use of this dwelling as a home, it being chiefly instituted for their benefit, in order to afford them moral and efficient protection against the examples and persuasion of the wicked and the dissolute.

"23rd. Such of the inmates as are thus youthful, and as are sober, decent, and moral in conduct, will be assisted in their efforts to obtain work, and be afforded some degree of education by nightly classes."

After reading these rules, the judge and worthy little Redtape are conducted to either wing of this vast building, which will comfortably lodge and accommodate three thousand persons, and see the separate accommodation for both sexes, and the dormitories above. These being in chambers of immense height, lighted and ventilated from the roof, are divided off like the compartments of a prison carriage; each of which divisions being a dormitory, containing an iron bedstead, with clean, though plain and coarse bedding, is closed by a door, locked on the outer side, when it has received its inmate, at a certain hour. Though not yet ten o'clock, many of those dormitories have received their inmates, poor weary wayfarers and artisans; but by the stillness which reigns, broken only by the tread of the official up and down the broad-way running through the length of the chambers, between each great division of dormitories, one would scarcely know a creature breathed there. In the sort of kitchens below, they find the inmates variously occupied, but decency and sobriety are generally prevalent.

Returning to the centre hall, they inspect the chambers allotted to those married; next, those for boys and youths; and, lastly, they enter into one allotted to the lodging of girls of various ages, some of whom, presided over by a mistress, are sewing in a class. Scarcely have they entered, before a side-door opens, and a number of male children, of the ages between six and ten, poorly clad to be sure, but still clean, are admitted, led by one who is himself led, *for he is blind*. At his command, the elder of these boys, and some of the girls, form themselves into a class, and go through a very simple singing lesson, the notes of which are played by this blind youth, on a violin he has brought with him. Whilst he thus plays, and the lesson is given, the little ones have crowded around the young woman who had so lately been superintending the elder girls at their sewing; and now this lesson is concluded, she rises from her seat, and crosses the chamber to where the blind youth sits, close to the judge and the attorney.

"These little ones have behaved so well to night, Pat," she says to the sightless youth, "and bring me such good accounts from the various Ragged Schools to which they go, and from the police in the districts where they try to earn a few honest pence, that I think you may please them with their favourite tune."

So, as she asks the blind youth does; and tuning his violin, strikes up the "Soldier Laddie" to those hundred little listening creatures, and who, as the tune goes on, are so incited by its merry sounds, as to be unable to sit or stand, but must caper up and down in a sort of rude dance, for this is their favourite tune, and they are wild with delight and happiness. As she stoops bending looking on, the young woman, round whom the children dance, turns her face to the judge, and he recognises in it she whom he had condemned and tempted. There was a time when this poor one had stood abashed before *him*, the judge; now, he, the judge, stands abashed before *her*, the criminal, for like the leper of old, she is healed and saved, by processes, he, through life, has so stringently and unflinchingly condemned.

"This is the poor girl Leah," says Mr. Redtape, touching the judge on the arm, "to whom Plowdon and his little married sister, the wife of Emanuel, the preacher, behaved so nobly to; with such success, that she has the entire superintendence of the females who come here. And in what manner you may imagine, when many call her the "SOUL AMONGST THE VAGRANTS."

"She may be called so, but the *true soul* is he, who, making use of wealth and genius, has set great vital truths in action, and given a noble lesson to the Philosopher, the Statesman, and to Society. If Plowdon is in London, let me see him, and that to night."

"He is at his offices, in London Wall. A great statistical meeting is held there to night."

His carriage traversing the same old way across Smithfield, the judge, accompanied by Mr. Redtape, alights before a large official-looking dwelling, and is ushered into a private sitting-room (Mr. Redtape being well known), when John Plowdon advances to meet them, and to whom Baron Verney at once partly states his name and errand. Touched by this frankness, Plowdon first introduces him to a young matron, sitting there, with some children playing round her, as being his sister Magdalene, who has done so much to make his views practical, and next to a benign-looking man, Emanuel, her husband, who is a preacher, full of faith, and who has done so much service towards the efficient organization and carrying out of this great Vagrant Lodging-house, and who is now actively engaged establishing similar ones in the large provincial towns. This done, the great mathematician leads the judge into an official-looking room, hung round with diagrams, censuses of the various European and American populations, sanitary tables, and ordnance surveys, for in this room is held the meetings of a European Statistical Congress, which Plowdon has established. This is one of the nights of meeting, and down either side the great official table, are seated men of almost every European nation—Belgians, Germans, Dutchmen, Swiss, and French, whilst many of our greatest men of science assist. The table is spread with important documents.

At a pause in the conversation, Plowdon introduces the great English judge, who at once enters into a statement of his hitherto disbelief in the good of any neutralizing action upon the great and social causes of crime. But, the circumstances of this night have largely changed his views.

The assembly rise *en masse*.

"Gentlemen," says Plowdon, "that a learned judge of our English Criminal Code admits this much, is greatly to our honour. Therefore, let us continue our strenuous exertions to modify the causes of public evil, instead of attempting to neutralize their effects; let us cease our speculations upon these *causes*, and let us, instead, search for *laws*; and doing so, we shall make vital the splendid adjuration of La Place. "Let us,"

said he, "apply to the political and moral sciences that same method which, founded upon observation and calculation, has so happily served to produce splendid results in the natural sciences."

"One thing is already proved," says Baron Verney, "the age of action is come, for we have, a great "SOUL AMONGST THE VAGRANTS."

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE.

AN Englishman's house is his castle, on account of its completeness, as well as its security, in his estimation. No matter how really incomplete, or positively inconvenient, it may be, it is his *own*, and as that little word changes objections into perfections, you will, with as little chance of impunity, find fault with his house as with *him*.

The feeling, however, of respectful regard to the homestead, seems generally to be in an inverse proportion to the splendour of the building; it is more frequently discerned in the *grange* than in the *mansion*, and reason good; because security and comfort, so essential to this feeling, and so carefully maintained in the former, are too often sacrificed, or separated, in the latter. Freedom and independence are absolutely indispensable in the opinion of those who have a taste for fire-side enjoyments, and of these the patrician often knows that he has little enough. His house, perhaps literally his castle, becomes literally his prison; or, if not, it is a place in which rank, and the cogent authority of fashion, impose so many restraints, that probably he is happier anywhere than there.

The genuine love of home, for its own sake, however, may be, and no doubt *is*, cherished by *some* who reside in stately buildings; but to such, the proverbial couplet under consideration cannot of course apply; nor does it express the feeling of *every* humble householder. Neither a castle nor a cottage can ensure happiness or contentment, nor can they of themselves, except in a very indirect manner, conduce to it under any circumstances. There must be in the mind and character certain dispositions, without which other means lose their influence. Those who feel this incomparable delight at the thought of home, are those who do what they can to make it agreeable to all its inmates. Whether master, mistress, child, or servant, home will only be comfortable to those who personally contribute to its comfort. The rugged irascible man, the contentious brawling woman, the undutiful child, and the froward servant, invariably find this denunciation fulfilled, that as persons measure to others, it shall be measured to them again. There is neither ball nor mainprize here. He who makes others wretched, is himself a wretch, whether prince or peasant.

There are some who underrate, or even affect to despise, those anonymous domestic comforts, which make many a lowly dwelling enviable. Though most irritably alive to the annoyance of petty evils, they derive no enjoyment from innumerable little pleasures of which social families partake. Men there are, who are bears enough to be displeased at the *attempt* to please, and who will snarl at all endeavours, great and small, to give them satisfaction; who can find occasion for a harsh word in the utmost efforts and attentions of *her* who has worked hard for a kind one. Bitter have been the tears shed by those who have thus suffered at the hands of brutality.

But many who do not go this length, and are by no means indifferent to the comfort of home, seldom find any there or elsewhere, from an unhappy habit of always looking at the dark side of things. Morose and murky, they think others the same, or in time make them so, and then suppose that they have just ground of complaint. There are no earthly means of making such persons happy. The garden of Eden would be a wilderness, and its fruit insipid, to them.

But he who has an opposite propensity, and possesses the precious secret of extracting good out of evil; who can bear and forbear; forgive and forget; he is the individual who has found out the true art of living. As to his dwelling, he may wish it a better one, and will do what he can to make it so; he still thinks of it with delight, and prefers it to another, partly because it *is his* dwelling, but chiefly because those reside in it whom he makes happy, and who make him so in return.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

ALTHOUGH the world is so changeful and uncertain, that *quiet*, amongst all its rarities, seems the thing most rare; there are many persons who appear to have more than they like of it, and are so impatient for novelty, that they are continually leaping out of the frying-pan of their own tormenting restlessness, into the fire of positive calamity. By changing, for the sake of change, they expect trouble to give them ease, and find out, to their cost, that the cure is worse than the complaint.

Doubtless, however, it is owing to the real exigencies of life, and it is when a change is unquestionably desirable, that the unfortunate transition from bad to worse, referred to in the proverb, is commonly made. And this arises frequently from a mistaken notion, induced by present suffering, that the evil which *is*, is the worst that will be; but those who have thus inadvertently once or twice exchanged the frying-pan for the fire, learn to exercise the utmost circumspection in all cases where an important step is to be taken, and will even remain *in the frying-pan*, however hot, as quietly as they may, if it is the coolest place to which they have access.

But it is seldom the case, even when change is most desirable, that a *leap* is advisable. One may make more haste than good speed in escaping from the plague, by breaking one's neck in jumping out of window. Some persons fairly kill themselves to save their lives. They leap out of the frying-pan into the fire, not because there was nothing better that they could do, but because they would not give themselves time to do it. Many things are repented of at leisure, merely because they were done in haste.

The great desideratum is a sound judgment in distinguishing between two evils, so that we may choose the least. It must be remembered, however, that if they be of a moral kind, we are neither compelled, nor at liberty, under any circumstances, to choose either. This principle, though of the utmost importance in correctly adjusting our notions of right and wrong, is but little regarded by many. "If we *must* commit a sin," says a certain reverend writer of the last age, "let it be as little as can be helped." The thief's maxim, "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," has nearly as much morality in it, as is contained in this very lenient injunction. No one was ever yet *compelled* to commit a sin, small or great, since there is always the alternative of suffering. He who prefers moral to physical harm, of two evils chooses the *greatest*; he, beyond a question, leaps *out of the frying-pan into the fire*.

GENIUS.

HE who in mind and genius is a great man, who unites a strong intellect with a tender heart, and, besides, possesses a command of imagery and a taste for the beautiful, is a great artist. All the great gifts of mind and heart must be united in order to form a great genius for the arts. Accordingly, we should not wonder that artists of the first rank are so few in number, and so rarely seen.

Rhymes for Young Readers.

THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

A mouse found a beautiful piece of plum-cake,
The richest and sweetest that mortal could make;
'Twas heavy with citron and fragrant with spice,
And covered with sugar all sparkling as ice.

"My stars," cried the mouse, while his eye beamed with glee,
"Here's a treasure I've found, what a feast it will be;
But, hark! there's a noise, 'tis my brothers at play,
So I'll hide with the cake, lest they wander this way.

Not a bit shall they have, for I know I can eat
Every morsel myself, and I'll have such a treat;"
So off went the mouse as he held the cake fast,
While his hungry young brothers went scampering past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and panted, but still
He kept gulping it down till he made himself ill;
Yet he swallowed it all, and 'tis easy to guess,
He was soon so unwell that he groaned with distress.

His family heard him, and as he grew worse,
They sent for the doctor, who made him rehearse
How he'd eaten the cake to the very last crumb,
Without giving his playmates and relatives some.

"Ah me!" cried the doctor, "advice is too late,
You must die before long, so prepare for your fate;
If you had but divided the cake with your brothers,
'Twould have done you no harm, and been good for the others.

Had you shared it, the treat had been wholesome enough,
But eaten by *one*, it was dangerous stuff,
So prepare for the worst;" and the word had scarce fled,
When the doctor turned round, and the patient was dead.

Now all little people the lesson may take,
And *some* large ones may learn from the mouse and the cake,
Not to be over-selfish with what we may gain,
Or the best of our pleasures may turn into pain.

ELIZA COOK.

WE leave too little time for mental improvement in the drudging occupation of an English mechanic. It is the fashion of this plodding country to chain the workman to his employment, from twelve to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. We carry the principle of industry to such an excess, that we leave no opportunity for relaxation; no leisure to unbend from the toils of labour. His life is one unvaried series of hardships, the time not immediately devoted to work being merely occupied in meals and sleep, which are absolutely necessary to enable him to prosecute his calling. It is painful to see a man's whole life devoted to obtaining the means of existence, and to reflect that the best portion of it is fading away beneath the rigorous subjection of corporeal slavery! It is for this reason that the general character of the English nation is so destitute of intellectuality. The same principle of drudgery includes all who are engaged in manufacturing or commercial pursuits; it extends from the artisan in his workshop, to the merchant in his counting-house; with this difference, that, in the former, it is the offspring of necessity; while, in the latter, it arises from that sordid, plodding spirit of accumulation, which gathers "increase of appetite by what it feeds on." Thus, in both cases, they are each obliged to compress their enjoyments within a small compass, and make the most of them; and while the one solaces himself with the pleasures of the table and the bottle, the other, by a less expensive, but more speedy inebriation, purchases a momentary oblivion of all his cares; so that between severe labour and the indulgence of animal appetites, their reasoning faculties are stupified, and they are blind to the productions of genius. This will ever be the case in countries where the *summum bonum* is placed in excessive application to laborious pursuits.

DIAMOND DUST.

MANY actions, like the Rhone, have two sources, one pure, the other impure.

A LITTLE management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome.

GENIUS is like the flame of a taper, for while it gives forth light to the world around, it consumes the body that sustains it.

PEOPLE of mean capacities always despise and ridicule more what is above the reach of their own intellect, than that that is below its standard.

TALLYRAND said that happiness depended on a hard heart and a good stomach.

WE must desire to act, and act vigorously, to be happy.

HOOK AND CROOK.—Strongbow, on entering Waterford Harbour, observed a castle on one shore and a church on the other; inquiring what they were, he was told it was the castle of Hook and the church of Crook. "Then," said he, "we must enter and take the town by Hook or by Crook." Hence the proverb to this day.

A PHILOSOPHER once told a miser, "You do not possess your wealth, but your wealth possesses you."

Do that which is right. The respect of mankind will follow; or, if it do not, you will be able to do without it.

DIOGENES being asked what beasts were apt to bite the worst, he answered, "Of all wild beasts—the slanderer; and of all tame beasts—the flatterer."

IT is a strange puddle that will not look bright when the sun shines on it.

THRIFT is the best means of thriving.

POETRY should be an alterative; modern play-wrights have converted it into a sedative, which they administer in such unseasonable quantities, that, like an overdose of opium, it makes one sick.

SATIRE is a glass in which the beholder sees everybody's face but his own.

THE Turks have a proverb which says, that *the devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil.*

THERE is as much difference between good poetry and fine verses, as between the smell of a flower-garden and of a perfumer's shop.

JEALOUSY is said to be the offspring of Love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

HALF the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.

THE most mischievous liars are those who keep on the verge of truth.

SOME men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation to which they belong, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind.

HE must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.

IT grieves one to the heart to see them using the bellows who ought to be extinguishing the flame.

To refer all pleasures to association is to acknowledge no sound but echo.

THE feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

THE most contemptible foes, like summer gnats, are the most annoying.

GRIEVOUS words are like the oil which augments the flame of passion and intensifies the heat.

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THE EMIGRANT IN PORT PHILLIP.

THE Australian colonies present a wide field for the unfettered industry of man. They are blessed with a genial climate, almost unequalled for salubrity. The remarkable mildness of the Australian winter ensures a perpetual spring. The grass grows there all the year round, and no artificial food being required for any description of farm stock, sheep and cattle can consequently be reared in far greater numbers, and with a far smaller proportion of human labour in tending them, than in any one of the countries of this northern hemisphere. The increase of flocks and herds in Australia has hence been prodigious. With a population not exceeding 200,000 souls, Eastern Australia (consisting of New South Wales and Port Phillip,) already contains a number of sheep equal to one-fourth, and of cattle, a proportion equal to one-seventh, of the total number contained in France. The whole of the Port Phillip country, and various districts in the older and settled parts of the eastern colony, as well as in its northern districts, and also that magnificent region recently discovered and described by Leichardt and Mitchell, are capable of yielding sustenance to millions of human beings. There is an immense supply of animal food provided in all parts of Australia, at the very cheapest rate, for the subsistence of the labourer, most of which at present goes to waste. The facilities for agricultural operations which present themselves are also considerable, though the agricultural are not to be compared with the pastoral capabilities of the country. Unlike the dense and impervious forests of Canada, or some parts of the western settlements of the United States, the richest and finest land in Australia consists of open and undulating plains, which are capable of at once receiving the plough. Mineral treasures also abound in most parts of Australia. But, neither the pastoral, nor the agricultural, nor the mineral riches of Australia, can yet be realized, in consequence of the one great social and all-pervading want—the want of labour.

Every report from Australia that reaches this country repeats the same tale of want of population, and want of labourers. The land is waiting for them; it lies for the most part idle and waste, untilled and untenanted. We wonder not, therefore, that the half-employed and ill-remunerated labourers of Britain—a people as hardy and industrious as is to be found on the face of the globe, should look anxiously towards Australia, and long to be there, to marry their willing labour to its equally willing soil. True, a change of country is a serious matter, and not to be lightly thought of. There are many dear ties which bind a man to his country, and we would be the last to wish to weaken them. But a man thinks of the future,—he thinks of his children, and of *their* future,—of the intense competition for bread at home—all trades and professions overstocked, and the contest for life growing keener day by day. And there, meanwhile, across the ocean, is a fertile land of almost boundless capabilities of supporting life, wanting his labour, and waiting for his occupation. Those who have gone, call to him to come among them—thay want his help to till the land, and subdue it. He suffers at home, because society does not require his labour, and he goes unfed; they suffer in the colonies because they have not labour enough to make their property available, the food actually going to waste for want of mouths to consume it. "At no period since the foundation of the colony," says a recent report of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, "has there been so great, so urgent, and so pressing a demand for labour, as at the present moment; of that species of labour with which the most important interests of the colony are involved; namely, of shepherds and farm-servants. This want is daily increasing, and in the absence of any fresh accession of labourers by means of immigration, no alternative is presented to the proprietor of stock but the partial or entire abandonment of it. In many parts of the colony the expenses of labour are so immoderate, as to exceed all profits derivable from its application, and establishments in the interior are carried on in some instances at a positive loss to the owner—a state of things which is only perpetuated from the lingering hope that some change may be effected by the introduction of a fresh supply of immigrants."

The position of the emigrant in Australia is exceedingly favourable to health, prosperity, and happiness. The soil is cheap and fruitful. Plenty of excellent land is to be had in all parts of Australia at the government minimum price of £1 an acre; and, in the course of a few days, a man with a hoe may chip into the ground sufficient maize to supply him with food for a year. Butchers' meat of all kinds is to be had at two-pence a pound, and even under. Starvation is altogether unknown in Australia. But the man who would "get on," as the Englishman always wishes to do, must work; and if he works as hard as he does at home, he cannot fail to earn high wages. Labour is so well rewarded, that in the course of a few years, he can generally manage to save sufficient to enable him to purchase a little property of his own, and then he is a free man for life, a prosperous future for his childten lying before him. If the working man do not get on in Australia, it is because he is drunken, indolent, or profligate. There is always labour of some sort for all; and every man who has strength, energy of character, and a determination not to shrink from temporary difficulties, is certain of success in the end. Mechanics may not fall in with exactly the kind of employment they want; but, as the demand for out-of-door labour is great, they have always opportunities enough of turning their hands to some sort of remune-

rating labour at good wages. The jack-of-all-trades is an especially useful, and invariably successful man in Australia.

From all the information in our possession, Port Phillip appears to us one of the most desirable portions of Australia, for the settlement of emigrants from this country. The climate is more temperate and equable than in the more northern districts of New South Wales, somewhat resembling that of Montpelier or Nice. Forming, as this colony does, the southernmost point of Australia, and the south-west wind prevailing there for about nine months in the year, blowing from the direction of the great southern ocean, genial showers often fall, so that vegetation there is rich and abundant all the year round. The winters are so mild as scarcely to interrupt vegetable growth, and two crops of potatoes, beans, onions, and other vegetables, can be grown in the course of the year. In the interior of New South Wales, droughts of long continuance occur; but these are much less frequent in Port Phillip, from the causes named. The country is finely diversified with hill and dale, plain and forest,—its picturesque character having induced Major Mitchell, its first explorer, to designate it by the name of Australia Felix. By far the largest proportion of the district of Port Phillip, containing the richest lands, is yet unoccupied, except by a few squatters with their flocks. Although it comprehends an area of about 100,000 square miles, its population does not yet amount to more than 40,000, about one-fourth of whom reside in Melbourne, the chief town. Melbourne is situated at the head of the beautiful bay of Port Phillip, near the mouth of the Yarra Yarra River. It has churches, schools, banks, and newspapers. Numerous steamers daily ply from it to Geelong, and other towns of the colony. It contains an active, industrious, and thriving population; and is daily increasing in size. The country for ten miles round it, towards the interior, is highly picturesque, and the soil of excellent quality, growing heavy crops of wheat, maize, and potatoes. All kinds of vegetables are remarkably prolific. There are instances of the potatoe crops, for one year alone, paying the whole original cost of the land, and also the cost of cultivation. The country in the interior is uneven, in some places hilly and wooded; but, frequently expanding into extensive plains, naturally cleared, and thickly covered with grasses of different sorts. Thousands of acres may be met with in one block, quite ready for the plough.

Perhaps the finest and most fertile region of Australia is that part of the Port Phillip district lying west of the town of Geelong and Bay of Port Phillip, known as the Western Plains. It lies along the south shore of Australia, and is about 200 miles in length, by about 25 miles in breadth, containing about 3,200,000 acres in one continuous stretch. The land here is of first-rate quality, and very easy of cultivation. This extensive country is naturally cleared, only occasional clumps of trees being seen in it, as in an English park. Numerous conical hills diversify the scenery; they are not of great height, and are obviously of volcanic origin. The soil of this district is a rich black mould, extremely productive, and suited to the growth of all kinds of European grain. On some parts of the plain the grass is so rich, and the climate so mild, that a single acre of ground, in its natural state, is capable of maintaining a bullock or heifer, without artificial food of any kind, all the year round; and from fifty to sixty bushels of wheat have been reaped per acre, though the general produce is thirty-five, with careless husbandry, and no manure of any kind. Only a very small portion of this district is yet occupied; but settlers are flocking into it from England and Scotland. It may be observed, that a large proportion of the colonists of Port Phillip are Scotch—a people not slow to discern and take advantage of the natural capabilities of a country. The Scotch of Port Phillip flatter themselves that however numerous they may be in Port Phillip, they are certainly in a great minority in the neighbouring district of New South Wales, which was up to a very recent period a convict colony.

Gippsland, to the east of Port Phillip Bay, and Portland district, on the western confines of the colony, including the splendid tract of country, fifty miles square, lying on the Wannon and Glenelg rivers, are also highly eligible districts for emigrants, who are steadily flowing towards them. While farmers and agriculturists are gradually, but, comparatively slowly, occupying the lands of the colony, mechanics and tradesmen are flowing into the towns. A brisk trade goes on, houses and warehouses are erected, and a large number of mechanics find steady employment, at wages of from 7s. to 9s. a day; common labourers are paid as much as 4s. a day. The demand for masons, carpenters, and bricklayers is great in Melbourne, consequent on the rapid extension of the place; but the great industry of the colony must ever be connected with its rich and teeming soil, with its flocks and its herds; its crops of wheat, potatoes, flax, and other produce. Abundant food is the basis of all prosperity and wealth; and food exists in Port Phillip without stint. The colonists already export large quantities of wheat and potatoes, besides their great staple—wool; and butchers' meat is cheap, almost beyond credibility in this country. By the latest intelligence from Melbourne, excellent legs of mutton were selling in that city for 6d. each; and fat bullocks, weighing seven cwts., were selling at £2 15s. per head, or less than 1d. a pound.

Whilst food is in such abundance, and the demand for labour is so great, it is not a matter of surprise that the colonists should so constantly and so eagerly reiterate their cry for "more men from England;" and, not only men, but they call out for women too; cooks, housemaids, dairymaids, governesses, sempstresses, and such like, are scarcely to be had at any price; almost all the women who land are married outright; some are "engaged" immediately on the arrival of the vessel in the port; and the competition is sometimes highly amusing. There is no such dilly-dallying way of managing those matters as we observe at home; the Australian wooer is blunt; he comes at once to the point, and is generally successful. From the comparatively small number of women who emigrate, as compared with men, there is a great want of female servants of all kinds in the Australian colonies; hence the urgent request, on the part of the colonists of Port Phillip, that "at least one-half of the emigrants sent out by Government shall consist of females." The genus "cook" is said by the Colonial Secretary of South Australia to be "almost extinct" there; and the same may be said of Port Phillip. The Government emigration agent at Sydney says, "The want of female domestic servants is felt in every family throughout the colony; many families are constantly without the servants required by them." And of Port Phillip, he says, "That the demand for servants, of every description, is becoming very urgent, in both town and country; that wages are advancing to an unreasonably high rate; and that servants are becoming, in consequence, careless and unmanageable."

The general scarcity of men's labour in Port Phillip within the last few years has also led to a large increase of the rate of wages. Farm labourers' and shepherds' wages have increased from £25 to £32 per annum, besides rations; the weekly rations consisting of 12lbs. of best flour, 12lbs. of fresh meat, 2ozs. of tea, ½lb. of moist sugar, and vegetables and milk at will, when these are at hand. The Emigration Agent states, on the evidence of intelligent witnesses, that 2,500 working men might be profitably introduced yearly into the district; but it is competent to afford room for a far larger number. By papers received from Melbourne, of date January 14th, it is stated, that though a considerable number of emigrants had arrived in the colony, they were immediately

employed at high rates of wages, and that quadruple the number would, apparently, have made no impression on the "labour market."

Mr. Westgarth says, in his recent report to the House of Lords' Committee on Colonization from Ireland,—"The fineness of the climate, and the high rate of wages that usually prevails, are commonly considered as the chief grounds of preference for Australia. But a far more important reason exists in connection with masses of the emigrating poor. Australia can employ any description of labour; the male or the female, the skilled or the unskilled, can alike be made available on her pastoral stations; and a country whose produce consists chiefly of a readily available export, is susceptible of a progress and extension in the employment of labour, which cannot be suddenly communicated to colonies of a different character. Extension and improvement here only awaits an adequate supply of labour."

The recent discovery of gold ore in the Australian Pyrenees, north of Melbourne, is a new feature in connection with this colony. The real wealth of the country must ever consist in the fruitfulness of its soil, and the industry of its population. It is probable, however, that the discovery of gold will have the beneficial effect of drawing population into the colony more rapidly, than any other event that could possibly have occurred.

The following interesting example of rapid prosperity in Port Phillip was given by Dr. Lang, in his evidence before the Lords' Committee on Colonization from Ireland:—

"On my last visit to Port Phillip, in February, 1846, a reputable Scotch Highlander came up from his farm, about six miles distant from Melbourne, on hearing that I was coming to England, to request me to use any influence which I might have at home to induce as many of his poor unfortunate countrymen as I could to emigrate to the colony. He related to me the particulars of his own history, as a specimen of what could be effected in the colony, and left me to judge whether it was not a fair specimen of the capabilities of the country for emigrants generally. He was a native of the western Highlands, and having no means of subsistence for his increasing family, he had gone with them to endeavour to earn a livelihood in any way, in the town of Greenock, where he had been employed, precariously enough, for six years, as a common porter on the streets. The Highlanders, generally, are not taught any trade, and they have, consequently, no resource but that of unskilled labour in a menial capacity when they migrate to the Lowlands. He had a wife and ten children, the eldest under twenty years of age, and in the year 1840, in virtue of an arrangement which the government of the period were induced to make at my suggestion in the year 1837, when there was much destitution in the Highlands of Scotland, he got a free passage out to Australia for himself and family, as one of a number of Highland emigrants that were carried out at that period, at the expense of the Land Fund of New South Wales. He landed with scarcely a farthing. I believe, indeed, he had a few shillings, which he had earned on the way out, by some service he had rendered to one of the cabin-passengers on board ship. He landed at Melbourne either late in the year 1840 or early in 1841, and hired himself as a stone-mason's labourer; and three of his children that were able to work, in any way, were hired out to any person that would employ them. With the first earnings of the family (they seem to have had a common purse) they purchased a cow, which, as cattle were at that time very dear in the Port Phillip district, cost them twelve pounds. They added another and another as they could. The mother of the children established a dairy, and by constant additions to their herd, by purchase as well as by the natural increase, they had accumulated a herd in the course of five years, at the period when I saw them in February, 1846, of no fewer than four hundred head, of all ages. I saw two of the elder sons of the family myself going in charge of this large herd to a station they had just taken up on the banks of the Murray River, about two hundred miles from Melbourne. They were then no longer allowed, as they had been previously in the infancy of the settlement, to graze their large herd in the neighbourhood of the principal town in the district, and they had, consequently, to go into the interior like other squatters, where for ten pounds a year they could have a government license to occupy a portion of waste land, sufficiently to graze their increasing herd. They would, probably, get an extent of land on these terms almost equal to an English county, to roam on with their cattle. In the meantime, the father of this family had purchased forty-two acres of land, within six miles of Melbourne, at seven pounds an acre. An English gentleman, of considerable capital, had, in virtue of a temporary arrangement of the Colonial Office, purchased a large stock of 5,000 acres in that locality, of the minimum price of one pound an acre, and he sold it out again to such purchasers as the Highlander, in small farms, at seven pounds an acre, at least as much of it as he could dispose of in that way. The Highlander had cleared the whole of this land at the period of my visit (for I went to his place myself), had fenced it all off with post and rail fences, and had cropped it, and was reaping crops of wheat of 30 bushels an acre from it, although the soil appeared to be rather light. He had erected a brick-house upon it; he had a large stack of wheat in his farm-yard, and another of oaten hay, for oats are used as hay for horses in towns in the colony; and he considered himself worth, when I saw him, at least £1,100. I was informed, on mentioning this case, which I told several of the most respectable inhabitants of Port Phillip during my stay, that it was by no means an exaggerated specimen of the class to which the Highlander belonged, and that there are many other cases in the district still more favourable."

THE HOT SEASON IN CALCUTTA.

Many persons who have not been within the tropics, are inclined to believe, that though the meridian heat in these latitudes is intense, the morning will be very pleasant; but this is not the case, particularly during the hot season. The sun seems, in equatorial regions, to rise with unnatural haste; when only a few degrees above the horizon, it pours down a flood of light and heat which dazzles and oppresses those who expose themselves. As noon approaches, the rays of the sun are of course more and more fervid; the solar orb has ascended in fiery splendour to its vertical altitude, and reigns for several hours a perfect tyrant over eastern creation; the sky is now, in the expressive language of Job, "a molten looking-glass."

The sun is going down, clouds gather in the north-west, the lightning is more and more vivid, and the thunder is louder and louder; darkness now covers the earth, the dense masses of clouds have advanced, and every star is obscured,—then comes the *north-wester*. The lightning now flashes from horizon to horizon, the thunder roars tremendously, and then the rain falls in torrents. The black clouds soon roll away, the sky is serene, the stars sparkle brilliantly, and midnight is not so sultry after a north-wester.

From two hours after sunrise to near sunset, in the warmest days in the hot season, man, quadruped, and bird, seek the coolest place of shade. There is not the possibility of a place over the length and breadth of the plains being then made pleasantly cool; the highest expectation is, that the coolest place in the dwelling will, as a retreat, be patiently endurable. The hot season is a period of stoical discipline to newly-arrived Europeans; every day and every night, from the beginning of March to the middle of June, have discomforts to them. The hot winds blow, the dust is raised and sweeps along; the

nights are generally very warm and close; natives as well as Europeans would gladly dispense with the warmest days and the oppressive nights of the hot season, and every person then would fain have the sun moved many degrees lower. In Britain, ladies faint, and men become weak in the *dog-days*, when the heat in the sun is not more than 75 deg., they are ardently wishing for the coolness of October, and even prefer the cold of winter to this "scorching heat."

The warmest day in the south of England would now be considered by Europeans in the plains as delightfully cool; it is therefore not surprising that they should be fond of iced wines, iced ales, iced water, and iced creams, —that they should think that a day in the hot season seems nearly as long as a week at home, and fancy that the cold season will not soon return. Every hour, except the few passed in unconscious slumber, has a petty vexation of some kind to sensitive fresh Europeans; ere sleep closes their eye-lids, the largest amount of patience may be exhausted, and no wonder, for since two hours after sunrise there has been experienced, what every person living in a temperate climate would term discomfort. Three or four hours repose is at length enjoyed; it passes swiftly with the slumberer, and before gun-fire, when the morning star is still sparkling, every European who values health and comfort aright is out of bed; the twilight coolness, evanescent though it be, is too valuable to be enjoyed within the mosquito gauze-curtain; indeed, the morning somnolency is forbidden by the surgeons, and disregarded by every old Indian; so every European ought to rise at day-break, and have a ride early in the morning. The sun rose when the health-seeking equestrians were at the distant extremity of the plain, and to their dwellings, old and young Europeans now hasten, before it ascends much above the low bank of clouds on the horizon, if they are anxious not to have a headache all day. These residents have arrived at their dwellings, have stretched themselves on couches, and are now heated, perspiring, and fatigued as if they had been for several hours before a furnace. Servants now fan their sahibs and bheebie-sahibs, the windows are darkened, the doors are closed, and the spiritless occupants recline on their sofas, enjoying the usual morning beverage, coffee; and though the indulgence of this beverage induces a second discharge from the pores, nevertheless it cannot be dispensed with, even in the hot season.

An hour has passed away indolently, yet necessarily so; the sahib now leaves his couch, bathes, and changes his cottons, and is dressed for breakfast. The servant, or rather *his* servant, enters the room and says to him, "*hadjere teor, sahib*" (breakfast ready, master). The sahib is seated at the breakfast-table; fish, and rice, and dainties are before him, but very likely he has not a keen appetite—this blessing is rather scarce in the mornings of the hot season. The first, and perhaps the only, cup of tea or coffee drunk, is but half emptied, when lo! if the European is a griffin, that is, one not thoroughly parched, his face and body will be glistening with dew-drops, his arms, his neck, and body covered with perspiration, and he is as cool as he would be in a vapour-bath; every pore from head to foot now seems a well-spring, and every inch of him has a little fever for itself.

The morning repast is over, and the European sahib is now ready for his office labours; and forthwith in palanquin is hurried to the office on the shoulders of four natives, at the speed of four and a half miles an hour. Of course, the sahib is now lying on his back, his legs strive which will be highest, and his arms are folded on his breast or above his head; the sliding doors of the palanquin are drawn aside, and there, exposed to the gaze of every body and looking at every body passing him, he is stretched and motionless. Perhaps the palanquin has been closed and exposed to the sun all the morning (a very likely case), so when the sahib places himself in it, he feels as cool as he would be in an oven; but there is, meanwhile, no solace for him in scolding the bearers; these dusky hirelings are not interested in his comfort, but in his coppers; he may be as hot as a salamander, but this is a very trifling circumstance to them.

Do not suppose that when the lately arrived European has reached his office, his hours of uneasiness in the hot season are all over until night, and that with the pleasures of industry there are not intermingling climate disadvantages. The office-books have been only an hour opened by him, when their pages are saturated with perspiration, the punkah swings over his head in vain, his hands swell, and he is not as energetic as he used to be.

The petty troubles of life which are peculiar to Europeans in very hot weather, cannot easily be diminished or removed, solely by reason or indifference; something tangible and common-place is much more successful when the sun is shining perpendicularly. Zeno must at noon give place to Epicurus even in the office, and so, after three hours employment, the desk labours of the accounting European cease for some twenty minutes; the office *khansamah* or *khidmutgar*, says to him, "*tiffin teor, sahib*," and in a minute he has joined the other pale faces at the tiffin-table. Having, during their noon repast, done some measure of justice to themselves, to brandy-pawnie (brandy and water), claret, or Allsop's ale, the *chotah sahibs* (junior masters) resume their seats at the desks, the steam is now up, the machinery is again in better order, and they are willing to toil, as toil they should, till half-past four or five o'clock, when the office closes for the day.

The fiery despot will now soon disappear among the bright purple and golden clouds of the western horizon. Sol is indeed a hard master within the tropics; from seven in the morning till half-past four during the hot season he has it all his own way. Europeans daily never look at the sun for nine long hours, but the perambulating poor natives must be pleased with him as they find him, and be content with thunder-storms, hailstones, clouds of dust, and whatever else of the out-door disagreeables of the season are experienced by them.

The hour of liberty has again returned, and the Europeans have escaped from obscurity, from their drawing-rooms, and their offices. The streets are thronged, the terraces and house-tops are cooled, and *Peripatetics* are there pacing to and fro as customary. Mussulmans are in ranks in compounds and on house-tops repeating their evening prayers, and hundreds of charioteers and equestrians are as usual hastening to the esplanade. Supreme-court judges have laid aside their storyed wigs, red and silk gowns, and ministers their surplices; bankers have secured their money-bags, merchants have forgotten their cares, the section writers of government their drudgery, and pensioned native princes have put on their diamonds; all these facts occur simultaneously an hour before the going down of the sun.

Calcutta, a city of bustle, noise, and confusion all day, is very quiet from sunset to sunrise, except when there is a native festival. In the dead hour of night, one so inclined may walk a long distance, and see only the chokeydars (watchmen) and scores of jackals; and the half-hourly call of the chokeydar, the occasional cries of the jackal, may only disturb the deep silence that, from ten in the evening till four in the morning pervades the streets, squares, and numberless compounds of the city.

In the hot season, the beasts of labour fall down exhausted and sometimes dead under their loads, jackals hide in the coolest part of the thicket, and the birds are perched in the darkest part of the wood. Then the frogs die for want of water, crows gasp for breath, ducks are in desperation, bheesties, or carriers of water, are toiled like galley-slaves, fever is often prevalent, uninterrupted sleep is a great blessing, disastrous fires are more frequent, and the sun is shunned by every living thing except alligators, adjutants (large birds), certain native devotees, and butterflies.—*Sketches of Calcutta.*

SAINTS AND HEROES.

"Nature recognises in mankind only two immense classes of substances and shadows."

We turn to consider the two classes into which the former species of immortal men, the substances subside themselves; namely, into saints and heroes.

The non-appreciation of the distinction between these gives rise to infinite dispute and misunderstanding. There is a large party of hero-worshippers, and a still greater one, for weakness is ever more abundant than strength, of saint-lovers; and these two are sworn enemies, who, in debating clubs, reviews, books, and society, carry on a war of extermination. It is not clearly seen that they are but the passive and the active one, of the same quality. Saintship is purely negative. It is the high-minded indomitable endurance of calamity; the bearing up against the ills and inconveniences of life; the schooling of the mind to dwell amid an age of wrong, and be tranquilly right at the same time. Let that be gilded by a firm trust in a higher future, and you have a saint; a man in his peculiar style, a substance, and one whose real substances also will ever live.

The hero is simply the positive of all this. He sees the wrong that exists, the falsehood, fraud, and injustice that runs riot here below; he sees that he must not be tainted with them, and, therefore, like the saint, he resolves not to be overcome by them. But he sees something higher than all this—something that, in his moments of strength, might reveal itself to the saint, but which he lacked the inner force to execute; he sees that it is just those evils that render earth and life the vast probationary battle that all great souls feel it to be; he sees that to trample those evils underfoot, is to accomplish the destiny of man; and he sees that as human ignorance, insincerity, and wickedness originate, so must human wisdom, sincerity, and virtue annihilate those evils. Seeing all this, he arises in rapt majesty, and strong in his intense earnestness, and in the conviction that God and nature do battle within, he sallies forth to grapple with the hydras of the earth. He knows that *he* cannot regenerate the world, that what he can accomplish will be but inconsiderable; that, in fact, he is on a chivalric forlorn-hope exploit. But he knows, also, that he can enact a true life which is something, and that before the city is stormed, the moat must be filled up with the dead bodies of the first assailants; and so he fights on, undismayed, unto his death. Such is the hero—the brightest form attainable by man; and when we stumble on an immortality such as his, we entwine ourselves around it with love, broad as the ocean, intense as the central fire, and with reverence and awe, second only to what we pay to the Great Father of heroes.

From this analysis, while it is seen how they are both developments of one greatness, it will also be perceived how naturally it occurs that there are the widest diversities in the estimate of notable men. The weak, tender, womanly temperament admires the saint, and depreciates the hero; the stern, uncompromising, high-striving spirit, on the other hand, cleaves impetuously to the hero, and scorns the saint. This is a want of catholicity in both. Channing could not in the least understand Napoleon; he seemed to him nothing more than a large robber, liar, and cut-throat. Fenelon he could understand, he could fuse his soul into Fenelon's, could love and reverence him; and by that which would have reconciled him to both these, was Channing deficient as a man. So, in the reviews of the late memorials of Charles Lamb, the distinction has been universally overlooked, and that saint-like cheerful man has been lauded as a hero. Admirable, noble, and negatively heroic was that self-devotion to his suffering sister—was that cheerful, yet, sorrowful mind of his, like bright figures painted on a gloomy ground. Yet, compare him with Cromwell, and you will see the difference—see that he was no hero, but a genuine, enduring saint. We have heard two persons dispute by the hour concerning the relative greatness of Luther and Melancthon. The men were not to be compared—their idiosyncrasies were diametrically opposite. Luther was the hero, Melancthon the saint of the Reformation. One can love the mild Melancthon, and admire the calm placidity wherewith he endeavoured, in a stormy and corrupt age, to realize for himself a quiet life of truth. But one cannot avoid feeling, with all our admiration, how, infinitely grander was the positive force of Luther's moral daring, how, had the world had none other than Melancthon at that time, the Reformation might have postponed itself indefinitely. Both were useful, both were perfect in their respective spheres. Luther did the deed, and fought the battle, and Melancthon was there for him to point to, as a living sample of how goodly a thing that reformed religion was for which he fought. In like manner, also, how many sympathize with the Lady Russell, when in widowed constancy, she mourned her slaughtered lord with prayerful piety, weeping herself blind for sorrow. But how few are so gifted as to sympathize to the full with the lovely maiden of Caen, who brooded over the horrors of the time, until an ancient valour, an ecstasy of republican heroism took possession of her, and she marched, solitary and unfriended, to the scene of blood, and in the resolute sternness of her just soul, slew the monster that was bringing shame on France, and then perished in her beauty, undismayed, upon the scaffold.

But let us not confine ourselves wholly to the dead. We too have now a saint and a hero among us, second to few in any preceding eras. We have Wordsworth and Carlyle; both feel the emptiness, the paltry huxtering spirit of the age, the joint triumph of cant and mammon. Wordsworth retires away from it, burys himself among the green valleys and isle dotted lakes of Westmoreland, preserves his own individuality from the taint, and bears tacitly with the world he shuns. He produces poems which, speaking to men's sensibilities and reason, create a little avoidance of the evil, and a little silent toleration, and that is no small matter to achieve. Carlyle, on the other hand, does not so retire, but plunges himself into the thick of human struggling, madness, misery, and crime; and, alone among his compeers, stands up like a resuscitated Isaiah, rolling out the awful warnings of his prophetic soul, exciting the deep and noble qualities into zealous action, denouncing the froth and insanity of our superficial life, ringing the alarm bell to a sleeping people!

By reason of advanced age, in the course of nature, it may not be that our philosophic poet-saint can long be with us; but we may, for many years to come, boast the possession, as a living breathing man, of our mighty prophet hero. God grant it!

The inexorable limits of space, and the admonitory voice of a fair editor, here warns us to check our rhapsodizing, and to conclude. We have glanced over our subject rapidly, but, we hope, intelligibly. If we have led a thinking reader or two to see with keener, kindlier eye, the different aspects which it assumes, it is well. If we have induced *one* earnest reader to rise in indignant resolve, and to determine to combat the social dragons that infest us, a great thing, one strange to popular periodicals, has been done. Saints we have. There is no lack of minds, who, quietly enough, are leading lives at variance with the age; if it were not so, the nation would collapse. The demand is now for the heroic quality, for men who will have the courage to do battle with society, and to carry truth into the very citadel of falsehood. Such men are always slow in coming; may they, however, come quickly now, for their work awaits them. In the meantime, for our enduring patient ones, we have ample room and employment, as, indeed, we have, in the best of times, for both saints and heroes.

J. S. S.

FACTS FROM THE COUNTY HISTORIES.

BY DUGDALE, THE YOUNGER.

BLAKEWAY'S SHERIFFS OF SHROPSHIRE.

CORBET OF CAUS.

THE western district of Shropshire, which borders on the three Welch counties of Denbigh, Montgomery, and Radnor, is connected with some of the most important passages in British history. First, as a portion of the country of the Silures, the most powerful and warlike nation of Celtic Britain, and whose chief, Caradoc, or Caractacus, immortalized by the pen of the Roman historian, Tacitus, was greater in defeat than many kings of a more civilized age have been in victory; next, as the debateable border land, through which the powerful Mercian king, Offa, carried a vast mound and dyke, to prevent the hostile incursions of the neighbouring Welch; and, lastly, known throughout the middle ages as the "Marches of Wales," was defended by a chain of border fortresses, held in fee by the Barons of the Conquest, and their descendants, but who, too often, made the tenure by which they held these fiefs, that of defence against the incursions of the Welch, the pretext to raise the standard of revolt against the reigning princes of Anjou and Plantagenet.

Added to this historic interest, it is a district of great and varied beauty, and, at the same time, of singular value to the geologist. It has hoar mountains and wide moorlands, vast patches of primitive forest-land, where still the peasant burns charcoal, though no longer for the great smelting furnaces of Merthyr Tydvil and Coalbrookdale, and where oaks still stand which had leaf and acorn in the summer of the Conquest. It has fine brooks, which, crossed by rustic bridges, and purling over slippery stones, Constable might paint, and quaint villages and monkish apple orchards, and primitive old churches, often with a pomp of mouldering effigies in stone, and dim old cloistered vestries, encircled by such picturesque old burial-grounds, as to show that our Saxon forefathers, who gave the allodial glebe, were likely progenitors of the Chaucer, the Shakspere, the Milton, of whom they were to be through their descendants the immortal fathers. Yet, strange to say, this country, so rich in material for both historian and antiquary, has no local history. With the single exception of what Mr. Hartshorne has so ably done within the last few years, in his "Salopia Antiqua," there has been no Dugdale, no Chauncy, no Whitaker, no Hoare, to garner up with reverend hands, from old manor rolls, old documents, old heralds' visitations, and more especially from tradition, good fame, and noble deeds; which, living awhile beyond the graves of men, should be preserved, if only to show what stuff we come of, and what a true thing and a right thing is this English heart of ours. As this is so, I will tell a sweet old story, simple but touching, like those ballads which children love to hear, and crones to sing.

The fifth year of King Henry the Second, 1158. Full midsummer it was, and early in the morning; the heavy rain, which had fallen on the previous night, was yet undried by the noonday's sun, and lay in twinkling drops upon the boughs, and on the fern and grass of a wide hilly forest-path. A little rivulet of water, usually shallow during the great heats of summer, was now swollen by the rain, and chafing amidst lichen-covered stones, and the dry roots of the thirsty trees, helped to enrich the music of the waving leaves, the rustle of the fern, and the notes of the ring-dove and the throstle. This way, so cool and shaded, widened as it descended towards a broad plain, and partly encircled an extensive Mere, into which this brook, and others, of the forest fell. Within a bow-shot of the Mere, the trees, less thick than higher up the glade, admitted broad patches of sunlight to fall upon the sward, and these continued out upon the surface of the pool, formed a broad pathway of light, which stretched away into the dim sylvan shadows of the far shore. A group of horsemen, who had ridden leisurely for some miles through the woodland, now halted for a few moments on this spot, to enjoy the exquisite beauty of the scene, and the warmth of the sun, so pleasant after their way in the coolness of the shade. The chief men of this little company were ecclesiastics of the higher order; the rest their attendants. He who was stateliest in mien, and rode a few paces foremost, was the Lord Abbot of the Benedictine monastery of St. Peter's, in Shrewsbury, and who now took this unusual journey (for one of his rank) to give nuptial benediction at the marriage of Robert Corbet, whose ancestors had bestowed fair lands and tithes upon his Benedictine abbey of St. Peter.

"The blessing of heaven seems on this marriage-day," said the Abbot, turning to his Prior, and pointing, as he spoke, to the Mere before them, bathed in sunlight, and beyond to the craggy height on which, in feudal grandeur, uprose the proud strong-hold of the Norman Corbet, the castle of Caus. "The very sun shines out winsomely, St. Peter be praised. But hark! there comes a sound down wind; the baying of the hounds, too! Ah! ah! country franklins say, that the old forest oaks of Hays still hide a warrantable stag, and *that* note knells a tune to smoking platters!"

As if roused by the sylvan sound, which now rung loud and far, the Abbot jerked his rein, and the party proceeded onward, at as quick a pace as the declivity of the rough forest-path would admit. A turning amidst the trees, now scattered thinly on the broad shore of the Mere, brought immediately before them a man who, habited as a Palmer, seemed wending on the same path as the Abbot and his retinue. In a few minutes the Abbot's mule paced at his side.

"And hast thou seen the Blessed Land, and dwelt by the brook of Hebron?" asked the Abbot, crossing himself and addressing the Pilgrim; "if thou hast, thou art thrice blessed, and rest shall come unto thy weary feet. Peace be with thee! This is a day of marriage feasting; hie thee on; for the Norman Corbet will not lack in the gift of the platter and the cup to one so weary laden. Farewell; we may meet again."

The Abbot proceeded, and the wayfarer slowly followed. They were now upon the broad road which formed this shore of the pool, and it was evident that all within the barony of Caus, Norman franklin and Saxon churl, with many of high degree from remoter distances, were thus on their way to pay homage and drink wassail upon this high tide, graced by a Lord Abbot; and if broad rumour along the country side said true, by one more potent still. For now, along this road, passed gleemen and jugglers, tenants carrying their service in kind, to help the marriage feast, high Normans, and staid franklins of the towns. Among these many groups of wayfarers, more or less jocund, or revelling in the glory of the morn, was one which attracted much respectful observance. Within a coarse litter, made of the interlaced withes of the mountain-ash, borne between two rough ponies, of a breed peculiar to the neighbouring hills of Montgomery, sat a lady, whose falling kerchief, or wimple, would not permit a view of her face, though her holiday kirtle of scarlet, and under-gown of white, the number of her attendants, and the careful eye of one who rode beside her, not only bespoke the purpose of her journey, but her rank, which might be sister or daughter to some Norman baron. Her companion was a man far stricken in years, whose short Anjou cloak and shaven head attested, as well as his lineage, his predilection to Norman customs. The Lord Abbot had passed this group some hundred yards or more, when the baying of the hounds, which had for a while ceased, was heard again, nearer and nearer, till, from an upland height of the forest, the stag rushed forth to view—a warrantable stag, as the Lord Abbot had prophesied. Clearing the bracken, it passed downward to the Mere, followed by the deer-hounds and two hunters.

whose horses were as fleet as the hounds themselves. The stag had already been stricken by an arrow, but it pressed on, and plunging at one bound into the clear sun-lit water of the Mere, made way to a little island which parted its channel. Gaining the islet's wooded bank, it turned to bay; and, in spite of the courage of the hounds, who had followed in its wake, flung them back at each approach with its raking antlers.

In the meanwhile, the Lord Abbot and his retinue stood watchers on the banks of the Mere; whilst he who had ridden by the litter had dismounted, and hurried onward to the nearest point of view. At this instant, the hunters gaining the shore, one leapt from the saddle, and loudly cheering the hounds with the cry of "hold them," tightened the leathern-girth which held his hunting-knife, and throwing his heron-plumed cap upon the turfed bank, leapt at a bound into the swiftest eddy of the stream. But, as the swimmer breasted the waters with a powerful arm, the wounded stag, goaded by the fiercest hound upon his flank, again bounded into the current, and pursuing rather than defending, neared the shore with a swiftness which brought the swimmer, now seeking his own safety in precipitous retreat, within a few yards of its sweeping antlers. Thus at the mercy of the stag, the fate of the hunter seemed certain, when, in an instant, the knife was drawn from his girth by a preserving hand which had come to his aid, and plunged to its haft in the throat of the stag. So powerfully was this done, as to make, in an instant, the blood spout out from the wound like a spring, and dye, in a widening circle, the pure swift waters of the Mere. Once only did the stag, after this blow, struck home, raise itself up in the shallows of the pool; once only did it turn a wistful eye to the green uplands; once only were the royal antlers raised aloft, as if to catch the wind; and then with the forelegs extended, the head rising and falling alternately for an instant, and a quivering of the sinking frame, the limbs grew powerless, and the dun carcass floated dead down the current of the Mere. The hunter gained the shore, his preserver being already on the green bank, pressing the water from his own dripping garments.

"It is the Palmer who has saved thy life," said the Abbot, pressing forward as the foremost of the anxious spectators; "methinks he shows a rare skill in the woodman's craft not learnt in southern climes."

He who was saved looked round, and beheld the Palmer, now seated upon the green turf of the bank, neither asking boon, nor craving notice. The abbot and the huntsman approached him, but the latter seeming to make a sudden recognition—the talk was whispered.

"But one boon," said the Palmer, after a brief discourse; "that thou whose life I have just saved, will, over the marriage cup, ask if Sibilla de Lucie, yon Norman lady, hath proof, and holds faith to an ancient troth; if so, heaven will give recompense enough."

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The castle of Caus was the strongest fortress on the western frontier. Anciently a British stronghold, it was the keep of the Norman, Robert Corbet, third in descent from the Hugh de Corbet, who came with William to the Norman invasion. This fortress had been one of the few saved from the general demolition of these border castles, which Henry, during his first successes against Stephen, had had the policy to level to the ground. It had been built upon an insulated crag, rising abruptly from a deep ravine on one side, and sloping to a broad valley on the other, and its keep-mount, singularly steep and towering, was ascended by steps.

High noon was come, and in the upper chamber of the keep the marriage feast was held, for the rites of the church were over, and the Norman Corbet and his bride were one. The Abbot had done ample justice to the rare skill of the cooks, and not only hinted that the buttery of Shrewsbury monastery would be the richer for such a haunch as had smoked upon the board, but whispered to his Prior, that cooks had right of easy absolution, seeing that there was one enticing and intermediate step between fasting and eating—and that was tasting.

The dais was crowded with guests—the huntsman of the morning, the ecclesiastics, the bride and bridegroom, and Normans without number.

The bridegroom rose and took the cup the Abbot held.

"Men, be witness unto me," he said, with a loud voice, "that I, Robert, son of William, have not wedded this day for unholy purpose, or to take unlawfully unto my heirs, that may be, this rich barony, given unto me in charge twelve years ago, by Thomas, my brother, son of William, when he departed for the HOLY CITY; but now believing that Heaven must have received his soul, I would fain perpetuate his name by raising up heirs for fifteen manors held in fee of Earl Roger, at the Conquest, and now *in capite* of the king. *I crave, therefore, the best blessing which man can give.*"

"That of a BROTHER," said the Palmer, pressing forward, "that of Thomas, son of William. See, I am he! our fathers were one."

They fell upon each other's neck, and wept rare tears; rare, because such were unmingled with distrust, or selfishness, or guile.

"Take all back, Thomas," wept Robert; "glebe, and land, and tithes, fee and tenant dues; Robert is richer in a brother, than if his Barony were spread o'er Powisland."

"Nay, Robert, by our father's dust, thou rose this morning, believing thou wast lord of Caus; the sun shall sink this evening, and leave thee truly lord. The Corbet has Wattlesborough; and the Norman has a sword."

"And Henry of Anjou can give," said the hunter, moving forward to the festal board. "I am he, YOUR KING, whose life a Corbet saved this morn. But hold! let Sibilla de Lucie, say if she still holds troth and plight?"

"Most faithfully," spoke the Norman lady, with a feeling which touched greatly many hearts. "Thomas, Thomas! here's proof—the golden cross which we parted by the Severn's brink—I vowed Thomas, and *I am* true!"

She moved forward and knelt down before the Pilgrim. Though youth had fled, like the first blush from off the flower, the heart of this sweet Norman lady sprang again into the fulness of its summer, at this uprising of her long-set sun.

"By St. Winifrede's holiness" said the king, vowing his vow aloud in Norman French, "you my Lord Abbot shall do a second duty this eve; and if there be wine of Provence or Burgundy within the barony, cheerily shall it grace the cup. What ho! my Lord of Marmion—witness what we say."

This tradition of the happy brothers still lingers amidst the hills and forest land of western Shropshire; and where the honour of a brave and fine old English name is yet worthily upheld by the lineal descendants of the Norman Corbet.

OPPRESSION.—In contests between man and man, cunning may be defeated by cunning, and force may be repelled by force. But oppression under the colour of justice is always more formidable from the arts which are used to disguise its malignity. It exasperates the restless, and disheartens the obedient; it leaves men of almost every condition helpless and hopeless; it accustoms them to look upon their best securities as perverted into instruments for the worst purposes by those who can be, and who ought to be, the best protectors of their social interests and social rights; it compels them to exchange love for hatred, confidence for distrust, and submission for resistance.

SUMMER WILD FLOWERS.

Gentle reader, without presuming you to be a botanist in the scientific acceptation of the word, have you never gone to the fields as far away from houses and gardens as possible, and gathered for yourself some of the "cultureless buds" of nature? If you have not, we can assure you that there is an exquisite pleasure in such an excursion.

A botanist should be a good walker. We remember a northern professor of the science once sending a party of students to a range of mountains, about eight miles in extent, in search of a plant which was rarely met with in the locality, and without saying on what part of the range the plant would be found. The party, with one exception, returned at night, after fruitless search, wearied enough with their day's work. One, however, more enthusiastic and more determined than his companions, remained and slept in the heather all night. In the morning he resumed his search, and was successful; and *he* said, the professor "is worthy of being a botanist." We do not carry our enthusiasm so far, and content ourselves with the reader's company in day walking, and give the heather-bed to those who may fancy it. Let us trust that *our* excursion may be both interesting and instructive.

The warmth of the preceding month renders July a period when flowers of any hue and shape are plentiful. At every step of our journey, the blue flowers of different shades of the common speedwell (the plant does look as if uttering a blessing upon us) meets the eye. There are nineteen different species of the speedwell indigenous to this country, some very rare, but others as plentiful as can be desired. Some grow in pools and running brooks, while others love the shade of woods or the dry sand of hills. One species is never done flowering through both the summer and the winter, and often may its little blossom be seen hermetically sealed in ice. In the centre of the flower bud, there exists a white ring, and from the brightness of the colours together, may have suggested to the poet the lines upon this plant:—

> "Or caught from Eve's dejected eye,
> The first repentant tear."

Here, in this field from which the rye has just been carried, is a pansy or heart's-ease. Who, to look at this small plant, with its blue, yellow, and white flower, would suppose it the origin of the beautiful ornaments of our garden, which bear the same name; yet such is the fact, if the seeds are sown in a light loamy soil, a hundred different coloured and larger flowers will be obtained next year. The pansy is equally variable as to its duration; it may live only one year, as is usual with what are strictly annual flowers, or it may extend over a series of years; perhaps the effect of accident. In this field you may also see the remains of that pest to agriculturists, the common mustard or charlock. Its yellow flowers cast even the corn of that next field into the shade. Gay as it looks, it is a vile weed. Beside it, is the handsomest of all our wild flowers, the corn-cockle, with its beautiful pink blossoms striped with a darker shade, and the segments of its calyx or cup, which supports the flower high above the blossoms. The plant is very graceful, and, though not loved by the agriculturist, too beautiful for us to say a word against it. In this stagnant pool of water is the water-plantain, with its rose-coloured flowers, on a long stem, and looking so graceful and cool. The not very inviting looking yellow flower is the iris, or fleur-de-lis; it possesses a large root, almost lying horizontal, and a piece of it held between the teeth, is said to cure the tooth-ache. It is very acrid, is used for making ink, and we suspect its chief virtue consists in its acrid quality, which, causing the saliva to flow, may cool the mouth. In this adjoining thicket, it is very likely we shall find another species, with smaller and purple flowers. It has a very English name, the "roast-beef" plant, from a fancied resemblance to the smell of our national dish, which is emitted from the bruised leaves. He must have been a very hungry man who discovered it. Growing by the side of the pool is the myosotis, or forget-me-not, the emblem of friendship, and something more throughout Europe. There are six other species common to this country, which go by the more homely soubriquet of "mouse-ear," a contrast to the extra sentiment of "forget-me-not." The plant, properly so called, is always found near pools of this kind, although every myosotis found by the roadside gets the name. Its flowers are larger, the leaves fresh-looking, and shining, not hairy, as in most of the other species. We have only alluded to it for the benefit of those inclined to sentiment, that they may not make a mistake in bestowing such a favour on their friends, as the "forget-me-not" is too famous in verse for us to bestow upon it more glory.

Along this hedge-row we shall find some of the trailing and climbing plants; and let me point out the difference between climbing and trailing. This light green-looking plant is the black brier; the flowers are about the same colour as the leaves, and are succeeded by a red berry. Near to each leaf you will see a thread-like appendage, called a tendril, and it has taken hold of a branch of the thorn-hedge, thus supporting the plant and enabling it to push the branch still higher up the hedge. Near to it is the nightshade, with its dark purple flowers and yellow streamers. This is a trailing plant, as it has no tendrils, and no hold of the hedge, except the support it derives from the closeness of the latter. The nightshade belongs to the same genus of plants as the potatoe, the flowers of both being very much alike. The berry of the nightshade is now green, but will soon assume the more gay and attractive colour of red. It is a deadly poison, and mothers cannot be too careful with whom they trust their children in their walks during the autumn. We have often warned servants of the danger, on seeing their little charges plucking the dangerous and beautiful berry. Its effect is to cause most excruciating pains, and ultimate death, if an antidote is not speedily applied. The cup-shaped large white flower is called the convolvulus, or bindweed, and sometimes "heave-bine." Though not furnished with tendrils, it twines itself round any stem that it can reach, and is altogether a most elegant plant. From the roots spreading very rapidly, it is not much of a favourite with gardeners, as it is apt to climb upon and choke, as the phrase is, more precious plants. The honeysuckle you will see also in this hedge. Its fragrant blossoms are now in perfection, although they have long flowered in gardens and on walls:—

> "And honeysuckle loves to crawl
> Up the lone way and ruined wall,"

says the poet; and we may say it is always a welcome sight in an English hedge-row.

What a field for botanical research the rows we have passed would afford. Here are nineteen distinct species, indigenous to Great Britain, besides innumerable varieties. It would require a whole paper to give even the leading characteristics of each. Near the end of that long branch of the commmon dog-rose is a curious monstrosity, in the shape of a tuft of moss, instead of a new shoot. It is one of those freaks of nature, in which she delights occasionally to indulge. The whole rose tribe of plants are so liable to vary with soil and climate, that their study is one of great difficulty.

At this season of the year our fields, pastures, and chalk-pits are ornamented with a most beautiful and interesting tribe of plants, the orchidaceous. The variety of form and colour which they exhibit are so singular, as to have rendered them general favourites, the tropical orchids being the mania of the day. The orchis plants are common in Kent, Suffolk, Surrey, and Middlesex, and, indeed, spread over the entire country. In most

instances they take their specific names from a resemblance, more or less close, to animals. Thus we have the monkey-orchis, the bee-orchis, the lizard-orchis, the butterfly-orchis, the man-orchis, and many others. The forms in many are almost ludicrously like, and they will amply repay the trouble of finding and examining.

Thus we have given the reader the benefit of a day's ramble amongst the fields, in search of wild flowers. The interest we feel in, and the pleasure we have derived from the study of flowers, we should like to communicate to others, to teach them how

"————the well directed sight
Brings in each flower an universe to light."

MY LAUNDRESS.

(*Concluded from page* 174.)

Mrs. Green's household was quiet, and suited my habits very well. I seldom saw her husband or her son; the former was a precise-looking, somewhat obsequious old man; the latter, a good-looking, well-dressed, but awkward, and rather surly behaved young one. I was not anxious to cultivate acquaintance with either, but we always exchanged a word if we met by chance on the stairs. Mrs. Wallis I saw occasionally; and Charley, very often, apparently much to our mutual satisfaction. The boy was, as I said before, engaging, lively, and very well-behaved. One more unlike the generality of those cunning, precocious, impudent little beings that Dickens has called *town-made children*, cannot be well imagined. Clever, without precocity of intellect; shrewd, without cunning; ingenuous, without rudeness or impertinence; above all, full of the strongest love for his mother, and with a great liking for every body else in the house. Charley was a general favourite. Within a fortnight after my domestication in Bartlett's Buildings, I had made Charley a present of a humming-top, and a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," with pictures. Moreover, I was engaged in showing him the best way of spinning his top, on the landing-place, outside my door, one evening, when happening to raise my eye for a moment, I saw Mrs. Wallis on the stairs above, peeping over the banisters, watching her boy with a face of delight. We exchanged an involuntary smile, unobserved by the child, who was absorbed in the management of his new toy.

One morning, when little Charley brought me my newspaper, at breakfast-time, which he generally did before he set off to school, he brought in his "Robinson Crusoe," to show me the picture of Robinson hollowing out the trunk of the cotton-tree, to make a boat, in which he intended to escape from the island. Thereupon a conversation ensued.

"Do you know, Sir, I do not think I could have worked all those years as Robinson did, to make that boat. Mother read all about it to me last night. She says, that many men have worked a much longer time than that, to get something they very much wanted to get, and have not given up trying. I think I should get *so* tired."

"Yes! you would get tired, Charley, I dare say; but getting tired and giving up trying, are two very different things. The strongest and most persevering men get tired sometimes, and quite down-hearted for a little. You must not fancy that their work is all easy and plain-sailing to them; on the contrary, they know very well what it is to be weary, and to be tempted to leave off trying to do their duty when obstacles come in their way, just as you sometimes feel tempted, I dare say, to fling your lesson away after you have tried hard to learn it, and could not succeed. Now, here is the difference between the really good, industrious, and strong-hearted man and boy, and the mere half-good, half-idle, and really weak man and boy; the former *resist* the temptations to leave off trying to do right; they fight against them with might and main, and generally overcome them; while the latter do not resist the temptations manfully, and do not overcome them. It is not an easy thing to be always a good and industrious boy, Charley."

"No, Sir! So mother says. I want to tell you something, if you please, Sir," added he, approaching me.

"Well, what is it?" inquired I, patting his head encouragingly.

"Why, Sir—but you wo'nt laugh at me, will you?" he asked, and looked up in my face, very searchingly, with his honest blue eyes. I knew well enough how a jest at a child's earnest thought burns into the young heart, and I soon assured the boy that I never should laugh at anything serious he told me."

"Well, then, Sir, I want to be a great scholar, like you. I want to be learned, because mother says it is good; and she would be so glad if I was to be a very clever man, some day. But, besides this, I want to make haste and earn money, as fast as ever I can, because I want mother to leave off working. But if I go out as errand-boy, and earn a little money, I shall have no time to go to school, and I shall not like that at all, nor more will mother. Can you tell me, Sir, what I ought to do?

"Why, how much money would such a little fellow as you get, if you went out as an errand-boy?" I asked, much interested in the child's difficulty, and charmed with his honest confiding manner.

"Two shillings, at least; that is what Mr. Smith, the bookseller, says he will give me."

"Very well, Charley. Now, then, how would you like to be my errand-boy, and take my letters to the post, and carry my bag to and from Lincoln's-Inn every day. I will give you two shilings a week. I shall not want you in school-time, at all, so that you can go on with your learning all the same; but I shall want you to be up early in the morning, to do several little things for me, and to come to me between the school-times, and again in the evening. How will you like that, Charley?"

He was radiant with pleasure, and expressed his satisfaction with all the touching semi-articulate eloquence of a child. I sent him away then, as I was obliged to go out, and told him to consult his mother, and let me know what she thought about the matter on the following morning. The result was satisfactory to all parties.

Several times during the day I recollected little Charley's desire to be a scholar; and it seemed to me a pity that he should not have the advantage of an education, superior to that which his poor hard-working mother could procure for him. On the impulse of the moment, I wrote to my uncle, who was a governor of Christ's Hospital, and asked him if he would give me his next presentation for this child. By singular good luck, my uncle had a presentation for that very year which he had not yet promised to any one, and being satisfied with the steadiness of my present working-fit, he gave it me very graciously at once. I did not mention the circumstance immediately, but allowed Charley to remain as my errand-boy for several weeks, that I might ascertain whether his abilities would justify the hope that he would distinguish himself in a classical school. It did not take long to satisfy me that Charley might, if circumstances permitted, become a Grecian, at Christ's, and perhaps take high university honours. However, I was wise enough to say nothing concerning these expectations, when I invited Mrs. Green into my study one evening, and told her what I had been able to do for little Charley. I felt disinclined to address Mrs. Wallis herself directly on the subject, and requested Mrs. Green to ask her, whether she would like to have the boy placed at Christ's.

"Like to have Charley in the Bluecoat School! Lord, Sir! What a question! In course she would. Why, it was only last week she was a saying to me, what a blessing it would be if she could get better schooling for Charley.

Oh dear, dear! How very kind you are, Sir, to think of a poor widow and her orphan, in this way, especially after what I told you about the father's end. It is not every gentleman as would do the like."

"Why, Mrs. Green, it seems to me, that it is precisely such people as Mrs. Wallis—people who have lost the respect of the world for no fault of their own, who stand most in need of the sympathy and kindness of such people as you and I, who can manage to spare a thought from our own affairs."

"Perhaps we are the more inclined to help Mrs. Wallis because she tries so hard to help herself," said Mrs. Green; "and because those who ought to help her take no notice of her. She's got rich relations, I know."

I confess that I felt very curious concerning Mrs. Wallis's relations, but I made no inquiry; and Mrs. Green and I parted better friends than ever.

That same night, I heard Mrs. Wallis's gentle tap at my door. "Come in," I said, mechanically. She opened the door, and brought in a small basket of clean linen, which she carried through into my bed-room, while I, after a hurried "good evening, Mrs. Wallis," appeared absorbed in my book. On her return, after closing the bed-room door, she walked with her usual quiet decision up to my table, and waited till I should look up. Now, I did not look up immediately. It was an affectation of absorption in the volume before me. I knew nothing of what was printed there; the letters danced before my eyes, encircled by prismatic colours; the one piece of knowledge that held possession of me at that moment, was, that Mrs. Wallis was standing near me, that she was looking at me; that, in another minute, I should be obliged to raise my eyes; that she would speak to me; that she would thank me for what I had done for her child. Why did I feel that strange union of embarrassment and pleasure? Why did I strive so hard to look calm, as I at length said, coldly, "Do you wish to speak to me?"

"I have come to thank you, Mr. S——. I do not wish to interrupt you, but I could not let this night pass without telling you I am grateful."

"You do not interrupt," I said, in a composed and collected tone; "I am very glad to be of any use to Charley; he is a good boy, and will live to be a blessing to you."

Tears came into the mother's eyes; she turned them on me, and all my stoicism melted away beneath that glance. My face glowed—I trembled—my heart seemed to leap up into my throat; in vain I tried to say a few words. The poor widow seemed to pity my emotion, which she probably mistook for the awkwardness of a student. "You are very good, Sir," she said; "may God bless you, as you deserve." And she held out her hand to me with graceful cordiality. A feeling of faintness gradually overspread my frame, and I could not take the proffered hand. I saw all things without looking; I saw the pain and pride of the gesture with which she withdrew her hand; I saw the faint colour which overspread the melancholy forehead; I saw her turn away, and walk slowly to the door; I saw her pause there, and look round at me again; more I saw not, for the faintness had entirely mastered me.

When I began to recover consciousness, I was lying on a bed—was it night?—was I ill? I heard soft sounds in the room. I opened my eyes a little, but with no desire of seeing much. There was a lamp burning on a table beside the bed, and my kind little landlady sat there mixing something in a tumbler. She spoke in a whisper to some one whom I did not see; that whisper seemed very loud, and all my senses were thronging back upon me with extraordinary force.

"Poor dear!" said Mrs. Green, "that's what comes of over-studying. I dare say he's had no dinner to-day. Forgot all about it. He just thinks of nothing but them everlasting books. There he sits half the night,—read, read, read. I've no patience with it!—a injuring his health! When he first came here, three months ago, he was a fine, hearty young man enough; now he won't stir from the house, except to go and shut himself up in them horrid close chambers; then he comes home, and pores over them horrid books, and never takes nothing nourishing, only that strong coffee, as eats him up with fever and nervousness. I wonder what his poor mother would say, if she knew that this great tall son of her's had fallen down in a dead faint to-night, from over-study and want of nourishment. Just fancy, if it was my William! There, I forgot the sugar after all!" And the good little woman tript briskly, but gently, out of the room.

I had now fully recovered my senses, and on opening my eyes they encountered those of Mrs. Wallis, fixed on me with the most earnest pity and tenderness. The sight of her recalled the little circumstance which preceded my illness; and now *I knew*, as I looked into those eyes, what this great event was that had happened to my soul. I looked at her fixedly—perhaps wildly—for she bent down closer, and said, gravely and softly, as to an irritable child, "you must not excite yourself;" and raising her hands, she put back the hair from both sides of my forehead.

I drank the restorative Mrs. Green gave me, and after a little while I got up, declared that I was better, and should be quite well in the morning. They left me; but instead of going to bed, as I had promised, I flung myself in a chair by the open window, to take a survey of my present condition.

To disguise from myself the fact that I loved this poor widow of an executed felon, was impossible. I had had a vague presentiment of this before I had seen her three times. I had had passing fancies, *love likings*, earlier in life, but they had never seized on my whole being. I felt that I was now no longer master of myself; that if I followed the impulse of nature within me, I should become her slave; that to secure her smile, her love, I could do all, and yield all, that man can do or yield. Now, then, came the struggle for mastery within me. Which was to conquer,—passion, or a sense of duty?

Passion spoke with its brilliant, specious selfishness. With throbbing pulses, I listened to its promptings long. At last, a higher and a purer voice spoke within me. "Selfish, even in that which thou callest thy love! Because thou art ill at ease, and this woman hath a charm to soothe thee, and to make thee glad, thou wilt disturb her tranquil life, and take her from her child, and a round of daily duty, and a quiet conscience, to minister to thee, as long as thou shalt have need of her. Oh, blind and hard of heart! Awake! see! Why dost thou love this woman? why canst thou not set thy thoughts free from her?" I asked myself these questions fiercely.

At last, the evil spirit of pride was weakened by a suffering more acute and violent than any which had ever yet assailed my mind, and became powerless within me; and I prayed for help, not to obtain the desire of my heart, but for an upright mind, to do that which was right.

That night, strange as it may seem, I slept soundly. I awoke late next morning, but thoroughly refreshed, and contented with myself, because I had a good intention in my heart.

While I was at breakfast, Mrs. Green came in to inquire after my health, and to read me a lecture upon the wickedness of going without a proper dinner every day, and reading large books in the evening.

I said, "Thank you, Mrs. Green. If it will satisfy you, I will dine at home to-day, and you shall let me have just what you please. Where is Charley? Gone to school, I hope."

"Why, no, Sir. The strangest thing has happened this morning. Mrs. Wallis has gone out, dressed quite genteel, and has taken Charley with her, and his new straw hat, and clean blouse; and very nice he looked.

You'll never repent your kindness to that child, Sir. Mark my words! He'll be a credit to you, and to every one belonging to him."

"Is it a very strange thing that Mrs. Wallis should take her boy out?"

"Why, yes, Sir. It is rather strange to see a poor widow woman that works hard from one year's end to another, and never has a soul come to see her, go out one fine day, dressed quite respectable; to be sure it's only her old black silk gown which she had when she first came here."

"But did she not tell you where she was going?" I asked eagerly, being quite unable to let Mrs. Green go on in her usual way.

"No, Sir, she did not," replied the little woman, with marked displeasure. "She merely said, she was going to an old friend; and hoped I should not want her; and begged I would ask you to do without Charley till the evening."

"Which way did she go? How far was she going?" I inquired, in a tone of apparent indifference.

"She took care that nobody here should know; for when my William offered to see her safely to the place she was going to, she said, 'No thank you; I'm going out of town,' quite short. I do not like mysteries and underhand ways myself," said Mrs. Green. "I think she might have told me."

"Why, perhaps she could not do so. I suspect Mrs. Wallis has good reason for what she does. She would not conceal anything from so good a friend as you without a motive."

"No, that is true," said the good-natured woman. "But, I should very much like to know where she has gone, for all that."

"Will it do as well if I tell you where I am going to-day?" asked I, laughing. "I am not going to business. I am going to give myself a holiday, and mean to go down to see some friends at Richmond."

"Now, that is good news. I wish you would give yourself a holiday a little oftener, Sir. It's what I and Mrs. Wallis say very often. You're doing yourself harm with all this law studying. Now, Mrs. Wallis and me don't agree quite in our *mottoes* about work. She says, 'better to wear out, than to rust out.' I say, 'all work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.' However, here I stand gossiping, Sir, and Green will be waiting for me. Shall I say dinner at six this evening."

"Suppose you defer this dinner till to-morrow, as I may not be home till late."

"Ah! there it is again. I know you'll be wandering about among the trees and fields without any dinner; and we shall have you come home again, and faint away, and frighten poor Mrs. Wallis half out of her senses again, and give me such a turn."

"Indeed, I will do nothing of the kind, I assure you. Thank you; yes; I must have that coat brushed."

"Good morning, Sir, and a pleasant day to you."

Reader! bear with me while I dwell upon that day, the most eventful of my life. I had arisen refreshed, vigorous, and with a delicious lightness and warmth about my heart. I did not return to the self-examination of the previous night. I no longer asked *why* I loved; or, what would come of it. I only knew that I loved; and that such love as I felt could be called forth by no unworthy object. I did not then speculate concerning the requital of my affection; I was content with the consciousness that I loved. Oh! that pure golden light, in which my soul bathed itself, and became strong and happy!

"'Twas a light that ne'er shall shine again
On life's dull stream."

This was no youthful effervescence. I had entered upon that portion of man's life, when all the passions and faculties of his nature have the greatest power for good or for evil. I was twenty-eight years old. Never having loved until now, it seemed that all my power of loving had been pent up hitherto, only to burst forth more vehemently now. I formed no plan of action; I was "only too happy in my happiness," and loathing all thoughts of business, I was eager to escape from the turmoil of the town, and pass away the day in one long dream of this woman, whose simple harmony of being, whose meek nobility in degradation, had insensibly stirred the depth of my heart, and called me imperatively from myself to her. I had a vague feeling that I should come to some resolution before the day was over. I had reason to be confident in my own firmness of will; and having determined to do that which should appear to me to be right, I was not anxious to hasten to a conclusion, but lingered willingly over the joyousness which filled my heart. Why was I glad?—Because I loved. Oh! love while you can! Sad, most sad, is the earthly lot of those who cannot attain this first step towards Heaven. I have often wondered since at the elation of my spirit on that morning,—no doubts, or fears, or misgivings; if I had been assured of her love, I could not have been happier. All things were well with me. The slow, common-place stage on which I rode to Richmond, was a triumphal car that bore me to paradise.

Six happy hours did I spend in wandering about the beautiful park at Richmond. Come what may hereafter, the remembrance of that day, when my emancipated soul first looked steadily into the truth, can never be effaced from my memory.

I went into the town at last, and mindful of Mrs. Green's motherly injunctions, I ordered a substantial dinner. It was served in a pleasant room, overlooking the road and the river. When I had finished, I stood at the window watching the minutest circumstance with pleasure.

Soon after, I went to the park for another hour, before my return to that obscure nook of the great brick wilderness which was now indeed my home, for it contained the angel that had opened to me the gates of heaven—the woman that I loved. I lay on the grass beneath the shade of a wide spreading oak, while the rich glow of sun-set flooded the scene before me with a light and warmth, which was a faint reflex of that within my breast. Presently, I watched a huge mass of black, gold-edged clouds, which began to roll up slowly from the horizon. It broke the harmony within and around me. Who shall explain the mystery of that sympathy which subsists between nature and man?

At that moment an open carriage approached slowly, on the near road. I was hidden by the deep shadow of the over-hanging boughs. By one of those strange, inscrutable impulses which urge us on to the fulfilment of our destiny, I started from the ground, and stood up to see it go by. Scores of carriages had passed by me before, and I had never raised my head to glance at them. What made me stand up and wait for this one, as if it had been appointed that I should meet it there? I will leave that question to be answered by philosophers. As it drove slowly by, I obtained a full view of the persons within. They were a remarkably handsome-looking military man, a lady dressed in black, and on the front seat a little bright-faced boy in a straw hat; the gentleman was wrapping a shawl about the lady with an affectionate protecting air, who smiled; and as the hand passed near her face, she touched it with her lips. The woman who kissed that man's hand, and suffered his arm to linger round her, was Mrs. Wallis.

Slowly the carriage went on, and I stood there, under the tree, gazing after it. How long I remained I know not. A vivid flash of lightning, immediately followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, roused me at length from the stupor on which my senses were plunged, and I perceived that the black mass of clouds had overspread the sky. Through the storm I walked slowly to town.

I could not have gone in a carriage. The motion, the free air, the rain, the thunder, the fatigue seemed necessary to me.

Wearied and heart-broken, I reached Bartlett's Buildings. It was long before I could summon courage to enter the house. Its charm was gone. She whom I loved, was now certainly far away. Perhaps she would never live there again, perhaps I should never see her again. And this was to be the brief history of that love which I had, in fancy, spread over all my future years. This was all. It sprung to maturity, and was crushed to death within twenty-four hours. My faith, yet so young, began to waver, and I murmured, "Why was I born for this? why tortured by awaking from indifference, to be dashed into the fire of despair? And never to see her again—never to be able to tell her of my deep and reverential devotion. It seemed to me that if I could see her again, and tell her of what was in my heart, I could bear that she should be happy with another, because I knew that she would not be indifferent to my emotion; she was too noble, too kind, not to hear me patiently, and perhaps to console me with words of sympathy and pity. Yes; I must see her again, at any cost. Good Mrs. Green would certainly hear of this change in her position, and would learn where she was very soon.

Having determined to see her again, and to make known my love, my mind was calmed by the resolution. I took out my key and entered the house. I lighted my candle at the lamp in the hall, and crept noiselessly upstairs, for it was very late, and I feared to disturb my good landlady and her family. On opening the door of my apartment, I was astonished to see a light burning on the table, and on advancing into the room, I was suddenly arrested by the sight of Mrs. Wallis, reclining on my sofa, in a deep sleep. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I approached her. She looked beautiful in her sleep, and an unwonted smile rested on her mouth. The sight of her seemed to soothe and raise my soul, as it always did. Her whole life of sorrow and toil seemed to pass before me. Yes, life could no longer be a blank to me. It was something to know that I had the power of loving such a woman. While I stood a few paces off, looking at her, she woke.

As soon as she saw me, she started up with a slight blush, and a somewhat confused manner. I could not speak. I was always tongue-tied with her. She recovered her self-possession very soon, and said,—

"Mrs. Green was not well to-night; and, as she thought you had not your key, I offered to sit up for you. I have performed my watching very badly you see, but I have been out in the air all day, and it has made me sleepy."

I shivered involuntarily at the recollection of what I saw in Richmond Park. She observed it, and said, with unusual animation,

"You have been walking through this dreadful storm; you are wet, and this exposure may be dangerous, in your delicate state of health. Remember how ill you were last night; you look almost as excited now as you did then; you must, indeed, be careful of yourself. I will make a fire here, immediately; and you must warm yourself thoroughly before going to bed." And she approached the grate.

I stopped her; and, holding her arm, looked steadfastly in her face, while I said, "*You* make a fire for me?—*you* wait on me, like a menial? I saw you to day in your true position. You drove by me in Richmond Park, in a carriage. Ladies who ride in carriages should not perform menial offices for a poor student."

"You saw me? It is well; but when ladies, who ride in carriages, have been for years in the school of adversity, they learn that it is their duty to minister to all whom they can help. It is their pleasure to minister to those who endeavoured to help them in the days of their sorrow and poverty. You must let me wait on you." And her soft dark eyes were lighted up with grateful affection.

I could contain my overflowing heart no more, but released my hold, and sunk on my knees before her, saying, in a firm voice, "Listen! *You* must not wait on me. It is *I* who should minister and serve. I love you, loved you as the poor outcast widow (for I know your story)." Here Mrs. Wallis hid her face with her hands, and wept. "I love you still, in spite of what I saw this day. I have come home resigned to my fate. I can love you without return; indeed, I cannot do otherwise than love you. You will not refuse me the pleasure I promised myself in life—the hope of being useful to your child. He is dear to me. I can direct his mind; you will have other claims on you now, and I will watch over Charley as if he were my own son. Surely I may express my love, may devote my life to you, thus?"—and I took her hand in mine, and looked in her face.

She turned her eyes slowly round, and looked at me as though she would read my soul. She did read it, and I read hers.

* * * * * * * *

We had been silent long, when her sweet love-toned voice broke the silence. "You saw me with my brother in Richmond to-day." "Your brother, was it?"

"Yes! he has just returned from India, and has been seeking for me in all directions. I kept myself unknown to all my other friends; but, I could not resist the desire to see Frank. He would not scorn me, because I was unfortunate. Frank is rich, and wishes me to live with him. I shall do so."

"Till?"

"Yes; till you can make me your wife. You may change your mind," she added, almost playfully. "It is an imprudent thing to marry a widow with a child. To be sure I shall have some money; for Frank tells me that my poor father left me eight thousand pounds."

I smiled, as men in love are wont to smile, at the thought of so poor a thing as money.

"I must not remain here," she said, looking rather timidly.

"Well! Before you go, you must answer one question. It is one of vital importance to me."

"Well!—what is it?"

"What am I to do for a good laundress, now you are going to set up as a lady?"

"You are really too frivolous. I will not speak another word to you. Good night."

"But I shall have to tell all my friends that I am going to marry my laundress. Well, if you must go, good night. God bless you, my love! my wife!"

"No! at present only your laundress. Good night."

That day month we were married.

J. M. W.

Courteousness.—There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who though versed in all the categories of polite behaviour, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and gaiety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

PREPARATIONS FOR PLEASURE; OR A PIC-NIC.

To give a pic-nic party a fair chance of success, it must be almost *impromptu*: projected at twelve o'clock at night at the earliest, executed at twelve o'clock of the following day at the latest; and even then the odds are fearfully against it. The climate of England is not remarkable for knowing its own mind; nor is the weather "so fixed in its resolve," but that a bright August moon, suspended in a clear sky, may be lady-usher to a morn of fog, sleet, and drizzle. But such an affair, long prepared and carefully arranged!—why is it of all the modes of human enjoyment the least satisfactory; and the greater the care, and the longer the preparation, the more disagreeable is the result. The experiment has been tried by hundreds and by thousands on each of the fifteen or twenty days of an English summer, and, invariably, with the same ill-success. The *quantum* of pleasure derived has always been in an inverse ratio to the pains employed to procure it. It is unwise to draw at a long date upon a rickety firm; and Madam Pleasure being in that predicament, the shorter you make your drafts the more likely is she to honour them.

Mr. Claudius Bagshaw was, formerly, a silk-mercer in one of "those pleasant, still, sequestered lanes" branching northward out of Cheapside. At an early period of his blameless life (we confess our obligations to a tombstone for this interesting phrase), he married the daughter of a neighbouring warehouseman, a lady whose charms were, at the time, extolled by the loving bridegroom in regular climax; she possessed accomplishments, beauty, virtue, and, eighteen hundred pounds. After some years of laudable industry, Mr. Bagshaw found himself master of a tolerable fortune; and, moreover, being blest by not being plagued with any pledges of mutual affection, he very wisely considered that he and his lady might pass the rest of their lives very idly and pleasantly together; so, "selling off," and investing the produce of the sale, along with his other monies, in the Government securities, he retired into the country to live the life of a private gentleman. The term "country," if largely defined, would mean "a vast open track of land remote from a populous city;" in a more restricted sense it means, simply, "out of town." Mr. Bagshaw, being satisfied with the latter definition, purchased an edifice, ycleped, "Lake of Lausanne Lodge;"—a title, its right to which no one would have presumed to contest, so long as it stood alone in the centre of an extensive brickfield at the back of Euston Square, with a large muddy pond on one side, and Primrose Hill bounding the prospect on the other; but which seems to be somewhat inappropriate, now that it is built on all sides by houses considerably higher than itself.

On the morning of the third of July, the Bagshaws were busy in their several after-breakfast occupations; he reading the "Morning Post" (that being the paper he patronized as soon as he became a private gentleman), the lady herborizing, botanizing, and ruralizing, in the garden.

"How fortunate we shall be, dear," said Mr. Bagshaw, who having finished the reading of his newspaper, had proceeded to the window to observe his lady's horticultural pursuits, "how happy we shall be, if the weather should be as fine on our wedding-day as it is to-day."

"True, love," replied Mrs. Bagshaw; "but this is only the third of July, and, as the anniversary of our happy day is the twenty-fourth of August, the weather may change."

"But," said Mr. Bagshaw, referring to the barometer, "the instrument for indicating the present state and probable changes of the weather still maintains its elevation; and I tell you what, dear, if the weather should be *preposterous* on the twenty-fourth of August, suppose, instead of going into the North, as we did last year, we migrate into Kent or Surrey?"

Now, lest the reader should imagine that Mr. Claudius Bagshaw alluded to a journey to Northumberland, or contemplated a flight to Canterbury or Godalming, it is proper he should know, that Mr. Bagshaw never used a short word when he could press a long one into the service, so that if he wanted the warming-pan, he would say, "Bring me the contrivance for raising the temperature of the atmosphere of beds;" and now, when he talked to Mrs. Bagshaw about the "North," and "Kent," and "Surrey," he meant nothing in the world more than this, "Instead of dining at Hampstead, as we did last year, shall we go to Greenwich, or to Putney, and eat little fishes?"

Before the lady could reply, a knock was heard at the street-door. "That is uncle John's knock," said Mr. Claudius; "he shall select the locality for our anniversary."

Uncle John was a bachelor of fifty-five, possessing twelve thousand pounds, a strong disinclination to part with any of them, a good heart, and a bad temper. His good heart was of no farther use than to prevent his doing any thing positively wicked or mischievous; while his bad temper, together with his twelve thousand pounds, which he never intended to leave to—none of his relations knew—rendered him so great a tyrant in his small way, that to all, except those interested in submitting to him, his whims, caprices, and ill-humours, were, at times, intolerable. It must, however, be stated in his favour, that such times were chiefly when the weather was bad, or his stomach out of order. Upon this occasion, the sky being clear, and the digestive organs in condition, Uncle John appeared to the best advantage he could.

"Good morning t'ye, good folks; as usual, I perceive—billing and cooing."

The Bagshaws had got together in a corner of the garden, and were lovingly occupied in trimming the same pot of sweet-peas.

"Jane and I," said Mr. Bagshaw, smiling, "talk of commemorating the annual recurrence of the anniversary of our wedding-day at some place a *leetle* farther in the country; but our minds are in a perfect vacuum concerning the identity of the spot. Now, Sir, will you reduce the place to a mathematical certainty, and be one of the party?"

"Why—um—no; these things are expensive; we come home at night with a guinea a-piece less in our pockets, and I don't see the good of that."

"I have it!" cried Bagshaw; "we'll make it a pic-nic; that won't be expensive."

"Then I'm with you, Bagshaw, with all my heart—and it shall be *al fresco*."

"There, or any where else you please, Sir."

"Uncle John means in the open air, Claudius; that will be delightful."

"Charming!" rejoined Bagshaw; "if we don't make the pleasantest thing of it that ever was, I'm greatly mistaken."

It may be inquired why Uncle John, who objected to the disbursement of a guinea for a day's pleasure, should so readily have yielded to the suggestion of a pic-nic. Uncle John possessed a neat little morocco pocket-case, containing a dozen silver spoons, and silver-handled knives and forks; and although we are told that these implements are of later invention than fingers, there is, nevertheless, a very general bias in their favour, for the purposes to which they are applied. Now, Uncle John being aware of the prevalence of their employment, it was for this reason he never objected to make one of a pic-nic party; for whilst others contributed chickens, pigeon-pies, or wines—it being the principle of such parties that each member should furnish something to the feast—Uncle John invariably contributed the use of his knives, forks, and spoons.

The whole morning was spent in debating on who should be invited to partake of this "pleasantest thing that ever was," and examining into their several pretensions, and their powers of contributing to the amusements of the day; when, at length, the honour of nomination was conferred upon the persons following, and for the reasons assigned:—

Sir Thomas and Lady Grouts—because of their title, which would give an air to the thing (Sir Thomas formerly a corn-chandler, having been knighted for carrying up an address in the late reign).

Miss Euphemia Grouts, daughter No. 1., who would bring her guitar.

Miss Corinna Grouts, ditto No. 2., because she would sing.

Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass, Mr. Snodgrass being vice-president of the Grand Junction March-of-Intellect Society.

Mr. Frederick Snodgrass, their son (lately called to the Chancery bar,) who would bring his flute.

Messrs. Wrench and Son (eminent dentists).—The father to be invited because he was charming company, and the son, a dead bore, because the father would be offended if he were not. And lastly—

Miss Snubbleston, a rich maiden lady of forty-four, for no other earthly qualification than her carriage, which (to use Bagshaw's words) "would carry herself and us three, and also transplant a large portion of the provender to the place of rendezvous."

Bagshaw having made out a fair copy of this last, somewhat in the shape of a bill of parcels, this (the last step towards the "pleasantest thing that ever was") was taken with entire satisfaction.

"Why, Bagshaw," exclaimed Uncle John, who had cast up the numbers, "including our three selves, we shall be thirteen!"

The member of the Institution perceived the cause of his alarm; but having been lectured out of prejudices respecting matters of greater moment than this, he prepared a look of ineffable contempt as his only reply; however, happening to think of Uncle John's twelve thousand pounds, he suppressed it, and just contented himself with——"And what then, Sir?"

"Why, then, Sir, that is a risk I won't run; and unless we can manage to ——— I have it! the very man. How came we to forget him! The—very—man. You know Jack Richards?"

The last four words were delivered in a tone implying the utter impossibility of any human creature being unacquainted with Jack Richards.

"Not in the least, Sir; I never heard of him."

"What! never heard of Ja———. The thing is impossible; everybody knows Jack Richards. The very thing for us! such a wit! such a wag! he is the life and soul of everything. Should he be unengaged for the twenty-fourth of August! But he is so caught up! I was invited to meet him at dinner last Sunday at Jones's, but he did'nt come. Such a disappointment to us! However, I shall meet him on Thursday, at the Tims's, if he should but keep his promise, and then ——"

"But, Uncle," said Mrs. Bagshaw, "had'nt you better send him an invitation at once?"

"I'll do better still, my dear; I'll call at his lodgings, and if I find him hanging loose, I'll bring him to dine with you to day."

Off went Uncle John in quest of Jack Richards; and that "the pleasantest thing in the world" might not suffer by delay, off went Mr. Bagshaw, to apprise the Snodgrasses, the Groutses, and the rest of the nominees; and—more important still! off went the lady to the poulterer's, to inquire whether he was likely to have any nice pigeons for a pie, about the twenty-third of next month.

The dinner-hour arrived and so did Uncle John, but with a face of unspeakable woe.

"I feared how it would be."

"What! can't he be with us on the twenty-fourth?" inquired both the Bagshaws at the same instant.

"He will if he can, but he won't promise. But to day——! However, it serves us right: we were unwise to indulge a hope of his coming at so short a notice.

"Something he said that almost killed you with laughing;—repeat it, uncle, repeat it."

"Why, no, he did'nt say anything particular; but he has a knack of poking one in the ribs, in his comical way, and sometimes he hurts you.

Except the uncertainty about Jack Richards, the result of the morning's occupation was satisfactory. Bagshaw, still retaining his old, business-like habits of activity and industry, had contrived to wait upon every person named in the list, all of whom had promised their attendance; and Mrs. Bagshaw had received from the poulterer a positive assurance that he would raise heaven and earth to supply her with pigeons on the twenty-third of the ensuing August!

The next day was spent by Bagshaw, at his institution, in doubting over "a map of twenty miles round London," and noting down the names of several of the best-known villages and rural towns; and the two or three days following that, in studying, and re-studying, and taking extracts from all the "Guides," and "Descriptions," and "brief Histories," and "Beauties of ——," which that learned establishment contained. He was resolved that no pains should be spared, on his part, to contrive a pleasant day. To use Othello's phrase, "he was perplexed in the extreme." At length he had recourse to the notable expedient of summoning a committee. At this, after an evening of polite squabbling, which had nearly put an end to the project altogether, Twickenham Meadows received the honour of selection. Next, lest it should happen as it did once happen, for want of such preconcert, that a pic-nic party of ten found themselves at their place of meeting with ten fillets of veal and ten hams, Bagshaw called a committee of "provender." Here it was settled that the Snodgrasses should contribute four chickens and a tongue; the Bagshaws, their pigeon-pie; Wrench and Son, a ham; Sir Thomas Grouts, a hamper of his own choice wine; Miss Snubbleston, a basket of fruit and pastry; Uncle John, his silver spoons, knives and forks; and Jack Richards, his charming company. And lastly came the committee for general purposes. At this important meeting, it was agreed that the party proceed to Twickenham by water; that to save the trouble of loading and unloading, Miss Snubbleston's carriage convey the hampers, &c. direct to the place appointed, the said carriage, moreover, serving to bring the ladies to town, should the evening prove cold. And that the company should assemble at Mr. Bagshaw's on the morning of the twenty-fourth of August, at ten o'clock precisely, in order to have the advantage of the tide both ways.

A short time prior to the eventful day, the weather being remarkably fine, and the Bagshaws having nothing better to do, Mr. Claudius suddenly proposed to his lady that they should "go and dine promiscuously at Richmond." Scarcely had they arrived ere they met the Snodgrasses; and, presently after, the Groutses; who had also been seduced by the fine weather to take a jaunt out of town at the spur of the moment. Well, they rambled about, up the hill and down the hill, strolled about the meadows, went on the water, dined together at the Castle, talked and laughed, and were happy, and returned home, pleased with their trip, each other, and themselves. "If we have enjoyed so pleasant a day without any preparation for it," said Mr. Claudius Bagshaw, "what a delightful day shall we have on the twenty fourth, after all the pains we have taken to make it so!" Alas! poor Mr. Claudius Bagshaw!

Restless and impatient though you be, depend upon it there is not a day in the whole three hundred and sixty-

five will put itself in the slightest degree out of the way, or appear one second before its appointed time for your gratification. O that people would consider this, and wait events with patience! Certainly Mr. Bagshaw did not. The night of the twenty-third appeared to him an age. His repeater was in his hand every ten minutes. He thought the morning would never dawn; but he was mistaken, it did; and as fine a morning as if it had been made on purpose to favour his excursion. By six o'clock he was dressed! By eight, the contributions from all the members had arrived, and were ranged in the passage. Every thing promised fairly. The young ladies and Mr. Frederick had had thirty rehearsals of their grand arias and concertos, and were perfect to a demisemiquaver; Jack Richards would certainly come, and the only drawback upon Mr. Bagshaw's personal enjoyment—but nothing in the world is perfect—was the necessity he was under of wearing his green shade, having accidentally hurt his eye the day before, which would totally deprive him of the pleasure of contemplating the beauties of the Thames' scenery; a thing he had set his heart upon. Nine—ten! "No one here yet! Jane, my love, we shall infallibly lose the tide;" and for the next quarter of an hour the place of the poor repeater was no sinecure. A knock! Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass and Mr. Frederick. Another! The whole family of the Groutses. Next came Mr. Charles Wrench.

"Bless us! Mr. Charles," said Bagshaw, "where is your father?"

Now, Mr. Wrench, senior, was an agreeable old dentist, always gay, generally humorous, sometimes witty; he could sketch characters as well as draw teeth; and on occasions of this kind, was invaluable. The son was a mere donkey, a silly, simpering, well-dressed young gentleman. Appended to every thing he uttered were a preface and postscript, in the form of a sort of billy-goat grin. "He! he! he! Fayther regrets emezingly he caint come, being called to attind the Duchess of Dilborough. He! he! he!"

The next knock announced Miss Snubbleston. But where was her carriage? Why, it had been newly varnished, and they might scratch her pannels with the hampers; and then she was afraid of her springs. So here was Miss Snubbleston without her carriage (for the convenience of which alone she had been invited,) considered by the rest in exactly the same light as young Mr. Wrench without old Mr. Wrench. A new arrangement was the necessary consequence; and the baskets, under the superintendence of a servant, were jolted down in a hackney coach to be embarked at Westminster. But Miss Snubbleston brought with her a substitute, which was by no means a compensation. Cupid, her wretched little, barking yelping Dutch pug, had eaten something that had disagreed with him, and his fair mistress would not, "for worlds," have left him at home whilst he was so indisposed. Well, no one chose to be the first to object to the intruder, so Cupid was received.

"But where can Uncle John and his friend be? We shall lose the tide, that's certain," was scarcely uttered by Bagshaw, when in came our Uncle, together with the long-expected Jack Richards. The usual introductions over, Mr. Richards saluted every body with the self-sufficient swagger of a vulgar lion. "The day smiles auspicious, Sir," said Bagshaw, who thought it requisite he should throw off something fine to so celebrated a person. "Smile? a broad grin I call it, Sir." And here was a general laugh. "Oh, excellent!"—"Capital!" Uncle John, proud of his friend, whispered in Bagshaw's ear, "You see Jack's beginning." And now, hats and gloves were in motion.

"You have got your flute, Frederick?"

"Yes, mother," was the reply.

"La! Ma'," cried Miss Corinna, "if I haven't come without 'Sweet bird,' and my scena from 'Medea,' I declare."

As these were indispensable to the amusements of the day, a servant was despatched for them. He couldn't be gone longer than half an hour.

"Half an hour?" thought Bagshaw; "'tis eleven now; and the tide——." But the servant was absent a few minutes beyond the half hour, and poor Bagshaw suffered severely from that gnawing impatience, amounting almost to pain, which every one of us has experienced upon occasions of greater, or less importance than this.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JUVENILE BOOKS.

One of the most pernicious mistakes of the old childrens' books was, the inculcation of a spirit of revenge and cruelty, in the tragic examples which were intended to deter their readers from idleness and disobedience. One, if he did not behave himself, was to be shipwrecked, and eaten by lions; another, to become a criminal, who was not to be taught better, but rendered a more wicked contrast to the luckier virtue; and, above all, none were to be poor but the vicious, none to ride in their coaches but little Sir Charles Grandisons, and all-perfect sheriffs. We need not say how contrary this was to the real spirit of Christianity, which, at the same time, they so much insisted on. The perplexity in after life, when reading of poor philosophers and rich, vicious men, was in proportion, or rather, virtue and mere worldly success became confounded. In the present day, the profitableness of good conduct is still inculcated, but in a sounder spirit. Charity makes the proper allowance for all; and none are excluded from the hope of being happier and wiser. Men, in short, are not taught to live and labour for themselves alone, or for their little dark corners of egotism, but to to take the world along with them into a brighter sky of improvement, and to discern the want of success in success itself, if not accompanied by a liberal knowledge. The "Seven Champions of Christendom," "Valentine and Orson," and other books of the fictitious class, which have survived their more rational brethren (as the latter thought themselves) are of a much better order, and, indeed, survive by a natural instinct in society to that effect. With many absurdities, they have acquired a tone of manly and social virtue, which may be safely left to itself. The absurdities wear out, and the good remains. Nobody, in these times, will think of meeting giants and dragons; of giving blows that confound an army, or tearing the hearts out of two lions on each side of him, as if he were dipping his hands into a lottery. But there are still giants and wild beasts to encounter of another sort, the conquest of which requires the old enthusiasm and disinterestedness; arms and war are to be checked in their career, and have been so, by that new might of opinion, to which everybody may contribute much in his single voice; and wild men, or those who would become so, are tamed by education and brotherly kindness, into ornaments of civil life.

The retailing a set of anecdotes is not conversation. A story admits of no answer; a remark or an opinion naturally calls forth another, and leads to as many different views of a subject as there are minds in company. An officer in a Scotch marching regiment has always a number of very edifying anecdotes to communicate; but unless you are of the mess, or of the same clan, you are necessarily "sent to Coventry." Prosing, mechanical narrations of this kind are tedious, as well as tinctured with egotism. If they are set off with a brilliant manner, with mimicry, and action, they become theatrical; the speaker is a kind of "Mr. Matthews at home," and the audience are more or less delighted and amused with the exhibition. But there is an end of society, and you no more think of interrupting a confirmed story-teller, than you would of interrupting a favourite actor on the stage.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Methinks we should have this engraven
Where all who are running may read,
Where Interest swoops like a raven,
Right eager to pounce and to feed;
For too often does Honesty dwindle
In bosoms that fatten on wealth,
While Craft, with unsatisfied spindle,
Sits winding in darkness and stealth.
It is fair we should ask for our labour
The recompense fairness should give;
But pause 'ere we trample a neighbour,
For Duty says, "Live and let live."

Shame to those, who secure in their thriving,
Yet fain would keep poorer ones down—
Those, who like not the crust of the striving
To grow to a loaf like their own.
Shame to those, who for ever are grasping
At more than one mortal need hold,
Whose heart-strings are coiling and clasping
Round all that gives promise of gold.
Shame to those, who with eager attaining
Are willing to take but not give,
Whose selfishness—coldly enchaining—
Forgets it should "live and let live."

There is room in the world for more pleasure,
If man would but learn to be just,
And regret when his fellow-man's measure
Runs over with tear-drops and dust.
God sent us to help one another,
And he who neglects the behest,
Disgraces the milk of his mother,
And spreadeth Love's pall o'er his breast.
And the spirit that covets unduly,
May doubt if that God will forgive;
For Religion ne'er preaches more truly,
Than when she says, "Live and let live."

Eliza Cook.

How little we know what is in the bosoms of those around us! How natural it is, however, to feel and act as if we knew how to account for all that appears on the surface by the limited acquaintance we have with circumstances and feelings—to resent an indifference of which we know not the cause—to approve or condemn without allowance for chagrin, or despair, or love, or hope, or distress—any of the deep under-currents for ever at work in the depths of human bosoms. The young man at your side at a dinner-party may have a duel on his hands for the morning, a disgrace imminent in credit or honour, or a refused heart or an accepted one, newly crushed or newly made happy; or (more common still and less allowed for), he may feel the first impression of disease, or the consequences of an indigestion; and for his agreeableness or disagreeableness, you try to account by something in yourself, some feeling toward yourself, as if you, and you only, could affect his spirits or give a colour to his mood or manners. The old man's thought of death, the mother's overwhelming interest in her child, the woman's up-spring of emotion or love, are visitors to the soul that come unbidden and out of time; and you can neither feast nor mourn secure against their interruption. We would explain many a coldness could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity when we hate, love when we think we cannot ever forgive, admire when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

DIAMOND DUST.

Voltaire used to say that the heart never grew old, but that it became sad from being lodged in a ruin.

The minds of scholars are libraries; those of antiquaries, lumber-rooms; those of sportsmen, kennels; those of epicures, larders and cellars.

In all waters there are some fish which have to swim against the stream; and in every community persons are to be found who delight in being opposed to every body else.

Stiff necks are always diseased ones, and trees that are hollow are the most unbending; but their inflexibility is the product and proof of unsoundness rather than of strength.

There is nothing so certain, we take it, as that those who are the most alert in discovering the faults of a work of genius, are the least touched with its beauties.

Canting bigotry and caressing criticism, are usually the product of obtuse sensibilities and a pusillanimous will.

He is always the severest censor on the merits of others who has the least worth of his own.

Affronts are innocent when men are worthless.

Look down upon genius and he will rise to a giant,—attempt to crush him, and he will soar to a god.

No man will so speedily and violently resent a supposed wrong, as he who is most accustomed to inflict injuries upon his associates.

Many have felt the lash upon their backs for the want of a bridle upon their tongues.

Prudence.—Over-caution and over-preparation not seldom defeat their own object. Washington Irving tells us of a Dutchman, who, having to leap a ditch, went back three miles, that he might have a good run at it, and found himself so completely winded, when he arrived at it again, that he was obliged to sit down on the wrong side to recover his breath.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad.

A woman's heart is the true place for a man's likeness; Daguerreotype-like, an instant gives the impression, but an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

Art is the result of inquiry into the beautiful; science, into that of the true. Diffuse, throughout the people, the cultivation of truth and the love of beauty, before science, and art will be really understood. The end will be the natural tendency of a better and loftier education.

A hypocrite seems to be the only perfect character—since it embraces the extremes of what human nature is, and of what it would be thought.

There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever: some are without eyes, many without noses; some have no heads, others no tails, some neither one nor the other; some there are who have no brains, others very happy ones; some no hearts, others very bad ones,—but all have a stomach.

All that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it.

In a course of friendship, some difference of character, even a little roughness or acidity, make relish to the palate; as olives may be served up with effect as well as sweetmeats.

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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL

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SONG TO MY READERS.

Here's a health to the many, the kind and the true,
Who have gallantly helped me along;
Ye have done what I warmly besought ye to do,
And replied to my hope and my song.

Though ye know and know well, what this spirit must feel
'Neath the laurels ye gave me to wear,
Yet it surely becometh the breast to reveal
Its thanksgiving as well as the prayer.

Ye have frankly stood forth, ye have praised, ye have cheered,
Ye have made me triumphantly vain;
For though sympathy's links had allied and endeared,
Ye seem now to have fastened the chain.

I had built my hope's creed on your word and your deed,
And the voyage my bark has achieved,
Shows how earnest and true were the trustworthy crew,
And the compass in which I believed.

I can render ye nought but the plain-spoken truth,
That outpours in this ballad-line flow,
But ye welcomed such lines in my earliest youth,
And I know ye will list to them now.

Let them say that till heaven takes back what it gave,
And I sleep 'neath the yew-shadowed sod,
Not a wandering sound of my harp shall be found,
Save it breathes for "the people" and God.

Let them tell that the Future shall better the Past,
That devotion will sweeten my labour,
That my working shall be, to set human love free,
And make each one at peace with his neighbour.

Let them promise the utmost my power can yield
To shed light on the bosom and brow,
Let them proffer my thanks for the coveted field,
Where in time a fair vineyard may grow.

Ye have granted me all that I care to possess,
Ye have taken my "posy" to cherish,
Ye nurture its bloom in your wide "household room,"
And have proved ye will not let it perish.

Then a health to the many, the kind and the true,
Who have gallantly helped me along,
But be sure that this heart must e'er fail to impart,
Its full measure of Gratitude's Song.

ELIZA COOK.

THE WORLD GROWING BETTER.

THERE are many persons who are found slow to admit that the human race makes satisfactory progress, if any progress at all, at the present day. They will refer us to some golden age which existed a long time ago, of which history, however, makes no mention, when England was "merrie England," and all things were as they should be. But now, the world is out of joint; everything is going wrong, and irretrievable ruin and misery are before us! We have even great writers among us, who see nothing but "cant" and "flunkeyism" in the life of the present age, and who fail to discern any remnant of heroism in the nineteenth century, perhaps for the very sufficient reason that they shut their eyes to it. How often, also, do we hear that "the country is on the brink of ruin!" In our own comparatively short life, we have heard of the country being "ruined" a dozen times over, and we now begin to suspect the oft-repeated assertion to have been only a rather strong figure of speech, for the country is as strong, active, progressive, and really hopeful as ever.

The old are apt to regret the days that have gone as brighter and happier days than those they now live in; and they are occasionally to be heard lamenting over the "degeneracy of the present age," "that things are not now as they were in our younger days," and so on. But it must be remembered that they no longer see life with the same eyes as they did when they were young. Life has lost its freshness and novelty to them; the bright hopes of their young hearts have been exhausted; their course has nearly run; the desires of existence have been satiated; and they look back upon the life of their youth as a period far brighter and happier than any that has succeeded. The tendency will be the same with each one of us as we grow old; we too may be found lamenting the degeneracy of the age in our later years. Yet we have known old men, and women too, who have never lost the cheerful and hopeful natures of their youth—who have been found ready to welcome any new truth, to aid in any new movement calculated to promote the well-being of the people, and who cheerfully admitted the immense advances which the present age is making in all respects, as compared with the periods which have preceded it.

"But look into the newspapers," some will say, "and see there what misery is now being suffered by the lower classes of the people: we heard nothing of all this in past times." No! The world rarely or never heard of its suffering classes in past times; they suffered, pined, and died, in utter obscurity; and none heard of them. But now every sufferer has a voice; the press is an ubiquity penetrating wherever humanity reaches. The strength of the press is in its exposure of abuses;

and wherever those exist, it drags them to light. It details, and reiterates in detail, the sufferings endured by all classes—classes whose sufferings fifty years ago were altogether unheeded. It inquires closely into the condition of the people. It produces an active public opinion, which, operating through the legislative body, institutes systematic inquiries into the health of towns, the dwellings of the poor, labour in factories, mines, and workshops, the treatment of criminals and lunatics, education, emigration, and all possible subjects of interest to the public. The results of immense masses of evidence taken before commissioners and committees of of inquiry, are published and disseminated amongst the people through the medium of the newspapers. Thus we are made familiar with the very worst facts in our social condition, which obtain a prominence, such as the good facts have no chance of securing. For, it is the object of the friends of popular improvement (and they were never at any period in our history more numerous than now) to publish and proclaim the worst side of our social condition as extensively as possible, as the first step towards obtaining the greatest possible amelioration and improvement. These inquiries into the social condition of the people by the government, strongly mark the character and tendency of the present age. They arise out of an extensively prevalent desire to elevate the condition of the people at large; and they have already been attended by the most salutary consequences.

The period comprehended within a single life is so short, as to afford but very limited means of judging of the growth and progress of a nation; and we shall probably fail to recognise the fact of social progress, unless we cast our eyes backward for a generation or two, and thus take in the conditions of several periods remote from each other. And we think the candid observer who withdraws himself for a moment from the whirl of passing events, and looks backward with a philosophic eye on the course which our nation has run, will not fail to note the great and visible marks of improvement which have been set up and established from one succeeding age to another.

It will be admitted that the progress of improvement is comparatively slow, if measured by the extensive field of improvement which yet remains unoccupied. But all human improvement is necessarily slow. How extremely tardy is civilization! How gradually do its humanizing influences operate in the elevation of a people! It requires the lapse of generations before its effects can be so much as discerned: for a generation is but as a day in the history of civilization. It has cost most nations ages of wars before they could even conquer their right of existence as nations. It took four centuries of martyrdom to establish Christianity, and a century of civil wars to establish the Reformation. The emancipation of the serfs from feudal slavery was only reached through long ages of misery. But social progress *has* been made, as the issue proves. From the days in which our English progenitors rushed to battle in their war-paint, or those more recent times in which the whole labouring people of England were feudal serfs, bought and sold with the soil they tilled,—to those in which we now live,—how wide the difference, how gratifying the contrast!

In no respect are the evidences of progress more decided than as regards the increasing care now displayed by society for the well-being of the poor and the helpless of all grades, as compared with the practices of former times. The statute-book affords sufficient proofs of this great feature of progress. By an Act passed in 1530, "every vagabond, whole and mighty in body, who should be found begging, and could give no account how he got his living, was to be tied to the cart's tail and whipped till his body was bloody by reason of such whipping." Only the infirm and aged poor, as also "poor *scholars*," had license given them *to beg* within certain districts, while they were to wear "both on the breast and on the back of their outermost garment some notable badge or token, to be assigned them by the head officer, with the assent of two justices." Such was the patronage extended to literature in the good old times!

In the next reign (1 Edw. VI. chap. iii.) it was further enacted, that "vagabonds, who were unprofitable members, or rather enemies of the commonwealth," who refused to work and lived idly for three days, were to be branded on the breast with a red-hot iron with the letter "V"; and any such unfortunate might be claimed as a slave for two years by the person informing against him. He might then be set to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise. If he ran away from his master for sixteen days together, he was subject to become his slave for life; and if he ran away a second time, he was to suffer death as a felon. The masters might let out the labour of their slaves for hire, like any other of their chattels, and they might so hire them out, to work in chains, or under any other kind of restraint which they choose to impose. The comparatively merciful poor law of Elizabeth consolidated all previous acts relating to the poor. Still this law was much more severe than is generally imagined at the present day. It still provided for the whipping of beggars according to law—a practice which continued during the reign of James I.; and it is probably in allusion to this practice that Shakspere makes *Edgar*, in "King Lear," speak of "Poor Tom, who is whipped from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd." Even down to the reign of Queen Anne, "incorrigible and dangerous rogues" found begging and wandering, were liable to be adjudged felons, and to suffer death. We need scarcely contrast with this the humane treatment of the poor required by the public opinion of the present day.

As regards their personal freedom, it must also be admitted that the working classes have made great advances. In the twelfth year of Richard II's reign, a law was passed, enacting that all persons who had served in any agricultural occupation till they were twelve years of age, were *adscriptæ glebæ*, or slaves of the soil for life, and liable to be bought and sold with it. They were absolutely prohibited from entering into any trade or pursuit in the borough towns and cities; and if they strayed from their usual dwelling-place without a testimonial from a justice of the peace, they were liable to be apprehended and put in the stocks. The growth of towns and cities, which were governed by their own laws, afforded, however, a safe retreat to numerous of the runaway serfs from the agricultural districts; the destructive wars of the Roses broke down the power of the landed aristocracy, and weakened their hold of the labouring population; and, as it was always the interest of the early monarchs to foster the growth of the towns, and lessen the power of the nobles, laws were gradually enacted for the emancipation of the serfs from the influence of the feudal system. Yet, slavery was not destroyed by Act of Parliament in England so much as it was by public opinion; it died out of itself; and it is a curious fact, that there were still remnants of the old feudal serfs in Great Britain as late as the middle of the last century, the last classes of workmen who were emancipated by Act of Parliament having been the colliers and salters of Scotland. The old Acts of Parliament were very stringent on the labouring classes of England. By the *Statute of Labourers*, a limit was fixed on the wages of labour; it prohibited labourers from removing from one place to another, and regulated their diet and apparel. The hours of labour were also fixed by the old Acts of Parliament, one of Henry II. specifying them to be "from five of the clocke in the morning, till between seven and eight of the clocke of the evening," with two hours interval during the day for meals—showing quite another kind of regard for the comfort of the operative classes from that which prevails in modern times.

Another remarkable indication of social progress, is the increased duration of life at the present time as compared with all former periods. A high average of deaths is in all societies a proof of social suffering; for the more a human being suffers, the shorter time does he live; whereas, the happier and more comfortable he is, the longer is his term of existence.

From all known facts, it appears that the duration of human life in the civilized countries of Europe, is now at least double what it was three centuries ago. The present average mortality is almost one in thirty-six; in England it is as low as one in forty; in London it is rather less than this. Yet Mr. Rickman states, that even at the beginning of last century, the mortality was as high as one in twenty. In Paris, in the fourteenth century, the mortality was as high as one in fourteen! Even at Stockholm, in the middle of last century, it was one in sixteen, though the average life at both these places is now almost as high as in the average of European cities. At Geneva, in 1566, during the period of the Reformation, it appears that one half of the children born died within their sixth year; in the seventeenth century not until the twelfth year; in the eighteenth century, not until the twenty-seventh year; consequently in the space of three centuries the average duration of life at Geneva had increased five-fold. "It appears" says Dr. Southwood Smith, "that towards the close of the seventeenth century, the duration of life in England was considerably less than in France, was less even than in Holland nearly a century earlier. Since that period, surprising changes have taken place in all the nations of Europe; but in none has the change been so great as in England. From that period, when its mortality exceeded that of any great and prosperous European country, its mortality has been steadily diminishing, and at the present time the value of life is greater in England than in any other country in the world. Not only has the value of life been regularly increasing, until it has advanced beyond that of any country of which there is any record, but the remarkable fact is established, that the whole mass of its people now live considerably longer than its higher classes did in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." It is true, our large towns are not yet nearly so healthy as they ought to be, and, as we firmly believe, they will yet be—thanks to the salutary influence of a growing public opinion on this point; but at the same time it must be admitted that there is far more cleanliness, better drainage, more attention paid to comfort in the homes of the people generally, than used to prevail at former periods. We are no longer visited with the Plague, which made much frightful devastations in London and other great cities, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the year 1349, it was supposed that one-half of the entire population of Europe was destroyed by pestilence. In 1603, when the population of London was not more than one-tenth of what it is now, 36,000 persons were swept off by the plague; in 1636, about 10,000 died; and at the last great plague in 1665, not fewer than 68,596 persons perished in that city alone; evidences of the horrid unwholesomeness of the dwellings of the population.

The spirit of social amelioration has also greatly diminished the extent and atrocity of crime. Crime, like all other symptoms of social disease, has grown much milder and less revolting in its forms during the last century. Our roads are not now beset with highwaymen, ready to murder when they cannot quietly rob; nor are our streets beset with footpads, pickpockets, and thieves. Take even the densely populated manufacturing districts, where crime is supposed to be the most prolific, and we find a gradual and most satisfactory decrease. Look at Manchester, for instance; Captain Willis, the chief constable there, tells us in a recent report, "that notwithstanding the excitement and depression in trade which existed during the greater part of the last year, the apprehensions in Manchester are fewer by about 300 persons than they were in the year 1847, when the number taken into custody was less than in any previous year, and fewer, by upwards of 7,500, than were apprehended in the year 1842. It is also satisfactory to be able to state, that the number of persons summarily convicted and committed to trial is less than either in the year 1847, or in the year 1842." It is true, there are exceptions to the general decrease, in some districts; in Ireland, for instance, which must unhappily be regarded as exceptional in our present social state. But it is questionable whether Ireland has at any former period been better than it is now, and it cannot but be generally admitted, we think, that crime everywhere has recently assumed much less barbarous and revolting forms than previously. Our great cities are no longer the centres of crime as they were formerly. It is a curious, but well-authenticated fact, that the crime of London is at present below the average crime of England, at least as exhibited in the annual convictions. In the "good old times," so called, it was not safe to sally into the streets after dusk; and none dared then venture beyond the precincts of the city without the protection of arms. Robberies of the mails and stage coaches were frequent; and hanging did not mend the matter; for our punishments in these past times were shockingly sanguinary. Hanging was the penalty for even petty thefts of five shillings and upwards. Twenty criminals were "thrown off" at Tyburn together of a morning. The hangman was then the great moral teacher.

At a remote age, the destruction of human life by this agency was fearful. In Elizabeth's reign there were sent yearly to the gallows from thirteen to fourteen hundred people. During the reign of Henry VIII., 72,000 robbers, thieves, and vagabonds were hanged; then, in the words of an old Chronicler, "rogues were trussed up apace." The number of criminals did not seem to be lessened thereby; for they went about the country in bands of from 300 to 400, plundering the peaceable population. Even as late as 1596, a Somerset magistrate states, that "forty persons had been executed in that county in a year, for various felonies; thirty-five burnt in the hand; thirty-seven whipped; one hundred and eighty-three discharged;" "that notwithstanding the great number of indictments, the fifth part of the felonies committed in the county were not brought to trial;" and, "that the other counties of England were in no better condition than Somersetshire, and some of them in a worse." No such statement can be made of any county in England now. Notwithstanding the completeness of the existing methods for detecting crime, and especially the efficiency of the police, crime is gradually on the decrease as compared with the increase of the population; and all crimes of an atrocious character are greatly diminished in number; and this notwithstanding that the treatment of the criminal is much less severe than it used to be.

When the noble philanthropist John Howard, looked into the state of the prisons of England and of Europe, he found an indescribably revolting state of things; prisoners cooped up in filthy and noisome dungeons, where no regular supply of food was provided for them, and where, if they had no money nor friends to feed them, they were left to starve. No water was provided; there was not even clean straw to lie on, and ventilation was utterly neglected. The prisons were pandemoniums of vice, filth, and disease, the physical and moral conditions of the wretched prisoners being alike hideous. All this is now entirely changed. We now aim at reforming and improving, as well as punishing. We provide comforts even for the vicious; and consider not even the most desperate beyond the reach of civilizing influences. We educate the children of vice, and labour to teach them industrial pursuits, thus winning them back to

decency and virtue. Much yet remains to be done, it is true; but let us be thankful that a good beginning has been made, and that so much gratifying progress has already been accomplished.

The spirit of the age is also to be recognised in its improved treatment of the much-to-be-pitied class of lunatics. Up to a comparatively recent period, lunatics were treated as cruelly as if they had been the worst of criminals. Force was the only mode of treament employed, and the occasional visitor to the madhouse was horrified by the confused sound of cries, vociferations, and the clanking of chains; for the poor maniacs were chained into small and narrow cells like wild beasts, and they were terrified by the infliction of the severest punishments. But here, too, at last, did reason and gentleness begin to assert their influence, and cruel torture gave place to kind and moral treatment. The mild system of treating the insane was practised in Italy long before it was introduced into this country. The harsher plan held its ground in England until a comparatively recent period; and the introduction of the humane mode of treatment is mainly due to the Society of Friends, who, by establishing their asylum at York, were enabled shortly to prove the highly beneficial results by which it was attended. The mild or humane system is now everywhere practised, and some of the most efficient asylums with which we are acquainted, are those established for the treatment of the lunatic Poor.

We shall afterwards be able to show that the improvement in the manners and customs of the people has been equally decided of recent years; but at present we have said enough, we think, to prove that the cause of social amelioration makes real progress. No one who looks at the character of the laws recorded on our statute-book within the last half-century—the Acts abolishing imprisonment for debt, the pillory, the penalty of death for petty thefts—at the abolition of slavery, of female labour in mines, of climbing boys, and of unlimited labour in factories and workshops—at the Acts by which the penny postage has been established, health of towns enforced, public parks, museums and galleries of art promoted—not to speak of other great measures of more recent date, of a more strictly political character—but must acknowledge that, in England at least, the tendency of civilization is not backward, but onwards with an ever accelerating speed. The governments of the time did not lead the people to those great measures we have referred to, but the people far oftener led the governments. The governments were often dragged, almost per force, onwards; public opinion was ahead of the laws, and in obedience to public opinion the laws were amended.

Let us confess that the work of progress has many formidable difficulties to encounter and overcome. There often needs a strong faith in the good and the true to preserve us from discouragement and despair. Still there are strong and sufficient grounds for continued hope and effort. Every day there is a more general recognition of the great truths, that to make men better, we must trust them more, and show them that they are trusted; that to develope the goodness which is in man, we must recognise the existence in them of those elements of goodness which reside in the breast of every human being, latent though they so often appear to be; and that, to enable this better nature of man to become unfolded, every opportunity must be allowed for its free use and exercise. Cherishing these truths and convictions, and regarding all present transitions, painful though they may be to some classes, yet, as working together for the ultimate good of our species, we think the healthy-minded and hopeful will not be indisposed to acknowledge with us, that the human race in these our own times, is steadily progressing, and that "The World is really growing Better."

THE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL.

What are all the steps by which man advances himself by degrees towards perfection but refinements—refinements in his wants, modes of living, his clothing, dwelling, furniture; refinements of his mind and his heart, of his sentiments and his passions, of his language, morals, customs, pleasures!

What an advance from the first hut to a palace of Palladio's; from the canoe of a Carribbean to a ship of the line; from the three rude idols, as the Bœotians, in the olden times, represented their protecting goddesses and the Graces of Praxiteles; from a village of the Hottentots or wild Indians to a city like London; from the ornaments of a female of New Zealand to a splendid dress of the Sultana; from the language of a native of Tahiti to that of a Homer, a Virgil, a Tasso, a Milton, and a Voltaire!

Through what innumerable degrees of refinement must man and his works have proceeded before they had placed this almost immeasurable distance behind them!

The love of embellishment and refinement, and the dissatisfaction with a lower degree as soon as a higher has been recognised, are the only true and most simple motives by which man has advanced to what we see him. Every people who have become civilized are a proof of this principle; and if any such are to be found, who, with peculiar physical or moral hindrances, continue in the same state of unimprovability, or betray a complete want of impulse to improvement, we must needs consider them rather as a sort of human animals, than as actually men of our own race and species.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object in its motive; the cottage has its pink, its rose, and its polyanthus; the villa its dahlia, its clematis, and geranium. We cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining years; but perhaps it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure; and our affections seem to expand at the sight of the first blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems close and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates, with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a sort of melancholy than a joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendour that so charms us,—for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unperceived, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn;—no, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season. To maturity they give pleasure, as the harbinger of the renewal of life; to youth, they are an expanding being, opening years, hilarity, and joy; and the child let loose from the house, riots in the flowery meads

"Monarch of all he surveys."

There is not a prettier emblem of spring, than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket, wreathed with butter-cups or orchises and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live, as with our neighbours, in harmony and good order; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

FACTS FROM THE COUNTY HISTORIES.

BY DUGDALE, THE YOUNGER.

BLOMEFIELD'S NORFOLK.

THE HEIRESS OF THE SPALDINGS.

In the south-eastern part of the county of Norfolk, and on the banks of the Waveney, lie the village and manor of Brockdish. The Spaldings (originally from Lincolnshire) were considerable owners here, in the early part of the seventeenth century; and both ancient documents and tradition tell this strange old tragic story of the manor-hall.

This hall was an ancient place, built centuries before; and full of huge buttresses, old galleries, broad staircases, and secret chambers, was now fallen partly into decay; for the owner, being town-clerk of Cambridge, came rarely hither, except at certain seasons to hold his court-leet. Many an ivied gable, round the great stone court, leant droopingly with age; the vanes, towards east and west, creaked with the rust of years; the belfry-tower was overgrown with moss, and sent a world of fragrance on the summer-air, from the great bunches of wall-flower which flourished, like sweet saints within their niches, in the fissures and crevices of the grey old stonework; yet, looking southward, towards the garden (daintily trimmed) were four or five chambers with deep oriels, through which the faintest sunlight ever shone, and gilt the oaken floors. One of these pleasant chambers was very rich in rare and costly books, not only piled on great carved oaken presses, but lying heaped upon the broad old oriel seats; and in the other hung a wealth of pictures of the early masters, (for the inhabitants of these eastern counties of England had, through their proximity to Holland, easy access to the Continent,) sweet scenes and sweeter faces, expressive of both human and angelic goodness. And there they hung—sweet symbols of the innocence they gazed on. Within this chamber, too, was a sort of clavichord or organ; singing birds in cages so large as to be like liberty itself; flowers, growing in old porcelain jars; a little tapestry frame; a work-table of costly ebony; a very rare Turkey carpet beneath and round it; and many other things which ministered to happiness and thought; for this was the home of Frances, the heiress and only child of the Spaldings. She was a girl about eleven years old, living mostly here at this old manor-house, under the care of an old tutor, named Le Grice, and a few domestics, for the sake of country air. Wisely had the parents chosen this old man; far learned, even in an age of scholars, and with no ambition beyond books, and a fervent desire to minister to the piety and good of others, this old man had quitted a high position in the university, to undertake the charge of this sweet heiress of the Spaldings: for sweet she was, if gentleness, and truth, and warmth of heart, and comprehension, can make a human creature genuine and good. So thus, knowing the rare soil in which he tilled, this second Roger Ascham had, through the three years of his tutorship, taken infinite pains with the large soul of this little child; and as rich fruit of promise grew and ripened beyond all expectancy, his love grew as much near idolatry as good men's love can grow. So loving in this noble purity of giving and receiving the knowledge which bringeth all of us a little nearer to the heavens, scholar and master were ever together. In the shaded holts of the park, in the old monkish apple orchard, in the wide garden beside the sundial, on which was carved in Latin, the sweet monkish legend, *Horas non numero nisi serenas*, "We count no hours unless they be serene," under the avenues of thick spread walnut-trees, beside the green-banked fish-pool, the lessons in summer-tide were given; and through the winter, in the oriel most warmed by the cheering sun, or on the broad marble hearth, where crackled the glowing faggots, learning was made delight by this new Lady Jane, and rarer Roger Ascham. Thus they were ever together from day to day; and none tended the garden so thriftily as the clerkly tutor and the little child. Beside this, the buttery, the great stone kitchen, and a little wainscoted parlour looking to the dolphin-fountain and the court, held other loving friends to Frances. Fransham, her nurse, and now housekeeper, Tibb the cook, Doll, a sort of laundry and housemaid, and Goosey, a half witted lad, who waited in the kitchen; without speaking of other servants employed upon the farm. Thus Fransham's whole thought was to tend and dress her little mistress, to concoct medicines and soothing drinks for her when she was ill; old Tibb's best service, to make nice cakes of saffron and aniseed, and surprise her with dainties for dinner; whilst Doll not only took care that Mistress Frances' chamber was the cleanliest and daintiest in the house, that her linen was fairest and sweetest lavendered, but was always moreover secretly distilling rose-water, honey-water, cowslip-water, may-dew, with which to fill the great silver ewer basin; and ravished likewise the garden for the richest scented flowers, to make sweet pockets, and balls, and bags, for "lady bird." Goosey, the scullion-lad, played no mean part in this small household of the heiress; he brought his "lady" squirrels from the woods, young doves from the "cushbirds" nests, tamed owls and ravens, and gathered her the first blackberries from the neighbouring moorland, and hazel nuts from the woods, all because he "loved Mistress Frances bravely."

In the old wood which joined the orchard was an ancient heronshaw, and from this place poor Goosey had brought a young unfledged heron; and so, in process of time, reared and tamed it, as to make it the wonder of the country round. This bird, as it grew, being much with Frances, became infinitely fond of her; it clapped its wings, and made hoarse noises for very gladness, when the child was glad; it roosted solemnly by in grave meditation when the books were open; and when she walked, its tiny silver bells were ever heard in some near neighbourhood.

It was an autumn day, and all the domestics, even to the rare matter of the stay-at-home Fransham, had asked holiday, and gone to a fair in a neighbouring township, leaving no one in the buttery and kitchen but Goosey, to tend the fires, and milk the cows. The bright day had waned on pleasantly, till evening was now sinking into night; yet, still Le Grice and the child lingered beneath the orchard-trees, for the night air blew cool and refreshingly, and was laden with the scent of flowers. Thus they sat on the turfed bank, busily talking, as they had been doing for a long while, till the bright harvest moon, stealing from the clouds, cast into shade the old ivied gables, as if to shroud their grey antiquity, and glinting its dancing light upon the tinted panes of the mullioned oriels, gave semblance of quaint heraldry upon the green sward stretching to their feet. Suddenly some thought seemed to cross the child's mind, for just as their merry conversation ended, she drew her hand quickly from that of the old man, and bending her ear, as if to catch some well-known sound, rose up, and tripping lightly from his side, though looking back a time or two, was in an instant lost in the broad shadows of the gables. That instant, as the little form was dimly lost within the darkness, a strange and unutterable feeling crossed the old man's heart. It was agonizing, yet he could not define it; it prompted him immediately to call her back, but she was gone, and nothing left before his sight but the solemn shadows of the gables. As he was given to contemplation (and truth mostly dwells with such a vein of humour) he might liken that young, happy child, seen and gone, to the best hopes of human life, viewed in all beauty and anticipation for a time, then gone, we know not how, or where. He sat awhile; she came not; the silver queen of heaven was hidden in her sweeping veil of clouds; the belfry

clock rung out the hour of nine, and he hurried to the house. First, to lean through the open casement of an oriel of the summer-parlour; but Frances could not be seen through the length and breadth of the polished floor. He next hurried through the hall, into the winter-room, where always burnt a fire in the chill of evening; but not even here, where he thought to find her, was the sweet "lady-bird." He searched the ancient buttery, the wide kitchens, Fransham's parlour, and the still-room; many unused places running either way; each nook upon the basement floor; he called out with husky voice, till her name rung on each rafter, and was echoed back from the ruined belfry-tower. "But Frances was a silly child," the old man said, at length, "and loved to tease." Then he hummed the tune of some old madrigal, to let her hear, if she had hidden herself away for fun, that he knew it, and treated the thing as quite a joke. Then he peeped round quaint old presses, and into antique closets, as large as modern rooms, and merrily cried, "Ah! ah! I see you now." But she was not there, or here, or anywhere; the very heart of the old man seemed turned to stone—he knew not why. In her bed-chamber, made and left so dainty by Doll's loving hands, she was not; in the wide galleries, nor on the antique staircases; poor Goosey, called from beside the kitchen fire, where he sat weaving "lady-bird" a little basket, shouted louder than the old man; and, blind with tears, and trembling like an infant, climbed to the ruined gables and along the broken floors; but Miss Frances neither spoke, nor called, nor made a sign: so the time passed by. Together the witless lad and the old man searched the orchard, the heronshaw, the dove-cot. When the servants came home from their day of jollity, each one was amazed and agonized by the strange tale, and then, with anxious care, sought far and wide. The night was dreary, and of mortal agony to all. Never did bell ring out from ivied tower hours so lengthened with the dull deadening sense of pain.

Towards midnight, perched on the balustrade of a ruined gallery, most remote from the uninhabited parts of the house, the heron was found, so strangely, too, that all wondered. It seemed drooping, and moped as if it knew the desolation and the stillness, and sat there as the sign of grief and coming woe. One of the tiny silver bells was gone from off his foot; all wondered more and more; for it seemed, from the listening of the child before she tripped away, as stated by Le Grice, her purpose was to seek the bird.

The morrow came; no work was done by country hind nor wealthy yeoman, within bounds far wider than the manor, for it was a day of whispered anxiety and grief. The pastoral Waveney was dragged; cunning masons were brought to search each nook in the old hall; hill and dale were trod; suspicious characters arrested (amongst them a distant kinsman of the Spaldings, a spendthrift vagabond, who had an interest in the child's death); but nothing could be proved against him, though he confessed to have seen her on the day of her disappearance.

It was not till all hope had fled that the parents of the child were made acquainted with the strange mystery. Le Grice, as a last hope, fancied that the child might have sought her parents, or been led to them by some stranger. But when this last hope died, when he beheld the mortal agony of the childless father and mother, when he remembered what was lost, his reason fled, and all he uttered, night and day, and day and night, was one low, melancholy, beseeching, piteous cry for her—the last hope of the Spaldings!

The autumn passed away—winter too. The old man was removed to Cambridge, from the scene of his despair; but he escaped from the watchful custody placed over him, and wandering back to the old hall of Brockdish, moped about its now deserted gardens and chambers, ever in one stupor of melancholy madness. The witling, and the heron, too, drooped side by side, and day by day. No little baskets now were weaved, no lilies gathered from the Waveney's bight; no little cushats brought from the budding woods; and now the heron never clapped its wings, or rang its solitary bell; it moped upon the window-ledge, and knew it was alone.

As I have noted, by the fragrant lilies and the unfledged cushats, the spring was come. The apple-trees in the mossied orchard were pink with blossoms, and the old walnut-boughs had just put on their loveliest garniture of leaves, to make a verdurous roof against the golden arrows of the summer's sun. And day by day upon the daisied bank, from which he had last seen the precious footfall of the child, the moping idiot sat from sunrise till sun's close; ever looking wistfully, as if the shadows of the gables would, at this point of time, give up what they had so long remorselessly devoured, of love, and life, and hope. For some days (it was a curious thing) the heron was missed; then came again, and then again was missing. At length it came one day, and hopping to the old man's side upon the grassy bank, held in its beak a piece of tattered rag. The old man observed this, took it from the bird, wept over it, and hid it in his bosom. The bird brought other pieces; the old man took them, and hid them as the first. At length the bird was noticed by poor Goosey, and what it did told by him to Fransham, who tended the old man. Marvellous as the thing was, the piece of tattered rag was instantly recognised by the quick eyes of the loving nurse to be a fragment of the poor child's dress.

On its next disappearance, the bird was watched, traced to the roof, and was seen to enter a narrow aperture, made seemingly by time, in the lichen-covered basement of an ancient stack of chimneys. The aperture was immediately made larger; and lo! in a narrow ruined chamber, built in the th ckness of the wall, lay the Heiress of the Spaldings, shrivelled, and long dead; whilst, in mute solemnity, sat the faithful heron. The child's right hand still grasped the tiny bell; but it was evident she had passed long fevered hours of mortal suffering; for the fragments of her dress, bits of which the bird had carried off, lay strewed around, in a confusion which told a fearful tale.

A small secret door, bitten and torn by the poor child's teeth and hands, was found to open on to the ruined gallery, where the moping heron was first discovered; but how she got within this secret place no one ever knew. That her purpose was to seek the bird, when she tripped from the old man's side, no one ever doubted; and that she had found it, was evident by the bell. Many imagined that the kinsman before spoken of had pushed her within the secret place, but this is doubtful; though it seems probable that some imaginary fear of his presence in this deserted part of the house, to which she had run, had terrified her into flight, and that, accidentally pushing against the spring which closed this unknown door, she had fallen forward, and was thus shut out for ever from the living world. It was clear that the heron had not discovered the body till decay had commenced, and to gain access to it, it had enlarged the aperture in the ruined roof with its bill.

Le Grice lived but a very few weeks after this discovery; for they told him that the poor child was thus found, and he seemed to comprehend them. He died about that same time of evening as that on which the child was lost, and saying he was happy, begged those around his bed to pray for both, for in death, as well as life, the old man and the child were one.

The estates of the Spaldings, in this parish, were sold some three years after, and the old manor-hall of Brockdish levelled to the ground. But the register of the burial of Frances Spalding still remains in the old vestry books; and her effigy, representing her clad in a winding sheet (as was the custom of the age), was in existence when Sir Francis Blomefield, knight, made his great ecclesiastical, manorial, and antiquarian collections for his well known County History of Norfolk.

THE GREAT KING OF SWEDEN.

Because, nowaday, true kingship is nowhere to be found on earth, and only the sham of it lingers, a melancholy semblance of the past among us, earnest, but ill-judging minds can see no beauty in genuine monarchy; but having an eye to the crowned impostures that exist, condemn all kingship as abhorrent to human nature, and hostile to the welfare of man. To such the following rapid survey of the life of a real king, and no be-sceptred nonentity, will perchance have a deeper lesson than its surface shows:—

Let the reader figure to himself two ravenous hounds fighting together for a helpless bone that lies between them, and which in turn each enjoys, with growls of satisfaction, for a brief season, until it is snatched from him by the other; and let him call the bone the peasantry, and the belligerent hungry hounds the priesthood and the nobility, and he will have a vividly correct idea of the state of Sweden from its first appearance in history, to the close of the fourteenth century. The government was ostensibly an elective monarchy; but, in reality, there was no king at all. In peace, the so-called king had no power whatever—his income was less than the majority of noblemen and beneficed church dignitaries; in war he was commander-general; but as wars were seldom undertaken—save when the deposition or election of a king was concerned, the power so afforded him was seldom enjoyed. In fact, the monarch was the tool of the church or the nobility, as one or the other were predominant. In those days, the people themselves were not even cajoled by a show of representation. In power, the nobility and priesthood were nearly balanced. The former had the advantage in personal prowess, number of vassals, and landed property; the latter, large landowners, also more wealthy in treasures, possessed an influence over the superstitious common people, at times exceedingly formidable to their enemies. The priesthood, moreover, had a clear superiority in the senate. Whenever diplomacy and logical argument were required, the nobles were impotent before them. The election of a king was, however, one of arms, and not of argument; and the nobles generally carried the day. But the priesthood always found an efficient ultimatum, in calling in the aid of the kings of Denmark; who, ever the bitter enemies of Sweden, were always ready to acquire a footing in the kingdom. For two centuries the history of Sweden is little else than one lamentable series of wars and tumults. Distracted within itself—with ferocious enemies on all sides, ever ready to join in, and to augment those distractions—in the politics of Europe Sweden was not felt; happiness and steady progress never found a place in the annals of semi-barbarous existence, until one supremely able man arose, who, by his own indomitable spirit, and consummate ability, raised himself to the hereditary monarchy of the land, healed the wounds of his suffering country, and bound together all her discordant elements into one powerful and harmonious whole.

About the year 1380, the King Alfred having been deposed, the crown was given to Margaret Valdemar, surnamed the "Semiramis of the North." She was already Queen of Denmark and Norway, and thus for the first time the three northern crowns were enjoyed by one monarch. Her son Eric was elected by all three on her decease; but retiring into Denmark, and governing Sweden as a conquered province, an unsuccessful rebellion took place. Christian I. succeeded Eric, and though only elected by the Danes, assumed the triple crown as a matter of right. A successful revolution now occurred, and the Marshal Cavertson succeeded in gaining the headship, under the title of administrator, that of king being abolished. Several administrators followed each other, until 1501, when the senate found itself called upon to decide between two rival candidates—Eric Trolle, on the part of the clergy, and Prince Stephen, son of the deceased Administrator, on that of the nobles. The latter were the victors. But the reign of Stephen was destined to be unhappy. To conciliate his rival's faction, he bestowed the archbishopric of Upsal, a more than kingship, on the son of Eric Trolle, his unsuccessful opponent. No sooner was that prelate invested, than he turned all the influence of his see to effect the ruin of his elevator and benefactor. He intrigued with the King of Denmark, and after much covert conspiracy, war was declared and commenced between that monarch and Sweden. It was in the earliest stage of the campaign that followed, that Gustavus Vasa, the hero of this sketch, first prominently appeared.

He was descended from one of the most illustrious houses, and several of his ancestry had been elected to the kingship. But he was far from requiring any hereditary dignity to augment his innate, personal nobility. With a form of giant proportions, he blended the utmost suavity of disposition, and refinement of manners; and had been selected by the young administrator for his confidential friend, from amid the crowd of the young nobility. When the war first broke out, Gustavus was entrusted with the command of a regiment of cavalry, though not without hesitation, as it was feared his affability and courtly polish were incompatible with the sterner requirements of the camp. He soon, however, vindicated the appointment, for in the skirmishes, sieges, and battles that ensued in swift succession, his valour and military talent shone so conspicuously as to spread his name with terror among the Danish army, and to warrant his promotion to the office of grand standard-bearer. So formidable did he become to the Danes, that the unprincipled Christian determined to gain possession of his person at any cost. Defeated upon land, but master of the sea, his fleet rode at anchor within sight of Stockholm. Under the pretext of a wish for peace, he proposed to go in person to Stockholm to arrange preliminaries, provided seven hostages, Gustavus to be one, were sent on board his fleet. This was complied with; but no sooner were the hostages on board his vessel, than Christian weighed anchor, and set sail for Denmark, bearing Gustavus along with him. At first, blandishments of flattering and large promises were employed to win his favour; but Gustavus remaining firm in his hatred to the Danish cause, he was imprisoned, and treated so vigorously, that a nobleman, named Banner, succeeded in prevailing upon Christian to transfer him to his custody. Banner treated his captive as one of his own family, and the life of Gustavus might have been happy could he have rested in slothful ease, when the cries of his unhappy country were wafted, thousand-tongued, across the seas unto him. The Administrator was slain—the Swedes defeated, and the whole country prostrate at the feet of an implacable and foreign tyrant. This was an irresistible call to action. Gustavus eluded the kind custody of Banner, escaped from Denmark, and from Lubec, arrived at Calmar. Defeated, from the death of their leader, and not from inaction or impotence, Gustavus imagined that when another arrived they would rally in thousands round him. He trusted, also, that the terror of Christian's coming, which was announced, would excite a fever of patriotism and courage among his countrymen. He found only the paralysis of fear. Wherever he went he was received coldly or openly repulsed. Some advised him to fly, others threatened to deliver him to the Danes. None were found to succour, to support him. From a general, landing openly in his native land, and expecting soon to head an army, he speedily became a moneyless outcast, wandering footsore and hungry, in all manner of disguises, with the Danish blood-hounds, their appetite whetted by promise of a great reward, scouring the country everywhere to capture him. In the meantime, Christian had arrived a

Stockholm; and by way of inspiring terror among the Swedes, had perpetrated a huge massacre, worthy to take rank beside St. Bartholomew and the other great atrocities of power. Every senator and nobleman who had opposed the Danish interests was publicly beheaded, and the city of Stockholm given over unreservedly to the brutality of the soldiery. The men were murdered and the women ravished. Christian was styled the "Nero of the North," in consequence. A wild delirium of terror and dismay took possession of all classes. Gustavus was not safe in any disguise among the urban people; and so, after numerous and miraculous escapes, and the experience of ingratitude and recreant selfishness, sufficient to have broken a weaker heart than his, he succeeded in reaching Dalecarlia. This was the wildest of all the Swedish provinces, abounding in huge mountains and impenetrable forests, and peopled chiefly by miners. These were of such a rugged independent nature, that a mere nominal sovereignty was all the Senate dare assert over them; and even Christian had not ventured upon sending his soldiery among them. Habited in peasant's garb, Gustavus obtained employment as a common miner. He concealed his rank, and bending before inexorable necessity, as none but an heroic man could have done, laboured, unfainting and undespairing, deep in the dark abysses of a copper mine. The broidered fineness of his linen at length revealed his rank to the woman he lodged with. She disclosed it to the governor of the district, who sent for Gustavus, and on learning who he was, received him with all the deference and sympathy his valour and misfortunes claimed. But when, after a little time, Gustavus disclosed his plans for exciting a revolt among the Dalecarlians, the governor grew timid, and Gustavus thought it expedient to fly. Peterson, a landed gentlemen, received him into his house, and cordially, to Gustavus, espoused his cause; but, privately, he sent a message to the Danes to come and capture him. The humane, generous soul of a woman saved the fugitive. Peterson's wife warned Gustavus of his danger; he fled, and found shelter with a poor old priest, who, more faithful than all his wealthier neighbours, concealed him in his church, and bore him food and information day by day. While thus concealed, the great annual fair at Mora was at hand; Gustavus determined to take advantage of that mighty gathering of Dalecarlians to commence his meditated crusade of liberty and independence. Accordingly, emerging from the village sanctuary, he appeared among them. In fervid, unstudied eloquence he addressed them. He pointed out the ancient independence of Sweden and its present degradation and distress. With horrible vividness he detailed the Danish enormities at Stockholm and elsewhere. Then, with all the fire and energy of a patriot made desperate, he painted how it were possible for a few valiant, sincere men, fighting unmercenary for their country and their brethren, to strike terror into the guilty heart of Christian, and to hurl back the proud invaders from the land they cursed. The effect was electric. Unanimously the people flew to arms, and in a few days Gustavus found himself at the head of a small, but noble band, prepared to follow him, without pay or recompense, whithersoever he might will to lead them. By a most masterly stratagem, he took the castle of the governor of the province, garrisoned it with friends, and then, having secured Dalecarlia behind him, poured down like a river of flame upon the open country. As he marched along, the people thronged to him in thousands; castles and cities were stormed and captured, the Danes slain, or driven in flight before him, the imposts of Christian removed, and, in less than a year, nearly all Sweden, except Stockholm, was re-conquered by his ability and prowess. He was no less a master of the art of war, than a personal combatant. His keen insight and stern volition planned, instantaneously, the siege or battle-order, and his chivalrous daring contributed more than whole regiments to carry out the design. In the thickest of the conflict he was ever found; in the hour of triumph he was in the midst of his followers, appeasing their vindictiveness and restraining their excesses. But his reverses were not ended. Just when Sweden was his own, a concentrated vigorous attack on Stockholm only needed to accomplish his labour, the Dalecarlians, in number and courage the bulwarks of his cause, demanded to return home for a while to reap the harvest. A weaker man would have been overthrown by this. Not so Gustavus. He at once granted their request, and retiring into Lepsall, put himself on the defensive till their return. Faithfully after harvest they re-appeared; and now flocked the remnant of the nobility to his standard. He was pressed to assume the crown, but he felt, that while the metropolis was not his, such would be an empty honour. To the capture of Stockholm he proceeded with renewed energies; it resisted stoutly, but at length it fell, and the Danes had no longer a footing, however insignificant, in Sweden. Again he was pressed to take the crown, but again he declined. For a couple of years he consolidated the power and augmented the efficacy of his rule, until order being established and prosperity returning, he accepted the throne he had proved himself supremely capable over all other men in Sweden to uphold. Not only did he prove himself capable of upholding the throne, but he demonstrated to the last day of his twenty years' reign, how regally, how like a true king, he could discharge its offices. He dispersed the pirates that infested the Baltic; he maintained honourable peace with all foreign powers; he increased the foreign influence with Sweden so much, that he was offered the headship of the league of Smalkalde; he vindicated the freedom of Swedish commerce against the Hanseatic towns, and swelled the opulence and prosperity of his cities, both agricultural and commercial; he banished gothic splendour from his court, and introduced rational courtesy and refinement there instead; he tamed the nobility into an illustrious and useful class, from a mere series of guerilla chieftains; by the most legitimate means he contrived the Lutheran religion to supersede the Catholic, and so uprooted the temporal power of the priesthood, so long the national curse; and, finally, at the good age of seventy, in full possession of his faculties, without pain or active sickness, he died in the arms of his dearest friends, calmly, as though lapsing into slumber.

All classes of Swedish men alike lamented him. They knew that their king, their guide and ruler, had departed from them; they knew, also, that long years must elapse ere another such as he would rise up amongst them. And it was felt throughout all Sweden, and, indeed, throughout all Europe, that there had appeared a man who was no mere world server, but in the face of heaven and eternity, brave and upright as immortal men should alone ever be; one who had not shirked his labour, but had ever endeavoured to realize a substantial life, had realized accordingly the Herculean task which destiny assigned; and having done that, had gone, as a true man should do, uncomplaining to his rest. J. S. S.

We are all of us dust and ashes. True! but in some, we recognise the dust of gold, and the ashes of the phœnix; in others, the dust of the gateway, and the ashes of turf and stubble. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true, we read of them in history; but, we also read in history of crocodiles and hyænas; with great writers, whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of a man are imprinted on his works; and more lamps burn over them, and more religiously, than are lighted in temples or churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindled with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable; and their music, by day and night, swells along a space commensurate with the vault of heaven.

THE CHRONIC COMPLAINT.

In the immediate vicinity of that vast emporium of fever-breeding alleys, marine store shops, and unwashed atoms of humanity, "Drury Lane," stood, some few years since, one of those manufactories of the staff of life—a baker's shop. One morning, having had what is commonly called a "few words" (which, in reality, means a great many, and very big words too) with my landlady, *en route* to my office I passed this shop. A little bill was suspended in the window for the information of that unfortunate portion of the public, lodging-hunters, that "a single gentleman" might there be "done for." The windows were particularly clean. I am a great admirer of clean windows, and notwithstanding the great risk of being parboiled from the steam of fermenting bread, I recklessly plunged into the very bosom of shelved and manufactured dough.

The proprietress, Mrs. Rasper, was sitting at a small desk, making entries in an immense volume, the pages of which were divided into countless parts by black and red lines, forming a cabalistic species of anglo-arabesque. The lady was of tall, but spare form, and attired in widow's weeds; she was not wanting in dignity, but it was of an inferior kind. On asking to see her apartments, she slowly lifted her head, and after scrutinizing me from head to foot, as if mentally taking my dimensions, in order to be sure that I should fit the rooms, she threw some bread-raspings over the leaves of the book, arose, and desired me to follow her to a back-door, leading to a narrow and almost perpendicular staircase, at the summit of which was a quaintly furnished apartment, decorated and fashioned as the drawing-room of the late Mr. Rasper.

While engaged in the study of the defunct Mr. Mr. Rasper's portrait, I was startled by a deep groan; it arose from the depths of the heart of Mrs. Rasper, who had seated herself in an arm-chair. "I can never sit down without sighing," said that lady. "Indeed, Ma'am, are you not well?"—"No, Sir, I never am well," she sharply replied, as if astonished at my ignorance. "I am very sorry for you, Ma'am."—"Nobody is sorry for me, Sir; I am a persecuted, poor, lone widow; yes, I am a marked woman—my poor husband's dead. My protector's gone, Sir, or he would never have allowed my feelings to have been wounded by having to let apartments. He, poor man, little knows how I am worried to death. But I am sinking fast—the world wo'nt be troubled with me long. Oh, this complaint will kill me." I became seriously alarmed, and suggested water or eau de cologne. "No, Sir, leave me alone, do let me have a little of my own way, it will end my persecutions." This was the most unfortunate position I was ever in in my life. She looked really very ill; were she to die suddenly, what would be the consequences; the contemplation was horrible, and I resolved to get out of the house as soon as possible. I was going, but Mrs. Rasper, apparently guessing at my resolution, suddenly grew calmer, and said, "Dont be afraid, Sir, I have had an attack of my old complaint, and my doctor tells me it was born with me, and he says it is a chronic disease of the spleen, which is much commoner than most people imagine; but I am better now."

Not having the most robust health myself, I sympathized with the lady, and easily forgetting her oddity of temper (as no doubt it arose from internal pain,) I settled with her the necessary preliminaries, and soon entered upon my new abode.

During the first week or two, I had many opportunities of seeing, or rather hearing, of my landlady's sufferings from this "chronic complaint." The very slightest contradiction would produce an attack. One of her symptoms was the mono-maniac idea that the whole world was conspiring to do her (the individual Mrs. Rasper) some bodily harm. It was to this imaginary crusade against her that she imputed the rapid falling off of her customers—perhaps being aware of her complaint, they were afraid of being contaminated, as many nervous persons are of entering a shop with mourning shutters before the window; but, however, Mrs. Rasper thought that this had nothing to do with it, and imputed her loss of custom to the new bakers in the same street, whom she declared had been sent there by her evil genius, for the express purpose of persecuting her, and nothing else.

Mrs. Rasper had had two sons, both of whose non-success in life had been brought about in consequence of their parent's unfortunate complaint. In the novitiate of life, school existence, they had been placed with due care and expense, at a "respectable school," where they remained till they had got "rule of three" deep in Walkingame, and obtained the reputation of "smart boys." When the school-master called on Mrs. Rasper with his bill, some extra charges caused a violent paroxysm of this terrible disorder. "Sir Pedagogue," not liking to risk a relapse the following quarter, expelled them from under his educational wing. The rest of their school boyhood was passed in so many different establishments, that they acquired a distaste for letters. On leaving school, one after the other was apprenticed to their mother, and ran away almost as soon as they were bound; one was drowned at "sea" and the other killed in "India." The natural support of her old age was sapped in the bud, through her "chronic complaint," which, like rheumatic gout, was a "bug-bear," even to the kindest and nearest of her friends. Notwithstanding that, Mrs. Rasper loved her children, they were victims to her "chronic complaint;" nothing could stand against its paroxysms, which fell upon the members of her family like avalanches.

One evening, Mrs. Rasper, entered my room, *sans ceremonie*, and drawing her tall spare figure up to its utmost altitude, with a tragic-comic smile, ironically exclaimed, "Well, Sir, I was in your room while you were out" (supposing that it must have been for the purpose of dusting); I tendered her my thanks. "Dust the room, me dust the room, Sir, No; I came to look after my furniture, and see how it was treated. I was astonished—yes, Sir, I wo'nt allow it, never did, and what's more, I wo'nt have it, Sir!" Being perfectly innocent of having, at least to my knowledge, given any offence, I reiterated, "wo'nt allow it," "wont have it." "Pray, what is it you will neither allow nor have, Mrs. Rasper?" Looking towards the side-board (which in my opinion, I had decorated with a couple of handsome busts), she snappishly replied, "Why, Sir, the top of *my* side-board made into a common image-board; I wo'nt have them two ugly old men's heads (ye gods! Shakspere and Milton); if I had let the room to a common foreign vagabond of an Italian image-boy, it could not have been worse off—it breaks my heart, it does, Sir. It shan't be, Sir! my best mahogany side-board shan't be disgraced.

I had hitherto borne my landlady's trifling ebullitions of temper patiently, thinking them but mere safety-valves of her constitution, and common to all invalids. But this dictatorial and impertinent address of hers aroused my choler, and she evidently perceived it, for before I could reply, she pathetically, and in a much lower key, said, "Oh, Sir, if you did but know how very hard we worked for every stitch of furniture, you would not be cross at my seaking, for 'tis only speaking after all. You know my way; you see I am quiet as a lamb, except when I feel the pains of my "complaint" upon me. I am afraid I shall never be better; no cure, and I do like a little my own way—we all do, Sir; and you will please to remember you are not in a common

lodging-house; no, Sir, if it had'nt been for poor Rasper's death, I should'nt have been obliged to let the rooms at all. Oh, Sir, I should'nt like to lose you, but all I want is a gentleman who will take care of the furniture."

I really felt for this poor woman; she must, I thought, have been a martyr throughout life to some horrible complaint, although, for the life of me, I could not think exactly what it was; though not so hideous to the vision, its effect seemed to have been to her similar to that of the leprosy of antiquity to the leper, viz., that of driving from before her every thing of human form. No one could dislike the woman who witnessed her many acts of charity, and, at times, her almost ultra-feminine tenderness; the half-starved beggar never left her door without being richer for the visit; but, even then they appreciated her not,—a dire curse seemed hanging over her.

Now, Mrs. Rasper was one of those persons who never hear of anything, either good, bad, or indifferent, without thereupon making some original remarks of a "melancholy tendency." This habit is common to those suffering from a similar complaint to Mrs. Rasper's. They are a class of universal commentators—people who are never exactly happy until they feel quite satisfied that they have some grounds for being miserable. "Ah! Mr. C.," said the lady, after her soliloquy, "you don't know what it is to have two businesses to look after; it is too much for a poor lone widow; but thank goodness I am blessed with a good temper, and if it was not for my contented disposition, I could never stand under my complaint, persecuted as I am. But I must have those images off the side-board, Mr. C." So saying, Mrs. Rasper bounced out of the room, muttering, as she went down the stairs, about being worried to death with lodgers and business. An hour or so afterwards, I was aroused by the sound of Mrs. Rasper's voice in anger, loudly scolding some one. Alarmed, I rang the bell; the servant came into the room trembling with fear. "Mrs. Rasper," said I, "appears to be angry; what is all this noise about, Mary?"—"Noise, Sir? Angry, Sir? Oh, Sir, she frightens us to death when she is in these humours—she don't know what she's about. She walks up and down the room, opens the drawers, slams'em in again, moves all the chairs back'ards and for'ards, catches hold of the cupboard door, slams it back again, and opens all the doors and windows; and I have heard that that's how she gave her 'poor dear departed,' as she calls him, his death. But what's oddest, when she comes too again, she talks o' the wickedness of getting into passions, gives me tracks about temper, and tells me that how she first got on in life was by being quiet and easy-tempered. It's very strange, Sir, but serious misfortunes never put her out of temper, it's always some little paltry trifle. But, Sir, you had better move them images, or perhaps she'll break'em; she told me she would, and she always keeps her word."

One evening, a friend was enjoying the luxury of a quiet cigar with me, when Mrs. Rasper entered the room, looking terrifically grand, and holding in her hand a chamber-candlestick. "Mr. C., I am going to bed."—"Very happy to hear it, Mrs. Rasper; pleasant dreams to you," said I. "And shall feel great pleasure in escorting you to your room-door, Madam," said my friend. "I have nothing to do with you, or your impudence either," wrathfully replied the widow; "I have come to speak to my lodger. Mr. C., I did not come here to be insulted. Who's this fellow, I should like to know? Every night, as I go up to bed, I make a practice of calling in all the rooms to see if the fires are out, and I wont have late hours kept in my house."

"The last feather bore down the camel." I could bear it no longer; my sympathies had become metamorphosed into indignation; my dulness had vanished. The ghosts of her happiness, her success, her children, her husband, her health, all stood reeking before me, deeply wounded, and the demon of cross purposes, crowned with a garland of hideous spikes jarring upon each other, with a long flaming weapon in its hand, on the blade of which was written, in burning characters, "*Ill-temper.*" I saw it all, and, for the first time, disgust outweighed pity.

Anything less than the painter's pencil would be inadequate to describe the lady's rage—for she had reached that state of passion when language becomes lost. After a few minutes, she addressed me:—"Mr. C., how dare you have a parcel of fellows come here to abuse me? I will have my way in my own house, I tell you, Sir; and I will show you." And so saying, and before we could rise to the rescue, she caught up the blind bard, and, with the greatest vehemence, swung him round, literally *tete a tete* with the door, destroying the two "illustrious great" with one blow, being, perhaps, one of the most expeditious taking to pieces those great intellects ever had. She then, with all the dignity imaginable, marched out of the room.

This was the *chef d'œuvre* of the evening—a *coup de soleil* could not have surprised us more. We finished the evening gazing on the ruins of fallen greatness. To use a ministerial phrase, we "were put down." But it had the effect of curing me of my *penchant* for the observation of character. With Mrs. Rasper, it really had been the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The next morning I gave notice to quit, having arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Rasper's "Chronic Complaint" was one that is, alas! too common in family circles. Passion and irritability are household words—they are played with in families, even by the well-disposed; beware, it is amusing yourselves with a two-edged sword. They are the canker-worms which eat men's substances; they keep the poor starving, and drag to poverty the wealthy; and so it proved with Mrs. Rasper, for I afterwards discovered that she had dwindled into a mere char-woman. Were there a gazette to record the greatest domestic bankruptcies, we should find a fearful portion of the insolvency owing to that destructive "Chronic Complaint," more generally known as "Ill-temper."

WILLIAM DALTON.

PROVERBS.

"SOME men are born with a silver and others with a wooden spoon in their mouths;" and, "He who was born under a three-halfpenny planet will never be worth two-pence," are two melancholy proverbs, expressly intended for the use of the losers in the game of life, the dejected, wearied competitors in the race we are all running, the awkward, unsuccessful dancers to whom Fortune's pipe never taught a single chassez. The language in which they are couched is mean and plebeian; but let it be recollected that it is the language of adversity, the language of the poor and dispirited; such maxims do not pass the lips of the prosperous and happy, they acquire no polish from the rich and elegant, who are very apt to forget that there are such things as wooden spoons or copper money in existence, and are sure to attribute their right to the use of fiddle-headed king's pattern spoons, and gold and silver coin to their own indefeasible privileges and indisputable merits. For it is a remarkable fact, that those who dance oftenest in Fortune's cotillon, and are most indebted to her pipe, frequently assert that they supply their own music, and that their fine steps are entirely owing to the admirable way in which they themselves are performing on a jew's-harp or penny trumpet. She, partial goddess, takes no umbrage at their ingratitude, plays on to her thoughtless favourites, nor turns one glance to the crowds of worshippers who are imploring a single tune from her lips. Yet, notwithstanding the arrogance of the prosperous,

those who look on and observe the banquet can readily distinguish the "wooden spoon" adhering with spiteful pertinacy to its original owners. They cannot part with their birthright, friends endeavour in vain to exchange it for a utensil of more valuable materials, and they themselves exert all the powers of their body, the energies of their mind, to aid their benevolent design. But all in vain; they used it for their soup, and they will use it for their dessert.

These ill-starred creatures have no reason to regret the suppression of lotteries, since not even the nominal prize of twenty pounds ever came to their share; and their dislike of the legacy-tax is exasperated by no selfish feelings, as they were never called to contribute towards it in the slightest degree. If a friend has promised to remember them in his will, he is sure to die suddenly before he has made one. They are always a little too late in asking for a favour, and a little too soon in abandoning a speculation; and they generally sell their shares in a mining company at a heavy loss, just before the discovery of a bonança. If money is ever within their grasp, a law-suit speedily loosens their hold, and it falls into the capacious hands of some silver-spooned son of Themis; their landed property is always in the West Indies, and their ready cash in a bank that fails. If they are botanists or entomologists, they never find a rare plant or uncommon insect; dandelions and groundsel seem to spring up beneath their feet. As sportsmen or fishermen, they are equally unfortunate; their gun always misses fire at a pheasant; and, notwithstanding a diligent observance of the rules of "Salmonia," their hook fails, or line breaks, whenever a trout of any size has taken the bait.

As the "wooden spoon" is not confined to the male sex, its influence often dooms the fairer part of the creation to a series of troubles and vexations. Its victims are very unfortunate in their domestic affairs; if they get a good servant, she is sure to marry away; if they wash at home, it always rains at the time; if they have a dinner-party, the weather is hot and thundery, their custards are sour, a little soot falls into the soup, and fish is extravagantly dear. The china of these unhappy women appears more brittle than their neighbour's; their gowns seem to possess a magnetic quality for brambles; if a glass of port wine is thrown over at table, you need not ask whose dress has been spoiled; and if they take a walk, unprovided with an umbrella, no barometer is required to tell you it will rain. When invited to a particularly pleasant party, they catch cold and cannot go. In early life, they are subject to spraining their ankle just before a ball, and to splitting a shoe when they are about to dance with the man they prefer. At dinner they are generally placed between aged clergymen and persevering gourmands, bores take a fancy to them, incorrigible old bachelors bestow their tediousness upon them, and they are apt to fall in love with half-pay ensigns and country curates.

Behold, on the contrary, the happy man who with a "silver spoon" in his mouth, dances through life to the pleasant music of Dame Fortune! His uncles are all childless, nobody will marry his aunts; he sends a basket of game to a capricious old miser, and is rewarded by a legacy of £10,000; he preaches a sermon before a lady of quality, and gets a rich rectory; he buys worthless land, and the next year there is a rage for building upon it; he writes to his agent to purchase mining shares, and the letter miscarries. If he is a physician, he is called in just as his patient's disorder takes a favourable turn; if he is a lawyer, his clients happen to be in the right; if he is a naturalist, nondescripts reward his most careless search; if he sports with a friend, the birds always rise on his side. History and biography occasionally furnish us with examples of this peculiarly favoured race. Mr. Whittington was evidently one of them, whose very cat proved a source of riches; so was the gentleman who, worn out by a painful disorder, attempted to commit suicide, opened an inward imposthume, and was cured; the Persian condemned to lose his tongue, on whom the operation was so performed that it merely removed an impediment in his speech; the painter who produced an effect he had long aimed at in vain, by throwing his brush at his picture in a fit of impatience and despair, and the general who once upon a time besieged the town of Bushire, and had the gates blown open for him and the wall overthrown by the first discharge of a sixty-eight pounder, which the inhabitants fired to prevent his approach. Who can doubt that if these individuals had been born with "wooden spoons" in their infant mouths, their fate would have been very different? Whittington's cat would have turned out no mouser, the sword gone through the sick gentleman's heart, the tongue been extracted to the very root, the painting irrecoverably spoiled, and the general repulsed with the loss of a limb.

There are not many persons, however, thus unchangeably favoured or persecuted by Fortune; her fickleness is in general occasionally experienced even by the most beloved of her children, and it is said that, "Every dog has his day, and every man his hour." There are some proverbs still more cheering—"After clouds come clear weather," and "Many a rainy morning turns out a fine day," seem to imply that those who have danced a good many quadrilles to the dull double bass and croaking bag-pipe of poverty and misfortune, have every reason to expect that they shall soon have their turn in tripping to more lively music.

The prosperous pay in general little attention to these maxims, but to the poor and unsuccessful they doubtless afford considerable comfort. They watch for the lucky hour when the wheel is to turn, the sky to clear; they cheer their adversity by its distant beams, they keep their hands ready to seize the oar, and shift the sail whenever "the tide in their affairs" arrives which is to "lead on to fortune."

PREPARATIONS FOR PLEASURE OR, A PIC-NIC.

(*Concluded from page 207*).

They were again at the very point of starting, when a message was brought to Mrs. Snodgrass that little Master Charles had cut his thumb dreadfully! What was to be done? Mrs. Snodgrass vowed she shouldn't be easy in her mind the whole day, unless she knew the extent of the mischief; and as they only lived in Euston Square, and she could be there and back again in twenty minutes, she would herself go see what really was the matter; and away she went. Twenty minutes! During all this time, Bagshaw—but who would attempt to describe anguish indescribable? At length he was relieved by the return of Mrs. Snodgrass; but, to the horror and consternation of himself, and of all present, she introduced the aforesaid Master Charles, an ugly, ill-tempered, blubbering little brat of seven years old, with a bloated red face, scrubby white hair, and red eyes.

At length the procession set out; the Bagshaws, Uncle John, and Jack Richards bringing up the rear in a hackney-coach.

They were now fairly on the road.

"What a smell of garlick!" exclaimed Uncle John; "it is intolerable!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Richards, "do you perceive it? 'Tis a fine Italian sausage I bought at Morel's, as my contribution. We shall find it an excellent relish in the country;" and he exhibited his purchase, enveloped in a brown paper.

"Pha! shocking! 'tis a perfect nuisance! Put it into

your pocket again, or throw it out at the window." But Mr. Richards preferred obeying the first command.

"Apropos of contributions, Uncle, have you brought your spoons?"

"Here they are," replied Uncle; at the same time drawing from his pocket a parcel in size and form very closely resembling Mr. Richards's offensive contribution.

On arriving at Westminster Bridge, they found the rest of the party already seated in the barge, hired for the occasion, and the first sound that saluted their ears was an intimation that, owing to their being two hours behind time (it was now past twelve,) they should hardly save the tide. "I knew it would be so," said Bagshaw, with more of discontent than he had thought to experience, considering the pains he had taken that every thing should be well-ordered.

As Uncle John was stepping into the boat, Richards, with great dexterity, exchanged parcels with him, putting the Italian sausage into Uncle John's pocket, and the spoons into his own; enhancing the art of the manœuvre by whispering to the Bagshaws, who with infinite delight had observed it, "Hang me but he shall have enough of the garlick!" The old gentleman was quite unconscious of the operation, as Richards adroitly diverted his attention from it by giving him one of his facetious pokes in the ribs, which nearly bent him double and drew a roar of laughter from every one else.

Just as they were pushing off, their attention was attracted by a loud howling. It proceeded from a large Newfoundland dog, which was standing at the water's edge. "Confound it!" cried Richards, "that's my Carlo! He has followed me, unperceived, all the way from home; I would not lose him for fifty pounds. I must take him back, pray put me ashore. This is very provoking, though he is a very quiet dog?" There was no mistaking this hint. Already there were two nuisances on board, Master Charles and the Dutch pug; but as they were to choose between Jack Richards with his dog, or no Jack Richards (or in other words, no "life and soul of the party"), it was presently decided that Carlo should be invited to a seat on the hampers, which were stowed at the head of the boat, Uncle John having first extracted from Mr. Richards an assurance that their new guest would lie there as still as a mouse. This complaisance was amply rewarded by a speedy display of Mr. Richards' powers of entertainment. As they were fast approaching Vauxhall Bridge, the fair Corinna unrolled the music for which the servant had been dispatched with so much haste. Miss Corinna screamed! "What was the matter?"—"They had not sent the grand scena from "Medea" after all, but a wrong piece! and the pains she had taken to be perfect in it!"—"Could not Miss Corinna sing it from memory?"—"Impossible!"—"How careless of you, Corinna! then sing what they have sent."—"Why, ma'," said Corinna, holding up the unfortunate sheets, "why, bless me, ma', I can't sing the overture to 'Der Freischutz!'" The difficulty of such a performance being readily admitted, Mr. Frederick Snodgrass declared himself "but too happy" to comply with the call for his concerto in five sharps, which stood next on the list; and with the air of one well satisfied that an abundance of admiration and applause would reward his efforts, he drew forth his flute, when, lo! one of the joints was missing! This accident was nearly fatal to the musical entertainments of the day; for not only was the concerto thereby rendered impracticable, but "Sweet Bird," with the flute accompaniment obligato, was put *hors de combat*. Disappointment having, by this, been carried to its uttermost bounds, the announcement that two strings of the guitar had "gone" was received with an indifference almost stoical; and every one was grateful to Miss Euphemia for so *willingly* undertaking (the whispered menaces of Lady Grouts being heard by nobody but the young lady herself) to do all that could be done under such untoward circumstances. She would endeavour to accompany herself through a little ballad; and thus it proceeded:—

O leave me (*twang*) to my sorrow, (*twang twang*)

"Dear me!"

——For my soul (*twang*) ——is heavy (*twang*) to day; (*twang twang*)

"I told you, mamma, I couldn't."

——O leave me (*twang*)

"There's another string gone!"

——and to-morrow (*twang*)

"You see it is nothing without an accompaniment."

These dark clouds (*twang*)

"You really must excuse me;" and away went the guitar.

Mr. Claudius Bagshaw, now, for the first time, wondered how anything could fail, so much trouble having been taken to ensure success. Drawing forth his repeater, he a-hem'd! and just muttered, "Unaccountable! Hem! upon my word! One o'clock, and no pleasure yet!"

A dead silence occurred for some minutes; when Jack Richards who had not for a long time perpetrated a joke, produced a harsh, brassy-toned, German eolina, and—

"Blew a blast so loud and shrill,"

that the Dutch pug began to bark, Carlo to howl, and the other nuisance, Master Charles, to cry. The German eolina was of itself bad enough, but these congregated noises were intolerable. Uncle John aimed a desperate blow with a large apple, which he was just about to bite, at the head of Carlo, who, in order to give his lungs fair play, was standing on all fours on the hampers. The apple missed the dog, and went some distance beyond him into the water. Mr. Carlo, attributing to Uncle John a kinder feeling than that which actually prompted the proceeding, looked upon it as a good-natured expedient to afford him an opportunity of adding his mite to the amusements of the day, by displaying a specimen of his training. Without waiting for a second hint, he plunged into the river, seized the apple, and paddling up to the side of the boat with the prize triumphantly exhibited in his jaws, to the consternation of the whole party, he scrambled in between Uncle John and his master, dropped the apple on the floor, distributed a copious supply of Thames' water amongst the affrig'ted beholders, squeezed his way through them as best as he could, and, with an air of infinite self-satisfaction, resumed his place on the hampers.

For some time, the pic-nics pursued their way in solemn silence. At length, Bagshaw, perceiving that there would be very little pleasure if matters were allowed to go on in this way, exclaimed, "An intelligent observer, not imbued with the knowledge of our intentions, would indicate us to be a combination of perturbed spirits, rowed by Charon across the river Tiber."

In cases of this kind, the essential is to break the ice. Conversation was now resumed.

Jack Richards was up again. "Come, what's done can't be helped; but, upon my soul! I am sorry at being the innocent cause of throwing cold water upon the party."

"Too bad, Jack, to bring that Carlo of yours!" Carlo, perceiving that he was the subject of conversation, was instantly on his legs, his eye steadily fixed upon Uncle John, evidently expecting a signal for a second plunge. The alarm was general, and every tongue joined in the scream of "Lie down, Sir! lie down!"

Uncle John, whose nostrils had been more than once offended by the odour from his friend's garlick sausage, and who had on each and every such occasion vented an exclamation of disgust, to the great amusement of Mr. Richards (who chuckled with delight to think of the exchange he had secretly effected), here, in the middle of the stream, resolved to rid himself of the annoyance. Unperceived by any one, he gently drew the parcel from Richards' coat-pocket, and let it drop into the water!

Like King Richard's pierced coffin, once in, it soon found the way to the bottom. Uncle John could scarcely restrain his inclination to laugh aloud; however, he contrived to assume an air of indifference, and whistled part of a tune.

Arrived at Twickenham, the boatmen were ordered to pull up to a beautiful meadow, sloping down to the water's edge. 'Twas the very thing for them! In an instant they were all ashore; and the hampers were placed near a large tree, beneath whose spreading boughs they resolved to take their rural meal. The invention of eating and drinking is one of which much may be said both *pro* and *con;* that it is excessively vulgar we at once admit; but there is this in its favour, that the near prospect of a good dinner does much towards the restoration of suspended harmony; and savage must be his heart, his very nature uncharitable and unforgiving, who feels no touch of kindness for, or sympathy with, his fellow-creatures at the sound of the dinner-bell. The beneficial effect of the approaching repast was evident now. "Well," said Bagshaw, "I knew our pains and trouble would be rewarded; we *shall* have a pleasant day after all."

They were just preparing to open their own packages when a servant came running towards them. Beg pardon, gentlemen; don't you see that post?" and he directed their attention to a sign-board bearing the hospitable notice "that any person, or persons, landing to dine in those meadows, would be prosecuted."

"But," said Bagshaw, "what damage or deterioration of property can we possibly inflict?"—"Don't know, Sir; but Sir Gregory Grumpy does not like his grass to be greased all over with ham and chicken." Remonstrance was in vain; so they re-embarked their "provender" and themselves, and pulled farther up the river. Bagshaw looked at his repeater, and shook his head.

The next place at which they attempted a landing was equally prohibited, though the prohibition appeared in the more polite form of an invitation: "You are requested *not* to dine here."

At last, however, they discovered an undefended spot, and of this they took possession. There was no time to lose—they had had no pleasure yet—so Bagshaw entreated that every one would "put his shoulder to the wheel, and be on the *qui va la*." In an instant, a large heavy hamper was landed, but, as in compliance with Bagshaw's request, every one did something to *help*, a scene of confusion was the consequence, and numerous pieces of crockery were invalided ere the cloth was properly spread, and the dishes, plates, and glasses distributed. But for the feast. Mr. Snodgrass's basket was opened, and out of it were taken four remarkably fine chickens, and a tongue—uncooked! There was but one mode of accounting for this trifling omission. Mr. Snodgrass's Betty was a downright matter-of-fact person, who obeyed orders to the very letter. Having been told, the evening before, to get four fine chickens *for* roasting, together with a tongue, and to pack them, next morning, in a basket, she did so literally and strictly; but, as she had received no distinct orders to dress them, to have done so she would have deemed an impertinent departure from her instructions. Well; since people in a high state of civilization, like Mr. Claudius Bagshaw and his friends, cannot eat raw chickens, they did the only thing they could under the circumstances—they grumbled exceedingly, and put them back again into the basket. This was a serious deduction in the important point of quantity, and Uncle John felt a slight touch of remorse at having thrown, as he thought, his friend's Italian sausage into the Thames. However, there was still provision in the garrison. But the run of luck in events, as at a game of whist, may be against you; and when it is so, be assured that human prudence and foresight (remarkable as even Mrs. Bagshaw's, who bespoke her pigeons seven weeks before she wanted them), avail but little. When the packages were first stowed in the boat, the pigeon-pie was inadvertently placed at the bottom, and everything else, finishing with the large heavy hamper of crockery, with Carlo on that, upon it; so that when it was taken up it appeared a chaotic mass of pie-crust, broken china, pigeons, brown paper, beef-steak, eggs, and straw! "Now this is enough to provoke a saint," said Bagshaw. After a minute examination, he declared the pie to be "a complete squash," and that nobody could venture to eat it but at the imminent risk of being choked. The next basket was opened. Things were not altogether in a desperate state. Mr. Wrench's ham was in perfect order, and that, with Miss Snubbleston's salad, and some bread and—. Could it be possible! After so much preparation, and Mr. Bagshaw's committee of "provender" to boot, that no one should have thought of so obvious a requisite as bread! There would not be time to send Mr. Bagshaw to Twickenham town to procure some, for it was getting late; and if they lost the tide, they should be on the water till midnight, and they did not like the appearance of the sky, which was by no means so blue as it had hitherto been. However, the want of bread did not much signify; they could make a shift with Miss Snubbleston's biscuit and pound-cakes. But Uncle John did not come out on an excursion of pleasure to make shift; no more did Bagshaw, nor more did any of the others. There was nothing else to be done; so where is Miss Snubbleston's basket? And where is Master Charles? Gracious! Don't be alarmed, the precious rarity is in no danger. He was soon discovered behind a tree, whither he had dragged the fruit and cakes, and was engaged, with all his might and main, in an endeavour, with a piece of stick, to force out an apple. In this attempt, as it was presently seen, the interesting child had cracked a bottle, the contents of which—merely a preparation of oil, vinegar, and mustard, for the salad—were quietly dribbling through the pound-cakes, biscuits, and fruit. Similar aspirations to those which had lately been so cordially expressed for the Dutch pug, were now most devoutly formed in behalf of Master Charles. "This comes of people bringing their plaguey brats with them," said Uncle Toby.

While this scene was going on, Jack Richards, perceiving that the service of the table was incomplete, bethought him of Uncle John's silver-handled knives and forks, and spoons. He felt first in one pocket, then in the other; then he ran down to search the boat, then he rummaged the baskets. "Jack, my boy," hallooed Uncle John, "don't trouble yourself, you'll never see *that* again."—"What, Sir?"—"I could not bear the smell of it any longer, so I slily drew it out of your pocket, and let it fall into the Thames." And here Uncle John chuckled, and looked about him for applause. "Bless me, Sir! Don't say so—why—bless my heart!—you don't know!—before we got into the boat, I put the sausage into your pocket, and your case of cutlery into my own!" There was a general burst of laughter against Uncle John. He turned as pale as—nay, paler than anything that has ever yet been dragged into the comparison; for an instant he stood stock-still, then thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew forth the unfortunate substitute, and dashed it violently to the ground. He next buttoned his coat from the bottom to the top, pulled down his cuffs, whispered to his no-longer-admired Jack Richards, "You shall hear from me, Mr. ——;" and saying aloud to Bagshaw, "This comes of your confounded party of pleasure, Sir." Away he went, and returned to town outside a Twickenham coach, resolving by the way to call out *that* Mr. Richards, and to eject the Bagshaws from the snug corner they held in his last will and testament.

This explosion seemed to have banished pleasure for that day. They were all, more or less, out of humour; and instead of making the best of things, as they had hitherto done, they now made the worst of them. Sir

Thomas's hamper of his choice wine (which, by-the-bye, he purchased at a cheap shop for the occasion) was opened; and slices of ham were cut with their only knife and fork. Jack Richards tried to be facetious, but it would not do. He gave Bagshaw a poke in the ribs, which was received with a very formal—"Sir, I must beg——." To Mr. Wrench, junior, he said, "You have not spoken much to-day, but you have made amends for your science—d'ye take?—Your *ham* is good, though your *tongue* is not worth much." Instead of laughing, Mr. Wrench simpered something about "impertinent liberties," and "satisfaction." On being invited by Sir Thomas to a second glass of his "old East India," he said that one was a dose—had rather not double the *Cape*; and at the first glass of Champagne, he inquired whether there had been a plentiful supply of gooseberries that year. In short, whether it were that the company knew not how to appreciate his style of wit and pleasantry, or that he was in reality a very disagreeable person; the fact is that——. But hold! Let us say nothing ill of him.

As we have said, they now seemed resolved to make the worst of everything; the grass was damp, the gnats were troublesome, Carlo's nose was in every body's face, Cupid's teeth at everybody's calves, and Master Charles was ill of too many sour apples; it was growing late, and no good could come of sitting longer in the open air. They re-embarked. By the time they reached Putney it was pitch dark, and the tide was setting against them. They moved on in mute impatience, for there was a slight sprinkling of rain. It now fell in torrents. Master Charles grew frightened, and screamed, Cupid yelped, and Carlo howled. Accompanied the rest of the way by these pleasing sounds, at one in the morning (two hours and a half later than they had intended, they arrived at Westminster stairs, dull, dreary, drowsy, discontented, and drenched.

How this day's excursion failed of being "the pleasantest thing that ever was," after the pains, trouble, labour, inconvenience, and bodily suffering he had endured to make it so, Mr. Claudius Bagshaw, with all his literature, science, and philosophy, is still utterly at a loss to discover; but he is resolved to renew the experiment once again, on the twenty-fourth of August next ensuing; and to secure an additional chance in favour of its success, he will commence his preparations at Christmas.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

We live in an age of emancipation. The rules of thinking and acting which governed our grandfathers, have no dominion over us. The introduction of steam has made life an almost perpetual motion. Thousands that for years had never strayed ten miles from their own home, have been brought into full acquaintance "with the manners of many men and many cities." A steam-boat, like Love, has wings, or at least has paddles which answer the same purpose, and cut through space with equal celerity. The spread of energetic and universal excitement is visible in all directions. The impulse extends to all the social relations of life; friends living a hundred miles apart, and whose only communication was through the post-office, now start off by railway, after a leisurely breakfast, and are ensconced in the dining-room of their destination in good time for dinner. All this rapidity of movement is fertile in consequences. The value of time is calculated by infinitesimal quantities. We are made to see so clearly the quantity of business that may be dispatched in a given period, and how deeply the question of profit and loss may be affected by the loss of a few precious moments, that every cause of delay becomes a tax upon our patience. The adage that "what is deferred is not lost" is clean swept from the register of experience, as being unsuited, as in truth it is, to the new law of locomotion.

I do not purpose at present to investigate the good or the evil of this mighty revolution. It is of no use to philosophize; for were I to wear down my pen to the stump, I should never make the world one whit the wiser. But there is one result of this law of progress well worth remarking. The race of deeply-read scholars is fast disappearing; I speak of that class which in past times consumed the midnight oil, readers who pored over their folios till sunrise, and whose lucubrations were said to smell of the lamp. Now, is there anything surprising in their disappearance. The descendants of these black-lettered book-worms are to be found now in the catalogue of *les beaux esprits*. A few hours on a railway will enable them to join their friends in a shooting-party on the moors; or if they have a taste for foreign travel, a commodious and well-built steamer will speed them within sight of the Pyramids in less time than it would take to get through three octavo volumes. Who, having all this enjoyment in perspective, and a purse within reach of it, can be expected to sit down to hard study? Such self-sacrifice cannot reasonably be expected. We must be cast in a new mould before it can be looked for.

In every rank, and in every occupation, light literature has become the order of the day. In all that we do, and in all that we leave undone, the expenditure of time is taken into the account. Book-knowledge is slow of acquirement; the great demand is for that kind of knowledge which can be made available in the every-day business of life; which enlarges our field of observation, and keeps our faculties on the alert. In these days, our intellectual food must be easy of digestion, and must be served up like pancakes—hot and hot. Weekly journals, pamphlets, magazines, reviews, articles which have the cream of literature on the surface, and may be easily skimmed—these are the commodities in demand. To a sharp-sighted observer, all the world is a college; he gathers instruction from all that is going on before him; his associates and their tactics sharpen his faculties from hour to hour, and improves his associates for the whole of life. Whatever intelligence we seek for must be given with telegraphic expedition. Even a double number of the *Times* is deemed a nuisance; one half is left unread, and the other half is impatiently hurried over. In the senate and at the bar, speeches must be short; nothing prosy is endurable. Even in the church, a long sermon brings on drowsiness; no strength of devotion, in these degenerate days, can hold out against it. I must confess, on my own part, to a great predisposition to this sort of ennui. Charles Lamb, whose inimitable essays of "Elia" are a casket of jewels, though he loved an old folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Fuller's Worthies, and of other goodly volumes, that give evidence of the thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages, and handed them down, doubled down and dog's-eared, to the delight of posterity, had nevertheless a strong relish for lighter reading, whenever chance threw it in his way, as the graphic manner in which he thus describes this enjoyment will testify:—"Coming to an inn at night, having ordered your supper, what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest, two or three numbers of the old 'Town and Country Magazine,' with its amusing tête-a-tête pictures, 'The Royal Lover and Lady G——,' 'The melting Platonic and the old Beau,' and such like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it, at that time and in that place, for a better book?"

When I speak of light literature, it is hardly necessary to say, that I do not use the phrase as implying that sort of reading which furnishes mere amusement. The term "literature" embraces that class of periodical publications which are calculated to invigorate the intellect without fatiguing it, and which, while they furnish in the variety of the articles they afford that relaxation the mind requires, allure it at the same time to the study and contemplation of physical and moral truth. Timon.

BAD TASTE.

There are few terms of reproachful censure more generally played shuttle-cock with in the world, than the ever-ready stigma of a bad taste. One portion of society casts it from the battledoor of its own perfectibility upon another, which, in turn, as freely delivers it back, of course repudiating themselves all approximation to so unenviable a distinction.

There are as many varieties of bad taste in life as there are degrees of human conduct, each shape of it clinging to its possessor as tenaciously as his familiar habits, and going hand-in-hand with his outward bearing.

We hold good and bad taste to be mere synonymes for good and bad behaviour; the first, the legitimate appertaining of an educated mind, and a gentlemanly deportment, as natural to the soil of cultivation, as innate rectitude of conduct to the gentleman; and the other, as firmly wedded to the coarse perceptions and vulgar tone of the ill-bred and illiterate.

According to the modern acceptation of the words, there is a taste in every thing a man says, performs, or even dresses in; in fact, it is but another term for the "mind" an individual evinces in the general and particular circumstances of every-day life. And as it is by the performance of trivial items that the disposition of the heart is readiest seen, the taste a man or woman evinces in their general outward commerce with the world, may be taken as a very tolerable index of the mental harmony within; for it is as impossible for a refined intellect to express itself coarsely, as for a vulgar-minded man to estimate the delicacy of a refined sentiment.

Bad taste is a phrase generally used, but by no means generally understood, for every class and section of society put their own construction upon its signification; and what is bad taste in one order of people, is the summit of becoming beauty in another. The red bandana for the neck is exquisitely chaste in the eyes of a coal-heaver's mistress; while the same glaring appendage round the throat of a gentleman would be denominated by other society as the acme of slang and vulgarity.

A man, in our estimation, has no more right to commit solecisms in dress than in behaviour; both offend equally, the one the eye and harmony of taste, and the other, our self-respect and moral condition. One censures his friend for his bad taste, in asking a coquetting widow questions about her late husband; while another makes morning calls in tartan trowsers and waistcoat, and with a white hat and black band. Such a magpie harlequin offering a lady his arm, commits as great a breach of good taste, as the other with his *mal a propos* questions.

There is an old and trite saying, that everything in life has two sides, from a house to an argument; but in this instance, the rule is out of joint, for the varieties of bad taste set so meagre a division at defiance, and are as multiplied as the individuals to whom the term is affixed as a reproach.

Believe *us*, reader, that bad taste, like most sentiments, is only relative. The unctuous morsels of a stranded whale are as delicate viands to the palate of a Kamtschatkan aristocrat, as the breast of an ortolan to the beauty of May Fair. Each would repudiate with disgust the aliment of the other.

The mother who can calmly buy a string of tape to measure the corpse of her own son, and carry the dimensions to the undertaker; or, the man who can perform the death-bed rites, and make his own brother's coffin, may appear instances of the acme of bad taste to the bulk of society; yet to others, numerous as leafy June, the act of one or both bears nothing in its aspect beyond the pale of commendation. To preach to such of taste and delicacy of feeling, would elicit only looks of admiration and terms of marvel at your objection.

Yet, to the self-same class, the idea of leaving the offices of death to menials and hired assistants, would be estimated as the highest breach of nature and decorum. Who then shall decide between the two—which is bad taste!

To close the eyes, and give a seemly comfort to the apparel of the dead, is poverty's holiest touch of nature. To hasten from the quivering soul, and in dark chambers pour out the tears of sensitive regret, while stranger hands prepare the weeds of sepulchre, is the course that affluence assigns to solemn sorrow.

The patrician bride drives through the land with the proclamation of four horses, and white favours, asking the many-eyed world to stare at her blushes; while the plebeian maid goes at the dusk of day with unostentatious modesty to her new-found home, at once installed mistress and wife! Again, we ask, which is the better taste—display or secrecy!

Let us then treat with sparing hand and cleanly conscience the, to us, defective taste of those whose feelings we do not share, and of whose sentiments we are ignorant, and weigh the taste, good or bad, of others with the truest balance of impartiality, rather than remorselessly sweep down peculiarities we do not understand, with the Turkshead of our long-shafted censure.

Mankind in general judge as vaguely of every class but their own as of those illimitable tracts that lie beyond the belt of our African knowledge. The ebon lips of a Hottentot Juliet are as redolent of kissing loveliness to her sable Romeo, as the most Hebe mouth of paler beauty to the impassioned youth of northern regions. We cannot then be too chary in our condemnation of the taste of others, not knowing how offensive our own habits may appear to the very persons we condemn.

Whatever difficulties there may be in defining limits, and giving definition to a bad taste, there can be no question of cavil as to what constitutes its more graceful antagonist; for good taste can have but one interpretation; it requires no language to express it, for it is of that universal hieroglyph, that the most barbarous and the most polished of all nations and times can read as legibly as the aspects of the heavens a gentle deportment and an innate delicacy of soul. Possessed of these, good taste can never err, for they are the help and compass of all social commerce; the one conducting, while the other directs the human mind through the channels of life, and past the rocks of vulgar habit, and the shoals of a really bad taste. W. Hillyard.

Notices of New Works.

Swain's English Melodies. Longmans & Co.

We have great pleasure in introducing to the notice of our readers a collection of songs and lyrical pieces, by Charles Swain, the well-known author of "The Mind," and one of England's sweetest bards. He belongs to the noble brotherhood of poets who sing divinely of the divine in man, and who, appealing to all that is best and highest in human nature, promote virtue and truth by the influence of love alone. If such are the moral regenerators of the world, and as rivers, in their deep and noiseless flow purify and enrich the land, so do their streams of harmony and love purify and invigorate the heart and mind. But as a good thing carries its own recommendation, we will only select some few of these melodies, as instances of the fresh and healthy feeling which pervades them throughout, confident that these few will tempt to further a more intimate acquaintance with the book itself:—

TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS.

Take the world as it is! there are good and bad in it,
And good and bad will be from now to the end;
And they who expect to make saints in a minute,
Are in danger of marring more hearts than they'll mend.
If ye wish to be happy ne'er seek for the faults,
Or you're sure to find something or other amiss;
'Mid much that debases, and much that exalts,
The world's not a bad one if left as it is!

Take the world as it is! if the surface be shining,
Ne'er stir up the sediment hidden below!
There's wisdom in this, but there's none in repining
O'er things which can rarely be mended, we know!
There's beauty around us, which let us enjoy;
And chide not, unless it may be with a kiss;
Though Earth's not the Heaven we thought when a boy,
There's something to live for, if ta'en as it is!

Take the world as it is! with its smiles and its sorrow,
Its love and its friendship—its falsehood and truth—
Its schemes that depend on the breath of to-morrow!
Its hopes which pass by like the dreams of our youth.
Yet, oh! whilst the light of affection may shine,
The heart in itself hath a fountain of bliss!
In the *worst* there's some spark of a nature Divine,
And the wisest and best *take the world as it is!*

TIME TO ME.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,
There's a *time* we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a *time* in which to say it!

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much,
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch!

So, in many a loving breast,
Lies some canker-grief concealed,
That if touch'd, is more oppressed,
Left unto itself—is healed!

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word, or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Had been soothed, or turn'd aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness!

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

THE THREE CALLERS.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy, straying
'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of nought, save playing;
And so she smiles, and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm;
So Noon, unnotic'd seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more!

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire light, flick'ring faint and low,
By which a grey-hair'd man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone, as all life's pleasures go;
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark,—and he returns no more.

Whilst on the subject of Swain's poetry we cannot refrain from quoting, for the benefit of those to whom it may be unknown, a song full of true Christian spirit and benevolence:—

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Let us love one another,—not long may we stay,
In this bleak world of mourning some droop while 'tis day,
Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve;
Oh, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve!
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget!
Then, oh! though the hopes that we nourished decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay!

There are hearts, like the ivy, though all be decayed,
That it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade;
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undimm'd 'midst the blighted, the lovely, and dead;
But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—the root in its heart;
Exists but to twine it—imbibe the same dew—
Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish there too!

Thus, let's love one another 'midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond, as we lov'd at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright love of wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away;
Thus, let's love one another as long as we stay!

DIAMOND DUST.

If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubt; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.

A use must have preceded an abuse.

Some characters are like bubbles, so delicate as to be directed by a breath; others more rigid and compressed, like metallic balls, need violence to impel them: the first so gentle, are yet too volatile for reliance; the others inertly obstinate, become in their very passiveness active ill.

Nature is the soul of art.

Curious Title.—A book was printed during the time of Cromwell with the following title:—"Eggs of charity, layed by the chickens of the covenant, and boiled with the water of divine love. Take ye and eat."

We should promote our happiness by acquiring a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself.

Good nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

There is one misfortune unhappily attendant on people with vivid imaginations; when they have formed their projects of future happiness, they are too apt to neglect the means of securing it; they build themselves a palace in the future, and allow the cottage they possess to crumble into dust; instead of ploughing in the autumn, and sowing in the spring, they already reap in imagination.

There is a medium between a foolish security and an unreasonable distrust.

It is a dull and hurtful pleasure to have to do with people who admire us, and approve of all we say.

The paleness of death is more lovely than the paleness of sorrow.

How small a number are there of the comparatively few favoured by capricious fortune, who do not, with an obstinate ingratitude for the benefits bestowed upon them, throw life's best and dearest treasures in a vain and often fruitless chase after blessings often existing in imagination! Even when tangible and attained, they serve only to show their inefficiency for happiness; and, as if in revenge for this, we often observe but small possessors of the world's best treasures enjoying a content and happiness beyond all price, vainly grasped at by fortune's more brilliant favourites.

A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on a sad heart.

Where education has been entirely neglected or improperly managed, we see the worst passions ruling with uncontrolled and incessant sway. Good sense degenerates into craft, and anger rankles into malignity. Restraint, which is thought most salutary, comes too late, and the most judicious admonitions are urged in vain.

Fictitious representations of what is praiseworthy are useful for preparing the mind of man to act in real life. Yet fiction itself has boundaries, which sound and sober sense has a right to prescribe, but which the acuteness of feeling, and the vigour of fancy in men of genius, are apt to overleap.

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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL

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THE GREAT QUESTION OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

WERE a foreigner to inquire of us why, amidst much that is unwise and needing remedy, the moral, social, and consequently, religious progress of this great country is a more substantial and certain thing than the same progress of any other country in the world, we should, in an instant, unhesitatingly answer—because we are at this moment the most zealous in effecting such reforms as will, more or less, indirectly strengthen, purify, and christianize the great basis of our social fabric. Other countries may be mentioned, perhaps, as showing far greater progress on a given point—as education in some cantons of Switzerland and States of America, but, in no other country in the world, look where we may, and with even far less disadvantages to work against than ourselves, do we see so many efficient agents brought into force to ameliorate the general condition of the population. It is true, this is a state of things new in the world's history, for hitherto it has been the civilization of classes, not of the great mass which form the groundwork of communities; though, without this foundation be strengthened, and its moral and religious condition broadened out, civilization is a shadow, and a fiction useless to any substantial end. But the consequent result of our own higher and middle-class progress for the last sixty years, as so ably proved by Mr. Macaulay, and by a mass of parliamentary evidence on various criminal and educational questions, is, that having ourselves so far advanced, we are beginning to judiciously operate upon that section of society which will most largely contribute, through its moral, social, and religious improvement, to make another century, of English civilization and Christianity, a glory to itself and a pattern to the world. We clearly foresee that the experiments in progress upon this moral, educational, and physical condition of the masses will elicit higher and more comprehensive truths for the guidance of future legislators, than any yet brought to light by the progress of human knowledge.

In truth, therefore, the conception of the plan of Ragged Schools, and their gradual success in this country, is one of the highest tests which could be given of a national progress at once substantial and hopeful; for unfortunately, hitherto, it has happened that, wherever there has been a circumscribed territory, and a dense population, as in large cities and towns, there have existed fastnesses whose criminal, squalid, ignorant and miserable population, have been constantly recruited in numbers by the vice and evil passions of the other classes, and whose existence could not be otherwise than inimical to public decency and order. When we find, therefore, that 30,000 "naked, filthy, lawless, and deserted children," are congregated in London alone, and that a proportionate number infest the great towns, especially Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, surprise at the circumstance, or invective against any of the known sources of the evil, should give place to honest pleasure, that this is the first nation, and the first age, to bring into use any real or efficient means of improvement. It is said by some that to bestow a degree of providence and education upon these children is unjust to the working classes, to the thriving, toiling, honest man and woman, who only through unremittent labour, and often not then, give their children any degree of education; that we, in fact, bestow a premium upon profligacy and idleness. But this objection is untrue every way; to the working classes themselves, to their children, and to that honest sense of self-dependence, decency, and estimation of untarnished honesty, which we sincerely believe is growing up amongst them. Unfortunately, in dealing with this question, we have no choice; we must either educate or punish, we must either lessen the amount of evil or increase it; which is best and cheapest, our bitter experience has at length taught us. "Never let it be forgotten" says the Fifth Annual Report of the Ragged School Union, "that these schools were instituted for that class who were debarred, by their debased and filthy condition, from all other means of instruction and improvement, for that class whom no existing school would or could admit within its walls; for that class who were sunk in such ignorance, wretchedness, and vice, as to render them unfit to mix with any other class of our juvenile population; for that class who are large enough to occupy all our efforts without interfering with those who are already provided for." Considering that this extensive class are the children of convicts, either transported or in prison at home, of thieves not in custody, of the lowest mendicants and tramps, of worthless drunken parents—such constituting a large class; of stepfathers and stepmothers, who have driven them, through neglect and cruelty, to shift for themselves; of those who have lost, or have been deserted by parents, and those who, thus solitary and destitute, live by selling articles in the streets through the day, or by pilfering, are forced by a miserable necessity to seek a home in those worst breeding-places of juvenile delinquency—the cheap lodging-houses; no ordinary means, such as would meet the mere want of education or industrial training in the children of honest, though needy persons, would have met this evil in all its extensive bearings; this great necessity, if we may so speak, of moral purification. In this necessity was to be met, almost all the causes of juvenile delinquency, and of opposing to them all such agents as might neutralize crime in its normal condition, and to convert the existing elements of evil into some sort of approximation to the decent and orderly bearing which characterizes the other sections of the labouring population. Such was the need, and it was met when the first Ragged School was founded; it is

more legitimately met by every additional school which is opened in neglected and squalid neighbourhoods, by every shilling put down in its behalf, and more than all, by the zeal of those who take upon themselves the almost apostolic mission of raising and enlightening these unhappy dregs of the sins, the misery, and the neglect of society. But one of the most genuine characteristics of our social reforms is, that they are eminently steady and progressive, compared to those of other nations. Emanating more from the growth of public conviction than from popular enthusiasm, they start often from the smallest conceivable point, a mere individual attempt to neutralize an evil, into a prominent question of the State, a motion for ministers, and an object for discussion through the press. More prominently than usual has this been the case with Ragged Schools. Begun by a poor Plymouth cobbler at his lapstone, and elsewhere by some few Sunday School teachers, whose attention, in the course of their duties, had become directed to this miserable class of children, who were too depraved, too lawless, too filthy to be admitted amongst their ordinary pupils, eighty-two of these Ragged Schools are now scattered over the fastnesses of this metropolis, in which labour no less than eight hundred and fifty *voluntary* teachers, whilst the ultimate destiny of these outcast children, after the moral purification they may receive in passing through these schools, was a subject most ably brought before Parliament by Lord Ashley in the session of last year. This destiny *must* become an object to the State, unless our policy be designedly such as builds up public morality with one hand, and destroys it with the other. For, if we supersede immorality by some consciousness of its opposite, and ignorance by comparative knowledge, yet still hopelessly expose the child to all the monstrous temptations of hunger, the hunger of the streets and of destitute homes, we but refine a moral and physical torture, and add to the despair of those we have striven to reform. But emigration, as Lord Ashley so admirably showed, affords at once a solution to the difficulty, and a natural remedy to the main cause of juvenile destitution and juvenile delinquency; it affords at once what is most needed — remunerative labour, giving relief to this country, and assistance to colonial prosperity. First, supposing that the moral and educational purification, or what Captain Maconochie more stringently calls "filtration," has been carried out with due effect, in connection with industrial training, a more useful class of emigrants could scarcely be selected. "In the selection of people," says Mr. Wakefield, "for a passage wholly or partially cost free, a preference should always be given to young married couples, or to young people of, or near the marriageable age, in an equal proportion to the sexes. Such an arrangement would take away from the old country, and introduce into the colonies, the greatest possible amount of population and labour, in such a manner as to have the maximum of effect both in the colonies and the mother country; for their powers of labour would last longest, and they would be found more ready than a fully adult class to turn their hands to new employments, and a maximum of value would be obtained for any given outlay." To disarm the popular objection as to vice being assisted in preference to indigent decency, it must be recollected, that all governments hold both a *duty* and a *right* to see that the individual, whilst pursuing what he conceives to be his own legitimate mode of existence, does not interfere with the well-being and rights of his neighbours. Now, these children, if left untaught and ungoverned, are the worst neighbours the working classes can have, both as vicious schoolmasters to their offspring, and a monstrous, though indirect, burden on their industry. Whereas, on the other hand, the working classes of this country might, by the commonest exercise of prudence and sobriety, gather together, through uniting their fractional savings, such a capital as would not only open up a more magnificent power of colonization than the world has yet known, but draw with them the respect, the co-operation, and the leadership of the more educated classes. Without reckoning that the more we lessen the amount of our dangerous classes, the more do we enlarge the sources of productive industry, and strengthen that moral basis of the nation, on which all the security of industrial rights finally rest. Therefore, between the *charitable* assistance which all governments have a moral duty to afford its destitute classes, particularly when with the view of making such ultimately self-supporting, and the moral *self*-assistance of the great body of the working classes, there is a broad distinction; a moral, religious, industrial distinction, clear to the plainest capacity not degraded by the self-inflicted pauperism of the beer-shop; a distinction which the honest and industrious portion of the working classes will proudly recognise, instead of looking back upon the little which government is called upon to do in assisting the unfed, the untaught, and the unhappy children of the streets.

The more that the industrial principle is developed in these schools, and this in respect to such forms of labour as would be most useful in a colony, the more certain and beneficial will be the future result. It is the intention of the Committee of the Ragged School Union to establish a Central Industrial School, as soon as suitable premises can be obtained or built, "where destitute boys and girls from the various ragged schools may, for a certain time previous to qualifying for emigration, be lodged, trained, and taught some useful trade, thus being made, in many respects, more fit for the duties of a colonial life than any who have yet gone out." Such a central school, if efficiently conducted, would serve as a model one for the rest of the kingdom, and give a stimulus to the exertions of local committees; for, however much the colonies need labour, however much every ship and every letter bring but one reiteration, "give us labour," it is not for us, in order to lessen the crime, the misery, and destitution of our streets, to cast upon their shores a mass of untaught, untrained juvenility.

In a word, a great crusade has been begun, and it must be carried onward in an earnest spirit, for the time is past when the basis of our great social fabric can remain as it is with safety to the State. In every step taken by the Sanitary Act, every revealment made by it of the causes of physical and moral degradation, will only show us how much we have to fear of future evil, how much to hope of good, if we, like the great Christian of Bunyan's fable, step boldly onward in the path before us. If we cleanse sewers, and streets, and courtways, we must try to root out the abominations of the vagrant lodging-houses, and have some more stringent authority than what the Sanitary Act seems to give for preventing the promiscuous herding of children therein. There should be no temporizing on this point; every chaplain of a jail, and every governor of a penitentiary would tell us so. This much the Sanitary Commissioners must aid us in. There is, too, another power yet unexercised. Can we have no model lodging-houses for juvenile vagrancy—for the vagrancy which has no home, no parents, or, having such, are only unfortunate in their possession? Where there was not absolute destitution, the child's penny, whether earned by selling flowers, or matches, or fruit, or sweeping crossings, or holding horses, would be found to be as good coin as any in the realm, and take from us—a nation—the stigma and the sorrow that we have human children amongst us, who, in our inclement northern winter, have not the shelter of the bat and wolf. But, as a whole, we must not rely too much upon these extraneous aids; upon government, upon parishes, upon committees, upon colonial need. None of these will suffice for the lack of the Christian within us; and to be fully Christian, we have but to picture one whom we may own and cherish, the child upon our daily hearth, houseless, parentless, untaught, unfed, uncared for, with no teachers

but sin and misery, with no notion of a kindred, a country, and a God; and all that is Christian in us will prompt us to serve this cause, to the best of such means as we individually have. ALL CAN SERVE IT. None are too high or low. Some by the pen, some by teaching, some by pecuniary aid from the penny to the pound, some by food or apparel, and *all* of us congregated by faith and good words. Recollect that by so doing we cheat the gibbet and the prison of their prey; we help happiness and defraud misery, we strengthen morally, religiously, and physically our social ties; we extend the bounds of productive industry; and we help, directly help, this age and this nation to be practically Christian and noble in its progress. This is no exordium, only truth set down in words. Therefore, let such truth be productive of results towards enlarged efficiency of Ragged Schools. SILVERPEN.

THE POACHERS.

THE year was drawing to a close, and a gay sporting party had assembled at Audsley Hall, to beat the covers on the morrow,—for no estate in Lincolnshire was better preserved than the Squire's. There were covers for foxes, and preserves for hares and pheasants, and plenty of keepers to see to their creature comforts. The Squire was fond of his field sports; he liked the good old English customs, and he loved to see about him happy faces, and jolly ones. True, his tenants complained, and with good reason, of the damage done to their crops, the spring wheat trodden under hoof by the hunt, the growing barley eaten down by the hares and rabbits all along the skirts of the preserves, not to speak of the seeds picked up by the pheasants and partridges almost as soon as sown. But the Squire was generous; his tenants sat at low rents; and he was always ready to deal liberally with them for damages done to fences and crops during the sporting season. He was disposed, indeed, to make no small sacrifices to keep up the good old style of country living and of field sports.

A cheerful fire blazed in the chimney, for the weather was already cold for the season; the glasses sparkled on the board, and the wine circled freely amidst gay converse. The Squire was the life of the party, a host in himself. He told his best stories with an unction; of the "tremendous run" of last week; how Bess had been so deucedly knocked up, but how she had tailed the field and got in at the death; and then, of the two nights last week that he had spent with his keepers "hunting poachers."

"It strikes me," lisped a new-caught looking young gentleman from the Fens, "that this poaching has been allowed to go too far, and that some decided measures should be taken by the country to put it down."

"Are not we doing all that can be done?" asked the Squire. "Here have I got the best set of keepers in all England; and we watch the scoundrels night and day. We shall both put 'em down and keep 'em down."

"Ah, that may be; but I mean some more stringent laws; we have grown too sentimental about such things. Villains should be made an example of."

"Well, Chumley," interposed a stout gentleman, from the other side of the table, "I don't know what you may think of it; but I know this of myself, that were I as badly off as some of those men are who poach, I should be a poacher too. And I would poach for the mere love of the sport, were there no other motive."

"Oh, monstrous! And are we to have no laws, then?"

"Laws you have, and rather too much of them, *I* think. But if your laws don't fit your social state, what then? They are worse than useless; for any law that will not be kept, is but a nuisance, tempting men to break it. And thus it is that you breed criminals."

"Then, are we to have no privileges? Would you put us on a level with the lower orders in field sports?"

"My dear fellow, our wealth is a great privilege; and the right to hold our estates tight is a great privilege. But when you would give to the man who can buy a license, because he is rich, a right of shooting a wild beast on his estate, and call it 'sport,' while you deprive another man, who cannot buy a license, because he is poor, of shooting the same beast on his common, or when it is eating down his crops, and call it 'crime,' I think you are claiming what you are not entitled to, and what is only calculated to produce enmity and bitter feeling among those who should be the staunchest friends —the landed gentry and the inhabitants of the soil."

"Come, come," said the Squire, "you are too hard upon us, friend Brainard; you are growing a desperate radical, I fear. I know what *I* shall do; and that is, what my fathers have done before me. As I live, I shall clear my estates of poachers, though it should be by pressing them all into my own service."

"Ay, there you have hit it, Squire; give the poachers wages, and I'll warrant me you'll soon cure poaching."

"Well, it was only last week I took on, as assistant-keeper, a fellow who, I am told, was one of the most desperate poachers in the parish; and he promises to turn out a good servant."

"Bravo! bravo! Squire. But what becomes of those nobody will hire?"

"Fine them," said one.

"But they have got nothing."

"Then, imprison them," said another.

"But they come out of gaol much worse than they went in."

"Then, knock 'em on the head."

"No! no! that won't do. Neither staves nor lead will do; there is a better and a milder way."

"Milder fiddlesticks," cried the Squire; "I tell you I would think no more of shooting a poacher than I would a thief or a burglar."

It was a rash word. The Squire didn't mean it; for, in his heart, he was a generous, feeling man; one whose breast glowed with love of his kind; who sympathized warmly with the distresses of the poor on his estates; who would take the bereaved widow's hand by the old church porch, and stroke the heads of her fatherless children; who stopt not there, but was himself a father to them in their time of need. But, for all that, he was a keen sportsman and a game-preserver.

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We now change the scene to a cottage on the verge of the common, about a mile from the entrance-gate of Audsley Park. A little oil-lamp cast a faint glimmering light around a miserable apartment, clay-floored and bare-walled, in which sat a woman, with a child at her breast, and a grim-featured, grizly-bearded man, dressed in fustian, in which many a rent was visible. He wore an old felt cap or hat, and his throat was compassed by a red cotton handkerchief. The woman was sobbing, and vainly struggled to restrain her grief.

"I don't half like it," she said, "and I would rather clem than give in to such ways. There's no good can come on't."

"Why, wife, what would you have? Here have I been three months out of work, and there is yet no prospect of my falling in. I could starve well enough myself, for that part on't, but these children ——?"

"True, true! It's a hard case, that of poor folks like we. But there's the Squire; couldn't he take you on, as he has done your brother?"

"I have tried the steward and the head keeper again and again. There's no chance there. But there's no use saying more on't. There now, like a good lass, and stop your crying."

A low tap at the window interrupted the conversation, and the man rose to open the door.

"Come along, Mason," said a voice outside, "we are now waiting for you. Bring them wires with you, and see your gun is all right."

"I'm ready," said Mason; "but wait a minute;" and entering the hut again, he hastily snatched up an old gun which lay in the corner, and taking up some curious-looking wires from out the chimney, where they were hanging concealed, he walked out, bidding his wife a hasty "good night," and saying, "he would be back in two or three hours at most."

"Where away to-night?" he asked of his companion, with whom he was now walking briskly across the bit of moorland on which the cottage was situated.

"Why, nowt's fixed yet, I reckon," said the man. "Happen Sir William's woods, happen the Squire's."

"No, not there—not there, for the love of God. He has just taken on my brother, and I would not run any risk of coming in his way."

"Well, we'll see what the other lads say."

They had now crossed the moors, in the face of a sharp cutting wind, and were approaching a low wall which bounded a small farm-steading, behind which three men were sheltering themselves from the blast. One was stamping his heavy boots on the ground, as if to keep his feet from freezing.

"They are long in coming," said one of the men. "Surely that Mason is not going to shy off. His moping wife will be the death of him I think. She's never done grumbling at his night-work, though it's the only work he has."

"He be'ant a good one for this work, is'nt Mason. He's too soft a heart. He don't like the sport either, as we do."

"Hush! here they come," said the first, as he observed the small party advancing to the place where they stood.

"Well lads," said Mason's companion, "whither are we bound for? Mason says he doant like to go into the Squire's woods, for that he has just taken on his brother. What dost say to Sir William's preserve up at Hinckley there?"

"Hum! I thought so," said one of the previous speakers. "Mason's getting chicken-hearted. What, lad, wilt thou be peaching next? If I thought so, I would——" levelling his gun at him.

"None so fast," interrupted another, "none so fast, Phillips; thou'rt allas so tarnation quick-tempered. Mason's a rare good fellow, though he has more tenderer feeling than most of us has. Let's take the Hinckley woods to-night. There's rare birds there as I know."

"To Hinckley, then," said the party; and away they went. The walk was a long one—across ploughed fields, over hedges and ditches, by field-paths, through meadows and belts of plantation, under black pines which groaned and croaked as if in agony, the night wind howling through their stript branches. The sky was almost covered with clouds, and only now and then did the young moon peep out, the driving clouds soon covering her face again, as with a pall. Now one would tread on the decayed branch of a tree, and the men would stop, and, "hist—was not some one near?" The trunk of an old oak before them—"what was that? could the keepers be before them, and was their sport already forestalled?" But on they walked, their numbers giving them courage; and at last the verge of Hinckley wood was gained.

They had to pass through a thick cover before they could reach the wood itself, and they entered single file, like Indians on a trail, Phillips walking cautiously first, with his gun at half-cock, but lowered, so as to bring the barrel-mouth within a few inches of the ground. Not a word was spoken, the ears of each being kept awake to the slightest sound. After walking a short way further, they got under the shadow of the wood, and Phillips felt the rattling of metal against his gun-barrel. He had come upon the wires of a spring gun, set for the benefit of poachers. Following the course of the wire, by rattling his gun against it, he was enabled to arrive at the gun itself, when he opened the pan, throwing out the priming, and left it with the pan open. And now the poachers knew they were in the pheasants' haunt, where the birds were most accustomed to roost, because there the spring-guns are always set. Looking up, from under the boughs of a huge oak-tree, the poachers discerned the round black masses of the roosting pheasants between them and the sky.

"See," said Phillips, "how thick they sit. Now for sport, lads! And do some of you get a little out of the way on each side, and catch them flying as they gets out of this. Now then, here goes!"

He took aim, and bang! down came a heavy bird with a bound. Some ten or fifteen more birds flew out from the boughs of the tree, and shots were fired all round, waking the before silent woods. Four fine birds were bagged, and guns were again loaded and fired, some with better luck than others, but generally with success. The poachers warmed with the sport, and the danger which they ran added to the excitement of the scene. The woods were in a roar, shot succeeding shot with great rapidity. At length, Mason suggested a pause and a retreat.

"We must have been heard miles off," he said, "if there are any keepers within hearing. And from the direction of the wind, the noise of our firing must have reached the keeper's house down there at the pond."

"No, no," said the desperate Phillips, whose blood was up, "no skulking—go it, my boys. We must bag at least another dozen before we give in;" and pointing his gun at a dark object resting on a distant branch, he fired, and down came another bird.

Here one of the men, who had been engaged on the outskirts of the wood, came running in with a cry of alarm. "Fly, fly! the keepers are on us! They are coming up by the hedge side beyond there, and I counted at least seven. They must have brought some of the Squire's men along with them."

The game was hastily bagged, and a sudden rush was made through the wood, in the direction opposite to that from which the keepers were said to be approaching. But the tangled brushwood checked their progress, and they made small way, now floundering into a mud-hole, with a deceptive covering of ice and hoar-frost; now stumbling over the stump of a decayed tree. But on, on! The keepers are at their heels, and already a loud voice summons them to "stand!"

"No standing! on, men!" shouted Phillips. "There is no mercy if we are taken, then on; but hold together."

The pursuing keepers are already on them, and a heavy blow of a bludgeon suddenly fells one of the poachers to the ground.

"Back!" shouted Phillips; "by heaven, I'll shoot the first man that advances a step further."

Another blow was the reply, the keepers pressing on towards the tree against which Phillips, with two of his companions, had now taken their stand. Suddenly the echoes of the woods were torn by the report of the poacher's gun! A keeper fell! The poacher is now a murderer. A shot was immediately fired from the other side, and the unfortunate Mason was seen to reel, stagger, and fall; he had received his death wound! No other shot was fired; the parties engaged in the struggle were both alike appalled at its consequences, and the pursuit was at an end.

The keepers gathered round their fallen comrade, first securing the two poachers who had been felled; the others made their escape under the cover of the night. They found their comrade quite dead, a heavy discharge of slugs having penetrated his brain. Their attention was directed to the tree under which the wounded poacher

lay, by a low groan of agony which escaped him. One of the keepers, who walked hastily up to the spot, was seen as if suddenly petrified by surprise and horror. A shriek escaped him. "Oh God! he cried, "I have killed my own poor brother!" A pang suddenly shot through the sullen darkness of night. The keeper was a fratricide!

The sequel is soon told. The horror of the surviving brother need scarcely be described. He felt upon him the mark of Cain—he was pursued by contrition and regret. Life was to him no longer a hope and a joy, but a horror. When he appeared in the dock, as a witness against Phillips, who was pursued, taken, and tried for the murder of the slain keeper, he seemed like a man dragged from the grave. "Alas!" he murmured, "and have I not destroyed sufficient life—Cain, where is thy brother?" But the law was inexorable; the evidence was clear, cumulative, and overwhelming; and Phillips suffered an ignominious death.

The Squire was from that time an altered man. He would not any longer, for the sake of his mere personal pleasures, that such scenes of deadly sin and wrong should be enacted. He cleared his estates of preserves, disbanded his keepers, and gave his farmers full permission to destroy at will the vermin that ate down their crops. And though but a few years have passed since the events of our brief tale occurred, the example has spread throughout the district; and the quiet woods of Audsley, and the covers of Hinckley, now repose undisturbed through the silent night by the tread of either poachers or keepers.

THE JESUITS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY F. SOMNER MERRYWEATHER.

It is strange that early travellers should have overlooked the wealth that lay buried in California. They seem to have had so many suspicions, to have beheld at various times so many indications that the soil was impregnated with precious ores, that we are amazed they should have neglected to search into the matter, which, in some instances, they might have done with scarcely any expense, and with very little manual labour. But the fact is, that our early travellers knew but little about the country; even the most celebrated geographers were at variance in their opinions of its physical position. The first accounts, published by the Spaniards, represent California as a peninsula; yet the belief generally prevalent among the ablest geographers was, that it was an island, and they only smiled at those who attempted to controvert their learned decision. In Samson's, and many other maps of some repute, we see it thus depicted, with a wide sea between it and the rich continent of Mexico. Nor was, indeed, the matter finally settled until Father Kino, of the Society of Jesus, published his discovery that it was really a peninsula, founded on the fact of his having journeyed from New Mexico to California by land. Considering, then, how little even was known of the country, how ignorant men were of its geographical position, we shall not so much wonder that they failed to examine minutely into the natural productions of its soil. So few, indeed, had ventured near it, or cared to set foot upon its shore, that travellers thought they were safe in saying what they chose about it, and some of the wildest stories, and the strangest contradictions crowd their published accounts of California. Some represent the coast as intolerable, from the piercing cold; others say that it is insupportable from excessive heat. Some say that it is sterile, void of water, and totally unimprovable; others speak of it as a delightfully watered, fruitful, and pleasant region. It is, says another, a poor, barren, despicable tract, which scarce deserves protection; and one, who wrote about the same time, speaks of rich mines, and a profitable pearl fishery upon its coast. In fact, no two travellers have written anything about the country; but they have, in many important points, contradicted each other.

It is said that the discovery of California was made by the famous Hernan Cortes, who went there in person about 1536. Subsequently, many attempts were made to obtain a knowledge of the country, and to investigate into its natural productions and fertility; expedition after expedition was undertaken, by stout hearts, and with royal patronage, to explore the Californian territory, and to proclaim the sovereignty of Spain therein; but, from first to last, little progress was made in this design. At length the Court of Spain, worn out by repeated efforts, which had all ended in disappointment, and dreading to incur more expense for that which afforded no prospect of a remunerative return, relinquished all thought of the matter, and abandoned it as unworthy of further notice. But the Jesuits, who, with all their faults, have ever been the first to lead the van of civilization, and who have never been daunted at hardship, or known fear, when an opportunity was presented by which they could spread the influence of their order, or propagate the Roman faith, determined to penetrate into its interior. "God waited," say the wily Jesuits, with admirable tact, "only till human force acknowledged its weakness;" and they glorify their order by showing how the Almighty advanced and prospered all *their* efforts in conquering the Indians of California." The zeal of that powerful body, let their motives be as impure as their most inveterate enemies can make them, is not to be questioned; all obstacles were surmounted, all dangers and opposition braved, to undertake a mission, and preach the Catholic faith among the wild inhabitants of that unknown region. With opposition from their own body, prohibition from the court of Madrid, and discouragement from every side, still Father Kino and Father Salva Tierra persevered; at last, one by one, obstacles were removed, and warm hearts began to sympathize with their zeal and devotion in the cause of religion. Two noblemen promised the Society two thousand dollars to aid the expedition; and their munificent example was followed by a series of generous donations, which, in the aggregate, amounted to fifteen thousand dollars. The Treasurer of Acapulco lent them a vessel for the voyage, and made them a present of a long-boat besides; this, with a further donation of ten thousand dollars, contributed by a wealthy college of their own order, formed the capital of the Californian Missions.

Father Tierra was the one chosen by the company of Jesus to head the expedition, and on the 10th of October, 1697, he sailed from the Harbour of Hiagui, with five soldiers and three Indians, besides the crew. With this small number of attendants he landed in due course on the coast of California. They soon built barracks for their little garrison, and dug a trench around it as a fortification; in the centre they erected a tent as a temporary chapel, and placed a crucifix before it. When all this was completed, the whole body formed a solemn procession from the vessel, bearing before them "the image of our Lady of Loretto, as patroness of the conquest." On the 25th of October, they took formal possession of the country in the name of the Spanish monarch. Thus established, the mission of the Jesuits went on and prospered for a time. They had many skirmishes with the Indians, but they were soon brought into submission. It was here that the European Christians appear in their worst light, for the Indians, whom they admit to have been a docile, timid, and tractable people, they attacked on the occasion of a trivial case of pilfering with powder and shot—those terrible engines of civilized warfare. The poor Indians, the Jesuit historians admit, "began to drop fast on every side," and the remainder, terrified by the slaughter of their companions, flew in confusion into their mountain fastnesses. The *Christians* hunted them even there, till at last those they sought came and sued for mercy to

the camp of the missionary Jesuits. The women brought their children, and with tears offered them as hostages for their entire subjection. There was much good wrought by the members of the society of Jesus among the wild and savage inhabitants of the California mountains. They converted, or at least baptized, vast multitudes; they established settlements; introduced many pleasing signs of civilized life, and cultivated the soil with the most cheering success; they obtained of course the sole government of the country, both civil and ecclesiastical. Their policy in many points may be sternly questioned; their craftiness and cunning will sometimes call forth severe animadversion; but all these faults were not perpetrated without their consequences, for the day of their retribution came, and many evils afterwards befel the Jesuits in California.

Accounts have been published from time to time of the various expeditions that have been made to the coast of California. These old books are not found in every library; some of them are very scarce, so that I am tempted to present the reader with a few of such extracts as seem to allude to the prevalence of gold among its mineral productions. In the fifth book of a work called "Monarchia Indiana," by Father Torquemada, published at Saville, in 1615, there is an interesting account of the voyage of Captain Vizcaino, accompanied by some Jesuits, in the year 1602, to the western coast of California. It states that on the arrival of his squadron, they got down the boats, and taking arms with them, went boldly on shore. When they approached, the Indians, seeing so many armed men, flew in great consternation to an eminence, and put themselves in readiness for an attack. Father Antonion, a Jesuit of course, advanced unarmed among them, and by gestures, indicative of kindness and sociability, made them understand that they entertained no hostile intentions towards them; a few toys and beads soon placed them on the most amicable footing, and after parleying with the Indians for some time, and showing them many such little marks of good will, they began to wander about, and explore the country. They relate that the coast abounded with heaps of shells, many containing pearls of the most magnificent size, and of the utmost purity. "The Indians," says my authority, "were naked, but fastened in their hair everything they met with, which had a glittering appearance; some among them were red-haired. They daub their bodies with black and white colour, and are a cheerful, docile, courteous, good-natured people." Near a place called by them the Islar de San Rogue, they observed a stupendous mountain, "on which no kind of herb or verdure grew; but it was everywhere intersected by veins of mineral of the most beautiful colours. Some of the soldiers, and an experienced seaman of Peru, who had all seen mines, and worked in them, affirmed that this mountain consisted *entirely of mines of gold and silver*, and had not the wind prevented, the captain would have sent some one on shore to have investigated into the truth of this matter." Loving gold as the Spaniards did, it is a wonder that they did not brave all danger in anticipation of so much treasure.

Captain Rogers, in his voyage to the South Sea in 1710, gives an accurate account of California; he describes the natives, their habits and peculiarities, and goes on to say, "in some of their necklaces (which the Indian women were very fond of wearing) I observed two or three large pearls; and our Spanish prisoners told me that they found a great many in the Gulph of California, where the missionaries are settled; they added, that the internal part of the country, as far as the continent of Mexico, is very fertile and pleasant, abounding in horned cattle, and all kinds of provisions. When we were standing off to sea, some of our people told me they had seen *stones remarkably heavy, and of a glittering appearance, as if they contained some kind of metal;* but this information was given too late, or I should have taken some on board for making experiments on them."

My next extract is from a work by Father Firnando Consag, who sailed on a voyage of discovery to California, in the year 1746. He gives some very curious particulars, and says, that on the vessel sailing along the coast, they put into "a bay, which has a very delightful aspect of safety; it is rocky, with a narrow beach, which, at spring tides, is entirely under water. *The mountains* surrounding the bay have *the appearance of rich mines.*"

In a Spanish work, entitled "Noticia de la California," by Miguel Venegas, printed at Madrid in 1738, and to which I am indebted for many of the above particulars, there is a full and curious account of the inhabitants, and an interesting, though partial, history of the progress of the Jesuits' mission there, to which body the author belonged. In the fourth section of this work, Venegas gives a description of the natural productions of California, and the following striking passage is too interesting just now to pass unnoticed:—"It is probable," says he, "that there are numerous rich mines in California, as the coasts of Sonora and Pimeria are well known to contain many; in 1730, a vein was discovered on a mountain at the latter place, the ore of which, with *a very small amount of labour*, yielded so large a quantity of silver as quite surprised the Spaniards; it was uncertain with some whether it was not treasure hid there by the Indians; veins of other valuable metals have also been discovered there."

With these few extracts I shut up my old books, trusting they may prove interesting; yet, in concluding, I would not that any of my readers should fancy for one moment, that in bringing them forward, I am advocating emigration to that wild and distant part; for those that are poor and indigent, who have striven in vain by perseverance to conquer the difficulties that surround them here, there are many many parts in this wide and beautiful world far more advantageous, as a new home, than the gold regions of California. If he has any love for civilized life, any care for those ties and endearments which teach the wise man that there are other things besides the mere acquisition of white pearls and glittering gold to think and live for, may he never set foot on ship bound for California. I need only refer to the history of the gold mines, and the wealthy Graca's of Peru, as a proof that where there has been gold to be found, there has always been bloodshed and misery in its acquisition.

Excellence, no matter in what department, must be the child of an ardent general predilection; it can never be the offspring of qualities, however eminent, constrained from their native bias. It is laudable, therefore, to encourage, as far as may be, the eccentricity which forms the principal virtue of the human character. There is propriety in fanning the vital spark of originality into flame; and watching and guarding it, until it warms and invigorates its whole neighbourhood. It is judicious to remove every obstruction to the well-being of those kindly indications of future and novel splendour, which are capable of charming, even in their infantine state. It is well done of the father, when arranging the entrance of his children on the stage of life, carefully to consult their sentiments as to what are the desirable situations of its eventful drama. Should he exert his authority in opposition to their wishes, the result, it may be safely predicted, will be shame to them, and sorrow to himself. But should he adopt their ideas, and make them the partners of his own thoughts and hopes, should he resolve to give assistance to the ardent conceptions of youth, he will in all probability experience the rare happiness of witnessing in his family the felicitous union of rectitude, prosperity, and genius. The scheme of our lives is drawn by a celestial artist; it is our part to see it executed.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO WAS NOT PUNCTUAL.

"I WILL call for you at eight o'clock precisely," said a young man, as he stood at the door of a private residence, holding within his hand that of a gentle girl to whom he had already bid "good bye."

"I shall be ready," returned the maiden.

"The cars start at a quarter past eight precisely, and we must not leave here a minute later than eight o'clock."

"Not if we expect to join the party at the Grove."

"Good night, Anna."

"Good night."

As the maiden responded to her lover's good night, her hand, that lay in his, was gently pressed. That pressure sent a thrill of joy to her heart. Henry Alton had not yet declared his love for Anna Milnor, but little tokens of its existence were not wanting, and Anna had few doubts or fears on this subject. She felt for him a deep tenderness, and questioned not the fact of his return.

On the following morning, Alton arrived at the house precisely as the clock struck eight. Anna would be ready in a moment. One, two, three, four, five minutes passed; she did not appear. Alton became slightly impatient; the cars left the station at a quarter past eight, and it would take five minutes to walk there. It was seven minutes past when Anna at length made her appearance.

"I am really sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Alton," she said. "We have plenty of time, I hope."

"As much as the bargain," returned the young man. "It is now seven minutes past eight."

"Oh, I have forgotten my parasol. I will be down in a moment." And away sprang Anna. In about a minute, her feet were heard pattering down stairs.

"I'm all ready now," she said, when half-way down. "No! I declare, I've dropped one of my gloves." And back she turned.

"Too bad!" muttered Alton. "We shall be late as sure as the world," and he mentally put the query—"Why will people be so thoughtless?"

At ten minutes past eight o'clock they left the house. To reach the station in time would require rapid walking. Mr. Alton would have to appear in a hurry in the street with a lady by his side, a thing that annoyed him excessively. But there was no alternative. They proceeded at a quick step, in silence. The bell was ringing as they entered the station.

"One moment, guard," said Alton, hurriedly, as he passed that individual.

"Be quick, then," returned the guard, impatiently, muttering something, in addition, about certain kind of people always coming at the last minute, which Alton only half heard.

The excitement and hurry of the two young people caused several thoughtless persons a good deal of merriment, which was rather loudly expressed. Alton's cheek burned when he seated himself with Anna.

"Like to have been left, Alton. Why, what in the world made you so late?" said a young man, one of the pleasure party that was going out on a kind of a pic-nic to the Grove. "We have all been here for at least ten minutes."

"It was my fault," spoke up Anna, whose face was glowing from excitement and rapid walking. "I had no idea that the morning was passing away so swiftly. I might have been ready early enough, but did not think nig' t o'clock came so soon."

Alton said nothing. He was worried, and did not care to let his tone of voice reflect his true feelings.

In a little while, they were gliding rapidly away from the crowded city. In half an hour more, the gay party, consisting of about forty young ladies and gentlemen, proceeded to a fine grove, about a quarter of a mile from the track of the railroad, amidst whose beautiful and calm retreats they proposed to spend the day.

Pleasant company, the fragrant breeze, and fair nature's beauties, dispelled from the mind of Alton the effect produced by Anna Milnor's want of punctuality. She was the life of the company. Every time the young man's eye rested upon her through the day it was in admiration; and every time her tones reached his ear, they came with sweeter music than before.

"She is indeed a lovely creature!" he more than once said to himself. The impression made by the unpleasant occurrence of the morning had almost worn off, so charmed was he with all that Anna said and did through the day.

The shades of evening fell on the grassy green, and the sun ranged low in the horizon. The train would pass about half-past six o'clock, when the party must be at the stopping-place, or have the pleasure of walking home, a distance of nearly ten miles. About half-past five, notice was given, by some of the more thoughtful, that it was time to be making preparations for leaving the ground.

"Plenty of time," was replied by some. "It is but a short distance."

"Yes, but the necessary preliminaries before departure will occupy half-an-hour. Better an hour too soon than a minute too late."

"Very true," agreed Alton, amongst others, who took upon themselves the task of getting everything in readiness to leave the ground.

"There's plenty of time," said Anna Milnor, gaily, to Alton. "Come, you must be my partner in this cotillon."

Replying that he "should not relish a walk of ten miles to-night" yet, at her solicitation, he complied, though with evident reluctance. Time sped quickly on. When the dance ceased, it was six o'clock.

All was now hurry and bustle among the greater portion of the company. But Anna still insisted that there was plenty of time, and actually induced a small number to commence another cotillon. Several remonstrated, and urged the necessity of immediate departure; but they were only laughed at for their impatience. Alton bit his lip with vexation at such thoughtlessness. He saw that Anna was the ruling spirit in this opposition to the majority to be at the stopping-place of the cars in good time; and this worried him. It brought vividly before his mind the incidents of the morning.

At last even she felt that the time had come for making a speedy departure. The little group, that had been seemingly governed by her, separated, and commenced hasty preparations for leaving the spot. This took longer than they expected. Last of all to get away was Anna Milnor. By the time she left, some had nearly reached the track of the railroad.

"Stay," she exclaimed, after she had started with Alton, and had gone a couple of hundred yards, "I have lost my bracelet."

As she said this, she turned and ran back at full speed. Alton called after her that they would certainly be left behind. But she did not heed him. His only alternative was to run back and help her to search for the bracelet.

"I've got it!" she cried, in a moment after reaching the ground, and then came bounding back to meet her excited lover.

There was not a single member of the party in sight. All had hastened on, the most indifferent now feeling alarm lest they should be too late.

"It is nearly half-past six," Alton remarked, glancing at his watch, as he came up to the side of the hurrying maiden.

"We shall soon be there," was her encouraging reply.

"There is not a moment to spare. Hah! the bell, as sure as I'm alive! We are too late."

"Perhaps not. Some of the party are there, and the conductor will certainly wait for us."

The rest of the distance was traversed with swift feet, and in silence. Fortunately they reached the place in time, but excited, over-heated, and panting from exertion.

"Just saved your distance," said the conductor, smiling.

"My shawl! where is it?" exclaimed one of the ladies of the party, looking around her in alarm soon after the cars were in motion.

"I don't know. Have you lost it? asked a companion.

"It was on my arm when we started. But I was so afraid of being left behind that I did'nt notice where or when I dropped it."

Quietly seated in the cars, all had leisure now to think whether they had lost or left anything behind. It was soon discovered that one was short of a handkerchief, another of a bag, a third of a collar, a fourth of a bracelet, and so on. But for these losses there was no remedy. Every moment the swift speeding engine was bearing them further and further away from the spot where they had spent the day so pleasantly.

"Well," remarked Alton, in a half-laughing, half-serious voice, "I hope this will be a lesson for all of us. If we had quietly made our arrangements for leaving the ground an hour ago there would have been none of these losses to regret.

"*You* needn't say anything," spoke up one. "You were the last to reach the cars, both coming and going. A lecturer on punctuality should be punctual himself."

This was said jestingly; but it touched Alton in a tender spot.

"No, no, its not just to blame him," Anna said; "it was all my fault."

"I wish it hadn't been," was Alton's thought.

When he retired that night, the young man did not feel happy. His mind was disturbed, Anna Milnor's conduct had not pleased him. There was a defect in character, with which, let it exist where it would, he had no kind of patience. It was so easy to be punctual, and so wrong not to be particular on this head, that he could find no excuse for it, even in her he loved.

As for Anna, she waited only a declaration from her lover. Her heart was fully his. But he was not quite ready to make that declaration. Alton had a cool head as well as a warm heart. He was orderly in his habits, and regulated his conduct in life upon fixed principles. In choosing a wife, he would not permit himself to be governed entirely by his feelings. He saw that Anna had defects of character, and one defect that, in his estimation, would have a very important bearing upon his future happiness. Before advancing a step farther he determined to see how deeply seated this defect lay, and whether there was any hope of its being corrected.

"I will call for you on next Sunday morning," he said to her one day, "and walk with you to church."

"I shall be very happy to have your company," was her pleased reply.

"I will now see," he said to himself, "how deeply seated lies this want of punctuality. Anna Milnor could not be guilty of disturbing a worshipping assembly by entering church after the services have begun."

Half-past ten was the hour for services to commence.

"Do, Anna," said Mrs. Milnor, as the family arose from the breakfast-table on the next Sabbath morning, "try and get ready in time to go with your father and myself to church. I am really tired at your want of punctuality in this manner."

"Oh, never fear," returned the daughter, "I shall be ready; there is plenty of time."

"So you always say. Go and begin to dress now."

"Dress now! Why its only eight o'clock. I can get ready in half an hour, at most. You will not start before ten."

"I declare! it's half-past nine o'clock, and that thoughtless girl has not gone up to her chamber yet," the mother said, as she heard the clock strike the half hour. "Anna, do go up and dress yourself. I am out of patience with you."

"I'll be ready now before you will," the daughter said, as she bounded up stairs. A new dress had come home on the evening before; it was not to be worn that day; but as she had not tried it on, she felt a desire to do so, and ascertain its fit. There was plenty of time to dress for church. So she tried on the dress. While thus engaged she was aroused by the voice of her mother.

"Anna, come, it is just ten, and we are ready to start."

"Don't wait for me mother. I will come after you in a little while. Mr. Alton is going to call for me," returned the daughter, startled to find it was so late, and hurriedly taking off the new dress.

In about ten minutes afterwards Mr. Alton rang the bell.

"Tell him that I will be down in a few moments," was said to the servant who brought word of his arrival.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, but the young lady had not yet appeared.

"I am really grieved," murmured the young man to himself. "It seems hardly possible that any one can be so thoughtless. I met her father and mother some distance on their way to church as I came along."

Just then Anna came hurrying down stairs. It lacked but four minutes of church-time, and the walk was one of full ten minutes.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," Anna said.

"We shall be late," was Alton's only reply to this.

"I know we shall; but we must walk fast. Oh! I have left my handkerchief."

She glided up stairs, and did not come down again for two or three minutes.

When the young couple entered the church, the minister was reading a portion of the service. All was silence and profound and deep attention. Their coming in evidently disturbed the congregation. This was felt acutely by Alton, who never felt less in a frame of mind for worship in his life.

After all was over, he returned with Anna to her home. But he said little on the way. He could not. His mind was too much disturbed. His abstraction of manner was so marked that even Anna could not help noticing it. She never remembered to have seen him look so dull. At the door of her father's house he bowed formally and retired.

"How could you do so, Anna?" her mother said, as soon as she had entered the house.

"Do what, mother?"

"Come so late to church, after all I said to you this morning. And, worse than all, to keep Mr. Alton waiting for you until after service had commenced. It was plain he was greatly annoyed."

"I didn't see that he was," Anna returned with a slight expression of surprise. But she now remembered that he said very little while going or coming. It might be that her mother's suggestion was too near the truth. Anna was not happy during the rest of the day.

"It is no use disguising the fact," Alton said to himself, as he walked slowly homeward. "She will not suit me. I should be worried out of my life by her want of punctuality. Three times has she already subjected me to annoyance and mortification. These have worried me enough. How would it be if I were subjected to such things every day of my life? It would kill me outright. No, no! Anna Milnor! I love you more than I dare confess to myself; but I cannot make you my wife. That would be risking too much."

Thus reason urged. But feeling was not so easily subdued. It pleaded long for the charming girl, but it pleaded in vain. Alton was a young man of decided

character, and never permitted himself to take a step that his judgment clearly condemned.

"I have not seen you with Anna Milnor lately," said a friend to him, a few months afterwards.

"No."

"How is that?"

"Why did you ask the question?"

"You used to be very particular in your attentions in that quarter."

"Perhaps I was; but I am not now."

"She is a lovely girl."

"That she is truly."

"Just the one for you."

"No."

"I think she is."

"While I, the party most interested, think otherwise."

"What is your objection?"

"She is not punctual."

"You are jesting."

"No. Don't you remember the pic-nic?"

"Yes; and how you and she were late both in going and returning."

"All her fault. I don't want a wife who has not a regard for punctuality. It would annoy me to death."

"But, surely that is not your only objection?"

"I have no other."

"You are foolish."

"Perhaps I am. But I can't help it." Alton showed himself to be earnest. Much as it cost him, he steadily resisted the inclination that was constantly urging him to renew his attention to Anna Milnor. As for the young lady, she was unhappy for several months. Then she was consoled by the attentions of a new and less worthy lover. She paid as little regard to punctuality as ever, but this was only a defect of minor importance in the eyes of the only young man who had made up his mind to offer her his hand.

Alton was invited to her wedding about a year after the date of his unpleasant pic-nic adventure. A large and brilliant party were assembled to witness the nuptials. All the company were waiting, with the minister, the arrival of the bridal party. But time passed on, and many began to feel impatient. Mr. Milnor, the father of Anna, came into the parlour frequently, and then went out, evidently worried at the delay, the cause of which Alton shrewdly guessed to lie in the fact that the bride was not yet ready.

"I believe the girl will be too late for death," he heard the old gentleman say, in a fretful undertone.

"Thank Heaven for my escape!" murmured Alton to himself, as the party came in about half-past nine, after having kept the company waiting for an hour. "Too late on her wedding-day! She would have killed me!"

If this shoe should happen to pinch any lady, whether married or single, we beg of her not to think for a moment that it was made for her foot.

JOHN LEDYARD.

John Ledyard was born in Groton, Connecticut, in the year 1751. Early left without a father, with no patron but poverty and his own brave purpose, he resolved to educate his mind and explore the world. Having remained at Dartmouth College as long as he could afford, he went down to the bank of the Connecticut river, felled a majestic tree, and fashioned its trunk into a canoe, fifty feet long and three wide. His craft is launched, and alone, with a bearskin for a covering, he pursues his long voyage, a hundred and forty miles, over dangerous falls and through a savage wilderness, from Hanover to Hartford. Having found no encouragement at home in clerical pursuits, he embarks as a common sailor, and soon after enlists in the British army, at Gibraltar, "thinking the profession of a soldier well suited to a man of honour and enterprise." Escaping thence in aoout a year thereafter, we find him returned to his native state. But he remains but a short time, as dependence upon the bounty of his friends is too intolerable to one of his lofty spirit. With poverty staring him in the face, he goes again before the mast, and works his way to Plymouth (England), whence, by begging by the roadside, he at length reaches London. It was just at this period that Captain Cook was preparing for his third and last voyage round the world. Ledyard embarked with the great circumnavigator, and performed the whole voyage. This immense undertaking accomplished, he remains two years in the navy, but refuses to fight against his native country, and returns to Hartford, in 1782. In great pecuniary distress, he goes to Philadelphia. Robert Morris replenishes his purse, and gives him letters of introduction to eminent merchants in Europe. Shortly after, he is at Cadiz, and being again baffled in his design, he journeys to Paris for aid. But his energetic temperament will not allow him to remain long. As fate seemed to throw difficulties insurmountable in the way of a passage by sea, he bethought himself of the only expedient by which a part of his original design with respect to a passage to the north west coast might be carried into execution, and that was, to travel by land through the northern regions of Europe and Asia, crossing over Behring's Strait to the American continent. Such an expedient could be adopted only by the boldest adventurer. Alone and unfriended, he set out, at a most dreary season of the year, and in seven weeks had travelled from Hamburgh to Copenhagen, and thence to St. Petersburgh, walking more than two hundred miles per week, through Sweden, Finland, to the very heart of Russia. But the haughty empress of the north is jealous of this hardy American youth traversing her dominions. He is forbidden to cross the frontier nearest his home, and compelled to return. Behold him crushed under new trials, away there in the remotest snows and wilderness of Siberia. "What, alas, shall I do!" exclaimed he, "for I am miserably unprepared for this unlooked-for delay. By remaining here through the winter, I cannot expect to resume my march until May, which will be eight months. My friends, I have but two long frozen stages more, and I shall be beyond the want of aid or money, until, emerging from the deep deserts, I gained the American Atlantic States; and then, thy glowing climates, Africa, explored, I will lay me down, and claim my little portion of the globe I have viewed; may it not be before. How many of the noble minded have been subsidiary to me, or to my enterprises; yet, that meagre demon, poverty, has travelled with me hand in hand over half the globe, and witnessed what—the tale I will not unfold. Ye children of wealth and idleness, what a profitable commerce might be made between us. A little of my toil might well brave your bodies, give spring to mind, and zest to enjoyment; and a very little of that wealth which you scatter around you, would put it beyond the power of anything but doubt to approve my kindred greetings with all on earth that bear the stamp of man." But that noble heart is not yet entirely overwhelmed in despair. Persevering still, Ledyard returns through Poland, and at length reaches London again. His services are immediately sought by the African Association. Being asked when he would set out, "*to-morrow morning*," is the characteristic reply. In a month he is in Alexandria, and in less than a week more, at Grand Cairo, only the starting point of his arduous expedition. From Egypt he, who had traversed America, Europe, Asia, and Africa, and had persevered further than any other man under all sorts of privations, wrote to his mother in the following strain: "Truly is it written, that the ways of God are past finding out, and his decrees unsearchable. Is the Lord thus great? So also is the good. I saw an instance of it; I have trampled the world under my feet, laughed at fear, and derided

danger. Through millions of fierce savages, over parching deserts, the freezing north, the everlasting ice, and stormy seas have I passed without harm. How good is my God! What rich subjects have I for praise, love, and adoration!" Soon after writing these few lines, the noble Ledyard died, towards the end of November, 1788, in the thirty-eighth year of his age."

Notices of New Works.

Life in the Far West; by George Frederick Ruxton: Blackwood and Sons.

A more stirring picture of trapper life it has never been our good fortune to come across. With all the exciting interest of one of Cooper's delicious prairie works, it possesses the additional merit, as the preface tells us, "that the scenes described are pictures from life, the result of the author's personal experience;" and these scenes are given with a graphic power, which carries the reader through the volume, rather with the feelings of a spectator, than with those of a listener only, to the recital of the wild dangers of Indian warfare and prairie privations. The main interest of "Life in the Far West," centres in the adventures of a certain trapper called La Bonté; and as his personal history is full of romantic incidents, we cannot better enlist the sympathies of our readers in his hair-breadth dangers and escapes, than by introducing them at once to the bold hero:—

"La Bonté was raised in the state of Mississippi, not far from Memphis, on the left bank of that huge and snag-filled river. His father was a Saint Louis Frenchman, his mother a native of Tennessee. When a boy, our trapper was "some," he said with the rifle, and always had a hankering for the West; particularly when, on accompanying his father to Saint Louis every spring, he saw the different bands of traders and hunters start upon their annual expeditions to the mountains. Greatly did he envy the independent, *insouciant* trappers, as, in all the glory of beads and buckskin, they shouldered their rifles at Jake Hawkin's door, (the rifle-maker of Saint Louis), and bade adieu to the cares and trammels of civilized life. However, like a thoughtless beaver-kitten, he put his foot into a trap one fine day, set by Mary Brand, a neighbour's daughter, and esteemed 'some punkins,' or, in other words, toasted as the beauty of Memphis county, by the susceptible Mississippians. From that moment he was 'gone beaver;' 'he felt queer,' he said, 'all over, like a buffalo shot in the lights; he had no relish for mush and molasses; homminy and johnny cakes failed to excite his appetite. Deer and turkeys ran by him unscathed; he didn't know, he said, whether his rifle had hind sights or not. He felt bad, that was a fact; but what ailed him he didn't know.' Mary Brand—Mary Brand—Mary Brand!—The old Dutch clock ticked it. Mary Brand!—his head throbbed it when he laid down to sleep.—Mary Brand! His rifle-lock spoke it plainly when he cocked it, to raise a shaking sight at the deer. Mary Brand, Mary Brand! the whip-poor-will sung it, instead of his own well-known note; the bull-frogs croaked it in the swamps, and mosquitoes droned it in his ear as he tossed about in his bed at night, wakeful, and striving to think what ailed him. Who could that strapping young fellow, who passed the door just now, be going to see? Mary Brand, Mary Brand! And who can Big Pete Herring be dressing that silver fox-skin for? For whom, but Mary Brand! And who is it that jokes, and laughs, and dances, with all the 'boys' but him; and why? Who but Mary Brand! and because the love-sick booby carefully avoids her. And Mary Brand herself—what is she like? 'She's 'some' now; that *is* a fact, and the biggest kind of punkin at that,' would have been the answer from any man, woman, or child in Memphis county, and truly spoken too; always understanding that the pumpkin is the fruit by which the *ne plus ultra* of female perfection is expressed amongst the figuratively speaking westerns. Being an American woman, of course she was tall, and straight, and slim as a hickory sapling, well formed withal, with rounded bust, and neck white and slender as the swan's. Her features were small, but finely chiselled; and in this, it may be remarked, the lower orders of the American women differ from and far surpass the same class in England, or elsewhere, where the features, although far prettier, are more vulgar and commonplace. Mary Brand had the bright blue eye, thin nose, and small but sweetly-formed mouth, the too fair complexion, and dark brown hair, which characterize the beauty of the Anglo-American, the heavy masses (hardly curls) that fell over her face and neck, contrasting with their polished whiteness. Such was Mary Brand; and when to her good looks are added a sweet disposition, and all the best qualities of a thrifty housewife, it must be allowed that she fully justified the eulogiums of the good people of Memphis. Well, to cut the love-story short, in doing which, not a little moral courage is shown, young La Bonté fell desperately in love with the pretty Mary, and she with him; and small blame to her, for he was a proper lad of twenty—six feet in his moccasins—the best hunter and rifle-shot in the county, with many other advantages too numerous to mention. But when did the course, &c. e'er run smooth? When the affair had became a recognised 'courting,' (and Americans alone know the horrors of such prolonged purgatory,) they became to use La Bonté's words, 'awful fond,' and consequently about once a week had their tiffs and makes-up. However, on one occasion, at a 'husking,' and during one of these tiffs, Mary, every inch a woman, to gratify some indescribable feeling, brought to her aid jealousy—that old serpent who has caused such mischief in this world; and by a flirtation over the corn-cobs with big Pete, La Bonté's former and only rival, struck so hard a blow at the latter's heart, that on the moment his brain caught fire, blood danced before his eyes, and he became like one possessed. Pete observed and enjoyed his struggling emotion; better for him had he minded his corn-shelling alone; and the more to annoy his rival, paid the most sedulous attention to pretty Mary. Young La Bonté stood it as long as human nature, at boiling heat, could endure; but when Pete, in the exultation of his apparent triumph, crowned his success by encircling the slender waist of the girl with his arm, and snatching a sudden kiss, he jumped upright from his seat, and seizing a small whiskey keg which stood in the centre of the corn-shellers, he hurled it at his rival, and crying to him, hoarse with passion, 'to follow if he was a man,' he left the house. At that time, and even now in the northern states of the western country, rifles settled even the most trivial differences between the hot-blooded youths; and of such frequent occurrence and invariably bloody termination did these encounters become, that they scarcely produced sufficient excitement to draw together half-a-dozen spectators. In the present case, however, so public was the quarrel, and so well known the parties concerned, that not only the people who had witnessed the affair, but all the neighbourhood, thronged to the scene of action, in a large field, in front of the house, where the preliminaries of a duel between Pete and La Bonté were being arranged by their respective friends. Mary, when she discovered the mischief her thoughtlessness was likely to occasion, was almost beside herself with grief, but she knew how vain it would be to attempt to interfere. The poor girl, who was most ardently attached to La Bonté, was carried swooning

into the house, where all the women were congregated, and were locked in by old Brand, who, himself an old pioneer, thought but little of bloodshed, but refused to let the "women folk" witness the affray. Preliminaries arranged, the combatants took up their respective positions at either end of a space marked for the purpose, at forty paces from each other. They were both armed with heavy rifles, and had the usual hunting-pouches, containing ammunition, hanging over their shoulders. Standing with the butts of their rifles on the ground, they confronted each other, and the crowd drawing away a few paces only on each side, left our man to give the word. This was the single word, 'fire;' and, after this was given, the combatants were then at liberty to fire away until one or the other dropped. At the word, both the men quickly raised their rifles to the shoulder, and, whilst the sharp cracks instantaneously rang, they were seen to flinch, as either felt the pinging sensation of a bullet entering his flesh. Regarding each other steadily for a few moments, the blood running down La Bonté's neck from a wound under the left jaw, whilst his opponent was seen to place his hand once to his right breast, as if to feel the position of his wound, they commenced re-loading their rifles. But, as Pete was in the act of forcing down the ball with his long hickory wiping-stick, he suddenly dropped his right arm—the rifle slipped from his grasp, and reeling for a moment like a drunken man, he fell dead to the ground. Even here, however, there was law of some kind or another, and the consequences of the duel were, that constables were soon on the trail of La Bonté to arrest him. He easily avoided them; and taking to the woods, lived there for several days in as wild a state as the beasts he hunted and killed for his support. Tired of this, he at last resolved to quit the country, and betake himself to the mountains, for which life he had ever felt an inclination. When, therefore, he thought the officers of justice had grown slack in their search of him, and that the coast was comparatively clear, he determined to start on his distant expedition to the Far West. Once more before he carried his project into execution, he sought and obtained a last interview with Mary Brand. 'Mary,' said he, 'I'm about to break. They're hunting me like a fall buck, and I'm bound to quit. Don't think any more about me, for I shall never come back.' Poor Mary burst into tears, and bent her head on the table near which she sat. When she again raised it, she saw La Bonté, his long rifle upon his shoulder, striding with rapid steps from the house. Year after year rolled on and he did not return."

And so the desire of his youth was carried out; and La Bonté became a trapper, and the prairie knew none more bold or more skilled. Years rolled on, full of perilous adventures to him, and many a time did he face death with a bold heart and unflinching spirit. Death from the Indian, death from starvation alike did he resist and conquer; and ever with the rough hunter abode the thought of his first love, dimmed and distant as he fought his way through overwhelming difficulties, now bright and fresh as he reposed by the camp-fire, or rested his weary limbs by some refreshing spring in the desert. Years rolled on, and old Brand and his family joined the Mormons, as much for the sake of company to California, whither he had resolved to emigrate, as from any implicit evidence in their faith. Neither his daughter nor any of his family had been converted to the Mormon doctrine, but had ever kept themselves aloof, and refused to join or associate with them; and for this reason, the family had been very unpopular with the Mormon families on the Arkansa. So, after a time, the Brands departed alone on their long journey, taking with them Antoine, a Canadian guide, whose tales of the wild life of the hunters and trappers beguiled the watches by the camp-fires.

"Amongst the characters who figured in Antoine's stories, a hunter named La Bonté was made conspicuous for deeds of hardiness and daring. The first mention of the name caused the blood to rush to Mary's face, not that she for a moment imagined it was her La Bonté, for she knew the name was a common one; but, associated with feelings which she had never got the better of, it recalled a sad epoch in her former life, to which she could not look back without mingled pain and pleasure. Now, upon hearing the name of La Bonté, so often mentioned by Antoine, a vague hope was raised in her breast that he was still alive; and she took an opportunity of questioning the Canadian closely on the subject."

His replies informed her of the rumour of La Bonté's intended journey to California and his death by the way, although he gave some hopes of his "turning up."—

"Spite of the good natured attempts of the Canadian, poor Mary burst into a flood of tears; not that the information took her unawares, for she long had believed him dead, but because the very mention of his name awoke the strongest feelings within her breast, and taught her how deep was the affection she had felt for him whose loss and violent fate she now bewailed."

Old Brand and his family proceeded, the Indians came upon their trail, and presenting themselves before the camp, demanded powder and lead, accompanying these demands with threats.

"Old Brand foamed whilst the Indian chief stated his demands; but, hearing him to the end, exclaimed, 'Darn the red devil! I wouldn't give him a grain of powder to save my life. Put out, boys!' and turning to his horse, which stood ready saddled, was about to mount, when the Indians sprang at once upon the waggons, and commenced their attack, yelling like fiends. One jumped upon old Brand, pulled him back as he was rising in the stirrups, and threw his horse-whip at him at the same moment. In an instant, the old back-woodsman pulled a pistol from his belt, and putting the muzzle to the Indian's heart, shot him dead. Another Indian, flourishing his war-club, laid the old man at his feet; while some dragged the women from the waggons, and others rushed upon the men, who made brave fight in their defence. Mary, when she saw her father struck to the ground, sprang with a shrill cry to his assistance, for at that moment a savage, frightful as red paint could make him, was standing over his prostrate body, brandishing a glittering knife in the air, preparatory to thrusting it into the old man's breast. For the rest, all was confusion; in vain the small party of whites struggled against overpowering numbers. Their rifles cracked but once, and they were quickly disarmed; whilst the shrieks of the women and children, and the loud yells of the Indians, added to the scene of horror and confusion. As Mary flew to her father's side, an Indian threw his lasso at her, the noose falling over her shoulders, and, jerking it tight, he uttered a delighted yell as the poor girl was thrown violently to the ground. As she fell, another deliberately shot an arrow at her body, whilst the one who had thrown the lasso rushed forward, his scalp-knife flashing in his hand, to seize the bloody trophy of his savage deed. The girl rose to her knees, and looked wildly towards the spot where her father lay bathed in blood; but the Indian pulled the rope violently, dragged her some yards upon the ground, and then rushed with a yell of vengeance upon his victim. He paused, however, as at this moment a shout as fierce as his own sounded at his very ear; and,

looking up, he saw La Bonté galloping madly down the bluff, his long hair and the fringes of his hunting-shirt and leggins flying in the wind, his right arm supporting his trusty rifle, whilst close behind him came Killbuck and the stranger. Dashing with loud hurrahs to the scene of action, La Bonté, as he charged down the bluff, caught sight of the girl struggling in the hands of the ferocious Indian. Loud was the war-shout of the mountaineer, as he struck his heavy spurs to the rowels in the horse's side, and bounded like lightning to the rescue. In a single stride he was upon the Indian, and, thrusting the muzzle of his rifle into his very breast, he pulled the trigger, driving the savage backward by the blow itself, at the same moment that the bullet passed through his heart, and tumbled him over stone dead. Throwing down his rifle, La Bonté wheeled his obedient horse, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, again charged the enemy, among whom Killbuck and the stranger were dealing death-giving blows. Yelling for victory, the mountaineers rushed at the Indians; and they, panic-struck at the sudden attack, and thinking this was but the advanced guard of a large band, fairly turned and fled, leaving five of their number dead upon the field. Mary, shutting her eyes to the expected death-stroke, heard the loud shout La Bonté gave in charging down the bluff, and, again looking up, saw the wild-looking mountaineer rush to her rescue, and save her from the savage by his timely blow. Her arms were still pinned by the lasso, which prevented her from rising to her feet; and La Bonté was the first to run to aid her, as soon as the fight was fairly over. He jumped from his horse, cut the skin rope which bound her, raised her from the ground, and, upon her turning up her face to thank him, beheld his never-to-be-forgotten 'Mary Brand;' whilst she, hardly believing her senses, recognised in her deliverer her former lover, and still well-beloved La Bonté. 'What, Mary, can it be you?' he asked, looking intently upon the trembling woman. 'La Bonté, you don't forget me!' she answered, and threw herself sobbing into the arms of the sturdy mountaineer! On the 24th of July, in the year of our Lord 1847, La Bonté and Mary Brand were finally made one, after fifteen long years of separation."

NOTES ON OUR DESSERT.—FRUITS OF TEMPERATE CLIMATES.

The apple is at once the most brisk and refreshing of any of the common hardy orchard fruits. It remains the longest in season, is used in the greatest number of ways, and, therefore, is the most generally cultivated. The useful qualities of the apple have extended its cultivation throughout Europe, as far as the 60th deg. of latitude. The varieties in the apple at present known are considerably more than a thousand. Many of the better sorts of English apples were probably at first introduced into this country from the Continent, and the greater part of our names of apples are French, either pure or corrupted. The fine cyder orchards of Herefordshire began to be planted in the reign of Charles 1. The adaptation of these apples to the soil was quickly discovered; and they spread over the whole face of the country. The cyder counties of England lie something in the form of a horse-shoe round the Bristol Channel, the best are Worcester and Hereford on the north of the Channel, and Somerset and Devon on the south.

The pear is among the trees which Homer describes as forming the orchard of Laertes, the father of Ulysses. Pliny mentions several sorts of pears which were grown in Italy, and particularly mentions that a fermented liquor was formed of their expressed juice. It is probable that the Romans brought the cultivated pear to England, and that the monks paid great attention to its varieties. There is a tradition that King John was poisoned in a dish of pears by the monks of Swinsted; and the tale, whether true or false, would imply that the fruit was such as the churchmen would offer to the monarch as a luxury.

The Chinese, who are said to carry the cultivation of fruit to much greater perfection than the European gardeners, are stated by Marco Polo to have pears, white in the inside, melting, and with a fragrant smell, of the enormous weight of ten pounds each.

The cherry is a native of most temperate countries of the northern hemisphere. It is generally said that the first of the present cultivated sorts was introduced about the time of Henry VIII., and was originally planted in Kent. The cherry orchards of Kent are still celebrated. It seems, however, that they were known much earlier, or at any rate that cherries were hawked about London before the middle of the sixteenth century, in the very same manner as at present. Our popular song of "Cherry Ripe" is very slightly altered from Herrick, a poet of the time of Charles 1. There are about two hundred and fifty varieties of cherries cultivated in England.

The currant was formerly erroneously held to be the Corinthian grape degenerated. It is now considered as a native of this country, the red being found growing naturally in many places both of England and Scotland, and the white being merely a variety of the red. The black currant is supposed also to be a native of Britain, or at all events the period of its introduction is unknown.

The gooseberry, if not a native of Britain, is yet a fruit much better adapted to cold than to warm climates. It was cultivated in the time of Henry VIII. In the south of Europe the gooseberry is small, tasteless, and neglected; and though it grows to a large size in the warmer parts of England, its flavour there is very inferior to that which it has in Scotland. Even in that country the flavour seems to increase with the cold; for if there be warmth enough for bringing gooseberries to maturity and ripening them, the farther north they are grown the better. In England, the Lancashire gooseberries are the finest in appearance. They are very large, but still their flavour is far inferior to that of the Scotch. Perhaps the inferiority of the English berries may be in great part owing to the large sorts that are cultivated, the finest, even in Scotland, being those that are of a middle size. Gooseberries are of various colours, white, yellow, green, and red; and of each colour there are many sorts. The yellow gooseberries have, in general, a more rich and vinous flavour than the white; they are, on that account the best for the dessert, and also for being fermented into wine. When the sort is choice, and well picked, so that none of the fruit is damaged, or over or under ripe, and when the wine is properly made, it often puzzles an unpractised taste to distinguish the wine of the best yellow gooseberries from champagne. In the fruit catalogue of the Horticultural Society, there are nearly two hundred kinds enumerated, of which about a hundred and fifty are the large Lancashire gooseberries.

The raspberry obtains its name from the rough and bristly appearance of the fruit. Both the red and the white varieties are natives of Britain, and prefer situations that are shaded and rather moist. The flavour of the raspberry is the most fleeting with which we are acquainted; even a few hours will diminish it; and if the berries be kept for two or three days, the flavour is almost entirely gone. Raspberries, indeed, to be enjoyed in perfection, should be eaten from the bush.

The strawberry is very widely diffused, being found in most parts of the world, especially in Europe and America. The cultivation of the strawberry, at the present time, is very extensive in the neighbourhood of London. The largest quantities and the finest sorts are grown at Isleworth and Twickenham. One of the most remarkable examples of the power of the human body, in the endurance of great and continued fatigue, is shown by

the strawberry women, who, during the season, carry a heavy basket on the head twice daily from Twickenham to Covent Garden, walking upwards of forty miles. These women come purposely from Wales and the collieries, and endure the labour for weeks without injury or complaint. The "old scarlet strawberry," which was an original production from North America, has been an inhabitant of our gardens for nearly two hundred years, and is a native of Louisiana and of Virginia. Its colour is a deep red on both sides, and it is the most rich and highly flavoured of all strawberries, constituting the most valuable variety that has yet been discovered.

The peach and nectarine are only varieties of the same species and it seems doubtful whether the almond, however different it is in its fructification, is not the same species with the peach. Of the peach there are two distinct varieties, although there be but little difference in the appearance of the trees, and hardly any in that of the blossoms; these are the peach with the downy coat, and the nectarine with a smooth one. Of what country the peach is actually a native, it is impossible to ascertain. It is said to have been first cultivated in England about the middle of the sixteenth century. All the peaches have in their kernel a flavour resembling that of noyeau, which depends on the presence of prussic or hydrocyanic acid. The leaves have the same flavour, which they impart by infusion, either in water or spirits.

The plum is a native of Asia, and of many parts of Europe, and various sorts appear to have been introduced into England as early as the fifteenth century. These varieties came to us from France and Italy. The greengage is the Reine Claude of France, so called from having been introduced into that country by the wife of Francis I. It is called gage in England, after the name of the family who first cultivated it here. The orleans probably came to us when we held possession of that part of France from which it takes its name. The damson or damascene, as its name imports, is from Damascus.

The melon is the richest and most highly flavoured of all the fleshy fruits. It has been certainly cultivated in England since about the middle of the sixteenth century; how much earlier is not known. Although the melon is a very delicious fruit, it is not one of the most wholesome, more especially in cold climates. Small melons are, when equally ripe, more highly flavoured than large ones. To obtain the large size, and it is the same with almost all the cultivated fruits and vegetables, a ranker manuring and higher culture must be resorted to than are altogether consistent with the natural development of the juices of the plant. Of the melon there are many varieties, and the number of them is constantly increasing. The melons of Persia have long borne a high character. The finest is the Khorassan. In Persia this fruit is extremely succulent, and contributes greatly to health; they are sometimes so large that three or four are a full load for a man. It was not till lately that the seeds of melons were received here direct from that country. The Persian melons are extremely rich and sweet, and instead of the thick rind of the common melons, they have a very thin and delicate skin, which makes a fruit of the same apparent size contain nearly twice as much edible matter.

The fig appears to flourish in a very considerable range of latitude. The import of figs to Great Britain is principally from Turkey. The fig-tree is said to have been brought into England, in 1525, by Cardinal Pole; though probably it was introduced before, both by the Romans and the monks. It is probable that if the fresh fig were much esteemed by the people of this country, the tree would be more extensively cultivated here in favourable situations, such as our southern coast. But it would seem, from our old writers, and indeed from a common expression of the present day, that from some association of ideas, the fig was an object of contempt; "Figs for thy friendship," says Pistol. Stevens, the commentator on Shakspere, thinks that "the fig of Spain," mentioned in many of our old poets, alluded to the custom of giving poisoned figs to those who were the objects of Spanish or Italian revenge; and hence probably a vulgar prejudice against the fruit.

SONNET.

Uncultivated, wild, and rankly filled
With weeds obnoxious to the growth of good,
Are countless minds among the multitude,
Who mine and weave, and by whom earth is tilled.
Yea, further up, in classes nobly skilled
In arts mechanic, rarely understood,
Are those high aims that warm the patriot's blood,
Or thoughts, with which full many a harp has thrilled.
Let printed pages, like to winged seeds,
Go forth and light upon such barren soil,
And bear a fruitage of ennobling deeds,
To elevate the million sons of toil;
Till knowledge blessing them, exclaims with a smile,
"Behold a garden, where there grew but weeds!"

Henry Frank Lott.

ADVANTAGES OF KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge, in general, expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it, we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites; the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the spiritual to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within herself, and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation.

The poor man, who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public-house for that purpose. His mind can find him employment, when his body is at rest; he does not lie prostrate, and afloat, on the current of incidents, liable to be carried whithersoever the impulse of appetite may direct. There is, in the mind of such a man, an intellectual spring, urging him to the pursuit of mental good; and if the minds of his family, also, are a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged.

The calm satisfaction which books afford puts him into a disposition to relish more exquisitely the tranquil delight inseparable from the indulgence of conjugal and parental affection; and as he will be more respectable in the eyes of his family than he who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate whatever may preserve, and shun whatever would impair that respect. He, who is inured to reflection, will carry his views beyond the present hour; he will extend his prospect a little into futurity, and be disposed to make some provision for his approaching wants; whence will result, an increased motive to industry, together with a care to husband his earnings, and to avoid unnecessary expense.

The poor man who has gained a good taste for good books, will, in all likelihood, become thoughtful, and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favour, than by the gift of a large sum of money, since you have put them in possession of the principle of all legitimate prosperity

Lessons for Little Ones.

LOVE TO ANIMALS.

BY PETER PARLEY.

God loves all things. He kisses them in his sun-shine, fondles them in the summer breezes, and joy is in their eyes and in their hearts. Plants and flowers, beasts and birds, fishes and insects, all feel the law of love from their Creator.

The plants bloom in beauty, the beasts skip and play in rapture, the birds sing in sweetest melodies, the fish leap joyfully in the limpid stream, and insects dance in delight in the sunny air.

Love is everywhere. The love of Him, who is all love, dwells in every creature, the constant spring of all that is. Little girls and boys, who have not love in their hearts for all that lives, are very far from deserving the love of their good Creator.

And yet there are many little girls and boys, and, alas, many grown-up men and women, who, although they may feel quite certain that it is right to "love one another," have very little love to the things God has made for their use, much less to those which seem to be of no use to them.

Some cruel men will, for their sport only, sadly ill-use that noblest of animals—the horse. It was but yesterday that Peter Parley read an account of a steeple-chase, as it is called, in which horses are made to leap over high rails, deep ditches, stakes, and hedges. In this steeple-chase no less than five horses were obliged to be killed after the race; three had their backs broken, and two their legs snapped.

Now, little boys do not ride steeple-chases; but they will train themselves to this kind of sport by wanting love and kindness to the things that are around them.

But of this they may be sure, that every cruel act will so harden the heart and render the mind so dead to the voice of humanity, that as they grow up to be men, the love of cruelty will prevail in them and disgrace their name and nature.

Many children are unkind to animals from sheer want of thought. But the same law that teaches men and women not to do to others what they would not like done to themselves, ought to keep boys and girls from hurting such things as they may chance to have power over, for the abuse of power is a great crime.

After God had made all things and pronounced them good, he made man in his own image, full of sense and goodness. He gave him dominion over the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth. But man was not to be their tyrant.

"What is a tyrant?" you inquire. A tyrant is one who uses his might against the law of right, who acts according to his own will, who enslaves, imprisons, kills, and destroys whoever and whatever he pleases, and will suffer no one to call him to account; you read of such men in every history of the world.

There are many ways of being tyrants—there are many ways of being cruel. It is cruel to rob a bird of its young. It is cruel to set a trap for a bird, to put it in a cage, for a cage is a prison; and a boy is nothing better than a jailer, nay, much worse, for he is jailer and tyrant too. Do not think that nice food and seeds, and even care and attention, can be any compensation to the bird deprived of its liberty. Liberty is the greatest gift of God to man, the greatest gift he has given to the beast, the bird, and the insect, and when we deprive any of God's creatures of that gift, all the love and the kindness we can show them is but poor recompense.

Man has enslaved the horse, the dog, the camel, the reindeer, and many other animals. They do his bidding, bear his burdens, and lose a life of freedom and happiness for one of pain and labour. They groan and wince under the lash, the curb, or the chain. They wear their lives away in sorrow, in the close stall, the confined crib, or the fenced yard. Their youth is spent in effort and labour, their old age in pain and misery, with bruised bones, seared skins, and blind eyes. What can make amends for this?—nothing but kindness; and even then we are still the animals' debtors for more than we can ever pay.

Many little boys and girls who would think it wrong to be wilfully cruel, are very unfeeling and forgetful. How many there are who doat upon pets. Yet, the fate of pets is usually unfortunate, and, very frequently, through the neglectful conduct of those who love them.

It is very common for boys to keep rabbits, and for girls to keep canaries. At first we find those who pet them very attentive; they feed them, often over-feed them, watch them, and fondle over them; after a little while some other favourite object engrosses their attention, and the pet is left, not unfrequently, to perish by some accident that care would have prevented, or to die of starvation.

A young friend of mine, Edwin, was a kind-hearted boy enough, but he was very inconstant; he would take a violent affection to a thing; but this affection soon went off, and he became in a few days as cold and heartless as he seemed to be warm and full of love.

On one occasion he had seen a squirrel at the shop of a dealer in birds and fancy animals, and he was delighted to see it turn round and round in its little cage, and he would stand and watch it for a long time, as he went to and from his school every day. At last he prevailed upon his mamma to give him the sum required for the purchase of the animal, and having obtained it, brought it home in great glee. It had a place allotted to it in Edwin's own play-room; and the boy had several projects in his head to make his squirrel more and more happy. So squirrey was pampered and fed. Every week Edwin laid out the greater part of his pocket-money in the purchase of nuts for his pet, and he carefully cleaned its cage every morning before breakfast, and hung it up in his place every night. Squirrey grew tame, and would suffer Edwin to take him in and out of the cage, and to play with him; and Edwin was very fond of and very proud of his pet.

And he might have remained so for some time longer, but one of his young friends had purchased a magpie, which he had taught to talk; and a very talkative bird it was, and a very merry one, too. It hopped and jumped about, and seemed to care for nobody; it chattered, and fluttered, and turned its head on one side to look up at you with such provoking assurance, that everybody laughed at and admired the magpie. Edwin was entranced from that moment—the fate of poor squirrey was sealed. A magpie Edwin was determined to have.

Now, it so happened, that master magpie was not only a very talkative bird—he was also a very meddlesome one. He did not exactly respect the property of others, so Edwin found no difficulty in purchasing magpie; but while the negotiation was going on, and the money was being hoarded, poor squirrey severely suffered. His supply of nuts was at first reduced, and now and then his bread-and-milk was forgotten. Squirrey felt every day the pangs of hunger, and he longed for the green trees, where he could find a profusion of food for winter stores; but the bars of his prison were strong. At last, one day—it was the day the magpie came home, his supply of food quite failed. Squirrey determined to break prison, and forced his head between the bars of his cage; he could not get his body through, however, and alas, owing to the projections of his ears, could not get his head back again, and was thus strangled.

I will leave my young readers to imagine the feelings of this inconstant boy upon his beholding his pet dead at the bottom of his cage. I will not describe his sobbings and lamentations. There was no one to mark them but

magpie, who was hopping about the play-room, and at last hopped to the top of the dead squirrel's cage, and looking obliquely down upon Edwin, said, with a roguish leer, "you are a stupid."

Edwin was more than a stupid; but still the set phrase of the magpie had its effect upon him. "I have been," said he to himself, "stupid indeed, and wicked, too." And so my young friends are all they, who neglect those whom they are bound to cherish and to love. They who are fond of pets should reflect, that when they have them, they incur a kind of responsibility; they are bound to feed them, and to care for them, and if they fail in this, they are really very wicked; while the habit of inconstancy, and of fickleness, will render them in mature years both dangerous and despicable among their fellow creatures, who will put neither faith nor trust in them.

THE FREEDOM OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedged lies open in life's common field,
And bids all welcome to the vital feast."

YOUNG.

NOT quite opened, nor unhedged—for this planet of ours, (let who may prove the contrary, it is ours as long as we are in it,) this rounded, condensed, undulating, mysterious little planet, *is not* quite so open and unhedged as bards have sung.

Poets, owing to their peculiarly sensitive temperament, have, naturally enough, loved to depict only the more sunny side of subjects, *one* glimpse of the darker having sometimes proved sufficient to plunge them into a fatal melancholy, if not to kill them outright.

For this reason many, old poets especially, are to be read with reservation. As regards the living, with cordial satisfaction the world perceives that the poetical constitution is becoming stronger, at the same time that its temperament loses nothing of its exquisite and distinguishing sensibility.

The poets and poetesses of this generation have brave hearts, and rise into their own serene altitude strong and radiant, as heaven designed that they should. Flinging aside earth, mists, and fetters, they soar aloft, and, with calm light, circle steadily in their appointed path.

Serene, secure—for the power that awoke nourishes the divine afflation, and will sustain it until the spiritual, the vital, be fully revealed and triumphant.

In the mean time this heavy earth grates to the old tune, and we also think that

"Our needful knowlege and our needful food,"

is not quite unhedged and open. In plain prose, they have, somehow, got enclosed in preserves, as though Heaven's bounties needed this conservative care of man;—turn which way we will, we are hedged in, hedged up, *or* hedged out.

In fact, there are so many hedges and ditches, divisions and subdivisions, not to mention subtleties crept in, and up, and over the fair surface of the earth, that it seems as if the whole of it had fallen into the power of some other than its Creator—some grasping Mammon who has gathered it all in, inch by inch, unto himself.

"Unhedged lies open—." This, after all, could only have been Young's satirical way of politely suggesting, he meant it as a gentle hint to *unhedge*, open, and bid all welcome, for he could not but feel that man ought to permit a free and healthful circulation of God's good gifts round the world;

"As sunbeams stream through liberal space,
And nothing jostle or displace——"

so free be all God's gifts, else, by that immutable law stamped upon his work at the creation, blessings become curses.

But Mammon has penetrated into every pore of social and civilized life,—up into even our noblest and holiest institutions, until love has been again driven into the wilderness, and well nigh perished from the earth.

But though scoffed at, and almost scoffed out, love shall yet have room and fair play, until it flow into the channels Providence has provided for it.

How!———. Are we to drain off God's free gifts, the leaven of the earth into reservoirs; are they, *before* circulation, to be consecrated, and protected, and patronized, and locked up for fear of thieves?

Instead of flowing freely, are the waters of life to be measured out in small measure to the weary and athirst, by delegates, selected and *paid* for their great trouble and philanthropy?

Are God's free bequests to be sold by *man* retail? Heaven's curse is on all monopoly.

Interchange and circulation denote general health, as vast accumulation is but a symptom of disease somewhere; and from out that somewhere, sooner or later, stalk famine, pestilence, and death, with their blighting breath, which the impartial winds aid to carry far and near, high and low.

Universal, not individual interest, is the keystone of society, and devastation upon devastation, until this law of nature is recognised and acted out.

Protection, partition-walls, with their age-enduring *denials*—let men build them higher and higher; but the greater will be the downfall and confusion.

It is not protection, it is *faith* we want,—the faith that shall remove mountains! The faith, at whose bidding the barren rock shall yield that living stream, whose billows are to sap the foundation of the throne of darkness! E. C——ON.

THE CLOCK.

IT indicates the time of day, and it declares the transition from hour to hour by striking upon a bell, thus visibly and audibly proclaiming the same thing. Through long use, it has become indispensable to the regulation of our undertakings and engagements. We can propose to accomplish nothing without the clock. Only at its summons do we rise from sleep, return to rest, eat, drink, labour, play, and visit our friends. Before the servants may be released from their tasks, the children from their teachers, or even the garments from their bodies, the clock must be consulted. Under its sanction are we assembled for worship; weekly, by its authority, are the temple gates unbarred, the market-booths erected, the carrier's cart despatched. He who disputes an oracle so popular as the parish-clock, is suspected of heresy against that catholic agreement and concurrence, without which time itself goes wrong. Sick and poor, wise and foolish, hear his sovereign admonitions every hour that they have their respective duties to consider. Gravest of moralists, loudest of preachers, most inflexible, yet most equitable of despots, the clock resides in a lofty place. He reigns supreme over his own church and people; he is sole defender of the parish faith; he is a just, yet a paternal king.—*Fountain of Arethusa.*

A SPIRIT of industry, when it has been once excited in the common forms of education, may be transferred to objects of more exalted dignity and more extensive utility. It qualifies men in all their various classes for the highest and for the lowest employments. It gives perseverance to the workman, enterprise to the warrior, and firmness to the statesman. It blunts the keenest appetite for sensuality, and shuts up the first avenues to dishonesty; it opens a broader field for the display of every talent, and inspires us with new vigour in the performance of every social and every religious duty.

"OUR FATHER!"

"Many of the children told me they always said their prayers at night, and the prayer they said was 'Our Father.' I naturally thought they meant that they repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I soon found that few of them knew it. They only repeated the first two words; they knew no more than 'Our Father.' These poor children, after their laborious day's work, (nail-making, japanning, screw-making,) lying down to sleep with this simple appeal, seemed to me inexpressibly affecting."—*Report of the Commissioners on the Employment of Children; Evidence of R. H. Horne, town of Wolverhampton.*

Pale, struggling blossoms of mankind,
Born only to endure,
White helpless slaves whom Christians bind,
Sad children of the poor!
Ye walk in rags, ye breathe in dust,
With souls too dead to ask
For aught beyond a scanty crust,
And Labour's grinding task.
Ye ne'er have heard the code of love,
Of Hope's eternal light;
Ye are not led to look above
The clouds of earthly night;
And yet 'mid ignorance and toil,
Your lips, that ne'er have known
The "milk and honey" of the soil,
Sleep not before they own
"Our Father!"

Unheeded workers in the marts
Of England's boasted wealth,
Ye, who may carry ulcered hearts,
If hands but keep their health;
Ye, whose young eyes have never watched
June's roses come and go,
Whose hard-worn fingers ne'er have snatched
The spring flowers as they blow;
Who slave beneath the summer sun,
With dull and torpid brain,
Ye, who lie down when work is done,
To rise and work again;
Oh, even ye, poor joyless things,
Rest not, before you pray;
Striving to mount on fettered wings
To Him who hears you say,
"Our Father!"

Proud easy tenants of the earth,
Ye who have fairer lots;
Who live with plenty, love, and mirth,
On Fortune's golden spots;
Ye, who but eat, laugh, drink, and sleep,
Who walk 'mid Eden's bloom,
Who know not what it is to weep
O'er Poverty's cold tomb;
Oh, turn one moment from your way,
And learn what these can teach.
Deign in your rosy path to stay,
And hear the "untaught" preach;
Then to your homes so bright and fair,
And think it good to pray;
Since the sad children of despair,
Can kneel in thanks, and say,
"Our Father!"

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

THE sun of popularity sometimes shines upon a flower which prematurely opens its buds and discloses all its glowing beauties, but expires amidst the chilling frost of night.

A CONSCIENCE void of offence is an inestimable blessing, because it gives a pleasure which no rancorings of malice can destroy; it is proof against malignity itself, and smiles upon its most sanguinary efforts.

A DEEP and profound knowledge of ourselves will never fail to curb the emotions we may feel at the foibles of others. We shall have learnt the difficulty of correcting our own habits too well to suppose it easy in them; and instead of making them the objects of our sarcasm, they will become the objects of our pity and our prayers.

CHILD.—A draft on the bank of time.

HE who is not loved, is alone everywhere, and with every one.

THE child that thinks at all, thinks like a poet.

The light of duty, when fully clear, casts no shadow of hesitation.

ALL the honourable pursuits of life are salutary, provided they are not sought with too great avidity, and at the price of integrity and happiness.

TIME is infinitely long, and each day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured, if one will actually fill it up.

THERE is something in the last hour of the day, if it have been itself a happy one, which seems to concentrate all the pleasant things of the past. It is like a fine evening sky, calm and sweet, and full of rays, that are all the rosier, because they are the last.

THE vine twig shows not more ingenuity as it traverses some rocky crag in search of the cool stream, at once its luxury and its life, than does our injured self-love, in seeking for consolation from the inevitable casualties of fate, and the irresistible strokes of fortune.

MEN may learn from example how mistaken is the idea, that the possession of power leads to independence, or enables them to pursue their own will. If there is any station in life in which we can do as we please, it will be found much nearer the extreme of the beggar, than that of the king.

SUPERSTITION, like many other fancies, very easy loses in power, when, instead of flattering our vanity, it stands in its way.

POETRY, like truth, is a common flower. God has sown it over the earth like the daisies, sprinkled with tears, or glowing in the sun, even as he places the crocus and the March frosts together, and beautifully mingles life and death.

FORCE may be put down by force, but a well-disposed child, inclined to love and sympathy, has little to oppose to scorn and ill-will.

THE change of day and night—of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it; these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but, if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then comes on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease; we regard life as a disgusting burden.

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THE AIR WE BREATHE.

THE most valuable and useful of all things are those which are the most common; as, for instance, the air we breathe, which is among the very commonest of all things. No one has been able to monopolize this great element of life; it floats free and pure over the earth, on the mountain-top, and in the lowly valley, everywhere ministering to life and health, except in the dwellings of man, and especially in the dwellings of the poor, where little or no provision has been made for such a supply of this important element as is absolutely necessary for the enjoyment of health and physical comfort. Its introduction into our houses is, for the most part, left to chance; and there are extensive districts in every populous town, where, in consequence of the want of proper sewerage and drainage, and the defective arrangements of streets and construction of houses, the air breathed by the inhabitants is a poison as destructive as the Egyptian simoom.

It is probable that the very commonness of air renders most people insensible to its value. Though everybody knows that if we have not air enough we die, everybody does not seem to know, or, at least, does not act upon the knowledge, that air, once breathed by human lungs, is converted into a deadly poison, and that, if not removed by ventilation or otherwise, languor, headache, and stupor are induced, until, at length, as the poisoned air accumulates, life itself is destroyed. There is, indeed, no more fertile source of disease than vitiated air, breathed by human lungs. Hundreds of thousands of persons annually fall victims to the unseen poison that floats around them in their dwellings, poison that has been generated in their own lungs, and which the slightest knowledge of physiology would teach them ought to be immediately removed out of the way, just as if it were the virus of the cholera or the plague. The truth is, there is scarcely a subject on which there is so large an amount of practical ignorance as that now under consideration, notwithstanding its common and everyday character. The reports not long ago published by the Health of Towns Commissioners showed, that tens of thousands of our population were annually swept away by foul air; that double the number of persons die in ill-ventilated, ill-drained districts, than in those which are well ventilated and well drained; this being the result, not so much of a wilful violation of the natural laws, as of a general ignorance of the principles which regulate life. As civilization has advanced, and wealth accumulated, villages have expanded into towns, and towns into crowded cities; houses have been built closely together, at the cheapest possible rate, so as to make available every inch of ground, but with no regard whatever to those laws which affect the health of the persons who inhabit them. Hence the debility, disease, decay, and premature death of multitudes; hence the consumption which preys upon the young, and the fever and pestilence which walk abroad at noonday.

As this is a subject of very great importance to all classes of the public, we shall, even at the risk of being thought dull, endeavour to make intelligible to our readers the *rationale* of the function of respiration, or breathing, and the important uses which "the air we breathe" performs in the human economy.

The principal organs by which breathing is performed, are the LUNGS, which are situated in the cavity of the chest. By a beautiful mechanical arrangement of bones and muscles, the chest expands in inspiration (or the drawing in of the breath), and contracts in expiration (or expulsion of the breath), at about twenty times in the minute, in a healthy person. The substance of the lungs is composed of minute air-tubes, blood-vessels, nerves, tissue, &c. The lungs are immediately connected with the heart, which is the centre of the circulation, by the pulmonary artery and veins; and they are open to the external air, through the medium of the trachea or windpipe, the minute branches of which constitute the air-tubes and air-cells of the lungs. By means of the exceedingly minute sub-division of air-tubes, an amazing extent of surface is obtained, for the exposure, to the air circulated in them, of the blood also circulating at the same time in the equally minute blood-vessels of the lungs; and during which exposure certain vital changes are effected, which cannot be interrupted without an almost immediate cessation of life. This extent of surface has been computed at not less than thirty times that of the external surface of the body! The object of this careful arrangement is, to allow the largest possible quantity of deteriorated blood to enjoy free interchange with the largest possible quantity of vital air. It is scarcely necessary that we should go into detail to explain how beautifully and efficiently this object is accomplished; nor is it necessary that we should enter into an explanation of the mechanism of the breathing organs. It is sufficient for our purpose to state the general outline. Respiration consists of a succession of acts, by which air is alternately inspired or drawn into, and expired or forced out of the lungs; the one process following the other. The quantity of air thus inspired and expired at each act, amounts to about a pint; and, as about twenty inspirations are made in a minute, at least sixty gallons of air pass through the lungs during the hour, which will amount to about fifty-seven hogsheads in the twenty-four hours. This is an important fact, which we beg the reader to keep in mind.

The changes which take place in the lungs, by means of this respiration of atmospheric air, are of first-rate importance. They are, indeed, absolutely necessary to the continuance of animal life. Without breathing, existence

cannot possibly be carried on. "The breath" is thus closely identified with all the phenomena of life. "Does he breathe?" is the question on which hang the issues of life and death; for when the breath has ceased, all is known to be over. Now, the vitalizing properties of the air depend on that constituent part of it known by the name of *oxygen*. The air we breathe consists of about one part of this oxygen, in combination with about four parts of another element, called *nitrogen*, the latter acting the part of a diluent. The oxygen is the active ingredient, and, without it, air could not support life. After a few gulps, existence would at once cease.

One of the chief conditions of the organized being is, that in order to its continued existence, it must undergo a series of regular successive changes. The material of which the frame is composed is never at rest, but is in a constant process of renewal, new particles being introduced and old particles carried away and thrown out of the system. Among the most important organs of the body, are those which are instrumental in carrying on the changes referred to. By means of the stomach and digestive apparatus, new material, in the form of food and drink, is from time to time added to the system. The food is converted, by a series of beautiful arrangements, into a circulating fluid called *chyle*, which is gradually added to the BLOOD already circulating in the body. This is, also, undergoing a constant succession of changes. In its arterialized state, that is, after it has been exposed to the wholesome action of the air in the lungs, it courses throughout the body, laying down new particles in all directions, by means of those tiny little labourers, the minute or capillary vessels; and after laying down those new particles, in the course of which it parts with its vitalizing principle, the blood returns again towards the heart, carrying back with it the old particles which are now to be thrown out of the system by the lungs and other channels. From the heart it is forced into the lungs, where the changes it undergoes are of the most vital kind.

In a healthy state, the blood is never circulated a second time in the body without having undergone its proper series of changes in the lungs; and until it has done so, it is quite unfit for the purpose of nutrition. The circulation of blood in the lungs, therefore, goes on, and must go on, as regularly and uninterruptedly as the circulation of blood in the body. And, to give an idea of the quantity of blood circulated in these organs, it may be stated that about one imperial gallon passes through the lungs of a healthy adult during every minute of his existence, or upwards of twenty-four hogsheads of blood every twenty-four hours. Now, be it remembered that there is also inspired, during the same period, about fifty-seven hogsheads of air for the purpose of respiration, and some idea may be formed of the immense activity of this vital function. Let us remark further, that the blood, when propelled into the lungs, through the pulmonary vessels, is black or venous blood, unfitted for the purpose of nutrition; and that when it returns from the lungs to the heart, again to be circulated throughout the body, it is red or arterial blood, fitted for the nutrition of the system, and it will be very obvious that this circulation of the blood in the lungs is somehow very intimately connected with the healthy existence of the human frame.

It is difficult to explain the precise nature of the changes which take place in the lungs; physiologists are not yet quite clear about the matter. Certain, however, it is, that by means of the infinitely minute subdivision of the vessels carrying blood, and the vessels carrying air, an interchange of particles takes place between them. The venous or black blood parts with a portion of its carbon, which, uniting with the oxygen of the air, forms an equivalent bulk of carbonic acid gas, which is thrown out of the lungs by expiration. Some suppose that the oxygen of the air is actually absorbed, and free carbonic acid gas excreted. At all events, it is clear that the oxygen or life-supporting part of the air we breathe has disappeared during respiration, and that its place has been supplied by carbonic acid gas, to breathe which again is exceedingly deleterious to human life. If the air which has been once breathed, is again inspired, the quantity of oxygen it contains is still further consumed, until at length it entirely disappears, and unless replaced by fresh air, life will soon become extinct. Hence, a mouse or any other animal, if placed under an air-tight glass, expires as soon as the oxygen of the confined air has been consumed; and in the same way a man may be suffocated as effectually as by hanging. Hence the well-known fearful catastrophe of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Some idea of the quantity of oxygen consumed, and of carbonic acid generated in the process of breathing, may be formed from the fact that about two-fifths of the oxygen inspired disappears during each inspiration, the place of which is supplied by the carbonic gas which is thrown off by expiration. Thus, it has been calculated that each adult person consumes, or ought to consume, during twenty-four hours, 45,000 cubic inches of pure oxygen; and that in the same time he generates 38,000 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas. From this statement, it will be obvious how rapidly the air must become vitiated by the breathing of a large number of individuals crowded into a confined space, and that the necessity is most urgent of securing a constant change of air by means of ventilation, in order to the due preservation of human life.

A full supply of pure air is absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of sound health. Food and air must both be had, else existence soon ceases. But, whereas without food a man may live for days and even weeks, without air, he cannot live five minutes. And just as a man may be starved and pined by unwholesome and insufficient food, so also may he be starved and pined by unwholesome and insufficient air. There is a very close connexion between the nutrition of the body by the stomach and its nutrition by the lungs. The one is necessary to the other. Everybody knows how much the appetite for food is increased by regular exposure to the pure and fresh air of heaven. All the functions concerned in the nutrition of the body are performed with increased energy. The circulation is accelerated. The changes of the materials composing the frame, the deposition of new particles and the removal of the old, all go forward more quickly. The waste of the body is greater, and, accordingly, there is a more ready demand for new material: the appetite is quickened; breathing is fuller, and all the powers of life are more buoyant and vigorous. The perceptions are also brighter, and every mental operation is more energetic; for healthy and well-oxygenated blood is as necessary to the healthy and vigorous workings of the human mind, whose physical organ is the brain, as it is to paint the roses on woman's cheek, or the coral on her lip.

For the same reason that a full supply of pure air is promotive of appetite, sound digestion, health, and strength, so is a limited supply of air, or a supply of air which has been contaminated by human breathing, or by putrid exhalations, the cause of want of appetite, impaired digestion, debility of body, weakness of intellect, disease, and premature decay. Persons who live in a vitiated atmosphere soon lose all appearance of health; their skin becomes pale, sallow, and bloodless; their appetite having left them, they become attenuated and cadaverous-looking; they are the almost constant victims of ill-health; in unhealthy seasons, they are subject to be cut off by fever; and, as for full health and genuine relish of life, they do not know what it means. To that large proportion of the poorer population who live in the damp cellars, situated in the undrained swamps of our large towns, life is only a long disease, a protracted dying. The tender frame of infancy, as might be expected, is the least able to resist the noxious influence of damp and foul air. Hence, in some districts of the larger towns

of England, half the children die before they reach their fifth year! They die prematurely, poisoned by bad air. Diseases there are much more malignant in their forms, and fatal in their results, than in the better drained and ventilated districts. The moral condition of the population is also seriously deteriorated by foul air. It has been distinctly enough ascertained, that the vice and immorality of our large towns exist in their worst forms in the most impure districts. The depressing effects of breathing exhausted air influence the mind as well as the body. You see this in a crowded school, or in a crowded church; only, in the ill-ventilated homes of the poor, the influence is not temporary but protracted; and we see the result in many aggravated forms of vice, shame, and wretchedness.

The lessons which may be drawn from the above brief exposition of the uses of THE AIR WE BREATHE, in the human economy, are not far to seek; and it will afford us a pleasure to point out to our readers, from time to time, their practical application.

JOHN ASHMORE OF BIRMINGHAM.

1849.

BY SILVERPEN.

"It is on a far other basis (than that of dependence and protection) that the well-being and well-doing of the labouring people must henceforth rest. The poor have come out of leading strings, and cannot any longer be governed or treated like children. To their own qualities must now be commended the care of their destiny. Modern nations will have to learn the lesson, that the well-being of a people must exist by means of the justice and self-government of the individual citizens. The theory of dependence attempts to dispense with the necessity of these qualities in the dependent classes. But now, when even in position they are becoming less and less dependent, and their minds less and less acquiescent in the degree of dependence which remains, the virtues of independence are those which they stand in need of. These virtues it is still in the power of governments, and of the higher classes greatly to promote; and they can hardly do anything, which does not by its own effects, or those of its example, either assist or impede that object. But whatever advice, exhortation, or guidance is held out to the labouring classes must henceforth be tendered to them as equals, and accepted with their eyes open. The prospect of the future depends on the degree in which they can be made rational beings."—*Mill's Political Economy*, vol. ii., p. 318.

Round the doorway of the Cannock Arms, a smartly painted and newly built beer-shop, four or five women are lounging on a mild spring afternoon of this year. Most of these are mothers, or else nurse the children of such mothers as are employed in the button, pin, or other shops, for they have either babies in their arms, or else are addressed occasionally by some little voice from out a crowd of very young children, who are playing on the other side of the way. As footsteps within the house approach, and come to the threshold, the most talkative gossip of the matronly party turns eagerly round, and addressing the showily dressed young woman, who has come to the door, asks some question, which is immediately responded to.

"Yes; the Yateses be coming to keep the wedding night, as soon as Caroline and Tummus be back from th' grandmother at Aston. For ye see as how the oud folks are mighty fond on Caroline, and wish as how t' be a frolic loike; and as Tum Madeley's bin a asking a lot on th' young chaps out o' shop, and Caroline, Martha, and Betsey Wigley, and the Field's, as she know'd at Soonday school, and there be her father and mother, and Tummus's uncle in the bargain, there 'll just be a score on'em, without'en reck'ning my maister and me, and John Ashmore as is asked."

"Him," speaks the most slatternly woman, with a contemptuous shake of the head, "him's joined tee-total my maister thinks, and so wunna come thee may reckon, unless t'be to preachen Tummus a sarmond, o' some sort or t'other; though Tummus 'll take it koindly I reckon, for he's mighty fond o' John; and that'ns more nor my maister and me be, for we dunna loike them upperish sort o' folks."

"Well, as for that'ns Mary Giles, it ain't every body as pleasen every body, as my Ben's reading book say, and I dunna know how t' be 'xactly, but I tooken to John ever sin' he give my Ben a lift i' th' shop. But them's a many Mrs. Fenton to be having to beer and poips, and sooper; and cost Caroline's folks and Tummus a deal I reckon."

"Why, ye see," replies the showy mistress of the Cannock Arms, "they've been moighty civil at th' Bull, and lent two score o' knives and forks, and as many platters as needs be; and then Caroline's grandmother, as keeps general shop at Aston, give a ham, and leg o' mutton, and groceries, and Tummus's uncle, as be a butcher Ketley way, summet. But on course the young'uns i' th' folks 'll an to do th' rest; though the young chaps as be a coming from Manning's shop 'll not be short o' clubbing a gallon or two, if so be t' be wanting, I dare say."

Thus satisfying the curiosity of her neighbours, Mrs. Fenton invites them in-doors to see her hospitable preparations, and of which she is not a little proud. This invitation is readily accepted, and leading the way along the newly washed boarded passage strewn with red sand, Mrs. Fenton pushes aside a door to the right, and enters a long, low ceiling room, down the entire centre of which runs a narrow deal table. On this several batches of clay pipes are placed, bunches of paper lights in little japanned trays, and at either end a multitude of drinking glasses, of such different shapes and sizes, as to show with great probability their not only having been borrowed at the Bull, but at other signs of more or less pretension.

"This is stylish loike, ba'int it," speaks Mrs. Fenton, as she precedes her friends round the room, and points out severally to their notice the red and yellow cut paper flower-basket with which she has hidden the rust of the unbrushed grate, the gay painted waster jars which she has bought at the door this very morning for the decoration of the mantel-piece, the flaming tea-tray reared on a side-table, and above all, at the attempt she has made to adorn the two narrow windows, by scanty curtains of tawdry chintz; "but ye see as how grandmother lived a sight o' years up at a Staffordshire hall, near Eccleshall, and seed how grand folks do'n these things."

"Well, for my part, Sally Fenton," says another looker-on, "if me'd bin Caroline, I'd made it a tea-making. A cup o' tea does a body such a sight o' good, 'specially holiday tea."

"That would'n a do, at any rate, "replies the landlady of the Cannock Arms, somewhat quickly, "folks dunna get sperrit'ted on tea; and it ain't no profit to a public loike beer and poipes. Besid'n it be only Tummus and Caroline has an gotten day-leave; the rest canna be here till shop shuts. But here's a sooper as wun'na clem folks at any rate." So saying, Mrs. Fenton approaches a large old table set against the stencilled-patterned wall, and lifting up a coarse cloth, displays a large ham already boiled, a leg of mutton ready for the bakehouse, and placed over a great brown dishful of peeled potatoes, a loin of stuffed pork the same, the half of a Shropshire cheese, and several thick-crusted apple-pies, already baked.

"Well t'be noice loike, Sally Fenton," presently remarks one of the women, whose husband is a Willenhall nailer, but who, being out of work, has come to Birmingham to try for a job in a pin-shop; "but clemming days binna then as is when folks first getten married, it is when five or six young 'uns come, and not a bit more to feed 'em on than when there wunna more nor one."

"Well, well, there's up and down for all on us, I reckon," adds Mrs. Fenton, hastily, for she really does not relish any discussion as to the wisdom or economy of her customers; and now hinting that she has "a sight o' things to set straight in the back'us," dismisses her knot

of friends, not, however, before confiding to the charge of one of them a fresh message to Dawkins, the baker opposite, that "he'd better be coming for th' leg and t'other things, as they need a sight o' doing, and folks 'll be clemmed if supper be a minute later than the stroke o' nine."

By the agency of these thus treated, and the children who are called from their play on purpose, the news has soon spread through the long narrow street and adjacent courts, that Thomas Madeley and Caroline Yates "as was," will be coming down the street presently to the Cannock Arms, for the wedding supper is to be held there. Accordingly every door and window almost has its watcher; and as soon as the different workshops begin to close for the night, and the operatives to flock homeward, groups of men and young people are seen to cluster round the door-steps.

At length, as the waning sun throws its last ruby tints of gorgeous light across the roofs of the smoke-discoloured houses, and here and there burnishes up a narrow casement or strip of window curtain, a youthful couple, arm in arm, and with dusty shoes, come down the street, stopping at almost every door-step or window, for many know them, and most have a kindly word for the girlish bride and boyish bridegroom. They are both so young, that if the husband is nineteen it is his utmost age, though he looks still more a stripling than even this, and the girl cannot be more than between sixteen and seventeen. There is such a visible air of lassitude and fatigue about the young girl, as to have made several already ask her and her husband "to step in and rest a bit," but without success. "The tea be in the pot," says some, "and thee and Tummus be welcome;" and others, "Aston be a tidy step; come, come in, there be plenty o'bread and cheese i'th' pantry; and Ned, as is in, shall get a pint;" but these invitations are refused, on the plea that it is getting late, and that they have yet to step and say a word to John Ashmore.

"Dunna let him gi'thee a sarmond an hour long, though," says a matronly woman, of rather decent appearance, who stands on the step of a cleanly doorway, sewing a clasp on to a little coral necklace, "for my Martha and Betsey are a dressing already, and thinking a lot on the night you may be sure, as nothing 'uld do, but the green muslins as Sally Coxly made wi' th' flounces, and there I've bin a starching and ironing the full blessed morning. But it cheers a mother's heart to see her lasses look tidy, and Martha and Betsey ain't so bad, neither, when their best things be on, though I says it as shouldn't. But you'll be a bringing John wunna ye? For he's a tidy'un, and a bit o' favourite wi' my lasses."

"Cary and me would liken him to coome," says Tom, lifting up still higher on his arm the little white silk gloved hand which rests there, "but I dunna think as how we shall getten him to Fenton's, as when me and Cary told him about the banns at Aston, and how as we had fixed to-day, and would'na set it aside, he said as how we'd better ha'n the frolic at Cary's folks, and only ha'n tea, as saving a lot o'money."

"Tea," exclaims the little wife, with somewhat of contempt, "as if folks thought'n o' *that*, or mother's house hold all that be a coming. No! sort o' days o' this 'ns dunna come but once, and that'ns the reason folks should make the merriest on't. But John mean it well, I take it, though it be time 'nough to carry 'numbrella when t'rain. Now, Mrs. Wigley tell Bessy and Martha we shanna be long; and if so be, they'll 'xcept'em, here's a bit o'old man and gil'flower out o'grandmother's garden, and she be mighty known for them sort o'things, to stick for a posy i'their bosoms as grand folks do up o' Lunnun, as Sally Coxly's pattern-book showed me t'other day." As she speaks, the young wife takes from her husband's hand a very fragrant and large old-fashioned posy, just such a one as we can fancy gathered in that old bowered Shottery garden some three centuries ago, by the sacred hand of him whose destiny it was to make their fragrance and their pretty tints eternal to the senses of a loving world, in the trim-shearing feast of dear Perdita, and selecting some few of the flowers, hands them to Mrs. Wigley, reserving the remainder, and carefully wrapping up their stalks in her pocket-handkerchief.

"But tell Bessy and Martha," says Tom, as he leads his young wife on and nods gaily, "that though John mayn't say 'no' when me and Caroline asks him, pressing loike, as that'n merry toimes dunna come often to poor folks, they munna reckon on him, for he bain't for people marrying as us, before a getting a house o'stuff, or may be a bit o'money in savings' bank. But there'll be more on'em, and so they needn't be down loike."

"No, no! where God sends mouths he sends meat;" and with this aphorism, which has helped to fill more workhouses and prisons with ruin and despair, than churches with hearers, or English acres with good citizens, Mrs. Wigley goes in-door, with the necklace, and the young pair proceed. Before they reach the Cannock Arms they turn into a street still narrower than the one they leave, and continue along it a little way, till Caroline stops suddenly before a very small huckster's shop.

"I canna read, Tum," she says, "but mother said John's new lodging was at a shop as this'ns, and the name Burnett, Leah Burnett; and there's a B and an L up yander, afore the house, I can see; Soonday school teach as much as that."

As Tom Madeley *can* read, and the name above the huckster's door is found to agree with Caroline's direction, they enter and address a decent elderly widow, who, standing behind a narrow counter, is serving small quantities of treacle, tea, and candles to several customers. Answering their question in the affirmative, she points to a door, the frame of which is highly adorned with nails holding balls of string, pounds of candles, scrubbing-brushes, and other miscellanies, and unlatching it, they find themselves in a rather large old-fashioned kitchen, which looks out by a window on one side the fire-place into a sort of yard, which, with some diligence, has been converted into a garden, full of scarlet-runners, nasturtions, and mignonette. All within is scrupulously clean, and tea is set ready on a small round table placed near this window, and close to a somewhat larger one, covered with green baize, at which a gaunt elderly woman sits making bracers.

"Well, John," says Thomas and Caroline, in a breath, "we hanna forgotten old friends, ye see." And so saying with hearty good nature, they greet a decent looking young fellow who, entering from a little back kitchen, shows by his fresh-brushed clothes and shoes, and clean hands and face, what his first business has been on coming from work. He comes towards the table, sets Caroline in the dame's arm-chair, and asks about the wedding.

"Why Cary cried a bit," says Tom, as he looks at his little wife with pleasure; "and so did some on th' folks, but it was gotten over toidy loike, and grandmother giv' a bit o' dinner, and some on her old damson-wine after, and then wi' seeing a few folks, and gathering Cary a bit o' posy, we coome home as ye see, and hope as you won't forgetten us to-night. Weddings dunna coome any day, John, an ye be an old friend as mother loiked, poor soul, and that 'ns make me stick by thee, though 'afore me o' late in sich a sight o' things."

"It is not that I am against your's and Caroline's wedding," replies John, "that I said 'no' when you came to our shop yesterday. Don't think that, Tom Madeley, for I have a right to wish well to you and yours, for your mother gave me many a helping meal, when master, at Willenhall, would have clemmed me ye see; but you and Cary be over young, and there 'll be little mouths to feed before you reckon on." Cary struggles to hide her

overwhelming blushes with her now ungloved hands, but Tom meets the thing more boldly.

"Why here John ye be clean again Scriptur; for in'na there a part 'n as say summet about little 'uns being blessed things, 'specially when a lot on 'em coome; and did'na parson say this very day, 'Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine upon the walls o' thy house; and thy children, like the olive branches, round about thy table.' Parson said this 'n, did 'na he, Cary?" The young wife makes no answer, though the mantling blood does through her little fingers.

"Ay," replies John, who crossing the kitchen as he answers, taps against the glass panes of the door which opens into the shop, and then returning, adds two other cups and saucers to those already on the tidy tea-board; "when folks have lived long enough to work for such means as will give good clothes and food in plenty to the little ones their will gives life to, so as they may really be olive branches round a well-spread table, and not bits o' sad clemmed things, as I was, only brought into this world to suffer and to work. Scripture *then*, I think, may be made a sign and text, to such as may like, but *not* till then; and you see you and Caroline (as I should like to see prosperous and comfortable) have not lived long enough for that. But you'll have a cup of tea, the kettle boils, and I hear Mrs. Burnett coming."

"Cary may, if she likes," says Tom, pushing aside the cup hospitably set out for him; "but the Fentons have a new broach, and I can get a pint 'afore t'others, as I need'n, for ye see thy talk put me down loike, and makes me be thinking, John Ashmore, if this be all ye getten from Mr. Taverner's lectures to his shop folks, and thy own reading and striving to larn why, a young fellow best be out'n it, as it dunna do to be down in spa'rit in this world; for troubles coome sharp 'nough on working folks, without 'n fancy; and me and Cary 'an got work 'nough in shop to keep the little 'uns as poor folks' are when they do come."

At this instant the widow comes in, and finding that one of Ashmore's visitors will take tea, goes back to the shop, and returns with a small measure of green tea, a new loaf, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, and some lump sugar, as it is evident that her own, the sempstress's, and John Ashmore's meal is taken too frugally for holiday visitors. She comes back, kindly makes the tea, helps the bride, and carries round to the other table the sempstress's meal, who has never moved or spoken the whole time, but, even whilst she takes her tea, continues her work. At this Cary looks inquiringly.

"Jenny Tabb is very deaf," says the widow, answering the tacit inquiry, "and don't hear unless you speak very close. But she's a good soul, and mighty taken with John."

"But," continues Ashmore, still pursuing his conversation with Madeley, "precisely for the reason that I wish your little ones to be better off than those of many working people, I wish you and Cary were a bit older, Tom, and that's what I said when you told me the banns were up at Aston. Little ones come so fast, and it's hard for young mothers to be at shop then."

"We must take the chance on 't," replies Cary, answering for Tom, "and thought it best to get married than do worse, as young shop folks do; and we've gotten a tidy furnished room at Hodgkins, as we go home to to-night, for we ain't gotten nowt to begin house wi', 'xcept it be grandmother's feather bed, two brass candlesticks, and the kettle I bought at Brummage's; but mother 's tidyish things, and won't be short on lending."

"What's that, what's that?" asks the deaf woman of Mrs. Burnett, in the sharp querulous tone incident to deaf people. On her way to the shop where she is called, Leah goes round to Jenny's side and explains, that Caroline is a young bride, and is going into a furnished room."

"A bride, eh?" says the sempstress, laying down the bracer at which she is working on her knee, "what another, and another, and another to the old story; the cart before the horse, a house without a foundation." This is said so parenthetically, that though Cary is a little discountenanced, she continues, "work too in'na slack, John, for they rais'n me to seven shillings last week, and Tum's be twelve, so we shall be sav'n loike a bit, as wedding 'll cost us a deal, spite o' grandmother, and the old folk's help. But ye got a noice toidy place on this, John Ashmore. What do thee pay?"

"Four shillings a week," replies John, not at all offended by this question, as he hospitably places the teapot for the young matron to pour out the tea in the absence of Mrs. Burnett.

"Mercy me, John," she exclaims, almost forgetting to smile at this tacit compliment to her new position, "why what a sight of money, why we sha'n only gi' th' Hodgkins two-and-sixpence, just what thee give at Blackburn's. Why, John, I thought thee too scrap'n loike (I see thee still keep to no sugar and little butter,) to spend sich a lot on rent."

"A cost one way to save more in another, without reckoning other things," speaks John. "One time the Blackburn's home seemed to my taste. I seemed to have no eye for its untidiness, and the squabbles going on between Mary and her husband. But since I've worked at brass-founding in Taverner's shop, and master been so special kind, I found it hard to go on with their way of living. Besides, Mary couldn't put a patch on, or sew a hole; and as for the waste of many a good bit of meat I brought home, it was dreadful, for Mary hardly know a fry from a hash; and as for——"

"I'm sure I dunna," interrupts Caroline, with a merry laugh, for John Ashmore's holiday tea has revived her, and her comeliness is a sweet thing, as she glances every minute at Tom, who sits watching her intently, "and couldn'a make a seed-cake or a thing o' that sort if t'was ever so; girls in'na taught, and shop spoils 'em, and dunna giv' time to know much about house-ways. As for Tum, when he wants a patch i' th' trowsers or coa'te, he mun get Bobbins to do't and pay."

"Besides, it's being a decent sort of place as you see," continues Ashmore, for he likes Cary, and thinks her good-tempered; "Leah Burnett can roast or stew a bit of meat like a duke's cook; and it's something to a young fellow hungry from shop to have a bit of good warm dinner to sit down to, and a quiet hearth. Ay Cary, I hope Tom may never know it, but it's bad dinners and dirty brawling firesides which fill places like Fenton's with customers. But I hope you'll come some Sunday soon, and take tea with me and Mrs. Burnett."

"Thank'ye," answers Tom and Caroline in a breath, "for Sunday's dull loike. But wunna ye come, John, to the Cannock Arms for an hour? We'll take it friendly on ye, and the supper be holiday fare baked at Dawkins'; and ye can go afore Tims coome in with his fiddle, or the bacca smoke too thick for thee?"

Cary having finished her tea, has now risen, and John Ashmore rises too, and takes both hers and Tom's hand, in a way which brings tears into the young husband's eyes. "Please forgive my coming; but I dont like smoke and drink; and more than that, some of the folks you've been forced to ask out of Manning's shop. So don't take it unkindly, Tom, nor think that I do it to get off a share of the reckoning, as I hope to show. But I've got some things to do; though the very first holiday you like we'll have a day together, a bit in the country, and be happy in a quiet way. Now God bless you both; and a happy married life, not taking what I've said unkindly, only as a wish that you were older, for our class needs in this new time many things, which must grow out of their own doing."

"What's that, what's that?" asks Jenny.

"I'm repeating the lesson you teach, Jenny, that our class should do many things it doesn't."

"Yes, yes, let it be but provident, and t'other things will spring up like corn in a well-tilled field. Its ha'-pence saved will bring priceless gold and jewels."

"Well," says John, "let us all hope to learn. Now, good-by. Through life I am your friend." He speaks with so much feeling, as to make the little bride's large tears drop rolling on her outstretched hand, as plucking a sprig of rich blown May from her remaining posy, she proffers it to John with a touching grace, which is inexpressibly affecting to the large heart and brain of the more educated operative. He places this in the button-hole of his coat, and shaking both by the hand, leads the way into the shop, waits till they bid Leah "good evening," and then watches them up the street till they are out of sight, round the turning to the Cannock Arms.

"A many pities this'n John Ashmore," says the widow, as she takes up her homely knitting till the arrival of another customer, "for the girl's gotten a sweet young face, and it's sorrowful to see such come to a young old age wi' hard shop-work, and the sight o' lots o' little hungry children as canna be fed. Eh! eh! poor things, they should see what I'an seen every day for nigh thirty years, and it would'a made 'em think twice 'afore they took to wedding thisn's. Dunna thee do so John, if thee mean to be a man."

"No," replies the young brass-founder, "I've been sore tempted once or twice, when Bessy Wigley's looked so sweet and good; but the thought of what my own parents did has come before me, and all the misery I suffered through their ignorance and improvidence. This it was, I thought, which made me a parish apprentice to a Willenhall nailer, which made me be starved and beaten, and overworked, as only Willenhall apprentices are, till the parish stepped in and cancelled my indentures, which made me tramp here to Birmingham, and try my hand in a pin-shop, which made me save a bit, so as I could get Hughes, one of Mr. Taverner's men, to give me such an idea of some easy parts of his trade as enabled me to take a place in the casting-house. Yes, it was feeling the misery which too often springs out of the early marriages of our class which made me think of this, and many other things working people have to do, as duties to themselves and children. So I am not going to be foolish, Leah, I want to get on in the world, and a wife at nineteen, and fourteen shillings a week wages, wouldn't help much toward it."

"You're right, John," adds the widow; "I see a deal o' folks every day of my life, and so know what our poor old deaf Jenny preaches about care-taking, and it driving out ignorance and sin and misery from amongst us, is as true as Gospel. Only she's a bit too hard, John, and wants a little softening, for human na'tur in'na all evil. But I got something to tell thee pleasant like. My niece Hannah, as you saw the first night you came here, has sent for me and Jenny to go and spend all the day to-morrow fortnight, Whis'sun Tuesday, so thee might come, John, as it 'll be holiday at shop, and them young folks as thee seem to liken well. As for shop here, Hannah's mother won't be keeping school that day, and so would come."

As this is a pleasant thing, for Hannah's husband is a parish-clerk and schoolmaster, and the village where they live lies amidst the most beautiful woodland scenery of Warwickshire, John Ashmore willingly accepts this invitation to join the widow and the bracemaker on their grand holiday visit. So, on a fine morning, the two old ladies leaving the shop in trusty charge, and dressed in their very best gowns, set off, escorted by John, to a street on the outskirts of the town, where it has been arranged that they shall meet Tom and Caroline Madeley, and proceed from thence by railway for a few miles. To the surprise of all, when then they reach the place of meeting, they find Tom and Cary mounted in a light cart large enough to hold the whole party, and accompanied by Betsey and Martha Wigley, who hearing from Cary about this Whitsun excursion, have got an uncle of theirs, who keeps this vehicle for his business, to lend it for the day, on the condition that they are of the party. Though "nay" cannot be said, for all the rest seem pleased by the friendly interest and good nature on the part of the Wigleys, John is secretly chagrined, as he has latterly avoided Betsey, and wishes to do so still; but before an hour is gone by, and by the time they begin to gain the shadow of the green lanes and over-hanging woods, Sally Coxly's flounces, and Betsey's sweet voice have weakened very much the stern resolves of the young operative. By-and-by, as they journey on, and the solitude of these lanes allows them to talk in a friendly manner, Ashmore is attracted by what Leah is saying to Cary.

"Why no," says Cary, in answer to something Leah says about her looks, "I hanna been well since the night o' th' frolic, nor Tum neither, and as for th' cost, o'dear it's right fright'ning to think on. Mother says she never saw such a score as Sally Fenton run up; that she never did, and half the young chaps in Tum's shop never paid a penny; it's hard, for it 'll tak'n a deal o' weeks to clear a score like this'ns off. Eh! dear me, what a lot it takes to make us wise."

"But it's not too late to be so, Cary," says John.

"Thank'ye," replies the young wife, "we'll try to follow thy advice, John Ashmore, but it 'll be a sore thing on us this debt for a time. But we've never thanked thee well enough, John, for the tea-caddy and hanging book-shelves ye sent so koindly. Eh! I hope we may keepen them many a year for thy sake, John."

"I hope so," replies John, "none wish it more heartily than I do."

It is so glorious a day, and the scenery around so enchanting, as to charm each heart of the humble party, each one differently, but all to a degree. Sometimes they stop their cart, like Gainsborough's immortal one, midway in a little stream to let the horse drink the sweet trickling water; sometimes John descends to gather a rustic posy from the hedge rows; sometimes they pause on the brow of the descending road, to view the wide rich valleys stretched away before them, the springing corn fields, the meadows, and the villages, and a pomp of wood crowning the further heights. John Ashmore is very silent; this day is awakening in his heart much which for the present is incomprehensible.

By noon they reach the village, a sweet place with a very old and rustic look. The clerk and his wife have the nicest, most commodious cottage in the world, set, with its modern school-house, in the corner of a quaint old burial-ground, and with a large garden bordering it widely round. There is true Whitsun fare too set ready; and after Leah has for awhile confabulated aside with her niece, and produced a little present of a quarter of a pound of tea and two nutmegs, they sit down to dinner, consisting of a goose, a large custard, gooseberry pies, and other things which are quite a treat to towns-folks. After it, whilst Leah and her niece, and Cary, talk over some cowslip wine, John adjourns with the schoolmaster to see the school-house, accompanied by the deaf old woman and Bessy Wigley, (who won't let John alone no'how's, as Leah confidently remarks to her niece,) for there has been much talk all dinner time about an elderly gentlewoman, who supports this school, and who resides in the village. The schoolmaster, who is a very fair specimen of a better class, shows John the cipering-books, and copy-books, and, lastly, some easy geometrical diagrams which his most advanced pupils are copying. John Ashmore, who has a taste for drawing, though yet uncultivated, and whose work for the past two years in Mr. Taverner's casting-house has made him sensible to the value of such knowledge, inquires further.

"The truth is," says the schoolmaster, "Miss Shaw has some right in more than one smelting-forge in Coalbrookdale, and her attention has been directed to

the ignorant and inefficient state of the children working therein. Being a great reader, and looking a deal into things, she thinks how useful a knowledge of drawing would be to some of these poor lads, particularly as she thinks that the art of ironwork is but in its infancy; for we have not yet begun to build our houses, our churches, and our bridges with it as we shall. Accordingly, some of the poor lads from the forge have been brought over here for a plain education, and some instruction in drawing which she gives herself; and such of the lads which have been sent back to the forge have done amazingly well."

"That may be," replies John, "but somehow or another, I should like all these things better if we working people did for them ourselves, letting more educated people start the ideas which belong to them, if they like, but for us to work for what we enjoy, and pay for what we benefit by."

"I am no political economist, Sir," interrupts the schoolmaster, respectfully, for he likes John's interested, grave manner; "but, perhaps, you might like to see a room in the Grange, it has some curious treasures in old iron and bronze work which Miss Shaw's father, somewhere about the end of the last century, collected in various parts of the Continent, and which she likes to be seen."

Thus invited, they proceed from the school-house through the village to an old fashioned house, set as such old houses usually are, in a quaint garden, adorned with fish-ponds, clipped yews, and sun-dials. One fine old room of this, they find very full of rare bronzed cups and chests, old cabinets, with doors of filigreed iron-work, and many specimens of metal tracery as fine as net-work, of no present use at all, having been torn from their original places, the panels of gates, and the holiness of shrines. Nothing can be more beautiful. Whilst the operative stands intently gazing on this new world to him, the deaf woman, after looking awhile at a portrait above the fire-place, suddenly exclaims:—

"Bless me, schoolmaister, in'ur this'ns the pictur of old Robert Shaw, of Bilston End."

"Yes," replies the schoolmaster, "and Miss Shaw came into possession of this old house through her mother, who was a sweet lady; for old Robert did not marry too young, and so was able to do what many working men cannot, pick and choose a more educated wife when he got into middle life."

"I thought so," interrupts Miss Jenny; and as she speaks, she crosses the room where John Ashmore is standing, and says, loudly, "it's jist as I thoughten; old Robert Shaw as got this treasury, ye seem to taken wi' wunna none other, John Ashmore, than a working man like thee. So ye see there's summut in thrift, though the gain be ill spent in things like this'ns."

"No, no, Jenny," roars John, "we have got souls as well as bodies, and the more we carry on the improvement of the one by things of this kind, the more we shall understand how best to improve the other."

"I dunna think so, is the answer," and Miss Tabb shakes her head, and thinks she has been wise in making bracers all her life, and keeping the money in the savings' bank.

As the schoolmaster is about to lead the way out, the door opens, and an elderly gentlewoman, accompanied by a child, who bounds in before her, steps in. She is pleased with the curiosity of the holiday people, and the more when Juliet Taverner recognises John Ashmore as the "kind man at the works," who has several times lifted her on to her pony, when she has accompanied her papa and alighted at the office. She is very young, not more than seven years old, but she goes up at once to John, and speaks to him with naive frankness.

"I really am quite delighted at all this," says the good gentlewoman, as after she has talked awhile to the schoolmaster she turns and addresses John; "shall I speak to Mr. Taverner about you, he comes over here to-morrow for this little girl who has been staying a week with me?"

"No thank you, ma'am," replies John; "I am careful, and can lift myself, I think; or at least, our foreman will not be slow to help me, when I merit it."

"Very sensible this," says Miss Shaw, "and pray what has made you judge so wisely, and so young."

"Misery, ma'am, "replies John, respectfully, "it has taught me what it must, eventually, teach all my class, that to be a third true estate in this great nation, we must be self-helpers. We must learn to be economical and industrious; and we must, through intelligence, be less the slaves to any one handicraft."

"Where too did you learn this?"

"By thinking over the causes of our condition. By thinking over the causes which make Willenhall nailers, Nottingham stockingers, and Birmingham pin-makers what too many of them are. I've said to myself, I must be intelligent, this is a progressive world, and handicraftsmen now must learn to progress too."

"Most excellent," adds the old lady; "and in wishing you good day, let me say that I am glad my relative, Mr. Taverner, has such a workman."

The party return to the cottage and spend a pleasant evening. As the moon steals richly out, the cart goes onward by the road whilst the young people, walk for some distance through the fields. But though Betsey Wigley looks charmingly, and tries to talk low, as she knows her companion likes, John Ashmore is profoundly silent. Another night her kind words and smiles might win his heart, but the child's and the lady's face were before his eyes, in all that gentleness and grace which are not so much the attribute of any station, as of education and moral nurture. He is profoundly silent, because new tastes and aspirations are germinating in his heart.

They reach home in good time; but Thomas Madeley will adjourn to the Cannock Arms to have a pint, whilst Cary has to accompany the widow home, in order to get two ounces of tea, and half a pound of sugar, on credit, as Mrs. Fenton's reckoning and their Sunday's dinner has already swallowed up the whole past week's earnings.

(To be continued.)

THE VINE.

Of all the berries, the grape has in every age been held the most in esteem. The cultivation of the grape was probably amongst the earliest efforts of husbandry. "And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard." We find mention of the fermented juice of the grape almost as early as its cultivation. Wine was among the first oblations to the divinity. "The vine," says Humboldt, "which we now cultivate does not belong to Europe, it grows wild on the coast of the Caspian Sea, in Armenia, and Caramania. From Asia it passed into Greece, and thence into Sicily. The Phœceans carried it into the south of France; the Romans planted it on the banks of the Rhine. The species of *vites*, which are found wild in North America, and which gave the name of the land of the vine (Winenland) to the first part of the New Continent which was discovered by Europeans, are very different from our *vitis vinifera*." It is a popular error that the grape-vine was common to both continents. It has been said that the vine was introduced into England by the Romans; but if so, it could not have been till near the close of their influence, for Tacitus mentions that it was not known when Agricola commanded in the island. At the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons, however, when the country had been under the Roman dominion four hundred years, and had received, during that long period, all the encouragement

which that people gave to the agriculture of their provinces, the vine without doubt was extensively cultivated. Vineyards are mentioned in the earliest Saxon charters as well as gardens and orchards. We understand that on the southern coast of Devonshire, possessing the mildest temperature of the English counties, there are still two or three vineyards, from which wine is commonly made. A vineyard at the castle of Arundel, on the south coast of Sussex, was planted about the early part of the last century, and of the produce there is reported to have been sixty pipes of wine in the cellars of the Duke of Norfolk, in 1763. This wine is said to resemble Burgundy; but the kind of grape and the mode of culture have not been particularly recorded. The culture of the grape, as an article of husbandry, extends over a zone about two thousand miles in breadth, that is, from about the twenty-first to the fifteenth degree of north latitude; and reaching in length from the western shores of Portugal, at least the centre of Persia, and probably too, near the sources of the Oxus and the Indus. Farther north than that, it does not ripen so as to be fit for the making of wine; and farther south it seems to be as much injured by the excessive heat. The best wines are made about the centre of the zone, the wines toward the north being harsh and austere, and the grapes towards the south being better adapted for drying and preserving as raisins. Thus in Spain, while the wine of Xeres, in the Sierra Morena (the real sherry,) is an excellent wine, and while that of the ridge of Apulxarras, in Granada, is very tolerable, the grapes of the warm shores about Malaga, and in Valentia, are chiefly fit only for raisins. So, also, while the slopes of Etna, and those of the mountains of Greece, furnish some choice vines, the grapes upon the low shores of these countries have also to be dried. It should seem that the grapes are always the higher flavoured and more vinous the greater the natural temperature under which they are ripened, but that an extreme heat throws the juice into the acetous fermentation before the vinous one has time to be matured. We have an analogous case in the fermentation of malt liquors in this country, which cannot be properly performed in the warm months.

In France, the vines are trained upon poles, seldom more than three or four feet in height. In Spain, poles for supporting vines are not used; but cuttings are planted which are not allowed to grow very high, but gradually form thick and stout stalks. In Switzerland, and in the German provinces, the vineyards are as formal as those of France. But in Italy is found the true vine of poetry, "surrounding the stone cottage with its girdle, flinging its pliant and luxurious branches over the rustic veranda, or twining its long garland from tree to tree." In Greece, too, as well as Italy, the shoots of the vines are either trained upon trees, or supported so as to display all their luxuriance upon a series of props. The vine-dressers of Persia train their vines to run up a wall, and curl over on the top. But the most luxurious cultivation of the vine in hot countries is where it covers the trellis-work which surrounds a well, inviting the owner and his friends to gather beneath its shade. "The fruitful bough by a well" is of the highest antiquity. The vine lasts to a considerable age; it spreads also to a considerable extent, or, when supported, rises to a great height. Although it bears at three or four years plentifully, it is said, by Miller, that vineyards improve in quality till they are fifty years old. Pliny mentions a vine which had attained the age of six hundred years. In France and Italy there are entire vineyards still in existence, and in full bearing, which were in the same condition at least three centuries ago, and have so continued ever since. The slender stems of ordinary vines, when they have attained a considerable age, are remarkably tough and compact; and the timber of the very old ones in foreign countries, which is occasionly of size enough for being sawn into planks, and being made into furniture and utensils, is almost indestructible. Strabo mentions an old vine which two men could not embrace. A single vine plant, which was trained against a row of houses at Northallerton, covered, in 1785, one hundred and thirty-seven square yards. It was then about a hundred years old, and it increased in size afterwardss, but it is now dead. In 1785, the principal stem of this vine was about fifteen inches in diameter. Of the variety of the grape, called the black Hamburgh, there are several remarkable trees in England, covering a great extent of surface, and bearing, under glass, a profusion of the finest fruit. Of these, among the most celebrated, are the Hampton Court vine, and the vine at Valentines, in Essex. The Hampton Court vine is in a grape-house, on the north side of the palace; it covers a surface of twenty-two feet by seventy-two; or 1,694 square feet. It is a most productive bearer, having seldom fewer than two thousand clusters upon it every season. In the year 1816, there were at least two thousand two hundred and forty, weighing each, on the average, a pound; so that the whole crop weighed a ton, and merely as an article of commerce, was worth upwards of four hundred pounds. The Valentines vine extends over a greater surface, and has a larger trunk than that at Hampton Court; but it is not on the average of seasons so productive; it has, however, been known to produce two thousand bunches of a pound each.

LIFE BY THE SEA-SIDE.

There was always, since ever I read it, something that dwelt affectingly with my mind, in the unfulfilled longing of Jean Paul Richter, that masculine and far-aspiring intellect, for a sight of the sea! "Nevertheless," said he, "the great Ocean of Eternity I shall not fail to see!" And amongst the passages of history that seem to strike with emphatic life through the dusty interval of books and ages, there are few above that where Xenophon relates how the ten thousand Greeks shouted at beholding the blue expanse of the Hellespont from a height, and, in spite of dangers yet remaining, felt that they were *free*. There is, probably, something peculiar either in the nature or the history of one who is characterized by a passion for the Element of Waters, a passion which, notwithstanding all mishaps or disgusts, once developed, never leaves one to the last. There is a Deep within some, in their very heart and brain, to which the Deep without, in all its wildness, homelessness, and peril, calls with an irresistible voice. Hence the wayward choice that leads away the boy from household comfort, from secure industry, against his mother's pleadings and his father's warning, to the bleak, shelterless work of sea-faring. Even at the close, the impulse has not died out; with some it is tempered down into the unalterable result of secret experience; but two out of three would say, if the thing were to do over again, it would happen the same way. The duties belong to the world, and in Britain here we should do ill to quarrel with this curious mania, this reversed hydrophobia, so to say; the story of her old voyages, the history of her triumphs, her present freedom and her riches, all work together for creating one new votary. It is a sort of "water in the head," to which only the young are liable; a kind of vast mythological poetry, the only kind that ever determines a profession, is continually afloat to take hold of the imagination while it is juvenile, and compensate for the threatening look of waves and weather. There is no recruiting-serjeant for that branch of the united service but an idea; the romance of the sea is happily more attractive than the glory of war; *that* enlists drunken boors and nondescripts out of trade, but it is only those who are seamen already that are pressed; and, after all, with its dangers and its contests, it is the service that tends to peace. Had the Germans been a nautical race,

we should have had innumerable mystic tales and supernatural allegories suggested by the ocean; its influence would perhaps have been represented under the figure of a great water-spirit, or a mighty forest of wondrous ships at its centre, peopled with beings that love to lead man away from earth. Coleridge, in his Ancient Mariner, we might say, just reversed the point, in making that fantastic embodiment of the ocean preach the lesson of Home, instead of luring the human heart, by all its longings, by magnificent scenes, and wild choruses of abandoned ecstasy, by storms and calms, and visions unrealized, for ever abroad.

However, there are few individuals, be they as home-keeping, as sober, as addicted to *terra firma* as they will, who have not, some time or other, experienced a little of this magic influence, and have not contracted associations of a description wholly unique, with old Ocean and his waves. Instead of reckoning by different classes, some of whom prefer to bear the pent-up smoky town for deep inland rurality; others for lakes and mountains; others for the free, open, airy sea-shore; we shall compute by periods, and say, there is a season when the same people who have been rusticating amongst the green country, and wandering through sublimities and beauties, come out at last like Childe Harold or Xenophon upon the sharp-cut limit, hail the broad burst of waters, and rest awhile to muse and walk there. When, in fact, the summer heat has reached a climax, and summer nature is a good deal staled, in want of watering, a hundred thousand families in our land remember that it is an island, and conceive the wish to look out for a week or two from its ample girth of coast into the liquid region which surrounds it on every side. So, many Britons, under the strong conviction, suddenly arising, that they "never shall be slaves," desire to have ocular conviction of the same, bethinking them naturally of that appropriate rhyme of "waves," and how to "free" the best of all echoes is, without doubt, the "sea." A thousand little fishing-villages, harbours, and bathing-places are at once filled with surplus population, garments flutter by the sea-beach, camp stools are carried to and fro, telescopes pointed, shells gathered, and the foaming edge of the tide, so long without a pupil, repeats to common-enough persons again and again the lesson it gave to King Canute. It is not at the expense of rolling under bare poles in a tempest, or even of sea-sickness, that they get glimpses of the marine phenomena and character, but merely at farthest of a few cold, breathless plunges over the head from sea-horses running ashore. Sea-bathing is the pretext for all that is gained, and certainly there is somewhat of a cheap ingenuity in search of the picturesque, attributable to the old woman who invented sea-bathing. Whether out with a companion or two in a misty morning-tide, to receive the boisterous force of three or four huge waves, one after the other, beyond which the whole advancing element seems to come with inevitable speed, or beside a solitary bathing-machine, half a mile from human hearing, with spray showering up the steps, and the wheels beginning to work like paddles. In these ways the ladies and "gentlemen of England" may be said to realize something of the "danger of the seas." The roar of the many-voiced deep is so tremendous, its tumultuous inroad upon the land so flowing, irresistible, and like a hostile movement, that he or she who, with dripping head, bewildered brain, and half-deafened ears, alone beneath the weedy rocks, can face it unappalled at first, would be worthy of a marine crown, or the order of the Bath.

With all this, life by the sea-side forms an epoch in the customary existence, when the whole previous experience seems purified and exalted, larger space given to the feelings that go scattering up, like a flock of startled pigeons over water, sky, wind, and sun-light, only to nestle home again the more fondly, with food gathered on every side. When you go back again together to the city street or the country dale, you find all the little incidents transacted in sight of the open sea-shore have taken an aspect from its bare distance and its heaving amplitudes; against its solemn edge and its grand unobstructed horizon everything is marvellously distinct and quaint; the figures put in upon that standing background are touchingly august for the future; and things to come have the air of ships that grow out of the sky. For ill-health no place in the world, methinks, is so cheering and restorative; * for grief none so full of a subtle and serene medicament; to morbid listlessness, nothing more apt for sternly invigorating discipline. And it is as if a lightly-hovering Ariel, commissioned by some hoary-headed wisdom dwelling in old Ocean, leant out of the clouds to invite us—

> "Come unto these yellow sands,
> And then join hands!"

With reason good, for there, somehow or other, nothing of our past associations "do fade;" forgotten matters return out of the horizon and depths of oblivion; all doth only

> "Suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

In *our* time and neighbourhood, the school holidays used to be the occasion of a rich harvest to the lodging-houses in every little coast-village within reach of our river steam-boats; but either I have grown out of accurate observation of them, or these days of railways have a good deal changed the fashion. In August and September families seemed, old and young, to be afflicted with a general epidemic, for which salt-water was the proper remedy, and at that season, according to old ladies, the briny element possessed a peculiar virtue. The idea of school-boys and school-girls, at any rate, being in need of sea-bathing for their health, appeared to ourselves almost too ridiculous a joke; but the fact was, *we* had plenty of the country at home, were partial to boats, ships, companions, and "fun;" the naughty boys, as usual, influenced the good mammas, the good mammas and the dear girls coaxed over the hardhearted but simple papas, and so the household was transferred some fine day to the sea-side. The papas, by the way, who in the country would have enjoyed a day or two, now and then, of quiet recreation, were quite superfluous non-entities here; they came down of a Saturday per steamer, bringing books, vegetables, and sundries, wandered about the pier and quay in utter vacuity, or sat at open windows, and by Monday morning were quite prepared and glad to go back to business again, merely by being well tired of leisure. In the country, mothers and daughters would not have needed new bonnets and dresses, but here there were more people to notice them than at home; everybody knew them, or some did not know them, therefore it was necessary to be "respectable." In the country, boys would have been away from their companions, and so far out of mischief; but, at the sea-side there were almost all the school-faces, with a good many more; knowing youths, just got beyond school, and a horde of subordinate imps, hardly come up to it; the whole displaying the utmost originality and vanity in hats and caps, in indifference otherwise to costume, and in idleness generally.

The village to which I remember ourselves once resorting in those days was, however, small and quiet; we met a few well-known and less-known families from our own town, and about as many more strangers. To us all, I believe, it was one of those happy episodes in life that you would wish to come again, but which never do return in such a shape. We were sufficient in our-

* No example better illustrates this insensibly salutary influence, and the finer, more august air bestowed by it on the topics of human life, with insight purified and tranquillized, as it were, near the waters of Infinitude, than one of the most perfect of books, Miss Martineau's "Essays by an Invalid."

selves, had it been from nothing but the change of scene in which we could feel our little circle drawn closer into itself, and exercise ingenuity in finding resources for amusement. Yet, in addition, there were a few acquaintances previously distant with whom a closer intimacy was formed, others before familiar, whose society could be enjoyed free from interference. It is at such times that even young hearts, already jealous in secret of worldly convention, rejoice in escaping from its promiscuousness, its formality, and its heartlessness; natural gestures issue forth, loving emotions transpire; going back to the world, with some, the thing is forgotten; with others, while the old rigid manner apparently closes over again, there is a constant understanding. Both are pleasant to recall, as we can sometimes, from a height of power and mastership, recall everything abiding in that strange receptacle named the past; how we gathered shells in company, how we called each others' names between the plunges of the tide, and watched the distant ships; before that unalterable image of the sea too, methinks, the true earnestness of life is given to the picture.

The little knot of weather-fronted, bleached-looking houses was gathered in the rock under a hill; a wooden pier on one side, and a rocky point, crowned by a miniature battery on the other, formed a tiny harbour in front where several boats, of various sizes, were always either lying still or plashing on the tide. At low water, there lay back on one side of the pier a stretch of broken rock where the pools glittered in the sun, and where we used to catch crabs and young cod; the long wet sands ran up into a bay round the hill, where you looked westward up the frith to the mountains; beyond the shoulder of rock, again, to eastward, opened the sea, by point after point, towards the Great Main. Four or five miles across lay a larger town on the opposite coast, its dark houses and its steeple indistinctly seen in the grey shadow, except when a gleam of light fell upon them. The huge black hulk of a frigate, that had lain anchored there for years, rose up in the said channel, with black ports still grinning from its broad white streak, and three lower-masts and bowsprit alone standing. The row of white houses, in one of which we lodged, stood back from the little bleak dingy town, just under the hill and before the only visible trees; some pleasant bits of garden behind them, while the front windows looked straight down to the sea.

And over all, through all, *in* all, the great object to *my* mind, heart, and imagination, at least, was that sea itself. No matter that we could not see very much of it from there, it had a unity and fluency in it that would have made a mere elbow of it coming round a corner represent the whole; its tides were ever ebbing and flowing close at hand, its grey and blue light was gushing between the houses; its hazy atmosphere, its never resting winds, its swell of sea-weed by pier, quay, and rock, they were all universal qualities. Even a pool of it left in a hollow had actually a grand character in my eyes. So was not, indeed, the first time I for my part had come in contact with the ocean, and I was destined to see a good deal of it afterwards; the very time, I recollect, I was a boy of, perhaps, six, far inland amongst pastoral solitude, one day we were upon the higher hills, and they lifted me up in arms to see, what seemed to me, but a brighter part of the horizon; but they said it was the sea, many a long mile away from the only spot, almost, round about, whence it could be discerned. *Here*, again, its low, deep, never-ceasing murmur filled the room when the window was open; if you looked out at night a light appeared to hang over its place; all day its bright expanse lay before the panes, and now and then the casement was like a frame round the speck of a sail, or the distinct figure of a ship. In the quiet green garden behind, a gush of its keen light pierced through and through the house, by the two opposite doors that stood open for the air; we looked between the branches of an old apple-tree near the wall, when we had climbed up, at the width of hot sparkling waves; and long before we saw the daily steamer, the short rapid strokes of its paddle-wheels came sounding along the frith. Then twice a day the full tide, deepening the colour of the offing, rolled up nearer to the houses, covered the bare rocks and sands, and was heard plunging like thunder or rattling back over the loose stones; it was some time before we could convince ourselves that it had a limit. The old stately frigate before us was slowly turning about at her anchor, and we learned to know the state of the tide from her position, as she showed herself all round, from stem to stern, supplying at every point some new source of interest through the telescope with which we gazed at her weather-beaten side. The broad estuary brimmed over to its edges, the surface was all in motion, dark green, brisk, and cool with the sea wind; the stout boatmen walked the pier, looking out for the steamer, ladies and children stood with their garments blown out and their bonnets depending on the precarious tenure of a ribbon; the boats plashed hollow up and down, the buoy dipped and danced from the valley to the top of a wave, and the lively surges could be seen poppling up along the copper sheathing of the old man-of-war.

Every morning and every afternoon a band of us went round the eastern shoulder of the hill to bathe, by a path first along the rocky side, then leading amongst golden flowered furze and broom, till the broader reach of the sea came in sight. The place was a beautiful little sequestered bay, in a bend of the hills, from which the town was completely hidden, and the only sign of human neighbourhood was in the distant masts of a sloop or two seen up the winding creek that led to another town more inland. The spot was a favourite with us, and we called it "Elfin Bay," it was so like a secret harbour of the fairies, whom we imagined to dance on it every night, coming along the path of light from the broad round face of the moon, and only staying out the interval between its first appearing and its parting from the horizon's edge; *that*, to such miniature beings, we used to say, would be an age of revelry. The smooth sand at ebb sloped down far into the sea, to where it was ribbed and wrinkled mysteriously; the "butter-shells," the cockles, screws, limpets, scallop-shells, conches, and sea-urchins strewed about it, were the cast-off vessels in which for want of a moon-path, the fairies had come to land. Long belts and stalks of dulse and tangle, huge-leaved and studded with air-blobs, were there also; we used to say old Neptune had been weeding his garden, and had thrown the rubbish on shore; but *what* must his trees, his flowers, and his fruit be! The purple star-fishes, too, those living sea-nettles and sea-jellies, lay expiring here and there or swimming about to the imminent danger of our feet when we should go in; while awkward little crabs were to be seen posting away sideways after the retiring shallows. There were a thousand objects of unbounded interest to keep us there for hours, but the periodical duty of bathing was necessary for a foundation to all our enchanting idleness. And this agreeable duty over, with what invigorated frames and buoyant sensations did we scamper home to devour an enormous breakfast, and enjoy everything that could happen. But in the evening, at ebb of tide, how beautiful was that little bay facing the open sea! The golden light from westward came striking over the top of the hill to its right, leaving the hollow in a faint shade and shadow; the cluster of rocks and large stones upon the left, shaggy with strong-smelling sea-weed, and stuck over with barnacles, stood up out of the water like the green and hoary heads of old sea-monsters; the water, in long glittering sheets and lines turned, dashing over on the hard white sand, pulsing back with silver-circling plashes, as if loath to go. There was something, even to us, solemn in the mysterious obedience to a great natural law; the hush of twilight stealing into the place

after the retreating tide; far off, the smooth, quiet blue distance of the sea, contrasted with its motion in the foreground, and a white-winged ship or two that seemed rather to melt or grow than to advance, while the remote lighthouse suddenly shot forth its pale tranquil star as if from a cloud above the horizon. There, without a book, one could have sat and fancied stories of legends of ocean, and a boyish imagination, at least, longed to be in a gallant ship, making away far from land, to the immeasurable expanses of the great deep itself to visit gorgeous countries or islands unknown, after some arduous voyage.

Many a remembrance, which I cannot express here, tender, affecting, or beautiful, comes upon me with Life by the Sea Side; methinks the boundless murmur of the sea reminds me how poor is all I would strive to say, compared with what it embraces. But as for me, in short, from that time the thought entered my brain and grew thenceforth, to go and cast my lot for life upon the world of waters. Of all poetry and romance I had yet imbibed, that of the ocean took strongest hold, and a ship was a paragon of whatsoever was great, noble, and beautiful in man's piercing of Nature's riddle. I read Cooper, Marryatt, and Tom Cringle's Log, built ships, rigged, and launched them, and was resolved to be a sailor; for which stern circumstance took me at my word in a manner I had not exactly intended. Yet shall I ever remember the glory of "Life by the Sea Side," and my first dream of a blue jacket.

ADRIEN; A PARISIAN SKETCH.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

In a gloomy and winding street of the cité, there stands an old crazy-looking house seven stories high, which appears to have been most uncomfortably squeezed and narrowed up by its more modern neighbours, and has upon the whole an insecure and tottering air. The gate of this house, as in all the poorer dwellings, stands ever open for the convenience of the numerous lodgers; beyond it extends a low cellar-like arch, which terminates with a glimpse of an old pump in a damp, grass-grown yard; on the left of the arch exists a dark hole—the lodge wherein dwells a cross old portress, who has, not unnaturally, contracted a dark and misanthropical view of the world. Night and day a lamp is always burning in that lodge, whilst a dull, glimmering ray of light descending from a high and remote window, reveals the winding staircase which leads to the various floors of the house.

It was in a garret, situated on the last of these seven stories, that there lived, a few years ago, an orphan lad named Adrien, and his grandmother, an old weak-minded peasant woman, who still appeared as great a stranger to Paris and Parisian life as when she entered for the first time the capital of France. To the humble abode of this obscure couple we will now introduce the reader. The room was indeed a mere garret, scarcely more than eight feet square, with low ceiling and slanting walls; but though narrow and bare, it was neat and clean. The *lit de sangle*, or framed canvass, so common amongst those of the Parisian poor, who cannot afford room for a bedstead, was folded up with its thin mattress against the wall; the lame deal table had been most scrupulously scrubbed; no dust or stain appeared on the red tiled flooring; a few battered kitchen utensils which hung on the walls were placed with a sort of regard to symmetry; a piece of broken looking-glass adorned the mantel-shelf; near it was suspended a five sous portrait of Napoleon, under which had been placed, as if in homage, a blooming pot of the modest flower known amongst us as the mignonette, but which in France is generally called réséda. A golden sunbeam which streamed in through the narrow and open window, and fell on the little broken mirror, brightened the whole place with its joyous and cheerful light.

Near that window now sat in a rickety arm-chair Adrien's grandmother, attired in her peasant's dress of short and striped woollen petticoat, blue jacket, and headgear consisting of a printed calico kerchief. Without expressing either ill health or physical infirmity, the old woman's sunburnt features betrayed a mental helplessness, painful to behold as she sat there with her hands folded on her knees, watching listlessly every motion of her active grandson. With his shrewd intelligent countenance, dark curly hair, and well knit, though diminutive frame, he was only fifteen, Adrien offered a very favourable specimen of the Parisian *gamin*. The confident bearing, decisive attitudes, and frank good-humoured accent, revealed at once a true son of Paris. The lad was now in a state of great bustle and preparation—lighting a charcoal fire, heating a pan over it, melting dripping, peeling onions, singing snatches of songs in spite of his smarting eyes, throwing the onions into the pan when the dripping had reached frying heat, and, in short, preparing that favourite French dish—onion soup, which ere long was smoking on the table in an old earthenware tureen.

"Come, grandmother," said Adrien, in a cheerful tone, "breakfast is ready;" and he closed his eyes and smacked his lips as he inhaled the curling vapour which rose from his plate. "How rich it looks," he added, admiringly. "Upon my word of honour, I know nothing better for a working man than a dish of onion soup."

The old woman, without seeming to share his enthusiasm, cast a dreary look on the dark liquid, and partook of it very slowly. Not even the manly, swaggering tone with which Adrien concluded his speech, had power to rouse her. It is true, she was accustomed to it. When they first began to live together a few months before, she had indeed wondered with a dreamy sort of perplexity on whose side the mistake lay, when she thought Adrien a boy, and he evidently considered himself a man; but his cool, decisive manner had promptly laid the matter at rest, and she would now as soon have dreamed of doubting her own identity, as of questioning his authority and experience.

"Well, what shall we have for dinner?" said Adrien, who had finished his soup, and balancing himself back on his chair with his hands thrust into his pockets, was now watching the old woman.

"Let us have a stew of mutton and haricots, Adrien," she promptly replied.

"Grandmother," said he, impressively, "I only earn six francs (five shillings) a week."

"Well then a cabbage soup, with a good piece of bacon in it."

"Bacon is horribly dear; but if you like the cabbage without it——"

"No, I don't," was the snappish answer.

"I should propose sorrel soup," continued Adrien; "but it is no good without eggs, which we cannot afford; or bean soup if we had only got beans, which we have not. Do you know," he confidentially added, "that we have some dripping," his eyes fell on an earthen pot standing in the corner of the room, "and plenty of onions," he glanced at a bunch hanging from a nail on the wall; "do you know I think we could not do better than to have a good, hot, smoking tureenful of onion soup."

"Onion soup!" indignantly exclaimed the old woman; "why we have had onion soup all the week; Adrien," she pathetically added; "do you mean to say we must live on onion soup?" Adrien looked embarrassed, but he resolutely replied—

"Yes, grandmother, we must—if we cannot help it."

"Onion soup made with dripping, too," she mournfully added, rocking herself two and fro, "and never even a drop of wine."

"Grandmother," observed her grandson, very gravely,

and pausing in his task of clearing away the breakfast things, "you *know* Paris wine gives you the headache. You remember," he added, in a lower tone, "how strangely you behaved when that wicked Madame Mitron, next door, persuaded you to go with her to the barrier. No, no, wine is not good for *you*. It excites you," said he, after seeming at a loss for the proper word, "it excites you."

"And to live in such a garret!" she continued, without heeding him.

"Garret!" he echoed, glancing admiringly round him; "why, have you not a good warm bed?"

"Yes, Adrien, but you sleep on the floor."

"I prefer it," he hastily replied; "it is more wholesome, you see. And then," he resumed, "have you not got a portrait of the Emperor, and a looking-glass, and a pot of réséda, and the sun that comes in every morning; and always plenty of bread and soup to eat?"

"Onion soup, Adrien."

"Add to which advantage," said Adrien, summing up, "that you have nothing to do but to walk about Paris all day long, or, if you prefer staying at home, to look out of the window and enjoy yourself."

"And look at the smoky chimney-pots," replied the old woman, despondingly.

"Grandmother, I wonder at you! You know that you have only to place the table near the window—mind the broken foot though—and put a chair on the table, and get up on the chair yourself, in order to have the finest view possible of the towers of Notre Dame."

But a prospect of the Paris cathedral, though thus obtained, did not seem to comfort Adrien's old relative. She did not like Notre Dame; it was too large and gloomy; she wanted the little, white, sunny church of her own village; she wanted that village itself, with its comfortable dwellings and well-stored larders, and abundance of all good things. Paris was a drear dismal place, and Paris she would leave.

"Impossible," interposed Adrien. "In the first place, you know you have no one to go back to in your own village, as you call it; but even if you had," he added, with an important air, "I could not allow you to go."

The old woman looked up quite bewildered. "You do not mean to say, Adrien, that you would keep me here against my will."

"Yes, I do. Come," said he, sitting down by her, and speaking with sudden gravity, "you know—for you were by—and it is not long ago what my poor father said to me on his death-bed, 'Adrien, my boy,' said he, 'I am going away; God bless you; be an honest working man; pay your way and take care of your poor old grandmother.' Now," observed Adrien, after a little pause, "an honest working man, I believe I am; my way I have paid till now; we are not like old Madame Mitron, who drinks all she has, never pays her rent, and looks another way when she passes before the sour old portress's lodge; we can look the landlord himself straight in the face, grandmother; but that is not all, and I should not have done my father's will if I did not take care of you; so you see you must remain with me. After all I do earn six francs a week."

"You are a good lad, Adrien," exclaimed his grandmother, sobbing and throwing her arms around his neck in a sudden revulsion of feeling.

"Nay," said he, with great gravity, "I only do my duty as an honest man, you know."

By this time it was getting late; and, as Adrien said, quite time for him to be gone to his work. But whilst completing his preparations—for he was extremely neat and careful of his person—he undertook to administer consolations to his grandmother, whose tears were still flowing.

"Come, grandmother, don't cry, we all have our troubles. If you knew what we carpenters have to endure; and if one happens to be short, what advantage is taken of it. Look at that Grand Jean, who, because he is six foot high, cannot meet one on the staircase without talking of tom-tits. Ah, grandmother, if it were not for you——," and a significant and ominous frown gathered over the boy's smooth brow as he spoke.

"Holy virgin!" screamed the old woman, "you don't think, Adrien, of attacking that big, tall man?"

"No, indeed, I do not," gravely answered her grandson; "I hope I know my duty to you better. Why, suppose Jean and I were to have an affair, and I to hit him, and hurt him, I should certainly be sent to prison; and then," he pathetically added, "then, what would become of you?" Adrien seemed overwhelmed with emotion at the idea. But he was now quite ready; so slinging his basket of tools over his shoulder, he embraced his grandmother, and hesitatingly observed, "if old Madame Mitron should try and lure you to the barrier, grandmother, you will not go?"

"No," she slowly replied.

"You know," he said, colouring as he alluded to his old relative's secret infirmity, "that wine excites you. "I shall be back at two," he continued, after a pause, "so pray try and have the onion soup ready."

The name of this unlucky dish immediately brought a cloud over the old woman's brow, and as he closed the door, Adrien heard her muttering "onion soup!" indignantly.

Scarcely had Adrien issued on the landing, when a door opposite gently opened, and afforded him a glimpse of a very red and pimpled face. "So old Mitron wants to see me out before she begins her tricks with poor grandmother," thought Adrien. Madame Mitron, seeing herself discovered, no longer affected concealment, and nodding at Adrien, with what he considered a most insolent familiarity, for he was apt to be wonderfully ticklish on small points of dignity, cavalierly addressed him with a "Bonjour, Adrien."

"Bonjour, Madame," he loftily replied; "allow me to observe that you might say, Monsieur Adrien."

"Pray, how long have we called ourselves Monsieur Adrien?" she asked, with a sneer; and Madame Mitron burst into a fit of laughter, which shook her dropsical frame. "Very amusing," she observed, when her merriment was over; and she clapped the door in his face. Adrien disliked Madame Mitron, and not without a cause; "she was always," he said, "endeavouring to corrupt his innocent grandmother, luring her to the barrier, where she got excited with adulterated wine." He was sure his grandmother was no drunkard; she was only new to Paris, and to the necessity of living on six francs a week. If she would only believe *him* when he assured her they were very comfortable upon the whole. But she would persist in preferring butter to dripping, meat to onion soup, and wine to water! Foolish grandmother! But he loved her for all that, and even with a sort of pride; she has been very handsome, he often thought, as he looked admiringly at her sunburnt and wrinkled features, where to no other eyes would a trace of beauty have been visible. Then on a Sunday, when she donned her holiday gear, and they went out together, how he admired her with her high white cap, the gold cross suspended from her neck, and the short and full petticoat of flaring pattern. They might have been so happy, but for Madame Mitron; why did that weak grandmother yield to her wicked advice and entrust her with a gold cross and little articles of country finery, which, through her agency were speedily converted into barrier banquets. And to think, that after causing all this mischief, Madame Mitron should presume to insult him!

This was not destined to be Adrien's only tribulation on this unlucky morning; at a turn of the staircase he suddenly found himself face to face with Grand Jean. Grand Jean was a big, heavy, good-tempered working-man, a native of the mountains of Auvergne, who resided in the same house with Adrien; the lad's pretensions to equality seemed to afford him infinite

amusement whenever they met, but when fiery little Adrien attempted to annoy and provoke him in his turn, the colossal Jean evidently considered the joke rich beyond description. He now gave him a good humoured nod and smile, for he liked the lad in his heart, and greeted him with, "and how are *we* getting on this fine morning Adrien?"

"Very well," replied Adrien, in a sharp tone, and with a peculiarly defiant jerk of his head; "please to allow me to pass," he imperatively added, for the burly form of Jean obstructed the narrow staircase.

"Of course," said Jean; and, without standing on one side, he raised his arm horizontally, apparently intimating that Adrien was welcome to pass underneath it. Truth compels us to declare that he could have done so without the greatest inconvenience.

"Sir!" said Adrien, colouring to the very temples.

"So we are getting in a pet as usual," benignantly remarked Grand Jean, making room for him, and gently patting him on the head as he spoke.

"Sir!" cried Adrien, in a shriller tone, and pulling his cap over his eyebrows, for he was perfectly exasperated; but Jean, with provoking indifference and good humour, continued to ascend the staircase, merely turning round to give Adrien a last friendly nod as he vanished from his sight.

"It is better to bear it quietly, for the sake of grandmother," heroically observed Adrien to himself; but he swallowed the affront very unwillingly, and considered himself an extremely ill-used individual. And indeed was he quite fairly treated? Left on his own resources whilst still a boy, he had to support himself and his old relative; nay, even to control her conduct, and assume all the duties and responsibilities of a man; but he was expected to do this without taking any of the state and dignity of the character he had to sustain. Fortunately for Adrien, he did not behold the matter in this light. His self-delusion with regard to his own importance was without the alloy of a doubt, and he ascribed to individual perverseness the occasional mortifications he endured. But as these mortifications were highly unpleasant, and as the best of us must occasionally indulge in some trifling weakness, Adrien, in order to soothe his wounded pride, now thought fit to pause before the misanthropical portress's lodge—that dark hole where the lamp, like the sacred fire on the altar of Vesta was kept ever burning; and, thrusting in his head, to observe with a condescending nod and gracious smile. "And how are *we* getting on to day, Mère Moreau?"

The old portress who was skimming her soup near the fire, looked up with mute surprise, and for one moment the ladle paused in its office; but before she could recover from the amazement into which this audacious intrusion had thrown her, Adrien vanished. This little ebullition of vanity restored him at once to his usual equanimity of temper. He left the dingy old house, singing like a lark, and went down the winding street in the best possible humour with himself and the whole world.

At two exactly, the gay little Adrien re-appeared under the cellar-like arch, and he was hastening up the gloomy staircase with his light and buoyant step, when the cracked voice of Madame Moreau called him back. He turned round and beheld that lady's thin visage scowling at him from the entrance of the dark hole where she spent her life. "Here is the key of your room," she sharply said.

"Is grandmother out?" he falteringly asked, as he took the key.

"Yes, she is, and with Madame Mitron too?" and giving Adrien a look of resentful defiance, the portress vanished in her den. Adrien slowly ascended the staircase. How changed now looked the empty room. No neatly laid table with the hot smoking soup awaited him after his hard morning's work. The poor lad looked around him, sat down, and bowing his face between his hands, fairly wept. Of what use did it seem for him to work so hard, to be frugal and thrifty beyond his years, to save and stint in order to live on the six francs a week, to come home with his light cheerful bearing. His grandmother was gone, disgracing herself—disgracing him. When or how would she come back? This last thought was indeed a thought of terror; the young are keenly alive to disgrace. Adrien believed that his grandmother's indiscretions had until now escaped notice; every one in the house knew of them, but with the native delicacy of French politeness, all feigned perfect unconsciousness; even cross old Mère Moreau spared the lad's sensitive pride. "How cleverly I must have managed to smuggle her in," he often thought, with secret exultation; and when he gave a sigh to his old relative's errors, he reflected, like Francis I. after the battle of Pavia, that honour at least was safe. But if an exposure should take place now. Oh! then he must leave the house instantly—nay, the neighbourhood itself, and dim visions of quitting Paris altogether even floated across his brain. Adrien was too sad to prepare onion soup, so he dined on bread and dripping. Madame Moreau noticed his altered bearing and inflamed eyes, though he turned his head away, as he handed her the key on going down; she took, or rather snatched it from him with her usual surliness, but her heart was touched at the lad's evident sorrow.

Amongst the habits of this lady (who had many) was that of emerging from her lodge towards twilight, like a night bird, in order to spend the fine summer evenings on the step of the street-door. From this tribunal of her misanthropy she philosophically surveyed the world, her arms defiantly folded on her breast, her head inclined towards her right shoulder, in mournful contemplation of human follies,—her whole attitude expressive of supreme disdain. A scornful sneer lit up her solemn features on these occasions, and bitterly sarcastic remarks fell from her lips. These remarks were not narrowly confined to peculiar subjects, or directed to certain individuals. Attacks on government, with Madame Moreau's own suggestions, sneers at rival portresses over the way, lamb-like complaints of her own private wrongs, hints to ungrateful lodgers, who might regret her when she was dead and gone, mingled with sudden and fierce apostrophes directed towards unconscious and inoffensive passengers, formed the staple of discourses addressed to the world in general, but of which the lodgers, who constantly came in and out at this hour, derived the full benefit. And much did they dread these evening objurgations in which, with her broken, half-abstracted manner, Madame Moreau contrived to disclose to the public their most private concerns. If M. B. ill-used his wife, the portress railed at the men straightway, and with singular generosity she only became the more explicit in her narrative if there happened to exist any little difference between herself and Madame B.

His knowledge of this touching peculiarity increased Adrien's apprehensions as he came home in the evening. What, if the old woman had returned, and Madame Moreau, mindful of the morning, should pity him aloud for having a drunken grandmother! Oh, that there were only a back door! But there was none; and standing in awful majesty on the threshold of the arch, with a group of lodgers listening to her, he beheld Madame Moreau. He took courage, however, and assuming a disengaged air, addressed the portress with a remark concerning the fineness of the weather. She gave him a sour look that implied, "Do not imagine you can cheat or deceive me;" but she merely said, "Sir, your key is hanging on a nail in the lodge."

Adrien sighed to learn that his grandmother had not yet returned; but with all that, he felt grateful for the old portress's forbearance. It was a sad evening for the lad, as he sat in the dark, stepping out on the landing every five minutes, peeping down the well-like staircase,

listening anxiously when a knock was heard below, and feeling his heart leap up to his mouth every time the street door opened and closed again. Deceived by the step of other lodgers, he thought two or three times the truant was returned; a solemn moral reproof rose to his lips; nay, he would feign sleep, and perfect indifference. But none of the steps ascended the seventh story, and every time his illusion vanished Adrien's sorrow came back. The house had long been silent, when, towards eleven, he heard a weak and tottering footstep. "It is only the lodger below," thought he, anxious not to deceive himself. But the staircase creaked, the step continued to ascend, it stopped on the landing, and a light gleamed through the chink of his door. Adrien opened it, and saw Madame Mitron; she was alone.

"Where is grandmother?" he hastily exclaimed.

"Don't know;" she thickly replied, endeavouring to open her door.

"You shall not go in; where is she?" cried Adrien, placing himself before her.

"I tell you I do not know," testily replied the old woman. "We went to the barrier for a walk, had a salad, a glass of wine, and were coming home, when a crowd divided us at the end of the Pont-Neuf. A child had been run over; people said it was not hurt; but I had got such a turn that I was obliged to take five or six glasses of brandy at a grocer's before I could get over it."

"So," indignantly said Adrien, "you lured away my weak, innocent grandmother—the poor thing would never go to the barrier—and then abandoned her, when she does not know one street from another, and may get into any mischief. God forgive you!" he mournfully added, as he turned away, with heart too full for more bitter reproach.

"God forgive me! you good for nothing little scamp," screamed Madame Mitron with sudden rage, her eyes well nigh starting out of her head, as she shook her candlestick at Adrien. "God forgive me! How dare you hint at such a thing, you mite, you ——."

The rest was lost upon Adrien, who hastily descended the staircase, heedless of her drunken railings.

"Monsieur Adrien, if you think I am going to sit up for *you*," wrathfully observed the old portress, as he swiftly passed by her lodge; but the door being half open, he had reached the street before the end of her sentence. He went straight to the Pont-Neuf; the accident had occurred at noon; no one had seen his grandmother; a few shops were still open; he went in, made inquiries, and got laughed at for his pains. After wandering up and down until one, he went home, convinced that, in the agony of her remorse, his grandmother had made away with herself. "She need not have been afraid, I would have forgiven her," sadly thought Adrien. He had at first doubted whether his knock at the door would procure him admittance, but when, in reply to a shrill inquiry, he had given his name, it quickly opened. On seeing that he was alone, Madame Moreau gave a peculiar look and growl from beneath the shadow of her peaked night-cap, and handing him a light, an act of singular courtesy, said, "take that," almost gently.

Notwithstanding his sorrow, Adrien slept that night—youth will sleep, but with a sad, troubled slumber. Though the sun shone brightly in the little room, when he woke up, he felt miserable. The unswept floor, the fragment of his last hurried meal on the table, the dusty mantel-shelf, the pot of réséda drooping for want of water, everything, even an old gown of his grandmother's thrown on a chair, made him feel dispirited and low. He rose and dressed hurriedly; for breakfast he cared not; bread and dripping would do very well. Scarcely was he attired when a knock was heard at the door. "Tidings from her," thought Adrien, and he rushed to open. Alas! no; it was only misanthropic Madame Moreau, with an immense soup-plate full of good beef-tea in her hand.

"Come, take it," said she, abruptly; "you want it, wandering all night; those who did the mischief were safe in bed; may be they have good reasons to stay there," she added, talking and nodding with deep sarcasm at the door of Madame Mitron. "But next Monday is rent day; we shall see whether those that drink and do not pay are to remain. Will you take this hot plate out of my hand, or am I to stay here all day?" she sharply added, turning round on Adrien. He was profuse in his acknowledgments, but without heeding them, she hobbled down stairs, muttering her wonder that she had ever come up, and looking very surly, as though to apologize to herself for having committed this little act of kindness. As he drank his soup, Adrien thought how much his grandmother would have relished it, and then he wondered where she was that morning, and whether she had got any breakfast. This latter thought made him feel that he must resume his search without loss of an instant. In a few minutes he was ready, and proceeding hastily down stairs. He had reached the third floor when a hand, laid heavily on his shoulder, made him turn round; he looked up, and saw Grand Jean.

"Adrien," said the tall Auvergnat, in a bashful, hesitating sort of manner, "I am not busy this morning; I— I— can go with you, and help to look."

"You are very kind," replied Adrien; and as he shook Jean's hand, he turned his head away; "very, especially after the insulting manner in which I spoke to you yesterday."

"Nonsense," said Jean, squeezing the lad's hand so hard, that other tears besides those of emotion rushed to his eyes; "you never insulted me, child."

"Yes, indeed I did," remorsefully answered Adrien. "It was the tone, you know!"

"Well, never mind; I forgive you."

"Impossible!" resumed Adrien, somewhat nettled; "you do not know the badness there was in my heart against you. If it had not been for grandmother's sake, I would have knocked you down."

"Would you, indeed," said Jean, with a grave, good-humoured smile, and giving the lad a slap on the shoulder that made him stagger.

"Yes, I would," stoutly said Adrien, as soon as he had recovered his breath; "so pray," he mournfully added, "do not be kind; I cannot bear it."

"I tell you I bear no malice; and you are such an insignificant-looking little fellow, that people will never mind you if you go alone; so let us be off."

Adrien bridled up, and wondered whether he could in honour accept of assistance thus offered. But Jean settled the matter by taking it for granted; and the lad, moreover, secretly felt the force of his reasoning; so, without further resistance on his part, they sallied out. It was a hot sultry day, and a long and weary walk they had. They visited barriers, and innumerable *corps de gardes*, or station-houses, but no grandmother could be found. "It is my fault," said Adrien, desperately; "I should have locked her up." Jean, with difficulty persuaded him he was not to blame. After a search of several hours, Jean began to lose all hope, but Adrien seemed unwearied. They at length lit on a clue to the object of their search in a remote *corps de garde*. An old, half-witted peasant-woman, unable to give a proper account of herself, had been apprehended the preceding evening.

"Where is she?" cried Adrien, eagerly looking round. "Oh! she was gone before the magistrate, and was probably tried for vagabondage by this."

"Oh! Jean!" exclaimed Adrien, "let us go before they send her to prison."

He started off, and sped along the street at a rate with which Jean could scarcely keep up, and which made sober passengers stare. At length the police court was reached; it was crowded; Adrien pushed right and left desperately, but in vain, until Grand Jean with two or

three vigorous elbowings, had cleared the way for his friend. Adrien paused not to utter thanks; he sprang forward to the front of the court; a rapid glance showed him that the bewildered old woman who sat at the bar wringing her hands, and answering, with perplexed look, the questions of the magistrate, was indeed his grandmother. Forgetting everything in his joy, he hastily exclaimed with his own cheerful, confident voice, "Do not be afraid, grandmother; I am here; they wont hurt you."

The old woman uttered a low exclamation, whilst every look went round the court in search of her protector, and lit at length on the diminutive form of Adrien with mingled amusement and surprise.

"Who is that child? What does he want?" asked the magistrate.

"I am not a child, Sir," said Adrien, colouring, and raising himself on tiptoe, "I am a working man. I earn six francs a week. I am come for my grandmother, whom Madame Mitron lured away."

"Is this old woman your grandmother?" said the magistrate, smiling.

"Yes, Sir," answered Adrien, sighing. "If she only took my advice, and not Madame Mitron's, she would not be here. I am sure," he continued, somewhat huskily, "I do not ill-use her; I would scorn to ill-use a woman, much less my own grandmother. But then she does not like dripping nor onion soup, and we cannot afford butter or *fricot* (stew)."

"Do not be hard upon me, Adrien," sobbed the old woman.

"No, grandmother, I will not, and I am sure Monsieur le President looks too kind to be hard upon you either. Monsieur will reflect that you are old, weak-minded, and that Madame Mitron, who is very cunning, takes you out to drink at your expense. You do not drink, grandmother," he added, anxious to save her from the reproach of drunkenness, that most unwomanly vice, so rare in France.

"And Monsieur le President," here interposed Jean, laying his heavy hand on Adrien's shoulder! "spare the old woman for the sake of the lad, as honest a one as ever breathed. If," he continued, heedless of Adrien's indignant looks, "if he does talk too much like a man, for one with such a beardless chin, why I say it is because he has the heart of a man."

The magistrate smiled. "You are discharged," said he to the old woman. "Believe me, abide by your grandson's advice, and shun Madame Mitron."

He rose, for this was the last case, the assembly dispersed, and in a few minutes the place was empty.

Adrien's grandmother looked very much humbled and cast down as they went home. This distressed him infinitely; he did his best to cheer her, invented numberless excuses for her, and threw all the blame on luckless Madame Mitron.

"But where is Jean," said he, suddenly breaking off, and looking round as they turned the corner of their own street. Jean had vanished, and though Adrien knew it not, it was some time since they had parted company. Although evening was drawing on, Madame Moreau did not occupy that post on the door-step from which she surveyed and attacked the world. Adrien peeped into the lodge as he took his key; the lamp was as usual dimly burning, but she who kept alive that sacred flame was invisible.

"Grandmother," said Adrien, as they went up the staircase, "you are hungry of course; but," added he, looking at her wistfully, "I can only give you onion soup."

"Anything, Adrien," sobbed the old woman; "dripping itself is too good for me."

"No, that it is not," said he, resolutely; "and if," he added, raising his voice, "if any one should look sideways at you for what has passed, let that person expect to settle it with me. And if," he continued louder still, and looking defiantly at Madame Mitron's door, for they had reached their own landing, "if certain nameless individuals, be they men, or be they women," he loved the plural number for its dignity, "should attempt to mislead you again, let them understand that they have been mentioned to the magistrate, and that there are such things as commissaries of police." Here Adrien paused, in order to give Madame Mitron time to come forth and answer his challenge, but she remained within, fairly owning herself conquered.

When they entered their own little room, Adrien stopped short, and uttered an exclamation of surprise: the floor was swept, the place had been carefully dusted and set to rights, the réséda was itself again, the table was laid out, and the charcoal fire only needed the application of a lighted match.

"This is all Madame Moreau's doing," said Adrien, "and I," he remorsefully added, "I, who said so often she was a sour old thing! Grandmother," he continued in his habitual and cheerful tone, "just light the fire if you please. I will peel the onions."

In a few minutes the fire was kindled, the dripping was hot in the pan, and the onions on being cast in, filled the room with their merry, hissing sound.

"Grandmother," exclaimed Adrien with glee, "it will be, though made with dripping, the best soup you ever had. Not, mind you," he prudently added, "that butter may not be preferable for some tastes, but if one cannot afford it, what is the use of not making the best of what one has?"

A knock at the door interrupted Adrien's discourse. "Come in," cried he, thinking it was Jean. It was not Jean; it was a waiter from a neighbouring cook-shop, who deposited a tray of covered dishes on the table.

"Monsieur Adrien; paid for," said he, sententiously, and he left the room; whilst Adrien and his grandmother looked at one another in mute surprise.

"Ah!" suddenly cried Adrien, "I see now why Jean left us. Grandmother, look! here is a splendid stew of mutton and haricots; you wished for one. And see this magnificent piece of veal! Why, there is enough for a week! Oh, where is Jean?"

He flew down stairs, and searched on every one of the seven floors, but neither Jean nor Madame Moreau were to be found; like the genii of an eastern tale, they vanished when their favours were conferred.

"Grandmother," said Adrien, as returning from his fruitless search he sat down with his old relative to their luxurious meal, "I hope you will never go out again with Madame Mitron; but if you had not gone, we should never have ——."

"Had this good dinner," put in the old lady, whose *gourmandise* was not quite subdued."

"No, grandmother," said he, gravely; "we should never have known how much kindness towards us there lay hidden in the hearts of Madame Moreau and Grand Jean." * * * *

Three years have passed away: Adrien, cheerful, honest, industrious as ever, inhabits the sunny old garret; but he has taken for his grandmother the room formerly occupied by Madame Mitron, who was disgracefully expelled shortly after the events we have narrated. Since this fortunate occurrence, his old relative has given Adrien no further trouble; and, as his earnings have greatly increased, they live, as he says, "in luxurious style." Grand Jean still dwells in the gloomy old house. He and Adrien are great friends; he occasionally banters the youth, who has not grown much, on his diminutive appearance; but Adrien, mindful of former kindness, and proud of his dawning moustache, takes it all very good-temperedly. Madame Moreau is as misanthropic as ever; but, as Adrien says, "she is found out, and no one believes her now." This, however, excites great wrath in the old portress, who takes as much pride in her fancied scorn and hatred of mankind, as others are apt to take in their imaginary philanthropy and benevolence.

THE BIRD IN THE STORM.

The summer noon was soft and fair
As the face of a sleeping child;
The roses drooped in the stirless air,
And Earth in its beauty seemed to wear
The garb of the undefiled.

The golden sun was looking out,
And the reaper tied the sheaf;
The bee went heavily about,
And the fine old tree so tall and stout,
Moved not its topmost leaf.

A blackbird, perched on that old tree,
Kept whistling clear and loud,
Its little heart brim-full of glee,
Seemed running o'er with joy, to be
In a spot without a cloud.

All things were beautiful and still,
In the flush of gladsome light;
And the bird with many a gushing trill,
Seemed pouring thanks, to the power and will
That made its home so bright.

But ere another hour was past,
The thunder-scowl was round;
The chilling rain poured cold and fast,
And the old tree bent in the sudden blast,
With a dull and moaning sound.

The flowers fell in their deluged bed,
Their glory stained with clay;
The corn laid down, and the reapers fled,
The hardiest pilgrim hid his head,
And gloom was over the day.

But there was the blackbird still in the tree,
With its pæan not yet done;
It carolled away in its earnest glee,
As though it were sure, that God must be
In the shadow as well as the sun.

Its wings were drenched and the bough was wet,
No ray was below or above;
But it shook its dripping feathers of jet,
And hopefully resting, it carolled yet
In the tone of grateful love.

I watched the clouds and I saw the bird,
As it whistled on the bough;
And a lesson came in the notes I heard,
The spirit in my heart was stirred,
And Thought sat on my brow.

It whispered thus, "Oh, child of Earth,
Learn thou to sing with trust;
Not only in the hour of mirth,
But when the sorrowing time of dearth,
May lay thy joys in dust!

"Though gloom may gather in your way,
Yet let your faith be warm;
And while the mingling thunders play,
Let the heart still pour its fervent lay,
The blackbird of Life's Storm!"

Eliza Cook.

DIAMOND DUST.

We must have a feeling, a faith in whatever is self-sacrificing and divine, whether in religion or in art, in glory or in law, or common-sense will reason us out of the sacrifice, and a syllogism will debase the divine to an article in the market.

He who can implant courage in the human soul, is its best physician.

There are moments when the soul expands, as if it wanted elbow-room in the little house it inhabits; and it is then that a man feels surprised—amazed at his ever having committed a mean or cruel action.

Fashion a Tyrant.—She makes people sit up at night, when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes her votaries visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades their pleasures, and interrupts their business, she compels them to dress gaily, either upon their own property, or that of others; she makes them through life seek rest on a couch of anxiety, and leaves them in the hour of desolation on a bed of thorns.

It has been remarked that "the climax of human indifference has arrived when a woman don't care how she looks."

True poetry announces itself thus, that, as a worldly gospel, it can by internal cheerfulness and external comfort, free us from the earthly burdens which press upon us. Like an air-balloon, it lifts us, together with the ballast which is attached to us, into higher regions, and lets the confined labyrinths of the earth lie developed before us in a bird's-eye view.

Except the parsimonious, we are all extravagant in little follies, the sum spent on an inkstand, a tulip-root, a bird-cage, a dog-collar, an amber-headed riding-whip, would new thatch the triple cottage at our garden gate, and fortify three large families against the rheumatism.

Praise is a rebuke to the man whose conscience alloweth it not.

If we knew all we desire to know, man would be no no longer man.

Ideas generate ideas; like a potatoe, which, cut in pieces, re-produces itself in a multiplied form.

It is merit, and not title, which gives importance. It is usefulness, and not grandeur, which makes the world happy.

The value of three things are justly appreciated by three classes of persons. The value of youth by the old, the value of health by the diseased, the value of wealth by the needy.

History is a romance which is believed; romance, a history which is not believed.

The unfeeling eye is never moistened by a tear.

How frequently does the human heart struggle with its better feelings, and laugh in public at that which has made it bleed in private.

It has often been remarked, that the rich have as many cares and sorrows as the poor, and are often as deserving of pity. Still we should remember, before agreeing to that remark, that though the rich are not exempt from misfortunes, that the poor have not only all the same causes of sorrow but they have the misery of poverty added to them.

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THE MAGIC OF GENTLENESS.

NATIONS are very slow to give up their faith in the principle of physical force, as necessary for the guidance, correction, and discipline of men. Force is a very palpable thing, and dispenses with all inquiry into causes and effects. It is a short way of settling matters, without any weighing of arguments. It is the summary logic of the barbarian, with whom the best man is he who strikes the heaviest blow, or takes the surest aim.

Even civilized nations have been very slow to abandon their faith in force. Till a very recent date, men of honour, who chanced to fall out, settled their quarrels by the duel; and governments are not yet disposed to give up an appeal to arms, in event of a difference occurring between them respecting territory or international arrangements. The proposal to settle quarrels by peaceful and rational methods is still held to be "Utopian."

Yet we all profess to be believers in the power of love; for, in this country, we are a professedly Christian nation, and the very essence of Christianity is love. But the idea of force, in the education of children as well as in the government of men, in the treatment of criminals, in the settlement of private and of national quarrels, has been so engrafted in our natures; we have been so trained and educated into the belief in its efficacy; it has become so identified, in history, with national honour, glory, and all sorts of high-sounding names,—that we can scarcely imagine it possible that the framework of society could be kept together were the principle of force discarded, and that of love, benevolence, and charity substituted in its place.

And yet, doubts have begun to arise in the minds of the most enlightened and far-seeing men, as to the efficacy of the mere force policy; and many gradual inroads have been made on it of late years, both in our domestic and public practice. It begins to be suspected that force begets more resistance than it is worth, and that if you put down children, women, or grown men, by violent methods, you will only beget a spirit of rebellion, which breaks out from time to time in violent deeds, in hatred, in vice, and in crime. Such, indeed, appears to have been the invariable issue of this policy in all countries and in all times. The history of the world is a history of the failure of physical force.

We are gradually growing wiser. We begin to see that it is necessary, if we would make men better and happier, that we should employ a greater and more beneficent force—the power of gentleness; and it is remarkable, if we cast our eyes about us, and observe the instances in which this power has been fairly tried, how magical have been the effects which it has produced. Gentle methods of treating human beings have never in any case produced resistance or rebellion—have never made them worse; but, in all cases, have made them better. Love is a constraining power; it elevates and civilizes all who are brought under its influence. It indicates faith in man; and without faith in man's better nature, no methods of treatment will avail in improving him. Distrust of men makes them thieves and burglars, and continued distrust keeps them so. Thus our gaols and houses of correction, when regarded merely as places of punishment, are very doubtful social machines, and they are frightfully expensive.

But let us see what results have followed another system—that which has been directed to the improving and civilizing of the criminal, rather than merely punishing him. The United States Americans, amongst many other good lessons which they have taught to the Old World, have taught us this, that the great object of legislation ought to be, to prevent crime by removing the inducements to commit it, and that the main object of prison discipline should be, to reform the moral condition of the criminal, and lead him back to the bosom of the society against which he has sinned. This, as a matter of justice as well as policy, is due to the criminal, who is too often made so by the imperfect training society has given him, and the unequal laws which society has enacted, and compels him to obey.

The governors of the Sing Sing Penitentiary, in the State of New York, have nobly led the way in the reformatory treatment of criminals. Their attention was powerfully directed to the subject by the reports of Mr. Edmonds. He said, "he had no faith whatever in the system of violence which had so long prevailed in the world,—the system of tormenting criminals into what was called good order, and of never appealing to anything better than the base sentiment of fear. He had seen enough in his own experience, to convince him that, degraded as they were, they had still hearts that could be touched by kindness, consciences that might be aroused by appeals to reason, and aspirations for a better course of life, which needed only the cheering voice of sympathy and hope, to be strengthened into permanent reformation." A new system of criminal treatment was, accordingly, in conformity with Mr. Edmonds' recommendations, commenced at Sing Sing prison, and was soon attended by the happiest effects. The rule now was, to punish as sparingly as possible, and to encourage where there was any desire for improvement. Many criminals, formerly regarded as irreclaimable, were thus restored to society as useful and profitable citizens, and but a very small proportion of these were found to relapse into their former habits.

The same kind treatment is adopted with the female criminals, and its effects are instantaneous. On the occasion of a recent celebration of the anniversary of American Independence, seventy-three nosegays were presented to as many young women, as a recognition of

their good conduct. They were received with much emotion, in many cases with tears of joy. One of the matrons afterwards addressed them in the chapel on the duty of self-government, and the necessity of a reformation of character if they wished to escape from misery, either in this world, or the next. "The effect of this little experiment," says the matron, in an after statement, "has been manifest in the more quiet and gentle movements of the prisoners, in their softened and subdued tones of voice, and in their ready and cheerful obedience. It has deepened my conviction that, however degraded by sin, or hardened by outrage or wrong, while reason maintains its empire over the mind, there is no heart so callous or obdurate that the voice of sympathy and kindness may not reach it, or so debased as to give no responses to the tone of Christian love."

On another occasion, a piano was introduced into the chapel to accompany their singing. What! Music for *them!* the lost and the outcast! Tears of contrition flowed down their cheeks, such as severity in no form could ever have drawn forth. A large number of these unfortunate women are now regularly reclaimed, and restored again to society.

Captain Pillsbury, governor of Westbury prison, in Connecticut, has also been remarkably successful in his treatment and reclamation of criminals by humane methods. He has a moral courage which approaches almost to the sublime. Previous to his appointment, the usual harsh mode of treatment was enforced, with the usual hardening and debasing effects upon the prisoners, producing in them a "deep-rooted and settled malignity." Crime was increasing in enormity, and the prison was every year running the State into deeper debt. Captain Pillsbury completely altered the mode of treatment; he directed his efforts to the reformation of the prisoners by means of kind treatment; the contrary course had been tried long enough, with increasing bad effects. He encouraged them in a course of good conduct; he cheered them on in their return to virtue. He at once liberated the worst convicts from the degradation of irons, and told them he would *trust them!* The policy was magical in its effects. The men gave him their confidence; they manifested the greatest respect for his rule; order and regularity prevailed in the prison; and the institution soon began to pay for itself by its own labour. The following instances of Captain Pillsbury's management, and method of treatment, are given by Miss Martineau, in her "Western Travel:"—

"His moral power over the guilty, is so remarkable, that prison breakers who can be confined nowhere else, are sent to him to be charmed into staying their term out. I was told of his treatment of two such. One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper in crime for seventeen years. Captain Pillsbury told him when he came, that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. 'It will be best,' said he, 'that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement, but we never use it; and I should be very sorry ever to have to turn the key upon any body in it. You may range the place as freely as I do, if you will trust me as I shall trust you.' The man was sulky, and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Captain Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length information was given to the captain of this man's intention to break prison. The captain called him, and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it now was necessary for him to be locked up in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the captain, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand, and the key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the captain (who is a small slight man) turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. 'Now,' said he, 'I ask you whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done every thing I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me—.' The man burst into tears. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man. 'Come, let us go back,' said the captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this hour he began to open his heart to the captain, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment; confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and all facilities for doing so which he imagined he saw."

"Captain Pillsbury is the gentleman who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him speedily, sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him to shave him. The prisoner's hand trembled, but he went through it very well. When he had done, the captain said, 'I have been told you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you.'—'God bless you, Sir,' replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man."

Major Goodell, governor of the State prison at Auburn, New York, and Mr. Isaac T. Hopper, another prison inspector, have been equally successful in the treatment and reclamation of criminals. Of fifty individuals whom this last-named admirable man succeeded in reclaiming, only two relapsed into bad habits—a fact which speaks volumes in favour of the power of gentleness. The following may be given as an instance of the way in which this noble-hearted American acts up to the divine law of love:—

Patrick McKever, a poor Irishman in Philadelphia, was many years ago sentenced to be hung for burglary. For some reason or other he was reprieved at the foot of the gallows, and his sentence changed to ten years' imprisonment. He was a man of few words, and hope seemed almost dead within him; but when Friend Hopper, who became inspector during the latter part of his term, talked to him like a brother, his heart was evidently touched by the voice of kindness. After his release, he returned to his trade, and conducted himself in a very sober, exemplary manner. The inspector often met him, and spoke words of friendly encouragement. Things were going on very satisfactorily, when a robbery was committed in the neighbourhood, and Patrick was immediately arrested. His friend went to the Mayor, and inquired what proof there was that he committed the robbery. "No proof; but he is an old convict, and that is enough to condemn him," was the answer. "Nay, it is *not* enough," replied Friend Hopper. "He has suffered severely for the crime he did commit; and since he has shown the most sincere desire to reform, it never ought to be mentioned against him. I think I know his state of mind, and I will take the responsibility of maintaining that he is not guilty." But to all his urgent representations, he received the answer, "He is an old convict, and that is enough." The poor fellow hung down his head, and said in tones of despair, "Well then I must make up my mind to spend the remainder of my days in prison." "Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?" said Isaac, looking earnestly in his face. "Indeed, I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and be at peace with all men. But what good will *that* do? They will say, he is an old convict, and that is enough." Friend Hopper told him he would stand by him. He did so; and offered to be bail for his appearance. The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed like a child. His innocence was afterwards proved, and to the day of his death, he continued a

virtuous and useful citizen. What would have been his fate, if no friend had appeared for him?—if every human heart had refused to trust him?

We are not without equally beautiful instances of the same generous exertions on the part of individuals, to reclaim criminals by gentle and kind treatment in our own country. The late benevolent Mrs. Fry is a distinguished example, as also Mrs. Tatnall, a woman less heard of, who, for twenty-five years devoted herself so zealously to the reformation and improvement of prisoners in Warwick gaol, of which her husband was governor. Many was the boy and the girl whom she brought back from the ways of vice to virtue and industry. Nor was Mrs. Fry less successful in the prisons of Newgate; where, by a series of persevering efforts, she succeeded in effecting a complete reformation in the state of the prison, and the conduct of the female prisoners; insomuch, that the grand jury, in their report made to the Court at the Old Bailey, after their visit to Newgate in 1818, state, "that if the principles which govern her regulations were adopted towards the males, as well as the females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform; and instead of sending criminals back into the world hardened in vice and depravity, they would be repentant, and probably become useful members of society."

But the finest instance that we know of, is that of a man now living and labouring in this good work, in the town of Manchester. He is a man whose name is not at all known—a Scotchman—who has worked his way up from the condition of a workman, of the humblest class, to that of a foreman of a large manufacturing establishment. Although his name was recently mentioned with the highest approbation by Mr. M. D. Hill, the recorder of Birmingham, in his charge to the last court of quarter sessions in that town, we forbear repeating it here, as the good man prefers to labour on in secret, but more especially for this reason—that having succeeded in getting placed in situations nearly three hundred reformed criminals, the fact of his being prominently known in connection with such a work might interfere with his projects of usefulness in the same direction for the future, as well as with the continued well-being of the men whom he has so generously aided and reclaimed.

This excellent man's attention was first directed to this matter, by a fact that occurred in his workshop. A man was discharged by the master because he was, through some means, ascertained to be a convict returned from transportation. No fault was alleged against the man; he did his work well; but it was enough that he had been once a criminal; and the master only followed the usual practice of society in turning him out of his establishment; which was done, notwithstanding the offer of the philanthropic workman of whom we speak, to place £20 in the master's hands as a guarantee for the poor fellow's good conduct. The thought occurred to him, and continued to weigh upon his mind with increased force: "What is to become of the criminal, desirous to reform, if society turns its back upon him in this way, if no one employ him, if all spurn him?" He lived near the Salford prison; and endeavoured, though for a long time without success, to get admittance to the prisoners. At last he succeeded, through the means of a young man employed under him, whose father held a situation in the prison. He got leave to attend the afternoon service in the chapel on Sundays; he went week after week; still he could get no opportunity of speaking with the prisoners, which was what he wanted. His mind was quite bent on his good work, and disappointment would not turn him from it; he had the courage to wait. At last, one day, the chaplain, to whom he had often before bowed on his way out, in the expectation that he would speak to him, stopped and addressed him, said he understood he was manager of a workshop in the town, that there was a prisoner now in confinement whose time was nearly out, who was willing to reform, if he could find a place—could he procure him one? Why, this was the very opportunity for which he had so long and so anxiously longed; his heart beat with joy, it was a very Providence which had thus put it in his power to carry into effect the ardent desire of his soul. Work was found for the prisoner on his discharge from gaol, and he turned out a good and steady workman. The way was now clear for our philanthropist. He devoted his Sundays to the noble work of reclaiming the lost; was not this following in the true footsteps of Him who taught that it was right to take even a lost sheep out of the pit upon the Sabbath day? After Sunday afternoon's service he was allowed to converse with the prisoners, those of them who wished to speak with him turning their faces to the dead wall along which they were ranged. He advised and counselled them, strengthened their good purposes, carried messages home to their families, and made himself their friend and benefactor in all ways. He found work for those who promised amendment and manifested a desire to go back to industry and virtue; and in this way he is said to have succeeded in obtaining employment for nearly three hundred persons, in many cases guaranteeing their fidelity by deposits of his own money. And here is the most beautiful and the crowning fact of the whole—that in almost every case the confidence has been justified, the reclaimed have kept their situations, and conducted themselves respectably and creditably, to the great joy of their benefactor.

We need scarcely attempt to depict the deep gratitude with which this man is regarded by the hundreds of families whom he has saved, and the penitence, contrition, and resolute determination to make themselves worthy of his care, on the part of those he has rescued from vice. And yet this man goes on quietly, secretly, conscientiously in his heaven-like work, preferring that no notice whatever should be taken of him, as it might interfere with the success of his labours. To our mind, there is no passage in the whole history of criminal reformation more perfectly simple and beautiful, or more full of valuable instruction and example, than the life and labours of this good man; and it is as strikingly illustrative of the power of gentleness in the improvement of even the most hardened class, as it is of the influence which true-hearted men, of even the humblest rank and station, may exercise over the happiness and welfare of their fellow-beings.

Captain Maconochie is another noble spirit who has proved the Magic of Gentleness on even the double-dyed criminals of Norfolk Island; there, where, as a criminal said of it, before the "mark system" was introduced, "a man's heart was taken from him, and there was given to him the heart of a beast." Yes, even there, gentleness triumphed, and love vanquished the hearts which force could not move. The chains were removed from the limbs of the criminals, under the genial influence of Captain Maconochie's system; those formerly savage and desperate became harmless and orderly; and, instead of looking upon their governor as their gaoler and executioner, they loved him as their friend. He had *trusted* them; he had faith in man, even in the very worst; and by that faith he was enabled to restore to them their better natures, and to lead them back to repentance and virtue. And yet there was nothing new in all this; he had simply practised towards these men Christ's law of love, which we all profess to believe, however much we may violate it in our practical dealings with each other.

Another, and a truly noble instance, must be mentioned in connection with this subject—the Duchess of Argyle, a daughter of the house of Gower, who has recently originated, in Scotland, a system of visitation of prisons by the members of societies formed for the purpose;

and we rejoice to learn, that already the most gratifying success has attended their benevolent exertions. The first Visiting Society was established at Inverary, near which the country seat of the Duke of Argyle is situated; and though the Duchess had at first considerable difficulties to overcome, the happy results which followed the visitations, encouraged her to persevere, until the efficacy of the system recommended itself to the public; and similar societies have now been set in operation in most of the towns of the north.

The reclamation of the children of criminals and beggars, by means of Industrial and Ragged Schools, is another instance of the same magical power of gentleness, to which we may yet direct our reader's attention. These institutions are noble features of our times, and they prove how active and how extensive is the operation among us of the benevolent principle. Formerly, we confined ourselves to punishing and transporting; now we feed and teach. We have found that "prevention" is in a thousand ways better than repression; for, under the old system, "cure" was quite out of the question.

We might illustrate the power of gentleness in a thousand other ways. The beautiful life of Pestalozzi amply proved it in the training of children. We are now dispensing with the rod, and depend more and more upon encouragement, kindness, and good example. We treat our lunatics, too, with kindness, and the number of cures surprises those who formerly placed all reliance on the harsh methods. A visit to Hanwell Asylum will show to any one the beautiful magic of gentleness at work in the cure of the unfortunate insane.

The principle is capable of extensive application; in every relationship of man, kindness will produce the same beneficial results. It draws out the better part of every nature, disarming resistance, dissipating angry passions, and melting the hardest heart. It overcomes the evil, and strengthens the good. Extend the principle to nations, and it still applies. It has already banished feuds between clans, between counties, between provinces; let it have free play, and war between nations also will cease. Though the idea may seem "Utopian" now, future generations will, we firmly believe, come to regard war as a crime too horrible to be perpetrated.

"Love," says Emerson, "would put a new face on this weary old world, in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long; and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies, and navies, and lines of defence, would be superseded by this unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go; will accomplish that, by imperceptible methods,—being its own lever, fulcrum, and power,—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly, by its constant, total, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? This is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society, in application to great interests, is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried, in illustrious instances, with signal success. This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours, still keeps alive, at least, the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine."

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

The day was brilliantly warm and fine, and the road, with the sparkling Mediterranean on one side, and that dry sea, the Campagna, on the other, delighted me. The myrtle and box bushes exhaled a bitter aromatic smell in the warm air, and the short, thick, tawny grass was all starred over with wide-eyed daisies; the ilex here and there spread its heavy-coloured foliage over a stone gate, all hung with ivy, and the whole vegetation, together with the vast open expanse of yellow down, reminded me of the Savannahs of Georgia, to which it all bore an absolute resemblance. I cannot perceive any difference whatever between the ilex and the live oak of the Southern United States, except the infinitely larger and more picturesque growth of the latter, and the wild drapery of grey moss with which it is covered, making some of the huge old trees look like hoary Druids, transformed, all but their matted grisled hair and beard, into the trees they worshipped. The climate was precisely what that of Georgia is in December and January. I was agreeably surprised at the much greater amount of agriculture and cultivation in the Campagna during the first part of the route than I had expected to see; the soil was of the finest colour, and seemed to indicate the most fertile properties; troops of the most picturesque black-eyed, golden-skinned men, in goat-skin coats and breeches, and wild tangled coal-black locks and beards, were labouring—for the most part, however, as the slaves do, either with the spade, or hoe, or pickaxe. I saw not a single plough; large flocks of sheep, too, which at a distance could hardly be discriminated from the brown woolly pasture they were cropping, and large herds of beautiful iron-grey oxen, with magnificent long horns, grazed over the vast plain, and here and there a large deep stone basin full of fresh delicious-looking water, sparkled like a sapphire, dropped on this dry wilderness, for the blessing of man and beast. Far on the distant verge of the huge sunny plain, some ruins rose upon a forlorn hillock, against the blue sky; and a dark ilex wood, of apparently great extent, relieved the eye with its sombre colours, and the imagination with the idea of shade. Beyond this, again, we presently saw the outline of the Sabine hills, reflecting the rosy tints which the setting sun was beginning to fuse his light in: full, mellow, golden moonlight gradually mingled with the last flush in the sky; and, as the evening closed in, the aspect of the Campagna really did become desolate, as the dreary, interminable, winding road led us over a grey waste of hillocks, like the leaden ripples of a measureless lake. My weary spirits revived with the first sight of the vine enclosures; and, as we presently began to travel between high walls, I remembered all the descriptions of travellers that I had read, and knew that we must be even at the gate of Rome. Suddenly, against the clear azure of the sky, a huge shadowy cupola rose up. I felt a full tumult of doubt, fear, and hope—such as I experienced when, through the overhanging thickets that fringe them, I first saw the yeasty waters of Lake Erie, rushing to their great plunge. The great vision rose higher and higher as we drove under its mighty mass; and, as we turned within the Porta de Cavallegieri, and stopped again at the barrier, St. Peter's stood over against us, towering into the violet-coloured sky—and it was real—and I really saw it; I knew the whole form of the great, wonderful structure; I knew the huge pillars of the noble arcade, and the pale ghost-like shining of the moonlit fountains through the colonnade. I was in Rome, and it was the very Rome of my imagination.

But to return to the Campagna: After loosing our reins, and giving our horses their heads in a swinging gallop over this flowery ocean, it gradually seems to rise and fall around us, and the level plain sinks and swells into billows and waves of undulating green, flowing and melting into each other like the beautiful limbs of the gigantic statues of the Parthenon. Small valleys open into each other between these swellings, all golden with butter-cups, or powdered, as with the new-fallen snow, with daisies; gradually these gentle eminences rise into higher mounds, with rocky precipitous sides and cliffs, and rugged walls of warm yellow-coloured earth or rock, with black mouths opening into them, half curtained with long

tangled tresses of wild briar and ivy, and crested with gold fringes of broom and gorse, and blue-black tufts of feathery verdure. At a distance, where the plain opens again before us, clumps of wood, of insignificant appearance, dot the level ground; on nearer approach, they lose the dwarf, stunted look which the wide field on which they stand tends to give them, and presently we ride slowly between the talon-like roots, and under the twisted gnarled boughs of cork and ilex trees, warped into fantastic growth by the sweeping of the winds, and covering with their dusky foliage a wild carpet of underbrush, all strewed with flowers—violets, purple hyacinths, with their honey-sweet smell and dark-blue blossoms, white spires of delicate heaths, the clear azure stars of the periwinkle, and the tall flower-fretted stalks of the silver-rod asphodel; these, woven into one cloak of beauty, spread themselves over the ragged sides and rough gullies of these patches of forest, and every now and then we reach an eminence from which a fine dark sea of hoary woodland rolls down into the neighbouring hollows, and crests the rounded promontories all around us. Again we come to free level ground, and, cantering along, find ourselves on the brink of sudden rifts in the smooth surface of the land—deep rents, torn by the rain in the crumbling volcanic soil—tattered gullies with a sparkling thread of live water running through them, and thickets of exquisite wild hedge-growth fringing them; snow-white drifts of hawthorn, and honeysuckle wreaths, send up their mingled perfume towards the sun—a paradise of wild sweetness, enchanting the senses of the wanderer through this wonderful wilderness. Here and there we come to perfect rummages in the banks by wind and weather—slides of rich brown earth, over which scars in the earth's bosom Nature makes haste to draw the edges of her flowery mantle; and now our horses' hoofs spring over large strips of emerald sward, flowing like broad winding rivers between level ranges of low hills. The close grain of the thick grass is starred with the tiny blossoms of the wild geranium, and every now and then we trample a patch of narcissus, with their cream-coloured blossoms and blue stiff leaves, and think how preciously we should have gathered them from a northern garden. On each side of these long narrow valleys young wood-growth stretches a light screen, fragrant with the freshness of the spring, or vocal with its thousand melodies. Rounding the grassy slope of a hill-side, we come upon one of the scattered habitations of the Campagna—hardly, however, a human habitation—a low-thatched shed, scarcely large enough to permit one man or two dogs to be curled up beneath its shelter from sun or rain. Further on stands the untidy, stinking cottage, with its sheep-pens of nets stretched over the neighbouring pasture, within whose bounds the brown sheep stray nibbling; their undyed wool forms the clothing of the friars, whose dress is a constant source of delight to me, from its fine rich colour, and ample folds. Without the net, and wandering on a sort of free guard, the white wolfish dogs of the Campagna prowl round the settlement, and come yelling and barking, and bounding furiously towards us, while leaning lazily on his staff as we go by, a shepherd himself completes the picture; with his goat-skin breeches, and sheep-skin cloak, and matted black mane of his own tangled locks, out of which his eyes gleam like coals of fire. Far off we see the grey fortress farms rising in masses from steep foundations, and looking over the flowery, sunny waste for miles to their distant fraternity—the tombs of ancient Italy, the watch-towers and castles of the middle ages, the peaceful, romantic dwellings of the peasants and herdsmen and vine-dressers of modern Rome. On some neighbouring hill-side shines, like a sapphire in a white stone setting, one of those long basins, wherein the fresh springs are treasured up—upon the hot margin of which the golden, green, and black enamelled lizards run up and down, sunning themselves, and rustle away through the grass, as we slowly pass along by the stone hem of the fountain. Here we look down upon a glaring road, winding far up to the mountains, and betraying its course by the fine clouds of dust that tell where, lazily along the blinding way, the mouse-coloured oxen, in sober society, draw the lumbering carts, wherein or whereon lie stretched the sleeping hinds that should lead or guide them. Long trains of rusty mules, fastened by the tails to each other's heads, walk invisible beneath a high, thorny, tottering mountain of brushwood, piled on each side and all over them, like a brown mist, now tipped here and there with vivid green, the young twigs having been cut full of sap and buds and yellow golden sprouts; from beneath which curious canopy nothing is seen but the head fastened to the tail of its predecessor, and the tail tied to the head of its successor. Beside these, jingle merrily along, those little carts laden with small wine-casks, with their curious canopy formed out of the main branches and boughs of some tree; this is lodged somewhere in the body of the vehicle, covered with skins and leather, stuffed with straw, lined with coarse sack-cloth, and so contrived as to turn round and screen from either side the driver, who, half lying, half sitting under this shelter, half opens his bead-like eyes and pushes the pointed hat, with its bright bunch of crimson stocks or orange-coloured wall-flowers, half off his blue-black hair, to scratch his head, as lazily as if he grudged the trouble, while his bronze face sparkles through all his sleepiness with the brilliant colouring and vivid expression peculiar to this singularly handsome race. Passing these at a more rapid pace, comes the mounted peasant cattle-driver; his short jacket, tight breeches, and leather gaiters, buckled like armour round his legs, showing admirably his straight and well-proportioned limbs; his dark green or brown cloak is strapped to the high-peaked saddle, and in his hand he carries a long light lance, headed with a goad, which adds immensely to the picturesqueness of his appearance. By the side of some of these roads, marking wherever they remain the lines of the old Roman ways, stand the ruined tombs that have not been converted into habitations for the living—nameless monuments of nameless existences, long since gone out amid the perpetual extinguishment of life, whose mellow-tinted walls yet raise above the sward of the Campagna their ivy-clasped fragments. Among these ruins some are land-marks and special features in the wide waste, as all know who have directed their gallop across it by the round tower of Cecilia Metella, the arch of the Torre de' Schiavi, or the congregation of ruined walls at the Sette Bassi. The chief glory of the whole scene, however, its grandest and loveliest feature, are the broken links of those thirteen chains that once bound the mountains to Rome by streams of living water. The crown of the Campagna, the graceful and sad-looking aqueducts—for nothing can be seen of a more melancholy beauty than these broken arches and interrupted channels, the flowers sown by many hundred springs, waving from every crevice and cranny, the ivy climbing up each pier and buttress, and the whole Campagna, with its boundary of glorious hills, seen through their arches, like a magnificent series of enchanting pictures, each more perfect than the other.—*Mrs. Butler.*

HIEROGLYPHIC CALIGRAPHY.

"I do not think there's any use in pondering
Upon the imperfections of the day,
Unless we try to mend them; this we may
Find a hard task indeed, but we should try;
A mouse once served a lion—so may you or I."

As our readers have doubtless regarded the titular line of this paper with an awe approaching that of the boy, who, for the first time, gazes upon those mysterious "memory teasers" inscribed upon the jars and bottles in chemists' shops, facetiously known as "gallipot Latin,"

we will at the outset (to prevent a similar entangling of their mental machinery) explain that our subject, notwithstanding its terrific cognomen, is simply "the art of writing unintelligibly."

Had the noisy tongues of Babel been capable of reducing their language to writing, they could not have produced a more abstruse style of penmanship than the fashionable hieroglyph of the present age, which is as deeply rooted as were the "fan and patch" manias of the days of the great Addison. Indeed, so mysterious is this art, that we have as little hope of giving a full, true, and particular account of it, as we should have of making an accurate and verbatim report of a speech delivered in the "unknown tongue," a language, by the way, of which the fashionable hieroglyph might be not unreasonably supposed a stenographic branch.

We are indebted for this invention to the genius of "Pride," and for its vast dissemination, to that little social imp, "Affectation," an imaginary young gentleman, who runs about like a foot-boy at the skirts of his master "Pride," ever ready to surreptitiously borrow one of his wearables, or to accept as a boon, his cast-off habits.

In many instances, this art arises from a mere love of plagiarism, for instance,—"A political leader," engaged in the cementing together of a party; a "poet," or "historian," pondering and meditating upon a new work, in the midst of his abstraction, is suddenly called upon for his signature, probably to some unimportant memorandum of the common business of life; and with unintentional carelessness *scrawls* an apology for his "sign manual," a kind of "his mark." In the course of time, *via* the hands of some enterprising publisher, "His Correspondence," "Life," or "Portrait," with autograph affixed, makes its appearance in shop-windows. The fashion is set, the smaller fry of society oil up their imitative faculties, and sheet after sheet of "Bath post," or "cream laid," covered from top to bottom with fair copies of the most unfair and weakest of all the "lion's" acts, begin to fly about society from door to door, to the great dismay of post-office "sorters," and to the danger of causing (from abstruse study) congestion of the brains of the letter-carriers. This art includes many styles, and one of its many originalities was young Lord Faddlepen, a leader of "ton," and a captain in the army, who, when at "Christ's Church," having had the misfortune of employing a tradesman whose bills were invariably so accurate, well-written, and readable, that they might have been cut up for school-boys' copies, took such a disgust to the (as he called it) low practice of legible writing, that he deducted from "lectures" an hour a day, devoting that time to a course of instruction in the art of writing, under the superintendence of his "stable-boy," in the full hope that by studiously unlearning his own, and acquiring his groom's "hand," he should ultimately create a species of caligraphy, *outre* enough to become aristocratic and presentable to (his) good society. The youth, in his praiseworthy efforts to maintain, by his folly, that rank which his ancestors had gained by their brains, succeeded to admiration, and was rewarded (though by mistake), like many a new inventor, by being one of the first to suffer from his production, for writing in his studiously unintelligible hand a little abusive gossip to a brother-officer, quartered in the same house, with the object of his satire. The latter, mistaking the superscription, read the letter, and mistook the word "radical" for "rascal." The result was a duel. Faddlepen fell, and his antagonist fled, and was cashiered. But however vile, eccentric, or ridiculous the noble lord's writing might have been considered by common sense, the genius of "Pride" supported it, and, with the assistance of the mistaken little imp, "Affectation," the "Faddlepen hand" still rules the roast; and among the greatest of its supporters is "Butterfly Moth," who, with ambitious appetite, is eating his way to the bar. This gentleman considers a "good hand" almost synonymous with a "bad heart," and as an acquirement highly derogatory to the dignity of an aspirant for forensic honours, and, consequently, has established the "Faddlepen hand" as his beau-ideal of aristocratic penmanship. We received a note from him, composed of alphabetical characters, as various in their sizes and shapes as the army of the great "Bombastes," some of the letters divested of half their "fair proportions," and others running away as fast as possible, as if in horror at the mutilation; some keeping a respectful and aristocratic distance from each other, others hugging so tightly and closely, that one would imagine them to be conspiring to render the fabric of correspondence which they were meant to form the most unintelligible piece of intelligence extant; and it is really remarkable the accuracy and precision with which this object was accomplished;—but 'tis a gentlemanly hand-writing.

Then there is the "learned" "Faddlepen-hand," which is adopted by the Rev. Logic Latinhead. This profound classic has been so much engaged during his life in emancipating the wisdom of antiquity from its Grecian sepulchre, that if he writes to order a "suit" from his tailor, it must be in characters of Greco-English manufacture. This may be partially from habit; but we think it is principally because he has a tolerably good notion of his crudite dignity, and, consequently, wishes that every one with whom he is in communication should, by the tedious process of studying his manuscript well, before they can unravel its sense, entertain an indelible impression of his learning; and thus, in order to convey a proper idea of the "dignity of letters," he makes his epistolary correspondence a species of "pattern-card," on which is strung specimens of his trade; and as this malady has been so rife among the upper and learned portion of the community, it is scarcely to be wondered that it has commenced its ravages among the middle or industrious classes. In former days, when gentlemen ticketed their rank to their bodies by the wearing of ruffles and swords, they had their imitators in the apprentices, who adopted the sword and ruffle out of work-hours, when the sword was not likely to endanger the safety of their equilibrium, or the ruffle to take the place of a dusting-brush for their benches or shop-boards; now, likewise, young tradesmen, whose livings partly depend upon their clear writing, indulge (when they have an opportunity of writing private notes) in the luxury of copying the inimitable unintelligibility of their superiors. There is our friend Brown, whose business-hand is so particularly flowing and perspicuous that it has gained him several good situations, has been bitten with this unfortunate mania, and it is so strong upon him, that he studiously affects each of the "Faddlepen-hands" in its turn; taking for models his employer's customers—and he can do the "noble" "Faddlepen-hand," the "learned" "Faddlepen-hand," and the "editorial" "Faddlepen-hand" to perfection; and what is more, it is as unreadable to himself as to his friends; but then 'tis a "gentleman-like hand." Extraordinary are the freaks played by this "gentlemanly-hand" upon paper, such as depriving o's of their proper rotundity, making a's stand upon their heads, cutting off the tails of letters that are usually born with those appendages, and putting tails to those unaccustomed to their use. We have often, but without effect, hinted to those who indulge in this hand, that the affectation of virtues may be a step to the ultimate attainment of the reality, and so far of use; but that the assumption of a folly, merely because it has been worn by greater men than ourselves, is simply emulating the "ass," who, report saith, strutted about in the lion's skin, under the lamentable illusion that it was made for him.

To such an extent has this fearful pen-and-ink epidemic extended, that even the plain matter-of-fact attorney, whose professional writing is so clear, that its perpendicular characters resemble a row of black palings

against a white wall, must, when penning an invitation, amuse himself with the peculiarity of putting his letters through all kinds of imaginable evolutions, generally laying them sprawling upon their backs like so many black-beetles.

"Though last not least" in their attachment to the "Faddlepen" art, are the members of the "faculty," who are so monstrously jealous of the hidden mysteries, and *modus operandi* of their "healing virtue," that they not only carefully and closely wrap their prescriptions in the intricate folds of mis-shapen Latin, but enjoy a peculiar satisfaction in never penning even that without metamorphosing it into such odd-looking hieroglyphics, that would set at defiance the lingual talents of all the Adam Clarks and Sir Sidney Smiths ever born; and instances are not wanted in this profession illustrative of the danger as well as folly of the "pharmacopœic" "Faddlepen-hand." Oh! dignity, on what treacherous sands is thy rock sometimes erected. It is an old philosophic maxim, that while "truth is simplex, falsehood is ever complex." Disciples of ancient "Esculapius," we exhort you to ponder on this axiom.

We are charitably inclined to believe, that among the practisers of this "most questionable art," there are many who would do better, but who do not know how; to those, with whom we really sympathize, we recommend the most celebrated of all the English never-failing catholicisms, "patience and forbearance;" but to the numerous body of the disciples of "Affectation," who, with less originality than peacocks, nestle themselves under the wings of "Pride," we suggest a long, penetrating, and meditative glance in the mirror of "common sense;" and if the reflection that they will there perceive does not effect a cure, why then we must turn them over to the care of one of those professors of caligraphy, who, for the behoof of all the "Faddlepen" race, exhibit in gilt frames outside their doors, as certificates of their curative powers, those twin letters, representatives of "Humility" and "Pride;" the first, benevolently communicating the fact of its being in that wretched state of caligraphic destitution before; and the latter, exulting in its improved state *after* the "six lessons;" and then, should these "Faddlepens" ungratefully turn upon us with their knowledge of mathematics, Latin, and grammar, we must refer them to a little book on the latter science, written by one Mr. Murray, who defines "grammar" as not only "the art of reading," but of "*writing* the English language with propriety,"—by which he doubtlessly meant intelligibility.

WILLIAM DALTON.

WAR.

NOBODY *sees* a battle. The common soldier fires away amidst a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with, to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, water-course, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns from his Reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley or entry into a wood, there is murder committing, wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form, God's image, is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and roar without assistance; and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely. Thirst, too, has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who with bloodshot eyes and tongue lolling out, plies his trade, blaspheming, killing with savage delight, callous when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him.

The battle-field is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. *They* are in their vocation, earning their bread; what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They who are able have fled before the coming storm, and left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry, to be killed by stray shots, or beaten down as the charge and counter-charge go over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict. Barns and stack-yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides. At night the steed is stabled beside the altar; and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unconsumed. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scenes over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved, amid the blackened ruins of their homes, to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain, to feel themselves bankrupts in the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine and pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battles, an epidemic striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, pestilence, or cholera, which not unfrequently follow in its train. The siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the beleagued town are cooped up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries inflicted by assailant and assailed are aggravated, their wrath is more frenzied; then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and lustful excesses of the victor soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine. The eccentric movements of war, the marching and counter-marching, often repeat the blow on districts slowly recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty pervades the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and assassin. The horrible cruelties perpetrated by Spanish peasants on the French soldiers that fell in their power, were the necessary consequences of war. The families of the upper classes are dispersed; the discipline of the family-circle is removed; a habit of living in the day for the day, of drowning the thoughts of the morrow in transient and illicit pleasure, is engendered. The waste and desolation which a battle spreads over the battle-field, is as nothing when compared with the moral blight which war diffuses through all ranks of society, in the country which is the scene of war.

The exhaustion caused by war is not confined to the people among whom the fighting takes place. The invaders must have their ranks thinned by every battle, incessantly recruited. The military chest is a constant drain on the treasures of the nation which sends the invading army. It is in preserving its homes undestroyed and the remnants of its family-circles uncontaminated, and in avoiding the actual view of the agonies of the dying, that the belligerent country which is not the scene of war has any advantage over that which is; but this advantage is almost counterbalanced by the

chronic panic—the incessant apprehension which haunts its inhabitants that the chances of war may bring all its horrors to their gates.

The madness is catching; two nations may begin a war, but it never ends with *two*. Some infringement of the rights of neutrals involves a third and fourth in the contest. The exhaustion of the country which was at first the scene of war tempts to a renewal of hostilities with renewed vigour on a virgin field. The ocean becomes as unsafe as the land. The battle-field and the siege find their counterparts in naval actions; and the seas are swept by privateers, the licensed pirates—the "salt-water thieves," who serve a state for winking at their pillage. The natural channels of industry are dammed up, and artificial ones are created. An unhealthy and temporary stimulus is given to the industry of one country by the paralyzed industry of others. New forms and methods of business are introduced by the necessities of convoys; the merchant's speculations must rest upon totally new combinations. Classes are called into existence who have an interest in perpetuating war; all the agents of belligerent diplomacy, from the ambassador-extraordinary to the spy—the lenders of money to governments—and purveyors—the speculators in the plundering expeditions of privateers—soldiers of fortune, who have no longer a country.

Nor is the war interest the only obstacle to the return of peace. With every new nation sucked into the vortex of hostilities the ulterior aim of the war has been changed. The object for which it was begun, from a principal, sinks into a secondary, or is altogether forgotten. As interest, temper, or intrigue breaks up old alliances and forms new combinations, new objects keep still emerging. Men forget what they are fighting for, and fight on merely to conquer a peace. Civilians, overburdened with taxes, become seditious clamorers for peace. Soldiers, sick of unceasing butchery, long at last for peace, and play into the hands of foreign diplomatists—as Napoleon's generals sold him to the allied sovereigns, and their country with him. Armies, recruited from any quarter, have lost all sense of national honour. The objectless war is huddled up by an ignominious peace, wished for because men are tired and sickened of fighting, and brought about by treachery and falsehood.

Peace brings with it a momentary gleam of gladness, which quickly subsides in the sense of exhaustion that pervades all nations. The demand for the industry artificially created by war ceases with war. Other branches of industry revive slowly. The cost of the war is less than half-defrayed; the debts incurred to carry it on press heavily on impoverished nations. The war-interest is beggared and discontented. Men's habits have been unsettled—they cannot at once settle down into the new order of things. The first years of a general peace succeeding a general war are years of bankruptcy and privation—of starving and rioting among the poorer classes, or fraud and political profligacy among the higher.

Such is war, with its sufferings and consequential sorrows. Such is war in Christian and civilized Europe—war in an age and countries in which most has been done to subject it to regular laws, and to alleviate its horrors by the moral self-control and refinement of its agents. Whitewash it as we will, it still remains full of dead men's bones and rottenness within. And they who trust most to it will be sure to feel most severely that it is an engine the direction and efficacy of which defy calculation—which is as apt to recoil upon those who explode it as to carry destruction into the ranks of their adversaries.—*Spectator.*

NOTHING that is broken bears any value except the heart, which becomes the more valuable the more it is broken.

YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
  Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
  They may do to me again,
Hating no man, scorning no man,
  Wronging none by word or deed;
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
  Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,
  Is of little Christian use,
One soft word of kindly peace
  Is worth a torrent of abuse;
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
  Adds but darkness to their night,
If thou wouldst improve thy brother
  Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter
  Human coldness makes the world,
Ev'ry bosom round me frozen,
  Not an eye with pity pearl'd;
Still my heart with kindness teeming
  Glads when other hearts are glad,
And my eyes a tear-drop findeth
  At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret
  For our happiness like this;
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,
  Blessing ever bringeth bliss
Lend a helping hand to others,
  Smile though all the world should frown.
Man is man, we all are brothers,
  Black or white or red or brown.

Man is man through all gradations,
  Little recks it where he stands
How divided into nations,
  Scattered over many lands;
Man is man by form and feature,
  Man by vice and virtue too,
Man in all one common nature
  Speaks and binds us brothers true.

JOSEPH HOBBINS.

FLOWERS.

AMONGST all the pleasant things of life—and the all-bountiful hand of Providence has scattered the path of our days with innumerable pleasant things, if man would but enjoy them—amongst all the pleasant things of life, there are few more pleasant than a walk in the flower-garden before breakfast on a sunshiny morning. To see those mute and still, though not motionless, creatures—we mean the blossoms—opening their painted bosoms to the beneficent rays which give them their colour and their loveliness, welcoming the calm blessing of the light, as if with gratitude, and seeking, in their tranquil state of being, for nothing but the good gifts of God, might well afford a monitory lesson; for everything in nature has its homily, to us, the eager hunters after fictitious enjoyment. How calm do they stand in their loveliness, how placid in their limited fruition of the elements that nourish them—how, in their splendid raiment, do they sparkle in the sun, how do they drink up the cup of dew, and gratefully give back honey and perfume in return!

JOHN ASHMORE OF BIRMINGHAM.

1859.

BY SILVERPEN.

Let the working classes make capital for themselves. The gains in the over-charges of credit shops, the self-denial of resigning two-thirds, or even a half, of the ardent spirits consumed by the labouring classes, would of themselves make a considerable capital. With some savings, however small, they would have strength and solidity, by which they might bear up against the oscillations of trade.

Co-operation of this kind, where all are to draw according to what they contribute, is not to be confounded with communism, where the share of all is to be uniform, or fixed by some arbitrary authority.

Competition is the soul of production, and without production, the wages of labour cannot exist. If our population should increase its riches, it will be by increasing its productiveness, through the acquisition of skill and the practice of industry by those who now possess neither; a new Britain of energetic production is capable of being created out of those parts of our population who are inert, and being so, are poor.—*Hill Burton's Political and Social Economy.*

THE nasturtions and the scarlet-runners have yet some leaves, and the mignonette, though pale from autumn rains, has still some scent; but the cold night-wind blows hoarsely round the house-tops, and tells of early winter.

A fire burns in the wide grate of the house-place, though it is larger than of old; all is still scrupulously neat and clean, though now a warm carpet is stretched around the hearth; the once whitewashed walls are papered, some good and well-framed prints are hung, where formerly stood an old skeleton dresser and rows of common crockery, an eight-day clock telling the very time to a minute, a recess filled with well-bound books, and a large mahogany desk with drawers for papers, bespeak the fruitfulness of honest thrift and labour. Peace, plenty, and comfort, shine but broadly around the humble hearth.

Before this ample fire, on whose hob simmers a little saucepan, and on the warm snug hearth so comfortably carpeted, sit John Ashmore and Leah Burnett, differently occupied, for the one is employed in her old labour of knitting, and the other is writing in some small account-books which lie open before him on the round table placed between them, and holding the thriftiness of one candle. John has fairly progressed from the stripling into the man,—grave, thoughtful, taciturn; and the widow now and then pauses in her work to look benignantly on his earnest bending face.

"So, John," she says presently, after one of these glances of more than usual length, "you made no progress to-day?"

"So far as to ascertain that the price asked is beyond our means, two hundred pounds beyond it; and unless our own people admitted some of the others in with their savings, we could not meet it; but this would be at the cost of all the principles I have so long worked upon, which is, simply the power of joint-stock-funds, as capital in business, and a division of profits according to contribution, without any reference to religious, political, or social dogma. These are the points on which our class has hitherto failed in any use of accumulated savings. The next difficulty is, Leah, that I feel reluctant to broach this plan to Mr. Taverner; he has been the best of masters to his workpeople, and he may be inclined to think this object of ours is a rival one against his capital and business, and so one of ingratitude to his zealous efforts to improve our condition."

"I hardly think this'ns," interrupts Leah, with a woman's shrewdness in judging, "for he has never thrown one obstacle in thy way, John; in all the plans thee hast had for saving this money, by getting his young shop-folks to leave off drinking, and them things as takes so much o' working folks' money. For ha'na he always said to thee, the less drinking and the more saving, the better work; and did'na he make thee foreman o' th' casting-house in the place o' poor dead Hughes, and to help thee on wi' thy taste for drawing, let Miss Juliet's own master give a helping hand to thy lessons in the design-school. He did this, John, and thou canna fear his thoughtful liberality."

"I don't, Leah, nor can any one think more nobly of Mr. Taverner than I do; but this plan is somewhat new, at least in practice, though one destined to improve the general condition of our class."

"Trust him," says Leah, "for there's a better spirit of good between folks o' Mr. Taverner's condition, and the working classes, than many think, and this is what I wish thee to proven. But here comes Mrs. Wigley; so I suppose our poor old Jenny has gotten a bit o' sleep."

As Leah thus speaks, the staircase door is softly opened, and our old friend Mrs. Wigley steps down, and comes softly across the kitchen to where John and the widow are seated.

"She's dropped into the deepest sleep she's had i' her whole illness," says Mrs. Wigley, "for saying, she was uncommon drowsy, she droppen off into it like a bird. So if thee won't take it unkind, Leah, I'll just run ho'ame for a few min'its to see if my maister han' his sooper comfortable loike, but dunna thee think but what I'll be back in no while, for thee both look tired wi' th' watching, and thee be too good neigh'burs to be killed outright. And thee needn't neither o' thee go up, for things be comfortable, and the candle set away from her face."

So saying, Mrs. Wigley puts on her bonnet and shawl, and hurries softly away through the shop on her dutiful errand, leaving the widow to pursue her knitting in silence, and tend the little saucepan simmering on the hob.

The wind blows louder, and howls among the house-tops, and makes the faded scarlet-runners get loose from their fastenings upon the gable walls, and flap their jagged leaves against the window-panes. There is something mournful in this wind, for all within the house is intensely still, and it sounds like a dirge.

All at once, John and the widow start to their feet, for Jenny calls them both, in a voice which is hers, and yet so different to that they have ever heard it. It is like a whispered voice, soft, distinct, and clear, with none of its old harshness or loudness in it. They hurry up to the sick chamber, and to their astonishment behold the feeble and long-sick woman, sitting upright in the bed, as if held by invisible hands.

"Eh! what is that?" she asks, in that same altered voice which has struck them down stairs, and pointing with outstretched hand to the creaking window. They tell her that the wind is high, and that it is a wintry night.

"Yes, yes," she answers, now feebly leaning against the widow's shoulder; "they said, long year ago, that it'd come again afore I died; all deaf folks hear afore they die, and so I as ha'na heard wind, nor rain, nor music, nor church bells, nor a child's voice, hear that wind moaning up and down, and calling me away. Eh! dear, but its like a dying song; but did'na ye say something a while ago, down stairs, about money? I heard ye say it every word, though Susan Wigley thoughten me sleeping."

Quite chilled by her manner, John Ashmore tells her what they talked about.

"There, I've gotten another comfort, John, to the one which has made me so soothed and still, while I have lain here, the surety I would'na come to a workhouse death-bed. That I've worked hard many a time, and late, and gotten ill paid more times than well, and bin laughed at for my scrap'n'ness in the way o' many a thing; but oh! ha'na it bin a comfort lying here to still h'a the rent for thee, Leah, and be knowing that no foot would come up them stairs, to talk about the workhus', as they did to my mother. And now there be another comfort, seeing I shan'a want it, for my eyes be closing

on thee, and my ears dull, even to that sort o'music o'th' wind they hadn'a heard for so many a year, it is that there be a bit o'money for thee both; to thee, Leah, for all thy goodness in them peevish ways as be common to deaf folks, and to thee, John Ashmore, for opening a new life to me, as thee did'n in thy teaching me to read. Eh! it was a new life, a fairy world, as teach'n me to learn how dead I'd bin for years, and how dead all folks are as an their hearts shut up by ignorance. Eh! so ignorant as this'ns, the best part on us perishes. But here's the key on the' box, open it, John, and bring out the savings' books."

She is peremptory and will be obeyed; so the key is taken from her old-fashioned pocket, the box unlocked, and the old thumbed book brought to her. She bids them open it, and to their utter astonishment, Jenny's savings amount to the sum of £233 14s. 7¾d. "There John, it's a tidy bit thee see, and may do thee and Leah a little good; and one thing, John, when our sort o'folks talk to thee, and say they canna save, tell'em that folks that han work can save; if they but looken to th' spendings i'the public and i'th' general shop. Tell 'em that you knew one as did'n, and as had neither father, nor brother, nor husband, and a heavy burden on 'em o' an infirmity all their lives. Tell'em this'ns, John, for one body's doing o'any thing teaches like a text i'th' Bible or a pulpit sarmond." With difficulty the dying woman speaks these last few words; and now they lay her head down upon the pillow, and kneel beside her in silent prayer, whilst she keeps repeating, as if it is a sort of prayer in itself, as, perhaps, it has become so in her mind from having been the burden of her daily thoughts, and the motive of her daily acts through her weary life of labour. "Eh! this is a comfort; worth all th' pains o'saving and o'drudging, to lie still and ha'n no footstep i'th' staircase as come wi'th' parish tramp o'authority. Oh! Lord, I thanken thee, I thanken thee." Now, as her voice becomes very low, and the casement shakes still more with the night wind, and broad shadows creep across the room, as the light of the unsnuffed candle grows more dim, they suddenly hear some one rap with their knuckles upon the shop door, then open it, come into the kitchen, with a quick and heavy tread, across it, and after speaking, will not wait, but ascends the staircase as rapidly as if some one were in pursuit.

"Oh! John, oh! John," appeals a voice, which is hoarse, changed, and agonized, so much so, as to give a chill sense of fear to those who now hear it in the holy stillness which watches round the dying bed. "Oh! be thee human, and dunna look cold. Oh! Leah, dunna think o'th' big shop debt we so long ow'd'n'd thee, but I'm in mortal agony; th' p'lice be down on us, and says our little Tummy, be thick o'a job o'stealing, and there they'n gotten him out o'bed, and th' house be full o' na'bores, and th'street in such a roar, as'll reachen Tum at th' Cannock Arms, where he be, as he be always. And I munna face him, I canna face him, he be so cruel and sore upon me, striven as I will. Oh! John Ashmore, thee know'd me in my young toime, and thee ha'n power o'er Tum, save me, for he'll mind'n thee!"

It is Cary Madeley and evidently lost to all else but the sense of fear and shame which is upon her, she kneels down as John rises, and passionately clinging to his hands, as if to draw him away, pours out her voluble and passionate intreaties,

With one hand Ashmore raises her up, and with the other points to the silent bed. "She is dying, you see," he says, in a low, deep voice, which stays at once the wretched woman's vehement entreaties; and as she rises from her kneeling posture, all feeling and consciousness seems for the moment lost, in the chilly awe with which she glances on the bed. John is about to lead her down stairs, there to speak to her, when Leah draws him back a step or two, and places his hand in the feeble outstretched one of dying Jenny, who, as he stoops, says, "Go wi'her, John, go wi'her, I dun the work our class need'n, and she ha'na, God be thanked, I'a got peace and rest, though so hardly earned." She speaks this all so very faint and low, and her feeble hand relaxes so instantly from his grasp, as to show she is dying, and that these are her last words; but as for the instant he turns in his divided sympathy for the misery and shame of the living, and the calm peace of the dying, he is struck by the whole presence of Cary Madeley, as standing for an instant in a bending attitude, with her gaze fixed upon the bed, before she glides away down the staircase, all of coarseness and terror, and shame, and age seem passed away, and for that one moment, he sees and recollects the same pure young face, as ten years before upon her bridal day. So touching is this look upon her, as to approximate what it spiritually conveys to that falling on the face of the dying—a shadow of heaven itself.

Before another wintry gust has swept athwart the window panes, earth's last and deepest sleep has fallen on that pillow of honest thrift and care, and Mrs. Wigley arriving, John Ashmore goes down stairs, taking with him the little register of the poor bracemaker's worldly savings. As it is another's as well as his own, he unlocks a drawer of those already mentioned, to place it away securely, and doing so, comes upon that withered sprig of May, which once redolent of youth and spring, lies now dead and sere in the strip of paper where it has been so long carefully preserved, by a grand touch of nature which shows that in this broad and common soil, Shaksperes are many, though unwritten ones. Momentarily forgotten in the shadows of the dying bed, John Ashmore now recollects Cary's afflictions, and putting on his hat and coat, hurries from the house, and to the street some short way off where the Madeleys live. As he approaches it, he finds that not merely adjacent neighbours are aroused, but those two streets distant, and that whilst these are grouped together in knots round the doorways, or talk loudly from the upper windows, the immediate street itself is filled with a dense mob thronged one upon another. His heart throbs, he grows pale with fear, and he does not stop to question, though so many would be ready to answer. With difficulty he pushes his way through the crowd and into the house, the police only admitting him after much questioning.

The first object which arrests his attention in the squalid kitchen is his old friend Tom Madeley, seated on a chair, before a morsel of fire, which a kindly neighbour is trying to light in the grate, and gazing on it with a stolid vacancy, which is either the effects of drink, or the physical exhaustion which follows the exercise of uncontrolled and brutal passion. He never looks or moves; only cowers the more as John goes up to him and takes his hand.

"Eh! dunna touch him, Mr. Ashmore," says the woman, turning round her face; "ye canna know what'n he's done, and yet touch him! No thee canna! Why he kicked Cary, and she be up there wi' three doctors they fetchen, as she ha'na spoke sin' she fell an hour ago, and her eighth baby be a-coming in th' world 'afore its time, poor thing."

John Ashmore does not answer the woman (for now the whole mystery of the crowd outside, the neighbours within the house, the crying of the children, and the police, is revealed to him); but blanched with terror, and trembling as if stricken by the ague, he gripes the stolid drunkard by the shoulder, as if to rouse him by pain from this state of brutal indifference, as keepers rouse a surly tiger by the goad. At last he looks up with vacant bloodshot eyes, and answers to John's fierce questions, evidently being in some measure unconscious of his position, or the act he has been guilty of,—

"And so would thee ha'struck if thee'd come ho'ome night by night as I ha'n to sich a hearth as this'ns, and

seven clemm'd children and a bawling tongue; thee'd strike, if thy lad at nine year old would'na come ho'ome from the heading-shop at night, but must be off wi' young vagabonds to penny plays and sich things; ye'es it be fine for thee to talk—but thee'd struck her if thee'd ha'n her as I had."

"Man!" and John Ashmore says this in a voice which arouses the soddened drunkard as a trumpet-blast blown by the ear of a sleeper, "do not upbraid the dying, but your own notorious drunkenness. Cary had no need to have been driven to the heading-shop, if you had been sober, and not spent twelve out of every twenty four shillings at the Cannock Arms. What hearth, or decency, or morals could you hope for, when the necessity to bring in a bit of bread to these starving, naked, shoeless children, kept your wretched wife at shop from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night; how could she sew, or cook, or be a mother, or a wife; how could she be comely or have a smile? As for the seven children, whose existence you speak of as an evil, and an excuse for evil doing, whose duty was it to be sober and industrious, and care-taking, in order to support them decently, and keep your wife from the shop? Yours! you know it. As for means, look at John Field, with more children than you, and a sick old mother to support, and yet he's got £38 14s. 10d. in our "Accumulative Fund;" and there's Robert Allison, if you want more texts, that gets little more than half your wages, and yet *he* has saved! Shame on you, Tom Madeley, shame on you! Did I not tell you six years ago to save at home and keep Cary from the shop, and did not Leah Burnett offer to teach her a bit of cooking, and the way to make and mend; and did not I come times, and often, and ask you to keep from Fentons, and to do this did I not pay off the wedding score, so as to set you and Cary free in the world? Were not these things done, and yet you heap all sin and shame and wrong upon another." At this instant a footstep comes lightly down the narrow staircase, and crosses the kitchen to where Ashmore still stands clutching Madeley by the shoulder. It is the doctor, who has tenderly brought down the youngest child in his arms—a squalid-looking baby of about eighteen months old.

"Your wife is very bad," speaks the doctor, gently, as he stoops down towards the stolid listener, "very bad indeed." He means to break it out to the husband that Cary is dead; but Tom Madeley sits motionless, as if he neither hears nor comprehends. But the baby leaning forward and reaching out his little hand, says, with the feeble wail of hunger—

"Given me a bit o'bread, dad? Mammy dun'na come, though I tell her I be hungry."

The child's little outstretched hand, its hungry face and cry, rouses the stolid drunkard, as nothing else has; he starts to his feet, understands at once by their looks that Cary is dead, and is only prevented from rending himself to pieces, or dashing his head against the wall, by the police superintendent, who has been sitting waiting the issue of this tragedy, and the two constables who have been keeping the gathered mob from the door.

This issue come, such as it is, Madeley is handcuffed and taken away as soon as his frenzy is in some way subdued, and saving for some friendly neighbours, John Ashmore is left alone with the destitute children. Not a morsel of bread is in the house, neither coal nor candle, except what the neighbours in this minute of calamity have brought in, nor is there scarcely a vestige of clothing or furniture saved from the pawn-shop and brokers. His first care is to send out for some food by a messenger to Leah (for all the shops are closed at this late hour) and gathering the children together to see them fed. He misses two. The lad Tom, who has been the immediate cause of all this mischief, and who he hears was removed by the police during his mother's absence; and Amy, poor Cary's eldest girl, who has always been a favourite of his own, though through the coldness which had of late existed between himself and the Madeleys, he had lost sight of her. But now one of the women tell him that she is up stairs, and will not come away from her mother.

"But I think she mind'n thee, Mr. Ashmore," says the kindest neighbour of all, Sophy Field, who has been an angel to Cary in many a sore affliction, "for she knows how well her mammy loved thee."

As the child must be removed, and will hearken to none that have yet spoken, but cleaves with passionate tenderness to the dead body of her mother, Ashmore goes up stairs and stands for a second time this night in a chamber of death. Nothing can exceed the stern anguish of his soul as stepping across the chamber, furnitureless, except for the miserable stump-bedstead on which the dead lay, he sees the once happy girl stretched in stark unconsciousness; her face hidden, and her cold lips warmed by the flowing hair and passionate caresses of her little child. Utterly unmanned, unnerved, he kneels down beside the bed, and speaks to Amy; soothes her, caresses her, and at last drawing her into his arms, sees before his own dim gaze upon the pillow, the face whose May was such a sweet one, whose end is sterner than the blasts of hoar December.

"Oh," reasons his stern soul eloquently as he thus kneels, with the sobbing baby pressed against his heart, "it is only in moments such as this, in moments where large anguish, or great joy, dissipates the near, the temporary, and the mean, that we are able to see clearly all benefits of a self-victory gained over a lust, a passion, or a desire. In the first moment that reason is so a conqueror, we seem as if we were self-defrauded; but when we come to the future of such denials, when we come to reap the harvests so sown, nothing can exceed the pure joy of the hard victory. We never are so divine as in such moments. So feel I by this bed, my poor one, and am conscious the sweetest, though saddest moment of my life, is this one, when out of my victory of self, springs the means which shall give bread to thy children." He presses his pure lips upon the hand stretched in its last rest across the pillow, and folds the sobbing child still closer and closer to his stern, self-reliant, manly heart. By the door is the little narrow casement which lights the room, and incidently glancing on it as the flicker of the candle falls, he stops short, for on it stands his wedding present to poor Cary—the little tea-caddy. Not even the face of the dead affects him like the sight of this. Aroused by the dripping tears upon her arm, the child starts up, and seeing it, points to it.

"Oh! mammy was so fond o' that'ns. Dad took the hanging shelves, but mammy would'na part wi' this'ns though she often sorely wanted bread."

As he presses this baby-face back, and still closer to his own, he says aloud, as if to it, and for it, "Oh God! what a grand field is this to till in, though rough and barren, yet only so from ignorance and self-inflicted wrong, when poetry, such as this, wells upward from its lowest, poorest, most neglected springs."

Closer and closer still that baby face against his own; till the last direction given, and money left for such pressing needs as both the dead and living require, he shelters Amy beneath his coat, till reaching home Leah hushes her sobs, and consigns her to the warmth and comfort of her own humble bed.

The gusty, wintry night, which has been so sad a one to some, leads to a fairer morning; and the bright sun lying on the hill-tops like a golden veil cast down, across the autumnal woodlands, and the close cropped pastures, comes on with the journeying hours, and falls athwart the polished floor of a pleasant chamber placed towards the garden of a country house. Though not more than half-past seven o'clock, breakfast is laid within it, and the steaming tea and coffee is poured out for two gentlemen by one of the sweetest little human creatures that a

morning sun ever gleamed down upon, or encircled with its gladness. Already, like Eve within the sacred, dewy bowers of Paradise, or Persephone amidst the flowers of Enna, she has been out in the trim garden, and borne with her on return the glowing sprig of scarlet pyracantha, the myrtle spray, and the one deep golden coloured dahlia, which now droop from a slender vase upon the table, and which, placed at the rear of a light piece of richly wrought iron-work, incidentally upon the table for a few minutes, as it is the object of discourse, look glowing there, as autumnal woods through a cloister lattice.

"It is not so much this man's resolute will that I admire," says Mr. Taverner, who is the far elder of the two gentlemen, "or even his undoubted capacity, so much as the adaptation of his intelligence, and labour to the probable advances of the age. I admire it pre-eminently; for the brave example of such a man does more to spread this virtue of adaptation of labour to the industrial advances of the day among the working classes, than all the lessons which political economists can give."

"I think, papa," remarks Juliet, drawing, as she speaks, the vase nearer the iron-work, so that the scarlet berries of the pyracantha show like pendent rubies through a carved trellis of the rich iron-work, "that as usual in original things, very large results flow out from a small circumstance; and so in this case, I fancy it was John Ashmore's first sight of some old iron-work at the Grange, that awakened in him these new ideas in metallic art. I recollect the fact as if it were only yesterday, though I was a very little child at the time."

"Indeed," and Mr. Taverner looks up inquiringly.

"It was on a Whitsun holiday, I think, that he came with some other people to look at the things in Miss Shaw's old room, and the way he gazed, at what appeared to me then a piece of useless rusty iron, I shall never forget; his eyes seemed as if they read a book, so wonderful was their gaze. I turned very cold as I looked at him; and drew off from him as if he were more than what he seemed."

Mr. Taverner smiles, and drawing Juliet towards him, presses his lips against her sweet face. "The truth is, Lord Clydesdale, that my Juliet here, like her namesake, is an enthusiast, and perhaps apt to exaggerate; but really, considering the poverty he has worked his way through, and his few artistic advantages, this piece of work is very remarkable; more particularly as wrought, and all the needful knowledge acquired, before and after his ordinary hours of daily labour; which for three past years have been longer than the average, as through this period he has been my foreman, with two hundred men and boys constantly under his superintendence. And how this superintendence has been morally carried out you may judge, when amongst these alone, there is an ACCUMULATIVE FUND of £749 and upwards, the result of beer-shop savings. With the entire capital, of which this is but a portion, it is my idea, that John Ashmore is the very man to be a great teacher as to the use and abuse of joint-stock savings."

"You would countenance, then, the use of these joint-stock accumulations as competitive capital against your own?" asks Lord Clydesdale.

"Willingly; were not human liberty even what it is. But it is in the use or abuse of such capital that the enigma of our future industrial progress rests; and so far from narrowly and short-sightedly opposing an inevitable state of things, I think it is not only simply self-interest, but my duty as an employer, to sanction or assist any possible experiment in this direction; for one success in this plain, straight, feasible way would do more towards healing the wound between capital and labour, which demagogues have made, than any political panacea whatsoever. Moreover, as our great teacher aptly tells us, 'the working classes are out of leading-strings,' and must be treated as equals, not as dependents; and the way, therefore, to make this equality of rights beneficial, is to eliminate its truths in a way useful to all. Another thing, too, is this—in fact, I classify it as a primary truth—that *the use of one form of capital is not inimical to another*; just the contrary; for whatever is truly capital is in use productive, and self-creating. Now, if John Ashmore were to start an iron-foundry to-morrow with these joint-stock funds, it would not in the least hurt me, provided he had a market for his manufactured goods—and such a man would not commence such an undertaking without good common-sense and well-calculated probabilities—his success would insure mine, and others well-doing, for progressive undertakings always open new needs; and the man who shall begin and carry on the progress of metallic architecture, will not lessen, but, probably, add to the funds of other capitalists, even in those very directions which seem at first most improbable. And this is the way, my Lord, I view it."

The servant who waits comes in this moment to say, that Mr. Ashmore, the foreman, wishes to speak to Mr. Taverner, having walked over from Birmingham, thus early, on purpose.

"Show Mr. Ashmore in," is the capitalist's prompt and ready answer.

John Ashmore comes in; a tall, well-knit, healthy man, looking full his age of nine-and-twenty; calm, erect, self-possessed; with nothing obsequious in his manner, though there is much in it of affectionate respect; he addresses Mr. Taverner, and states at once his business, which is relative to poor dead Cary's boy.

"Thomas Madeley, Sir," he says, after a general statement of the night's tragedy, "is not, and has never been, one of your men; but still these circumstances, such as they are, are worthy your attention. For I can scarcely describe to you the wretched home this lad has had, the misery, the squalor, the drunkenness, the neglect; and yet with a mother, who, less ignorant, and less soured by long hours of shop-work, whilst her heart was away with her miserable children, would have been one of the best and tenderest. But the lad had no home, and nothing would keep the father from the beer-shop. Why, Sir, this lad never had a babyhood; as soon almost as he himself could walk, he was left alone all day to mind another child; at six years old, when other mouths came to be fed, his father carried him to the 'heading-shop' night and morning, and, on Saturday nights, drank out the miserable shilling this baby had earned. The result was such as many are, the boy run off with other shop-lads to play, and so, from bad to worse, got to the penny-theatres and concert-rooms. The pound stolen from Mr. Marshall's counting-house, in concert with some other lads, and which, traced to his possession last night by the police, was the immediate cause of what has happened—was to supply this craving for the taste this thriftless home had engendered. Therefore, in such a case, as punishment would rather increase than mitigate the evil, I have come to ask you to see Mr. Marshall as soon as you reach town, and implore him not to press the charge; I will pay the sovereign, and guarantee my own future superintendence over the conduct of the lad."

"Are there other children, Ashmore?"

"One died with the mother last night; there are seven others; the one next to the lad is a girl, and the light of heaven never looked upon a fairer. It is wonderful, Sir, that such a little gentle being as this child is, could spring out of such a home."

"These angelic natures, Ashmore, are common to no class, even to such as boast of their moral and educational advantages; but when they shine out in this way, and appear amidst misery, hunger, and neglect, it only adds to my belief, that the virtues of the common human heart will richly repay our most enlightened care. But

is this all your errand, Ashmore? your honest, worthy service merits ingenuous dealing at my hands."

John Ashmore raises himself to the fullest height of his tall stature, and says, "no," promptly and firmly. He then proceeds to relate the death of Leah's and his own old friend, the bracemaker, and the unexpected addition thereby to his capital.

"And now, Mr. Taverner," he continues, "the time I feel is come when the funds accumulating through eight years should be put to use, in a way which I think will be beneficial to those who have so saved. Through this period we have been continually advised to build a model lodging-house for both married and single, or a suburban village, or undertake some land, or emigration scheme, or found a class of reversionary or life-annuities. For such advice I have had a firm negative. First, I have advised, let us increase this capital; first, let us try the worth of capital gathered together by pence; first, let us make clear to general intelligence that *it is the improvement of the laws of property which is needed, not its subversion;* first, let us demonstrate the large worth of competition to labour. When we have worked out some of these truths, and enlarged, as well as given stability to our capital, it will be time to put the subsidiary projects of co-operation into force. Therefore, I think this time, in our destiny as a working class, is come, and as this addition to my own accumulations completes the needful sum, I think of closing our negotiations with the executors of old Mr. Hutchinson, for his iron-foundry and premises; that is, if you will give me my discharge, and not think that your own men have risen up to compete with you in a hostile spirit."

"But as you have eighty-nine depositors amongst my founders," says Mr. Taverner, "you will be drawing them off, too! Eh, Ashmore?"

"You are too good an economist, Mr. Taverner, to doubt what I mean," adds John; "it is the use of co-operative capital, *not* of co-operative labour, that we shall found our experiment upon; the two things are very different—not a hammer will ring the less, or in a different hand than now, except it be in mine—your men will only go on as now to save from the beer-shop, and add to their capital as a miser to his hoard in the bank; nothing else to you, Mr. Taverner, shall be different, and I will not lack some superintending service to you still, Sir."

"You are to be chief director then, Ashmore?"

"Such is, I believe, the desire of the accumulators. I have prepared myself by care and labour for this work, and eventually hope to carry out successfully new processes in metallic work, which, I believe, will be of large commercial and social value to this country. At any rate, there is a problem to solve between labour and capital, and we *may* help to solve it."

"Well, Ashmore, you have my hearty good wishes, and shall not find a single hindrance from me. As for your skill and faithfulness I have no fear, and I can promise you a warm patron here in Lord Clydesdale; he admires what stands before us, and having a large project to undertake on his estate, he wants to find some one with new views in architecture, instead of blindly copying old uses and old forms. One thing I would advise. We shall be less busy, I think, than usual on Thursday evening, therefore, call together the depositors of our own shop as well as those working elsewhere, and let them meet in the foundry. I will be there, and so shall this nobleman. Now, as regards the boy mentioned, I will attend to what is needful directly I reach town."

After some further conversation, John Ashmore withdraws from the presence of his excellent employer. As he wends his way through the fine-kept garden, a light foot comes quickly on behind him, and a gentle voice calls—he turns and sees Juliet Taverner.

"I am so interested about this little child, Mr. Ashmore," she says, "that I trouble you to ask if I can be of any service? When can I find her, where see her, if I should come with papa to town to day? In the meanwhile will you distribute this little sum in such way as you think best?"

In a little piece of silken paper, neatly folded, are two pounds—two precious pounds, if generosity and purest charity can make them precious—and these she places in John's hand, with almost the same frankness as long before, she, with her childish finger, pointed to the rich tracery of the little iron box. John thanks her briefly, gives her Leah's address, and then she turns to go. But up the long garden path, over which the rich laurestines droop their graceful foliage, he turns and watches her retracing steps as an eagle eyes the sun it soars to.

It is a dull evening out of doors, sloppy, and wet, and cold—but the gas burns brightly in Mr. Taverner's great casting-house, and lights the whole like noon-day, from the ceiling to the floor. But more impressive and significant than iron girder, or lofty roof, or giant beam, are the swart, earnest faces it lights up, and still more, the purpose which has gathered them together.

Altogether there are about one hundred and forty-nine working men in this assembly, exclusive of others, drawn hither by curiosity, and Mr. Taverner, Lord Clydesdale, and John Ashmore.

After some preliminary business, and the production of the deposit-books, John Ashmore stands up upon an iron-table, and thus speaks to those present:—

"Gentlemen and working-men,—Hitherto some meetings have been held, under different circumstances; in squalid rooms, and often, to us, in times of adversity; but here, under the friendly eye of a noble master, and our pence, so hardly earned, accumulated to the amount of £3,763 16s. 4½d., as just stated, it is for you to now determine the future use of this sum, which, as a joint-stock fund, raises us at once into the province of capitalists. A great teacher, whose works, at my request, some of you have studied, and with profit, tells us that we are out of 'leading-strings.' This I believe; but it depends upon ourselves, upon our thrift, our industry, our intelligence, whether or not this liberty prove advantageous. I believe we may make it so, largely advantageous to the well-being of all classes. Now, the experiment we propose to try is this,—the use of our accumulated saving as capital, in the way of business. It will be but a joint-stock company at first, such as those for fire, or life assurance, and it will not displace one of us from our position or our daily labour, though, if profitable, it will increase our savings, as no other way can increase them, and afford a large and permanent fund for our educational and moral elevation. We shall be simply traders with our capital, not demagogues or revolutionists; our standing motto will be, *the improvement of the laws of property and accumulation—not their subversion.* I believe we shall do well. I believe we shall mature a great and tangible experiment, and raise the general condition of our class, through an example of thrift and industry. We shall prove the truth which demagogues deny, that capital and labour are *not* inimical. The question now is, shall we form this Joint Stock Company?"

Every uplifted hand waves an assent, and in an hour before one depositor has left the room, this Joint Stock Company of the working classes is formed, John Ashmore being, as it were, head partner and director, and Mr. Taverner and Lord Clydesdale amongst its Board of Directors.

(To be continued.)

The most brilliant victory is only the light of a conflagration, which the tears of suffering humanity slakes into a smoke, the faithful emblem of its mis-called glory.

Notices of New Works.

Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic; by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London: David Bogue.

THE English public is not a little indebted to the enterprise of these publishers for a complete and most convenient edition of poems, which, though the production of an American poet, are, like all true poetry, so universal in their wide range of human sympathy, that they only need to be known to establish between the reader and the writer that reciprocity of feeling which, in demolishing all distinction of country and class, does more to cement the bond of human brotherhood than we fear will ever be achieved by any means short of those which speak direct from the heart of one man to another. Social regeneration is the work of time, and the poet is not unfrequently he who contributes the most to the purification of the inner life, which must precede the reform of the outer. Of late years, in obedience to the wants and necessities of the age, which can suggest the fitting form, poetry has taken the place of the fable, and the apologue of old, and with "its soft and silver accents," exercises a direct moral influence upon the mass. Mackay and Swain are familiar instances of what we mean, and not more familiar than dear. They are the Lares and Penates of modern hearths, and in Longfellow, the American poet, is afforded to their lovers and admirers a worthy candidate for a vacant niche, side by side with them, a household friend, whose songs, wafted from the other side of the Atlantic, bring with them confirmation of the universality of truth and genius, "the common growth of the common thought." There is a freshness and a simplicity in these poems which bring, as it were, a clearer atmosphere around us, wherein the soul may, like the delicate air-plant, put forth fresh suckers, and striking deeper into the heart of things, bear fairer blossom to the eyes of men. The unconscious good we imbibe is not unfrequently the most fruitful; and the mere lover of a story can scarcely read the "Evangeline" of our author without being the better for the perusal. The victory achieved by the poet in the melodious rhythm of the hitherto untractable hexameter, great as it is, becomes a secondary consideration in the presence of the exquisite thoughts and feeling which it serves to embody. "Evangeline" is a story of "the forest primæval," where,

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms;
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest.
This is the forest primæval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?"

"The hearts," in which the principal interest centres, are those of Evangeline and her lover Gabriel.—

"Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter;
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, the son of the blacksmith."

It is "a tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy;" and the unfailing devotion, and patient hoping endurance of Evangeline form the harmony to which the rest of the poem is subservient. As in Mendelssohn's "songs without words," we find exquisite accompaniments to the leading musical idea; so in "Evangeline" do we find the purest pastoral images, the noblest sentiments, and the sweetest rhythm attendant upon the leading idea of the poet. The account of the village of Grand-pré, of its peaceful inhabitants, and their patriarchial occupations, is in the happiest vein of descriptive poetry. So graphic is the delineation, that we live and move among them, and for the time being, their joys, their sufferings, and afflictions become our own. We cannot find a more vivid realization of a fine October morning than the following:—

"Such was the advent of autumn; then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants, the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended;
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons;
All were subdued, and low as the murmurs of love; and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him,
While arrayed in its robes of russet, and scarlet, and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels."

From this scene of peace and plenty, the Acadian villagers are suddenly driven forth "by his Majesty's orders."

"Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed:
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs, that darken the banks of Newfoundland."

In the hurry of embarkation, Evangeline and Gabriel are parted; and through the rest of the exquisite poem, we find her seeking her lover, now "lingering in towns,"

"Till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavour."

Thus does she wander to and fro.

"Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved, and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far off place or forgotten."

Many and earnest are the proffers of love from

"Hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal."

"Then would Evangeline answer, serenely, but sadly,—'I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear that else lie hidden in darkness.'
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile,—'Oh, daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affections, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!'
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, 'Despair not!'
Thus did the poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence."

Thus do we find her wandering for years, a period which the poet fills up with many a sweet mournful interlude:—

"Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey,
Faded was she, and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of grey o'er her forehead—
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

At length hope forsakes her:—

"He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent,
Patience, and abnegation of self, and devotion to others;
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odourous spices,
Suffered no waste or loss, though filling the air with aroma."

She becomes a Sister of Mercy; a pestilence falls on the city:—

"And as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever."

Among the sick and dying in a public hospital, she, at length, finds the love of her youth. His departing spirit is called back for a moment by the "tender and saint-like accents" of his beloved; and with this charming and touching extract, we must leave the reader to seek in the poem itself for the numberless gems which want of space has obliged us to pass over.

"Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken."
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom;
Sweet was the light of his eyes, but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.
All was ended now, the hope and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

We would call particular attention to this edition of Longfellow's poems as containing all hitherto published, in one volume, of a most convenient size, excellently printed, and available to most from the lowness of price. It is a book for summer rambles, where

"the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet."

And we shall be much mistaken if the "Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior," read under such influences, fail to produce as lasting a good as sunshine to the earth, and happiness to the human heart. There is food in this volume for all, for the gay and the sad, for the young and the old; from the lover of "poetic aphorisms," to the lover of bright eyes and fairy feet.

CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

The Chinese code of etiquette is most punctilious, and would outvie the usages of the most ceremonious court of Europe (which we believe to be Mecklenburgh-Schwerin), the politeness of a well-bred Chinaman being overpowering and irksome in the extreme. The moment a guest alights from his sedan-chair, the host steps forth into the verandah to salute the visitor; this is done by complimentary speeches, bowing the head, until the chin rests upon the chest, bending the body and knees, joining the hands in front of the person, and with them knocking the chest. When the master of the house intends to honour a guest most especially, he takes the visitor's hands between his own, gently tapping, or striking them against his breast, this being the Chinese mode of shaking hands. Now follows a civil contest, as to precedence, neither party choosing to enter the dwelling before the other. After various and divers bowings, bendings, knockings, and genuflexions, this point is ceded by host and guest entering the house together. Upon entering the reception-room, another ceremony ensues, equally protracted and irksome; the point now to be determined is, where each shall sit, and who shall be seated first, as the code of polite etiquette extends to a decision on the size of a chair, by which invariably the rank or importance of a guest is known. The host now waves his hand to a large arm-chair, requesting the honoured guest to be seated, attempting to take a small chair without arms, for himself; good breeding compels the guest in his turn to refuse this compliment, and after a wearying contest of politeness, the dispute is amicably adjusted to the satisfaction of the belligerents, either by both parties sitting down simultaneously, on the same couch, or on two chairs of equal dimensions and similar forms. As soon as the whole of the guests are assembled, tea is handed round in small covered cups, which are placed on silver stands, shaped like a boat, and are beautifully chased, or ornamented with filagree work. The cups, on the occasion now referred to, were of that antique porcelain which is valued most exceedingly for its rarity. This china is as thin as tissue paper, of a pure white, perfectly transparent, and ornamented with figures, the delicate tracery and painting being only perceptible when the vessel is filled with liquid. After the tea had been imbibed, and a little talk indulged in, a tribe of servants, clad in long white grass cloth robes, entered the room, drawing back the silken curtains of the doorway leading into the eating-room; the host then arose, begging the guests to enter the room, where a humble repast had been prepared, which he hoped they would deign to partake of. Now began another battle; not a guest would budge from the room until the host preceded them; this he would not hear of, so the contest was decided by the host being placed between two of the invited, the remaining three preceding them into the apartment where the repast was prepared. We found the table laid out for six persons, and nothing could have been better in taste, or more elegantly arranged, than this festive board of a mandarin of the Celestial Empire; chairs of equal size and form were placed round the table, and the whole party acknowledged their equality by taking their seats at the same moment. The table was of a circular shape, and on it was spread a silken cover, the edges being bordered with an embroidery of gold and silver; porcelain jars, of exquisite form and brilliant colours, were filled with the choicest flowers of the orange, citron, lemon, camellia japonica, and China aster; these flowers being so disposed in the jars as to form various patterns.—*China and the Chinese*

"When I am a man," is the poetry of childhood; "when I was young," is the poetry of old age.

"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE."

"Early to bed and early to rise,"
Aye! note it down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise
And uproots the weeds of pain.

Ye who are walking on thorns of care
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day for ever is lost
By delaying its work till to morrow,
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.

And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power;
Ye who would couple Labour and Health,
Must begin at the early hour.

We make bold promises to Time,
Yet alas! too often break them,
We mock at the wings of the king of kings,
And think we can overtake them.

But why loiter away the prime of the day,
Knowing that clouds may lower,
Is it not safer to make life's hay
In the beam of the early hour?

Nature herself e'er shows her best
Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
When the spangles of light on earth's green breast
Put out the stars of the dark.

If we love the purest pearl of the dew
And the richest breath of the flower,
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

Oh! pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through Morning's gate,
To sum up our figures or plough up our ground,
And weave out the threads of Fate.

The eye looketh bright and the heart keepeth light,
And man holdeth the conqueror's power,
When ready and brave he chains Time as his slave,
By the help of the early hour.

ELIZA COOK.

THERE is no trusting to appearances, we are told; but this maxim is of no avail, for men are the eager dupes of them. Life, it has been said, is "the art of being well deceived;" to which it might be added, that hypocrisy is the great talent of mankind. The game of fortune is, for the most part, set up with counters; so that he who will not cut in because he has no gold in his pocket, must sit out most of his time and lose his chance of sweeping the tables. Delicacy is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, considered as mere rusticity; and sincerity of purpose is the greatest affront that can be offered to society. To insist on simple truth, is to disqualify yourself for place or patronage, the less you deserve, the more merit in their encouraging you; and he who, in the struggle for distinction, trusts to realities and not to appearances, will in the end find himself the object of universal hatred and scorn.

DIAMOND DUST.

GENIUS, like the sun upon the dial, gives to the human heart both its shadow and its light.

PRIDE may sometimes be a useful spring-board to the aspiring soul, but it is much more frequently a destructive stumbling-block.

MEN of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced, that, when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at.

OUR safety as eulogists lies among our commmendations of the dead.

GREAT men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much.

A LETTER timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection, and a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder.

As gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise.

THE goodly outside is excellent, when not falsely assumed; but the worst natural face that nature's journeyman ever left unfinished is better than the bravest mask.

TRUTH is the object of philosophy.

A WEAK mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides,—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

THE only way to be permanently safe is to be habitually honest.

HALF of a fact is a whole falsehood.

ACTION is life and health, repose is death and corruption.

EACH of us bears within himself a world unknown to his fellow-beings, and each may relate of himself a history resembling that of every one, yet like that of no one.

WHERE the world rebuketh, there look thou for the excellent.

NOTHING but may be better, and every better might be best.

KNOWLEDGE is the parent of dominion.

A MOUNTAIN is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters, and if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.

HALF the noblest passages in poetry are truisms; but these truisms are the great truths of humanity; and he is the true poet who draws them from their fountains in elemental purity and gives us to drink.

To the poor man, poverty greater than his own, never appeals in vain.

A WISE man makes more opportunities than he finds.

WE do not find a pearl in every shell.

How much he knew of the human heart who first called God our Father.

EXPERIENCE is a torch lighted in the ashes of our illusions.

THEY who weep over errors, were not formed for crimes.

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ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL

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HAMPTON COURT, AND THE ROAD THITHER.

It is a long summer's holiday; the sun is up and shining brightly; the city population is all astir, clad in their best, and are pressing out countrywards in all directions, to feast their eyes on the green floor of earth, to see the sun undimmed by smoke, and to inhale the pure, fresh, balmy air of the fields far off in the country.

Where shall we go, in what direction shall we turn, to enjoy to the full this beautiful summer's day? Shall it be Greenwich and its lovely park, with the heath beyond? or Epping Forest, with its fine old trees, and its cool mossy turf, there to wander amid the song of birds and the rustling of the green leaves? or shall it be the wide sea-shore—Margate, or Ramsgate, or the Reculvers? or, up the river, to Hampton Court, along the banks of the Thames, to enjoy a long day among the beautiful walks and drives of that old royal palace and domain? We determine in favour of the last; and to Hampton Court we at once direct ourselves. There is the 'bus already on its way; we catch the eye of the smart conductor, and in a second we are mounted securely on its top, which is already piled with a living load, destined, like ourselves, for Richmond and Hampton. Gentlefolks, who drive their own carriages, might look askance at us there, perched aloft among Smiths, Joneses, and Jenkinses; but, let us confess it, we ourselves belong to the Smiths, and feel quite at home among them,—alike in 'bus, steam-boat, or second-class railway carriage. These are now the cheap luxuries of us men of moderate means; and highly do we prize them, mindful, as we are, of the many days of fun and heartfelt pleasure, of delicious rural enjoyment, which they have been the means of affording us.

And now, away we go, past crowds of passengers on foot, all pressing out towards the parks and the fields beyond the City. Blessed day of rest for thousands of weary eyes, long fixed on their daily work—the dressmaker on her seam, the printer at his "case," the clerk on his scroll, the shopman fixed to his counter, the shoemaker to his last, the tailor to his board. But here we have a general emancipation from work, for this day at least; and who would not wish us all to enjoy it most heartily. The crowd is mixed, too; there are spruce young dandies on horseback, though the day of dandyism is fast passing by; gay carriages and quiet broughams, bespeaking wealth and gentility; tall Life Guardsmen with happy little women hanging on their arms; nurse-maids with laughing children about them; elderly matrons, hot, and unpinned-looking; and steady elderly gentlemen with walking-sticks. On we go, through and past all this concourse—by Hyde Park Corner, and "the Duke's" house there,—by Knightsbridge, once a place of black repute,—by Albert Gate, and lo! here we are at Kensington, its palace, seen through the trees, calling up memories of the court-beauties of olden times, and its village, the abode, at different periods, of the poet Gray, of Jonathan Swift, of Leigh Hunt, and of Mrs. Inchbald, who died in Kensington House, at that time a Catholic boarding-house, and now lies buried in the parish churchyard close by.

And now we have passed Kensington; and a little beyond it, we see, to the right, through among the trees, an old-fashioned looking brick house, stately and venerable, the associations attached to which are of the most interesting kind. It is Holland House, the resort of the chiefest of English wits for these two centuries past. Here the Earl of Holland, one of Queen Henrietta's favourites, resided from 1630 to 1640. Next, the head-quarters of General Fairfax, it was for some time the centre round which the genius of the Commonwealth revolved. At a later period it was the abode of Addison. Then it came into the possession of the Fox family, and Charles James Fox here spent the greater part of his youth.

"Here (says Leigh Hunt) in all probability, visited the Sucklings and Lady Carlisles of the time of Charles the First; here, the Buckinghams of the two Charleses, with all the wits of those days; here, certainly, Steele, and his fellow-associates of Addison; here, Walpole and Hanbury Williams, and the beauties of Richmond and other families; here the Jeffreys, Burkes, and Sheridans; and here the Broughams, Byrons, Rogerses, Campbells, Thomas Moores, and all the other whig genius of the present age, attracted by the congenial abilities and the flowing hospitality of the biographer of Lope de Vega, a true nephew of Charles James Fox, a nobleman gracing and helping to secure his order, because sympathizing with all ranks—the late lamented Lord Holland—one of the truest friends of progress of the present century.

But we have long since passed Holland House, and are now at Hammersmith, famous for its ghost and its convent of Benedictine nuns; Richardson, the author of "Pamela," once resided here. Crossing Hammersmith Suspension Bridge, we reach the right bank of the Thames, running along amidst green hedge-rows, and trellised lattices, and rose-covered porches, and nicely trimmed gardens, and pretty little cits' houses, just a nice drive from town. Across the river we see Brentford, and Chiswick, and on this side, Kew, famous for its gardens.

And now we reach the pretty village of Richmond, cross the Thames again over Richmond Bridge, and are soon driving along, through green hedge-rows and avenues of trees; the Hill, with its pretty villas, being from time to time descernible on the other side of the river. Everything has the look of fertility, richness, civilization, and comfort. Now we drive through the pleasant little village of Twickenham, on the further side of

which we pass "Pope's Villa." But the original old house has been taken down and given place to a spick and span new building in the modern heterogeneous style of architecture. And there, to the right, pleasantly situated among the trees, is Strawberry Hill, once the residence of Horace Walpole, and more recently the scene of one of George Robins' "blazes of triumph." A mile or two further on, amidst a beautiful country, passing through lanes of elm and beech, we come upon the confines of Hampton. We enter the gate, and drive along the magnificent avenue of horse-chesnut and lime-trees, more than a mile in length; pass Bushy, the seat of the Queen Dowager; skirt the oval sheet of water, in the centre of which stands the statue of Diana, and in a few minutes are set down at the magnificent Lion Gates, which guard the immediate entrance to the Hampton grounds. We pass through, and are at once among old and grey trees, the growth of centuries, amidst which walks wind in all directions through "The Wilderness;" the sounds of ringing laughter rising up from time to time from "the Maze," where young and old are trying to thread their way; and then, passing onward, we reach the Home Park, over against the entrance to which is placed a notice, reminding the public that they are "expected to protect what is intended for the public enjoyment." And it is most gratifying to be able to state, that, notwithstanding the tens of thousands of persons, of all classes, who every season visit these beautiful grounds, the occasions on which injury, even of the slightest kind, is done by the visitors, are extremely rare. Passing through the gateway, the old Palace of Hampton stands in its majesty before us.

Numerous and interesting are the historical associations connected with Hampton. The work of Cardinal Wolsey, who raised up the original palace, as if by magic, and then, pursued as the Cardinal was by envy, and assailed by numerous and powerful enemies, he was fain to present it to his royal lord and master Henry VIII., whose state and dignity he rivalled. In the person of the Cardinal was represented the last, and, perhaps, one of the ablest, of the great Roman Catholic churchmen of England. The butcher's son of Ipswich, however, like most other men, could not withstand the corrupting influences of power; and his fall was as sudden as his rise. Henry VIII. then lived in great state here, in his course of wife-beheading and divorcing, and creed-promulgating. Many are the royal pageants, festive celebrations, state conventions, and theological controversies, alternated with the royal sensualist's amours and liaisons, which Hampton Court was witness to in his day. Then came Mary, Elizabeth, James, and the first Charles, during which ambition, pomp, and intrigue played their parts within its walls. A stern race came next,—the Puritans; and here Cromwell resided in domestic quiet for some years, with no court parade about him, but strictly guarded by his Ironsides. Here was his daughter Mary married to Lord Fauconberg, and here did he weep bitter tears over the lifeless body of Mrs. Claypole, his favourite daughter. Another kind of life followed—that of the dissipated voluptuous court of Charles II. The next occupant was William III. of Orange, and his queen, and the palace now stands nearly as they left it. The beautiful gardens were formed under William's direction; trim and Dutch-like they will be called by some, but about their luxuriant beauty there cannot be two opinions; the picture galleries were also completed by him, and the cartoons of Raphael, which Cromwell had secured to the country, were placed in the gallery which William prepared for them. Queen Anne, and the first and second George also, occasionally made Hampton a place of residence, but did little towards its enlargement or improvement. During the next three reigns the court was comparatively neglected, deserted, and uninhabited, except by a few aged noble pensioners who were quartered in a few of its apartments.

The gardens had run almost wild, the ponds were stagnant, and the walks grown over with weeds and grass. It was only in 1838 that the gardens and grounds were again trimmed and put in order, and thrown open to the people of all classes and conditions; and now, in this noble public pleasure-ground may, almost daily, be seen numerous happy parties of old and young, of tradesmen and working people, enjoying the beautiful verdure of the grass and the trees, winding through its shady walks and cool recesses, threading the devious maze, and walking through the fine picture-galleries of the building. The road to Hampton is now one of the most frequented of all those leading out of town in the great holidays of the year. Steamers run up with their freights of passengers to the bridge, within five minutes' walk of the Court; the railway trains also land their crowds at the South Western Railway station, a short walk off; and every other variety of conveyance is put in requisition. 'Busses, gigs, droskies, and capacious pleasure-vans all converge in such seasons on Hampton Court, filled with happy souls, come to enjoy a long day of pure breathing and fresh delight.

We are not writing a Guide to Hampton, and therefore will not enter upon any detail of the numerous objects of interest to be seen there. The exterior of the building, though imposing and massive, will not compare with many other of our public buildings. The old palace of Wolsey, and the newer palace of William III., both exhibit extensive fronts, characteristic of the architecture of the several periods at which they were erected; but there is nothing very remarkable about them. The great attraction of the place is in its beautiful gardens and grounds, and in the fine works of art which fill the palace galleries. Wolsey's Gothic Hall, with its elaborate wood-carving, strikes the eye by its magnificence, and the fineness of its proportions. Here, it is said, some of Shakspere's plays were first performed, their immortal author himself, perhaps being an actor in them. We traversed the quadrangles and the courts, across which so many famous men and women have trod centuries ago: the chapel, also, though the glories of its stained glass windows were swept away by the Puritan soldiers of the Commonwealth; and admired the staircases, especially that noble one leading to the state apartments, the work of Sir Christopher Wren.

As for the fine paintings in the galleries, it would take many days to examine them in detail, and a formidable portion of our space to merely catalogue their names. Probably, the most interesting of all the rooms is that in which are grouped together the famous beauties of Charles the Second's court, of all which, Nell Gwynne seems to us still to bear the palm, though Lely was no great painter, and unable to delineate the character of his sitters. The cartoons of Raphael, also, always command a large share of admiration, as among the finest works of one of the most spiritual of painters. The pictures are upwards of 1,000 in number, filling above thirty rooms, and nearly all the greatest painters are here represented in their works. There are works here that artists must feel it a great privilege to have laid open to them, and it cannot fail also to have a kindly influence on the manners and tastes of our people, to enable them thus freely to gaze upon the master-works of the greatest artists of past times.

However great the attractions of the interior, the beautiful walks and avenues, extending in nearly all directions round the Court, are sure to attract the generality of visitors still more, and entice them to stroll away under the trees, through the lime and beech avenues, and among the holly and yew plantations, losing themselves in their delightful mazes. For three miles may you thus wander along lovely and picturesque walks, or upon the fine terrace which skirts the banks of the Thames for about half a mile, occasionally seating yourself under the shade of a lofty elm, or in an arbour from

which some fine view of the building is observed. Thus may we wander in delight the live-long day, until the returning shadows of evening remind us of the approaching night, and of the home in the far-off city. And lo! there is the steamer's bell, calling the passengers on board for its run down the river. We follow with the rest, and soon are on deck, and run down the beautiful Thames in the calm summer evening, the setting sun flooding the river, the trees, and the fields, with its golden light. Past Kingston, Thames Ditton, Richmond, Twickenham, Brentford, Kew, Chiswick, Hammersmith, Putney, Battersea, and Chelsea; and now the lights of London are in full view. We land at Westminster Bridge, and walk homewards, full of happy thought, and bearing on our memory many delightful impressions of our long day at Hampton. Such days as these, we believe, have no small influence in drawing out the better part of our nature, and humanizing the entire character—

> "Passing even into the purer mind
> With tranquil restoration; feelings, too,
> Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
> As have no slight or trivial influence
> On that best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

CHEMISTRY FOR THE KITCHEN.

SECOND ARTICLE.—BREAD.

SIMPLE as the operation of making a loaf may be considered, little as our good country housewives may imagine it to have to do with chemistry, it is, in reality, a strictly chemical operation, during which, the decomposition of certain substances, and the formation of others, of a totally different character takes place; some of the solids of the flour being totally altered in their nature, spirituous vapours formed, and a gas generated in very considerable quantity. In this as in all other operations there is a right and a wrong mode of procedure; unfortunately we have adopted the latter, and it can be proved by the most rigorous demonstration, that a loss occurs to the nation of upwards of £11,000,000 sterling annually from the bad and wasteful plan followed in ordinary bread making; and that, in addition, the bread so produced is less nutritious, and less wholesome than it might be made by methods more in accordance with chemical knowledge.

Flour, the basis of all kinds of bread, is an exceedingly compound substance, consisting of starch, gluten, sugar, gum, and other substances. The more important of these, it will be desirable to examine somewhat in detail.

Starch. This substance forms by far the largest part of all the various kinds of flour; a rough idea of the quantity contained in the various grains used for food may be gathered from the following list, which gives the quantity of starch in 100 parts of the following substances:—

In 100 of	Oatmeal,	59	parts of starch.
,,	Barley meal	67	,,
,,	Wheat flour	56 to 72	,,
,,	Maize	80	,,
,,	Carolina rice	85	,,

To the unassisted eye, starch, when pure, appears as a fine white powder; but when examined by the aid of a microscope, it is found to consist of roundish glistening grains, each of which is formed of layers, arranged like the coats of an onion, the outer being the thickest, and at the same time, quite insoluble in water. When heated to a temperature of 160° to 180°, which is considerably below that of boiling water, the outer layers are cracked by the heat, and the inner portion of each grain dissolves in the water, forming a thick gummy solution or jelly; the use of which, by laundresses, is too well known to need description.

It is a point of considerable practical importance to bear in mind the fact, that the grains of starch are not capable of being digested by man, unless they have been previously cracked by heat; and in the feeding of animals it has been found, by repeated experiments, that the steaming or boiling of potatoes and other kinds of farinaceous or starchy food is, for the same reason, attended with a great increase of their nutritive properties.

Starch is one of those vegetable substances which are readily altered in their nature by chemical causes; boiling water, as already stated, changes its character entirely. If it is subjected to a greater degree of heat, until it becomes slightly browned, it is changed into a kind of gum, which is soluble in both cold and hot water, forming a gummy solution, which has not the jelly-like character of common starch. Thus prepared, it is called British gum, and is used in large quantities as a substitute for gum arabic, in stiffening calicoes, muslins, and other goods. During the first stages of the growth of the seeds containing starch, or during their germination, it becomes converted into sugar, on which the young plant feeds. This change takes place during the process of malting; and it may be readily imitated by the chemist with pure starch, by boiling it for some hours with weak acid, which may be afterwards removed by chalk. The common kinds of brown sugar are largely adulterated with sugar prepared in this way from potatoe starch, and sago; potatoe sugar is clammy, and does not possess the bright sparkling appearance of cane sugar, and its taste is slightly bitter and unpleasant.

The value of starch as an ingredient in food is very great; it may, in fact, be regarded as an almost necessary article of diet; it is one of the least irritating of all substances, and when cooked is most readily digested; but it does not contain all the substances requisite for supporting life, and, therefore, any article of food which consists chiefly of starch has a very low nourishing power if taken *alone*; but when other substances are added to supply that which is wanting in the starch, then the value of the latter is very great. Those races of men who feed exclusively on farinaceous food, such as rice or potatoes, are obliged to eat immense quantities, which might be greatly lessened if they could obtain even a very small supply of animal food.

The substances known as sago, tapioca, and arrowroot, are nearly pure starch, and hence, alone they are unfitted for food, more especially for the diet of infants.

Gluten is the name given to that ingredient of flour which gives to it, when wetted, its doughy and tenacious properties; it may be readily prepared for examination by making a thick paste of wheaten flour, tying it up in a piece of coarse cloth, and kneading it under a stream of water until the starch is wasted away, when a sticky elastic substance remains, which is gluten. This substance is similar, if not identical in properties, with the animal albumen, and fibrine, mentioned in our last article; and the nutritive parts of the blood, and thence the nourishment of the solids is chiefly derived from it, whilst the starch supplies the materials of the fat, and that portion of the blood which, being consumed in breathing, produces animal warmth. Good food must, therefore, contain both substances; but as the starch is usually in excess, the object of agricultural operations is to increase the quantity of gluten, and our most highly cultivated grain contains much more than the less artificial varieties.

The remaining ingredients of flour do not require any detailed description; we may, therefore, pass on to the manufacture of bread. Flour, water, yeast, and salt, should be the only things contained in fermented bread; but in London-made bread potatoes and alum are pretty constantly present. The addition of yeast to the dough causes the sugar and a portion of the starch to undergo fermentation, by which a quantity of gas is liberated, as in the ordinary fermentation of beer or wine; from the the tough character of the dough the gas cannot escape,

it, therefore, distends the dough with air bubbles, which increase its size, rendering the bread exceedingly light; as the flour of wheat contains more gluten than that of any other grain, it yields a more tenacious dough, and, therefore, forms the lightest as well as the most nutritious bread; during the rising or fermentation of the dough, a quantity of spirit is formed, which is driven off by the heat of the oven and escapes. Some years ago a patent was worked at an expense of about £20,000, the object of which was to collect this spirit, but the bread being baked in tins was not liked, and the speculation failed.

The addition of potatoes to bread is unobjectionable, but the same remark does not apply to the alum, which is decidedly injurious to health; the objects with which alum is used are to render the bread firmer, less crumbly, to enable the loaves to be separated more readily, and, above all, to render the bread whiter; so strong is the foolish preference of Londoners for white bread, that the bakers are constrained to use this injurious drug, as otherwise their best bread would be rejected as of inferior quality; whilst, unfortunately, its use enables the dishonest baker to employ damaged and inferior flour, and give to it the same degree of whiteness possessed by the best. The quantity of alum used varies from 20 to 60 grains in the four pound loaf, an amount quite sufficient to produce by its continued astringent action a very injurious effect on the digestive organs, and through them, upon the general health.

During the last few years what is called unfermented bread has come into rather extensive use; yeast is not employed in its preparation, the gas which renders it light being liberated from carbonate of soda by the action of muriatic acid, common salt being also formed at the same time. Unfermented bread possesses many advantages over the fermented kind; it is exceedingly pure, containing, if the materials are rightly proportioned, nothing but flour, salt, and water; not having been fermented, it keeps much longer, neither turning mouldy or sour. It is cheaper, inasmuch as no part of the flour is destroyed by fermentation, and its flavour, when well made, is very superior.

Dr. Pereira, in his treatise on food, gives the following proportions:—

"A most delicious unfermented bread, equal in lightness to any prepared by the fermented process, was made in my presence according to the following formula:—

"Flour, 1lb.

"Bi-carbonate of soda, 40 grains

"Cold water, half a pint, or as much as may be sufficient.

"Muriatic acid of the shops, 50 minims or drops.

"Powered white sugar, a teaspoonful.

Intimately mix the soda and sugar with the flour in a large basin, with a wooden spoon; then gradually add the water, with which the acid has been previously mixed, stirring constantly so as to form an intimate mixture very speedily; divide in two loaves, and put into a quick oven *immediately*."

The most complete treatise on the subject is a pamphlet entitled "Instructions for Making Unfermented Bread,"* and which is sold at a price less than the smallest current silver coin; from this work, which is usually attributed to Dr. Darling, we beg to extract the following directions:—

TO MAKE WHITE OR FLOUR BREAD.

"Take of flour, dressed or household, 3lbs. avoirdupois.

"Bi-carbonate of soda, in powder, 9 drachms, apothecaries' weight.

"Hydro-chloric (muriatic) acid, 11¼ fluid drachms.

"Water, about 25 fluid ounces."

"TO MAKE BROWN OR MEAL BREAD.

"Take of wheat meal, 3 lbs. avoirdupois.

"Bi-carbonate of soda, in powder, 10 drachms, apothecaries' weight.

"Hydro-chloric (muriatic) acid, 12½ fluid drachms.

"Water, about 28 fluid ounces.

"First, mix the soda and the meal or flour as thoroughly as possible. This is best done by shaking the soda from a small sieve over the meal or flour with one hand, while they are stirred together with the other, and then passing the mixture once or twice through the sieve. Next, pour the acid into the water, and diffuse it perfectly, by stirring them well with a rod of glass or wood. Then, mix intimately the meal or flour and the water so prepared as speedily as possible, using a wooden spoon or spatula for the purpose. The dough, thus formed, will make two loaves somewhat larger than half-quarterns. They should be put into a quick oven without loss of time. This is most conveniently done in tins, or in iron or earthen pots or pans. The earthen deserve the preference, as they yield a better bread than either the tin or the iron. Common flower-pots suit particularly well. Iron does better than tin. But the loaves may be made into a batch and baked in the same way as fermented bread; and, if a thin flat tile be placed between each loaf, the tendency to cohere, which however is not greater in this than in other dough, will be obviated, and the bread will be in all respects equal, if not superior, to that baked even in earthen pans. The dough may also be formed and baked like cottage loaves. The oven should be made hotter than for fermented bread. A portable one, such as that improperly called "American," where there is no other, and a common fire, will answer the purpose. About an hour and a half will be required for the baking.

"The proportions of soda and acid are those which make common culinary salt, when united chemically. This union takes place as soon as heat is applied; and then the carbonic acid, being set free in its state of gas, expands the dough, or raises it, so as to form bread. If either the soda or the acid be in excess, the bread will taste of the one or the other accordingly; but it will not be on that account unwholesome. The salt so formed is sufficient to flavour the bread for most palates; but if more be desired, the soda and acid may be somewhat increased, or a small portion of common salt may be superadded, by dissolving it in the water before that is mixed with the acid.

"The whole process of preparation for the oven need not exceed a quarter of an hour; and any person capable of ordinary attention may conduct it; for, on a small scale, it is as simple and easy as the making of a common pudding, except, perhaps, that accuracy in quantities is more important. The writer of this notice has seldom known a cook fail, even on her first trial, when carefully instructed. The only apparatus required, in addition to the usual kitchen furniture, is a graduated glass measure, to measure the acid; a small set of apothecaries' weights, to weigh the soda; a small sieve, and a wooden spatula. As just observed, accuracy in measuring and weighing is essential; but this requires no qualification beyond the most common attention."

A point of great importance in the economy of bread-making is the absurd prejudice in favour of white bread, which is imagined by many persons to be better and more nutritious than the coarser brown kinds; this is the reverse of the truth; the meal used in making brown bread is more nutritious than an equal weight of flour from the same wheat; it also contains substances necessary for the growth of the body that are absent from the flour; this is particularly the case with the bone-making materials, and it is exceedingly probable that the vast number of cases of bad teeth among the English people, is owing to the extensive use of white bread. For infants, whose bones are growing, or rather hardening rapidly, fine flour, and especially fine starch, such as arrowroot, &c., are exceedingly bad kinds of food; rusks and tops-and-bottoms are injurious from containing butter, and having been fermented; hence

* London; Taylor and Walton.

they are apt to ferment again and turn sour on the stomach.

Perhaps the best kind of food for infants is baked household, not fine flour, or still better, such a preparation as the following:—

Three parts wheat flour and one part *best* barley meal are to be well mixed, and placed in tins, lined with paper, in a slow oven for three hours; if a baker's oven is employed, the time chosen should be between ten o'clock, A.M., and two o'clock, P.M., when it has cooled considerably, for the mixture should not be browned by the process, as it then acquires a pea flavour.

As thus prepared, it keeps well without becoming sour or musty; it is readily prepared for children's use by boiling with water or milk, as may be requisite, and may be employed for puddings.

Our space will not permit our pursuing the subject at greater length; and we must refer those who want more extended information respecting the greater economy and wholesomeness of unfermented bread, to the exceeding valuable and moderate priced pamphlet that has been referred to.

WM. BERNHARD.

GLIMPSES.

MISS BREMER, in one of her delightful novels, mentions a circumstance trival in itself, but which became deeply impressed on her memory. She was at the barrier outside Stockholm one winter's evening, awaiting the compulsory visit of the custom-house officer, who at length approached with his lantern. "He had a red nose, and appeared unhappy." She entered into conversation with him, and found that he was married, and was the father of four children; he seemed sad, and sighed as he told the number of his family. Her heart softened towards the man, employed in his troublesome duty of ransacking travellers' luggage, to see they carried nothing contraband. She felt for a piece of money, and thought of some gingerbread and a cheese, for the four children's supper; but, while thus feeling and thinking, the gate-man opened the bar, and the carriage passed quickly through the gateway. With an oppressed heart, and uncomfortable feelings, the traveller proceeded through the city, and saw in the white snow-flakes before her, as in a transparency, the frozen red nose and sad face of the custom-house officer. Everywhere it rose up before her, and she regretted, that through irresolution, she had not placed in his hands some small testimonial of her kindliness.

Who does not remember passing a street corner, in the dusk of a raw December evening, and catching a glimpse of a frozen unhappy face, turned towards you, and rather gazing than asking for alms. You had beforehand perhaps made up your mind that begging was only the shift of idleness, and had steeled your heart against the professional appeals of beggars. You walk on, summoning up this conviction, and there rises before you the piteous face of that poor man standing at the corner you have just passed. You cannot banish it from your memory; the man may have left wife and children at home, and there may be no fire in the grate, no food in the cupboard. Thus thinking, you reach your own comfortable home, and the face still haunts you—you wish you had given him something; but it is too late. You will never see that suffering face again; it was only a glimpse.

You are walking along the busy streets at noon-day, and amidst the thronging mass, you discern one face. It is only a glimpse; and yet it instantly impresses itself on your mind. You cannot dismiss it; the face is constantly rising up before you. It may not have been entirely beautiful, yet there was a something in it which penetrated your being like an electric stroke. It was a flash of light which reached your heart. Though only a face, that face was lit up by a soul, and the gleam of that soul has instantly penetrated yours. You cannot understand it; and yet you feel the effect for days, it may be for years after. A remarkable case of this kind is thus recorded by Dr. Winslow:—

Some years back there used to be pointed out in the streets of Glasgow, a man whose mind had become unsettled by a very strange circumstance. When a youth he had happened to pass a lady in a crowded thoroughfare—a lady whose extreme beauty, though dimmed by the intervention of a veil, and seen but for a moment, made an indelible impression on his mind. This lovely vision shot rapidly past him, and was in an instant lost in the common-place crowd through which it moved. He was so confounded by the tumult of his feelings, that he could not pursue it; yet with a mind full of distracting thoughts, the man slowly left the spot where he had remained for some minutes, as it were, wonder-stricken; and soon after, without being aware of what he wished, or what he was doing, found himself again at the place. He came to the very spot where he had stood when the lady passed, mused for some time about it, went to a little distance, and then came up as he had come when he met the exquisite object of his reverie—unconsciously deluding himself with the idea that this might recal her to the spot. He continued to traverse the place till the evening, when the streets became deserted. By-and-by he was left altogether alone. He then saw that all his fond efforts were in vain, and he left the silent, lonely street at midnight, with a soul as desolate as that gloomy terrace. For weeks together he was never off the streets. He wandered hither and thither throughout the town like a forlorn ghost. He often visited the place where he had first seen the object of his abstracted thoughts, considering that he had a better chance of seeing her there than anywhere else. He frequented every place of public amusement to which he could purchase admission; and he made a tour of all the churches of the town. All, alas! was in vain. He never again placed his eyes on that angelic countenance. The course of his mind was stopped at a particular point. After this, he made no further progress in any intellectual attainment. He acquired no new ideas; his soul stood still. He was like a clock stopped at a particular hour. He ever after wore a peculiarly long-backed, and high-necked coat, being the fashion of the year in which he beheld the lady. When this unfortunate person was last seen, he was getting old, and seemed still more deranged than formerly. Every female whom he met in the street, especially if at all good-looking, he gazed at with an inquiring, anxious expression, and when she had passed, he usually stood still a few minutes and mused, with his eyes cast upon the ground. It was remarkable that he gazed most anxiously upon women whose age and figure most nearly resembled that of his unknown mistress at the time he had seen her—as if she could never grow old. He did not appear to make allowance for the years which had passed since his eyes met that vision. This was part of his madness. Strange power of love!—incomprehensible mechanism of the human heart! And such was the power of a single glimpse.

To carry our idea a little in another direction—what is our experience of life, even the oldest of us, but a glimpse? Time is a mere speck in the ocean of eternity; and how small a portion of that time does the life of a human being occupy! More than a thousand years ago, in one of our old Saxon wittenagemotes, or parliaments, the chief of the warriors, who must also have been no mean orator, thus delivered himself on the question of whether the nation should accept the new religion, Christianity, or not:—"Thou mayest recollect, oh king, a thing which sometimes happens in the days of winter, when thou art seated at table with thy eldermen and thy thanes, when a good fire is blazing, when it is warm in

thy hall, but rains, snows, and storms are without. Then comes a little bird, and darts across the hall, flying in at one door and out at the other; the instant of the transit is sweet to him, for then he feel neither rain nor hurricane; but that instant is short; the bird is gone in the twinkling of an eye; and from winter he passes forth to the winter again. Such to me seems the life of men on this earth; such its momentary course compared with the length of time that precedes and follows it. That eternity is dark and comfortless to us; tormenting us by the impossibility of comprehending it. If, then, this new doctrine can teach us anything respecting it, it is fit that we should follow it."

To our apprehension, there is nothing more striking in all Jeremy Taylor's writings than this beautiful and apposite simile of the old Saxon warrior. We find the extract in Thierry's admirable "History of the Norman Conquest, and it is the only glimpse we obtain of this fine character. Infinitely little is that which he knows, as compared with that which must ever remain unknown to him.

Even our deepest insight into things is but a glimpse. The great domain of knowledge may be compared to a series of endless avenues, into only a few of which we are enabled to penetrate a very short way, but the end of which no man can reach. One is enabled to penetrate a little further than another, and to obtain glimpses of things which other men cannot see; but even in the case of the wisest, how infinitely little is that which he knows, as compared with that which must ever remain unknown to him.

ON MUSICAL TASTE

In the north of England, musical taste is much more widely diffused than in the south. In the densely peopled manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, music is cultivated among the working classes to an extent unparalleled in any other part of the kingdom.

Almost every town has its choral society, supported by the amateurs of the place and its neighbourhood, where the sacred works of Handel and the more modern masters are performed, with precision and effect, by a vocal and instrumental orchestra, consisting of mechanics and work-people; and every village church has its occasional oratorio, where a well-chosen and well-performed selection of sacred music is listened to by a decent and attentive audience, of the same class as the performers, mingled with their employers and their families. Hence the practice of this music is an ordinary domestic and social recreation among the working classes of these districts, and its influence is of the most salutary kind. In some of the more rural portions of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, we have often listened to the voices of little bands of happy children, who, while returning home after the labours of the day were over, were singing psalms and hymns to tunes learned at the National or Sunday schools.

The Lancashire chorus-singers have long enjoyed an extended reputation. In other parts of the kingdom, far less aptitude is shown among the working classes. The singing in the churches is, for the most part, of the lowest order. In many parishes considerable pains have, of late, been taken in order to improve the psalmody, but no corresponding effect has been produced. In the agricultural districts of the south of England, no songs are heard lightening the daily toil of the labourer, and the very plough-boy can hardly raise a whistle. It is impossible to account for this; but the fact will be acknowledged by all who have had the opportunity of observation.

Sickness is often the moral cave, with its quiet, its darkness, and its solitude, to the soul.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR PROVERBS.

"At a cheap pennyworth, pause awhile."

"Well, I did not particularly want it; but then it was so *very cheap*, and it is sure to be useful at some time or another, you know, my dear," said Mrs. Williams to her demurring husband, to whom she was displaying a "real bargain," in the shape of a piece of print which she had just bought at a shop—we beg pardon, an establishment, where there was then in the course of perpetration one of the most "awful sacrifices of property" that was ever known to have taken place in the drapery, or, indeed, in any other line.

"Sure to be useful, I know? I don't know nothin' of the sort, Mrs. Williams," said the worthy man thus appealed to, who was a cheesemonger, with a goodish run of business, and a little money in the bank, which would have been something quite considerable, but that he had a wife so addicted to buying bargains, that his house was a perfect emporium of miscellaneous goods, in which was invested capital to an unknown amount, only there was no chance of its ever being realized.

Now, Joe Williams, as he was familiarly called, was one of the old school, a specimen of a generation nearly extinct. He wore a snuff-coloured coat, which was anything but "a swallow-tail;" a waistcoat with flaps, grey-ribbed stockings, and square-toed shoes of that description of build called "high-lows;" and he was never, by any chance, seen without an apron, except on Sundays.

It was a mystery to everybody how Joe Williams came to marry his present wife, who was rather a jaunty, gay sort of a body, very different to the first Mrs. W.; she, dear soul, had eschewed silks and satins, and never bought any thing she had not an immediate use for; to be sure, in her time, people were not so much in the habit of ruining themselves for the good of the public, by selling things under prime cost, and of making "tremendous sacrifices;" the spirit of philanthropy had not then reached this stage of development, so that she was not exposed to such temptations in the bargain way as her successor, although, had she been so, there is little doubt that she would have withstood them, for she, like her careful husband, was a devout believer in the oracular sayings of that mysterious personage, "Poor Richard," and deemed that no single one of them contained such a concentration of true wisdom as that which runs thus:—"At a cheap pennyworth, pause awhile."

During her management of the worthy cheesemonger's household it was thus that his banking-book exhibited that very satisfactory appearance, a balance on the credit side; and, up to the time of her death, this balance continued to increase, and Joe Williams began to be looked upon as "a warmish man." He had bought the house in which he lived, and refused several tempting offers of "advantageous investment of capital," and was looking round for something safe and certain, when, suddenly, the bank in which he had invested his heart's affections, those things "more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold"—broke; a fit of apoplexy carried off his careful wife, and he was left a disconsolate widower, a lonely, childless man, without a soul to care for him; for although many professed to do so, yet he knew, or thought he knew, that their kindness and commiseration was mere pretence, and that his money, and not himself, was the real object of their regard. Oh! what a desolate and gloomy place was that little parlour at the back of the shop. Dreary, indeed, was the house all over; and truly a grief-stricken man was its master. It was necessary that some one should be found who could undertake the household duties and responsibilities; and a middle-aged individual, who claimed to be distantly related to the deceased, and professed to admire exces-

sively her frugal habits and modes of domestic management, was chosen, and duly installed as housekeeper, which title she exchanged for that of wife, shortly after the expiration of the term prescribed by society, as that of mourning for the nearest and dearest of earthly connections.

It was not until after her marriage that Mrs. Williams, No. 2, began to display those expensive tastes and habits, which were inherent in her nature, and which, as they gradually developed themselves, drove her husband to the verge of madness; he, good man, had flattered himself with the hope of living, by-and-by, in a snug little house which he meant to build at the outskirts of the town, on a piece of land he had partly agreed to purchase, there to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of a retired tradesman; he had calculated that a few more years of careful management and close attention to business would enable him to do this; and great, indeed, was his dismay and disappointment, when his new wife, to whom, before marriage, he had detailed his plans, and from whom he had received such warm assurances of pretended sympathy and congeniality of views and sentiments; when she, we say, gave him to understand that "she was not going to be always poking at home, with nobody to see or to speak to; that she must go out sometimes, and have company sometimes, and dress in silks and satins as other people in their station of life did; and keep a servant, too, and make what purchases she thought necessary, without consulting him upon every trifling matter, as if she were a child, or had not the right use of her seventeen senses." Mr. Williams was rather fired at this phrase, which is, and always has been to us, a most inexplicable one. We never could make out the mystery of these twelve supernumerary senses; this, however, is only by the way and so Mrs. Williams *did* go out, and *did* have company at home, and *did* dress as other people dressed, and kept a servant, and made what purchases she pleased, although, it must be confessed, not without consulting her husband, whose advice she invariably asked, only, it was after the purchase was made, and with regard to its ultimate use, about which she was generally undecided; certain, as she might be, and, indeed, always was, that it *would* be useful one day or another.

So years passed on, and Joe Williams beheld his house grow more crowded, and year by year, saw those hard-earned savings in which he had founded his hopes of a future independence, in the process of conversion into eight-day clocks, and four-post bedsteads, and dinner and tea services, and sheets and blankets, and table-cloths, rolls of silk and pieces of Irish linens, and every description of manufactured goods that were ever sold at a price "ridiculously low" by auctioneers or private contract.

The buying of "bargains" was, in fact, the great end and aim of Mrs. Williams's existence; no tradesman ever sold off his stock at 25 per cent. under prime cost, but she became the lucky possessor of a portion of it; no tremendous sacrifice was ever made in the town where she lived, but she participated in its benefits; the auctioneers all knew her well, and took care that she had a comfortable seat and a catalogue, and a good look at the lots, which they successively knocked down, or rather "gave away" to the public, for the benefit of landlords and creditors, as the case might be; and the little colloquy with which we began this sketch, was similar in style and character to hundreds of others which had taken taken place on the like occasions.

"Sure to be useful?" again said the naturally irritated husband, dwelling on the sentence, as if he felt a gloomy satisfaction in questioning and contradicting it. "Sure to be useful? Yes, so you said of the half-dozen warming-pans, and the kitchen range, and the reaping-hooks, you bought last week at the ironmonger's sale; so you said of that lot of twenty snuff-boxes, and other trumpery that you sent home from the hardwareman's, who was clearing out his stock the week before; and so you said of all the drapery, and hosiery, and haberdashery, and furniture, new and second-hand, that has come into the house since that unfortunate day when—" Here the good man prudently checked himself, and Mrs. Williams, who saw that his thoughts were turning into a channel from which it would be well to divert them, if possible, took advantage of the power to say, in a tone which savoured somewhat of self-crimination—

"Well, my dear, perhaps I have been at times a little too free in my orders and purchases; but, indeed, it was with a view to your interest, which is the same as my own. You know, Joe, that if you wait until you want things, and have to buy them in a hurry, you must give an exorbitant price for them. Now, here I laid up a stock of articles, which must be required in the course of years, and have, by looking about me a little, and watching for chances, got them for a mere song; why they could be sold any day for more than they cost."

Joe shook his head incredulously, and muttered something about "dead stock." He was considerably mortified, however, and allowed his wife to proceed in her defence of the prospective system, which, being determined to improve the opportunity, she did to this effect—

"It was all very well to say, 'let the morrow provide for itself;' this was to guard people against being too anxious about worldly affairs, and must be understood in a limited sense, and so with several injunctions of the same character. And as to *Poor* Richard, whose sayings you are so fond of, no doubt he was a very good sort of a man, but not at all prosperous in life; he was not rich, too, nor well-to-do. Richard, but *poor*, you will notice, and therefore not likely to have had much *worldly* wisdom, at all events, or he would not have been so."

"Oh, don't tell me that, Mrs. Williams; don't tell me that!" here interrupted her husband, scandalized at hearing his great oracle thus depreciated. "No worldly wisdom, say you? Listen to this—'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries."

"Yes, yes, there may be some truth in that," continued the lady; "there may be some truth in that; but it does not apply to me at all; for I only buy what I have, or what is the same thing, shall have need of some day."

Joe again shook his head, and feeling that it was of no use to re-argue that point, contented himself with merely repeating another of the sayings of his favourite authority, which he did in the tone of one uttering a prophecy: "Ah," said he, with a deep sigh, "'Many have been ruined by buying cheap pennyworths.'" Which saying he followed up with the admonition, "'It is foolish to lay out money on purchase of repentance.'"

It is not, however, necessary for us to follow out this matrimonial dialogue to its termination; suffice it, that the husband was silenced by the wife's superior powers of argument, although not convinced thereby of her discretion, and that she went off in triumph to make a second inspection of the bankrupt-stock of a great Manchester firm that had lately failed in consequence of the repeal of the Navigation Laws—that is, if the bills were to be believed; which said stock was now travelling all over the country, and being "given away" in assorted parcels to the inhabitants of nearly every considerable town and city.

For the more ready distribution of this particular lot of "truly serviceable goods, unequalled for strength, fineness of texture, brightness and durability of colour, and beauty of pattern and design," which was intended for the benefit of the good people of Hamchat, a large, unoccupied shop was taken, for "a short period only," and upon every one of its numerous panes of glass there was stuck corner-wise, so that readers had to give their

necks an awkward and unnatural twist to peruse them, small bills, wherein were set forth the manifold advantages of buying, there and then, as much sheeting, shirting, toweling, prints, and other cotton and woollen manufactures, as would last a life's-time, and longer than that; while two young gentlemen, outside the door, were industriously poking bills into the hands of all passers-by who would receive them, and six others were parading the town, "done up in boards," whereon were pasted immense "posters," with the words, "AWFUL SACRIFICE—GOODS GIVEN AWAY AT No. 92—MAKE HASTE! OR YOU WILL BE TOO LATE!" in letters several inches in length, attracted the eyes of all and sundry bargain-hunters upon the *qui vive*.

"This, mem, is an article worth your attention—fast colours, I can warrant; Hoyle never turned out such a piece of goods; look at the texture, mem, it is as fine as a gossamer web; rub your hands along it, no silk can be softer: durable? strong as huckaback; never wear out. We have only two pieces left, mem, and the price is—merely nominal. Take one?—why not the two? you are throwing away a chance which can never occur again; take the two? thank you, mem. What is the next article? anything in diapers can I show you? Delaines? here is a sweet thing; patterns quite new; cheaper than a print, and as handsome as any thing you could possibly wear: two dresses?—say six; sure to be always in fashion; worn by the Queen, quite a royal pattern! four; thank you; where to be sent? Good day, mem; James, take this parcel to———." And so the glib tongue ran on, and the bankrupt-stock went off; and the bargain mania spread like an epidemic through the town of Hamchat.

Many a tradesman saw the ready money, which should have gone towards liquidating his long standing account, pass into the hands of these strangers; many a poor family had less of food than was required for their natural wants, because their parent's weekly earnings were wholly, or partly, spent in the purchase of "bargains," by the mother, whose smart new shawl, or showy gown-piece, made but poor amends for the short commons at home. Every one confessed that these articles, especially those of dress, sold at the regular shops, were so cheap, that it was a mystery how they could be made for the money; every one knew that it was a struggling time for tradespeople in general, and particularly for those who were disposed to be upright and honest in their dealings; every one confessed that neighbours should assist each other, and yet scarcely any one *could* resist the temptation of purchasing what they did, and, in many instances, what they did not want, of strangers who were here to-day, and gone to-morrow, and did nothing towards bearing the burdens of local taxation, and the like, if offered to them as bankrupt-stock, with a great flourish of puffery, and an immense expenditure of words, which none but the weak-minded and credulous believed, although all listened to them, and many admired and applauded the cleverness and address of those who invented them. Surely this indicates a very bad state of public morality. Without placing the question upon the very narrow basis of self-interest, we would ask our readers "*at a great pennyworth*" to "*pause awhile*," and inquire whether they are not contributing to uphold a system of falsehood and trickery, and deceit, when they make a purchase at a "noted cheap shop," or of itinerant salesmen, who profess to give things away, *pro bono publico*. There is more deep wisdom in the popular proverb, which we are attempting to illustrate, than is generally imagined; its meaning closely approximates to that great golden rule of life—"*Do unto others as you would have others do unto you*." You are enjoined to "*pause*" at "*a great pennyworth*," not merely to consider whether you have a use for the article, and can afford its purchase; not merely to examine whether it be really worth the price asked; but also, and *first*, to inquire whether in buying it, you are doing that which is right towards God and your neighbours; whether, as far as it lies in your power, you are discountenancing fraud and upholding honesty; whether, in short, you are doing as you would be done by, and striving to raise the standard of morality amongst them around you? This is one of the most important duties which you owe to society, and to its neglect may, in a great measure, be attributed the prevalence of that fraudulent and dishonest mode of transacting business, of which you have such frequent causes to complain. With such considerations as these, however, Mrs. Williams had nothing whatever to do; of high duties and responsibilities she never thought; and in all the cherished maxims of Poor Richard and her husband, saw only the wisdom of worldliness and self-interest. And yet they, like most popular proverbs, are but "street echoes," as George Dawson has it, of the utterances of divine inspirations, those sayings of the Jewish sages and prophets, which come sounding through the lapse of vanished ages, and are, alas, but faintly heard, and little heeded, amid the din and turmoil of this striving and struggling existence of ours. So Mrs. Williams went on in her career of extravagance and bargain-buying; and Mr. Williams grumbled and quoted Poor Richard to no purpose, and, instead of retiring upon an independence, he has been obliged to compound with his creditors, and to sell off that immense stock of supernumerary goods which his wife spent a little fortune in getting together; and which fetched scarcely a fourth of what they cost, for it was discovered by the keen eyes of those who came to purchase, that the goods were mostly damaged ones, having been so when first bought, or having become so in the keeping until they came into use; and many a bidder for a lot, as he passed the article to his neighbours and pointed out the defects, said, "AH! A CHEAP PENNYWORTH—PAUSE AWHILE."

H. G. ADAMS.

NOTES BY AN ENGLISHMAN IN IRELAND.

THE purest remains of the ancient Celtic language extant is the Irish dialect; and this fact sufficiently attests the origin of this most interesting, calumniated, and oppressed people. They are descended from a very early and civilized race; to confirm this statement, it is hardly necessary to resort to authentic records and historical documents. Traditions, superstitions, language, and customs derived from a remote period, and acknowledged by all classes of the people, are better testimony than *written* records that may be corrupted and lost.

Can any repository be safer than that kept in the bosoms of an entire race?—oral communications carefully and jealously transmitted to posterity, whispered into the ear of childhood, and regarded as a sacred and distinguishing deposit.

To the Phœnicians and the Greeks Ireland was known, if not earlier, at least, more intimately than Britain; there is not one allusion to Britain in the poem of the Argonautics, supposed to have been written 500 years before the Christian era; yet, in this ancient document, Ierene is mentioned, and in the record of Himilco's* voyage to our seas, whilst the characteristic features of the Sacred Isle are dwelt upon with some minuteness, a single line alone is allotted to the mere geographical statement that in the neighbourhood of Ierene the isle of the Albiones lies; therefore, whatever be the fallen state of Ireland at this moment, it enjoyed priority of reputation.

But why turn to crumbling and mutilated documents when we have living evidence, written not on parchment, but on the hearts, minds, the whole character of a

*Referred, by some of the learned, to 1000 years before the Christian era.

people. National character is more convincing evidence than any testimony written or spoken. Theirs is the warm, impassioned, temperament of the south; the very language of the original Irish intimates their descent from some of the earliest civilized oriental nations; its idioms are different from all the languages of Europe. It is extremely copious, especially on any subject connected with the passions; it abounds in metaphor, and is admirably adapted to poetry; no tongue can better suit the purpose of the orator who seeks to accomplish his end by impressing an assembly; hence the eloquence of the Irishmen, and, perhaps, also that contempt of *precision* for which he is also noted.

How readily he applies the terms of endearment, how easily he may be won with his warm affections; but then, his resentment is sudden and reckless, so that he cannot be injured and insulted with impunity. Acute, generous, and ardent, what might he not achieve with stability?

The sufferings of this people have made them patient and compassionate; they are a loving, devoted, pious race; impulsive, imaginative, and *naturally open* and unsuspecting, though they are accused of deceit; and, if with some show of truth, be it remembered how long they were placed in those circumstances which rendered prevarication natural, a sort of self-defence; we allude more particularly to that remoter period, that period when antipathy existed between the Anglo-Hibernian and the native Irishman, with whose bards and music the former had no sympathy, and for whose manners and customs they openly expressed the utmost aversion.

At this unhappy period those seeds of discord were sown that have ever since divided and distracted this land; the two races naturally disliked and distrusted each other; with this difference, that the Irishmen, upon *principle*, became faithless to the English adventurers who had displaced their lords, and treated their attached dependents with insolence and contempt; hence, strangers and superficial observers considered treachery natural to their characters; but there is no instance on record in which a CLAN *was divided against itself!*

This "want of faith" of which they have been accused, is, after all, but a spurious branch ingrafted during that cruel period of bloodshed, when poets and people, deprived of their own native chiefs, were hated and persecuted by the English; and let those who made them aliens in the land of their fathers recollect that oppression and wrong engender deceit. A conquered people have generally assumed a veil or mask of some sort; crushed pride has many wounds to hide, and the Irish are intensely proud.

The rights of hospitality among the native Irish, as among all Celtic tribes and ancient nations, are deemed sacred. The stranger is always treated with the utmost attention and respect, with that flower of courtesy and genuine politeness which certain circles of society flatter themselves is thoroughly their own. It is not always thus with the Anglo-Irish, who differs more from the native Irish than he does from the English; his character is complex, for though proud of being an Irishman, he is prejudiced against the aborigines of his country.

Strangers to that clownish stupidity which distinguishes the peasantry of most other countries, the Irish are ready and inquisitive; they delight in legendary tales; those of their ancient bards and senachies had a marked influence on the national character; though conquered and insulted, it preserved them from total mental apathy. However extravagant many of their stories may be, they are not altogether useless; they convey the mind back into the past, or forward into the future; they furnish the intellect with ideas, they keep the imagination alive; and, certainly, the most inoffensive gaiety is that which is purely imaginative.

Strong in local attachments, they never forget the hour of their early years; they can never be so plunged in misery and vice but that their hearts will leap at a simple strain which recals the valley in which they first began to live, and love, and joke.

Through what wretchedness this most singular and remarkable people have lived, yet hoping on and hoping ever, hoping against hope; for one distinguishing feature of their natural character is, its elasticity, its beautiful, heaven-guarded elasticity.

Show us a nation whose lower orders possess the courtesy, the sentiment, and tact of the Irish peasant and working or idle class; beings driven by famine and destitution into crime, prove not the depravity of the class or race to which they belong; they merely *indicate* neglect, oppression; may be, far off wrong and injustice, high up amongst rulers and legislators; of this we are not now speaking.

From the highest to the lowest the Irish have the instant, the intuitive comprehension, the ready word, accompanied by the eloquent, sympathetic look, that, though scoffers deride, is a real comfort to the suffering, and which serves to alleviate the inevitable dissonance of human life. Since this subtle gift of sympathy belongs so peculiarly to this people, unless inherited, whence springs it? They learned it not amidst the poverty and privation with which, alas, they are too familiar; nothing so desirable was ever born beneath that blighting shadow.

The greater resources and energy of life, developed on *our* side of the Channel, seem to draw the vital stream from this—seem to sap the foundations of its existence—seem to go hand in hand with its gradual decay and destruction. Apparently, no even balance can be struck between the sister isles; as one ascends and prospers, the other descends and languishes.

As wealth accumulates in England, in Ireland property runs to seed, and men die of famine and destitution. Employment must needs fail where there is a lack of capital; and that there should be this destructive want of capital here indicates a defective circulation in the body politic; but, leaving this question to legislators, we gladly turn to the more pleasing consideration of the Irish character, to which, too often, the English are unjust.

There is a sad want of sympathy between our commercial and this agricultural and grazing country, insomuch, that beautiful Erin, with all her capabilities, has been overlooked in many points of vital import to both countries.

Wealth may accumulate, and men decay. Were Ireland, which she might have been, as flourishing an agricultural country as England is a commercial one, the strength of Great Britain and Ireland had been that of twin giants.

The prejudices and intolerance of one party, and the indignation and rash impetuosity of the other, have only served to deepen the strong political gulph that separates the sister isles.

Not the deepest reverses to which humanity is liable can dim the lustre or subjugate the strength of character of an elevated temper of mind. The Irish have their share of this fine, elastic temperament; they are of a metal that will admit the highest polish, and carry a very sharp edge.

Not by ignorant abuse and detraction is the character of any tribe, individual, or nation to be raised, or its condition ameliorated, but by exercising that discerning quality which knows how to separate the wheat from the chaff, and which, in *recognising*, draws forth and strengthens the good.—*Blackwood.*

THE feet of years fall noiseless; we heed, we note them not, till tracking the same course we passed long since, we are startled to find how deep the impression they leave behind. To revisit the scenes of our youth is to commune with the ghost of ourselves.

THE OASIS IN THE DESERT.

What is life? We do not seek the definition of the lexicographer; he would give us the letter and not the spirit, and leave us as wise as ever. We do not ask the philosopher; he would lecture upon what life might be and what it is not. We do not appeal to eager youth; *he* would describe to us his own bright visions, and not actual existence. But we inquire of you—you to whom experience has unrolled "the ample scroll rich with the spoils of time," what is your definition of life? At once a multitude of weary hearts reply, "Life is a wilderness, a dreary desolate way. Every succeeding step leads us over the ruins of some once cherished hope. Flowers clustered thickly round our path at the outset of the journey, but gradually their number decreased and their fragrance diminished; we have long since lost sight of them altogether. Our road is cheerless indeed; how different from the glad way we had pictured in the morning of youth!" Such is, alas, the exclamation of many a disappointed heart. It is useless to tell them they are mistaken, they sadly point to the thorns around their feet and the withered hopes behind them. It is no longer possible to delude them with the idea that the future may be different from the past, experience has taught them better. They shake the head mournfully, and heavy tears stream from their weary eyes. We desist from the vain endeavour; men are rarely convinced against their will; we will go so far as to agree with them that life *is* dreary as a wilderness, but we will also bid them remember that it resembles the desert in more than one particular. The path may be cheerless and the journey wearisome, the sun may shine with painful intensity, and the blasting simoom sweep over it; but every desert has *some* resting-places; there blooms some verdurous oasis in every waste. There the aching eye is gladdened by the refreshing sight of grass and foliage; there the parched lip is moistened by the purest and sweetest of springs, the weary limbs rest upon a couch of moss; the fevered brow is overshadowed by far-spreading branches, while the soft murmur of falling water and the gentle sighing of the breeze among the leaves lull the tired spirit to repose. Blessed, thrice blessed oasis of the desert!—what traveller ever forgot thy hospitable welcome? And has not your wilderness, oh, weary heart, some oasis which you ungratefully forget. The destiny of the most wretched among us is not wholly dark. Unfortunately it is the miserable custom of mankind to sorrow for what they have not, instead of rejoicing for what they have. The most luxurious couch could not give repose to the Sybarite, one rumpled rose-leaf banished sleep from his eyes. And so it is with us all. What are the blessings around us compared to those brighter joys our souls desire! "When one has not what one loves, one must love what one has!" says the sapient Frenchman. This philosophical maxim is laughed to scorn by the multitude. What we "have" is insignificant, the oases are forgotten, we only see the dreariness around us and sigh for what "might have been." The great hero of modern times, when, in the days of youthful ambition, he found himself repulsed before the walls of Acre, exclaimed, with heart-anguish, as he thought of the glorious career which that obstacle withheld from him, "I have missed my destiny!" And still, perhaps, through all his brilliant future life, notwithstanding his countless conquests, and his unparalleled power, still he looked back with regret on those unrealized early dreams, and sighed for the destiny he had missed. And we can sympathize with him! We all of us know, more or less, how bitter is the dissipation of youthful visions. We can all of us recal some bright hours whose memory renders dim the happiness the present or the future can bestow. We can all of us exclaim with the poet,

> "Oh death in life! the days that are no more."

But we seem to be arguing against ourselves! It is not our object to foster the "divine despair" of the disappointed; we would rather, while we admit the dreariness of their path, remind them of those blooming oases which relieve it. Each of you who hear our words be candid now, place your hand upon your heart, (although they *do* say that when a man lays his hand upon his heart, he never means what he is saying), be candid now—does no green spot refresh your desert way, while memory recals to you that summer's evening when for the first time your voice dared to give utterance to "the dear thoughts that lived in the core of your breast, that lived and were loved as the pulse of your life" and when first the whisper of your companion responded to these feelings, when you recal the years of joy rendered doubly joyous, and sorrows, solaced by the sympathy of that sweet companionship, does not a blush of shame tinge your cheek when you think that you have called life a desert? Happy, thrice happy, are those favoured ones whose oasis of refreshment is found in their own home.

What is your grief, weary one, whose deep sigh forms a bitter comment on our words? It needs not the pen in thy hand, or the pallor of thy cheek, to tell us thou art a votary of the muse; we read it long since in the joyous depth of thy spiritual eyes—yes, joyous notwithstanding the sighs which rend thy breast. What is thy grief? Thou art solitary and unknown; fame has never whispered a syllable of thy name; love has never thrown her glorious shadow upon thy path. "I must write," sayst thou, "I must write, even though (as poor Keats said) my unread verses were destroyed as soon as written." Yes, thou must write, the spirit is in thee, and will come out. And dost thou think that we will pity thee? Thou art indeed mistaken; thy lot is rather an object of envy. Hast thou forgotten the oasis of thy wilderness. Say, wouldst thou relinquish those hours of ecstacy when the ideal would reveal itself to thy enraptured sight, where high thoughts and joyous emotions thrill thy soul, and this world with its sordid pleasures, and selfish cares, is wholly effaced from thy recollection. Wouldst thou exchange those blissful moments for years of ordinary life? Ungrateful, how dost thou dare complain of the weariness of thy lot.

There are other mourners whose heavier sorrows claim our deep sympathy, the victims of disappointed love. What value shall sooth their aching hearts? Earth is indeed desolate to those for whom the sun of love is extinguished. Hapless hearts, we commiserate you, and yet for you there is an oasis, and only one, and of this he who has been so truly styled "the poet of love," has beautifully told you—

> "Come ye disconsolate where'er ye languish,
> Come at God's altar, fervently kneel.
> Here bring your broken hearts, here tell your anguish,
> Earth has no sorrow which Heaven cannot heal."

As Noah's dove, finding no resting-place for the sole of her foot, flew back to the sheltering ark, so does the bereaved heart turn trustfully to him whose dearest title is the Friend of the Friendless, and the Lover of the Unloved. Such hearts, so widowed and so consoled, are, when the trial is past, objects worthy of envy rather than of pity.

And thus in the three great sorrows of life,—poverty, obscurity, and loneliness of heart, some oasis of refreshment is provided. We might pursue the consideration further, and show how lesser evils prove more numerous but not less effectual consolation. But it is unnecessary, each one, if he will honestly think of it, may find in his own experience a hundred other examples.

No one has a right to say the world is wholly a wilderness, unless he can prove that neither heaven nor earth, neither the companionship of friends, nor the thoughts of his own heart, offer one sweet spot of solace where he may forget his woes; and we do not believe that the man who can truthfully say as much exists.

HOME.

BY THE REV. JOHN YOUNG.

"Our home is not where we are, but where we wish to be."—DIAMOND DUST.

'Tis Home where the heart is, wherever that be,
In city, in desert, on mountain, in dell;
Not the grandeur, the number, the objects we see,
But that which we love is the magical spell.

'Tis this gives the cottage a charm and a grace,
Which the glare of a palace but rarely has known;
It is this, *only* this, and not station or place,
Which gives being to pleasure, which makes it our own.

Like the dove on the waters, a rest-place to find,
In vain for enjoyment o'er nations we roam;
HOME only can yield real joy to the mind,
And THERE where the HEART is, there *only* is HOME.

JOHN ASHMORE OF BIRMINGHAM.

1869.

BY SILVERPEN.

"IT is mainly on co-operation that you must rely for the improvement of your social condition. A thousand pounds collected by pence are capital, and capital as powerful in the market as a thousand pounds abstracted from half a million. Strangely enough, you who have most need of co-operation leave it to the aristocratical and middle classes, and look on listlessly or enviously at the splendour of club-houses and the convenience of railways, without asking how they are created, or heeding the lesson which they present to your eyes and ears."—*Prefatory Address—Lectures to the Working Classes*, vol. iv. By W. J. Fox, M.P.

"Finally, I must repeat my conviction that the industrial economy which divides society absolutely into two portions, the payers of wages and the receivers of them, the first counted by thousands, and the last by millions, is neither fit for nor capable of indefinite duration; and the possibility of changing this system for one of combination without dependence, and unity of interest instead of organized hostility, depends altogether upon the future developement of the Partnership principle."—*Mill's Political Economy*, vol. ii., p. 459.

"It is expedient that those, whose performance of the part assigned to them is the most essential to this common end, should have a greater amount of personal interest in the issue of the enterprise. If those who supply the funds, and incur the whole risk of the undertaking, obtained no greater reward or more influential voice than the rest, few would practise the abstinence through which those funds are acquired and kept in existence."—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 332.

"Were it lawful for every one to engage in commercial undertakings for a limited amount, how many facilities would be afforded to men of genius! All classes of society would furnish assistance to inventive industry; those who wished to risk only a small sum, those who could annually dispose of a certain sum, would be enabled to engage in this species of lottery which promised to yield them an interest above the ordinary rate. The most elevated classes might find an amusement in descending into the territories of industry, and there staking a small part of that wealth which they risk upon games of chance, and thus increase the productive energy of commerce and art."—*Bentham's Works*, vol. iii., p. 48.

The Avon—Shakspere's Avon—flows calmly onward in the broad noontide of a summer's day. Now golden and now silver in its crystal depths, now shadowed by old overarching trees, which here and there let in a strip of sunlight through their leafy roofs, now running by the margin shadowed by bending reeds, or by the grassy sloping banks: but still broadly the sunlight falls and makes this stream a mirror for nature's sweetest face to gleam on. Crossing this broadest mass of sunlight is a lofty railway bridge, which casts a narrow strip of shadow down; and presently, with a roar which sounds like a thousand horsemen pouring onward to a battle-field, the passenger-train of a railway whirls across it, and, soon after, one less swiftly of heavy goods, which, seen first by its shadow on the stream, looks as if Stonehenge or the Cliffs of Dover had been split up into large fragments, and piled up, one upon another in fantastic shapes, with Titans for their drivers, so huge are the shadows cast down upon the stream.

When this and its preceding train reach the near station, placed amidst a wide park on either hand, another has just arrived from an opposite direction, and is depositing several passengers from its carriages, amongst which are two respectable and elderly women of the working classes, one of whom is soon caressing a middle-aged woman of her own class, who crosses the railway from the passenger-train, which has just preceded the luggage-waggons.

"Well, Mrs. Wigley," says the younger of the two elderly women, "how long is since thee see'd Betsey? a-while I think?"

"Four years this very Whitsuntide, since thy husband and Mr. Ashmore giv' her husband a place in the slate-works the company had just boughten. Eh! it was such a clamming at the 'heading,' and bread could not be gotten, there was such a sight on 'em, though things be mighty better now."

"You may well say that, mother," says the youngest woman, who is now followed by three or four well-clad children; "for my Joe ain't bin the same since he been sper'rited up with good work and good wages, and these give a working man heart, let folks say what'n they may. Eh! Mr. Ashmore be wise in teaching working folks to be brightly up to more trades than one, so as they can look 'n round, when things be dull or thick with hands. Eh! I have reason to thanken him."

"There was a day, wasn't there, when thee looked out for John Ashmore thyself, eh, Betsey?" asks Sophy Field, with a smile; "I know folks said so twenty year ago."

"Yes, I always liked John Ashmore, but I know'd he wasn't the one for me, from the very night we walked home from Miss Shaw's old house. But how be Mr. Ashmore, Mrs. Field, and how be things getting on?"

"Better than even my maister reckon'd on, and he had always a rare opinion o' John, even when ten year ago folks laughed at what they called 'the nonsense of the joint-stock business,' and said as how when John gotten this capital to use, he'd do as upper folks usually do, feather his own nest; but eh! Mrs. Mason, things be just the opposite, for every bit o' capital as my old Robert has gotten in the Company, he can ha'n out any day, and see any day how it be spent, and it ha'n been trebled since it was first put in; for though, Mrs. Mason, you see me in this plain black Saxony gown, as I bought at Wilshire's for eight and sixpence, and nothing more than this black satin bonnet and Paisley shawl, we be doing right well, for my old Robert is still Mr. Taverner's foreman, though the place be made easy like to him by the maister's goodness; but he says, as he did eighteen year ago, when John Ashmore, God bless him, quite a lad then, taught my husband this wise scrap'n'ness, 'Sophy, let us be careful; thee and me had none o' the blessings o' edication, and the want of it is a harder line at'ween folks than poverty, but we may give it to our children; so we have, even to little Ned, the youngest, who be just twelve. Not, Bessy Mason, that my old Robert is ignorant; he's got, as Ashmore always says, a long and clear head, and sum'mut in it, as good books h'an put in it, but it's the beginning as is so much to children.'

"You may well say so, Mrs. Field," answers Betsey Mason; "sometimes, years ago, I thought sorely in my heart about John Ashmore. 'I liken thee,' I said, 'and folks say I gotten a comely face, and so why be'aint I be good enough?' But now he be gotten on in the world, through thrift and labour, and sit wi' Mr. Taverner, and other grand Birmingham folks, what sort on a companion should I now bi'n to thee? No, John Ashmore, thee be right, and knew what thrifty working men need to do better than I did. But it's very good of thee, Mrs. Field, to co'ome wi' mother so far."

"I'm glad thee are pleased, Bessy, but the minute I heard'n thy mother was coming as far as this station to meet thee, I said, I'm going to see Leah Burnett, as is here, and so we can go together, as Leah will be right

glad to see us both; for she ain't a bit proud, though John be so up in the world."

"What, be she here?" asks Mrs. Mason.

"Yes, since spring," answers Mrs. Field; "for, you see, she's more than eighty, and her health but middling; so as Mr. Ashmore's been down a deal here of late, superintending the finish o' Lord Clydesdale's grand house, which the Company ha' built for him, Leah's had a lodging in a little cottage in th' park, about two mile from here, and there Amy Madeley be with her, and Miss Juliet rides over once or twice a week to see her, for all be mighty taken wi' this old soul."

"Eh, it must be noice for her," remarks Bessy, to leave the smoke o' Birmingham, and getten into these grand woods as I see away there i' th' valley. But I be keeping thee and mother, Mrs. Field, and if thee think old Leah will ha' no objection, I'll go on too; mother 'll carry the baby, and Joe the basket, and we can talk a bit of home things as we jog on."

As Mrs. Field willingly consents, Mrs. Mason's box and bundle are left carefully at the station, the old grandmother takes loving charge of the baby, which Joe has been holding, and replacing it by the huge double-handled basket, he goes on manfully forward, the other children running on before, to climb the stiles and pluck the hedge-flowers, which grow luxuriantly on the moist banks.

It is a station so amidst the woodlands, that the breadth of a field or two brings them among the trees, and so up a gentle acclivity, which is a sort of forest glade, down which sweeps murmuring a little rill. It is a pretty sight; the ruddy children running on before, leaping with tiny steps amidst the splashing stones, or across the dancing strips of sunlight which fall through the trees; Joe, more sober, behind them, bearing the basket, and watching the flitting squirrels in the boughs, as he passes on; whilst, in the rear, the three women follow, the old grandmother intent on the baby in her arms, and the others busily talking. The latter, slowly walking, are within some fifty yards of the top of this acclivity, when Joe and the other children, already there, shout out to them with wonder and surprise.

"Eh, mam, such a grand house, we never see'd such a one, it sparkles like the big church window."

"Yes," says Mrs. Field, who is the only one not amazed, for she has been here before, and has learnt much from her husband, "they said when poor folks' capital took the bis'ness o' building a grand house, like this 'ns, that maisters, like Mr. Taverner, whose money was all their own, wu'n to be ruined, and lose the best o' their work; but what'ns the case, as my old Robert says, and he knows in course, for he's bi'n Mr. Taverner's foreman the whole time, why, that it's not only increased Mr. Taverner's business fourfold, in the way o' gilding and brass-work, but done good to the *papier mache*, glass, and plating trades, as well besid'n to the tile and porcelain makers, in Staffordshire. Eh! as my old Robert says, what a fine thing it is, when folks as have good heads know how to make use of 'em, as John Ashmore."

"He be quite at the top o' th' company then?" asks Bessy Mason.

"Of course," replies Mrs. Field, with the weight of a judge declaring a law to be prescriptive and unalterable, "he'd the most money on the whole on'em, and ha'na he taken the whole risk on himself, and given his whole labour and time, and made our bit o' money as it never would a bi'n in a savings' bank? Yes, of course he is greatest, as he deserves to be; and he'll be more to poor folks still, as my maister says. For the last money o' this great contract is to be paid this week, and wi' this'ns old Robert Shaw's iron-works down Ketley way, are to be boughten, and then as the casting being done cheaper, money 'll come in, for building houses and schools for working folks. Eh! Mrs. Mason, he's greatest, and deserves to be."

At this minute the women set foot on the rich sward, where the children with pointing fingers look wondering down into the rich valley, stretched far away before them in all the beauty of rich woodlands, broad strips of park, and the crystal river running into the shadows of the dim distance, like a thread of silver in the sun; and where far away on a green knoll backed by ancient trees, and facing the river, stands the gorgeous dwelling, which the genius of one working man has reared, and which the million pennies of poor working men in one, have made the capital with which iron has been smolten, and run out into forms of utility, strength, and beauty.

It is indeed a splendid sight, as the afternoon's sun wanes richly down upon it; and which like all things which have greatness and originality marked upon them, touch the human hearts of even the untaught, the unsophisticated, and the speechless gaze of baby wonder. These have never heard of fairy land, or of the wondrous gardens or palaces of the east, but there is a fairy land in the hearts of all of us, of which even children dream. It stretches east to west, looking south, with a centre and two wings; this centre running into each oval wing, with a gentle curve. As it stands thus radiant in the descending sun, like those palaces of heaven which Milton sightless saw, what is not cast into gradual and lessening tinted shadows, looks like an airy veil of blackness hanging, descending before a herald painted window, behind which the sun going down, and smiling glory on the amethyst, and purple, and emerald, and azure, and golden panes, send forth their richness in the light beyond, like stars shot earthward from the mighty bow of heaven.

It is an iron house which co-operative capital has built for its first patron, Lord Clydesdale. As the first experiment of a man of genius in the application of "metallic art," to the sciences of architecture, it is a wonderful achievement.

The erection of the walls in solid masses as in those composed of brick or stone being unnecessary, owing to the superior strength and tenacity possessed by iron,* they are formed of cast iron plates of moderate thickness fastened to bars of the same metal by pins or rivets. There being two sets of these plates, the walls are, of course, hollow, thus preventing alike the admission of heat and cold, and securing absolute dryness, by the thin stratum of air which necessarily exists between. These primary walls, thus formed, have been covered by a coating of the metal *barium* or *carbonate of barytes*, which, unaffected by atmospheric influences, as well as producing all the appearance of porcelain on the surface of the iron, and retaining every variety of colour placed on it, is the ground of those rich and varied hues, which glowing in the sun, are seen through the richly perforated work of the outer wall. For beyond these first hollow walls

* I am indebted for the general idea of this "iron-house" and the advanced artistic processes connected with it, to an exceedingly original and able work on "Metallurgic Architecture," by Mr. Vose Pickett, published in 1845, and well worthy of not only thoughtful attention from the scientific thinker, but also of such of the intelligent operative classes, who are aware of the economical value to themselves of these advanced processes in relation to the arts and manufactures. It has, however, long appeared to me, indeed, I may call it a natural induction from many general truths, that many of our sanitary, moral, and social necessities can be alone met by a new style of architecture adapted to our climate, and the requirements of modern domestic life. As a further induction from a general law, it is significant to find that a style of architecture has usually adapted itself to, or rather grown out of, the material most abundant in a given country, or most accessible to the mechanical knowledge of a people, as marble in the classic, stone in the middle ages; and the same rule holds now, both as regards the necessities and the material supplies to meet them. In the sanitary needs of warmth, ventilation, sewerage, and durability in the construction of dwellings for our abundant population, nothing, as a material, is so well adapted to these necessities as iron; and this is not only abundantly supplied to us by nature, but is one of immense capabilities in an industrial, inventive, and artistic sense.—E. M.

is another, which is sustained at a short distance in advance of it, by a simple extension of the length of the pin or rivet, which being bronzed, has its richly ornamented head outside this perforated work, forming thus an exquisite ornament. The windows of this building are exceedingly rich and large, having transparent canopies of light iron-work above them, which, checking the sun's rays, yet fully admitting light, produce still more beautiful effects upon the tinted glass. The roof suspended, as is usual with those formed of metal, conveys to the spectator the fullest idea of loftiness and airy space; whilst the power the architect has had of concealing all traces of chimneys, by substituting hollow tubing through the walls, makes this effect still more perfect.

As thus the little party view this grand achievement of John Ashmore, and some of the early fruits of what joint-stock-capital, in its application to industrial undertakings is destined to perform in relation to the field of our national labour, Mrs. Field details many important conversations with her "old Robert" concerning it; she well knowing those thousand honest self-denials which have collected pence into this enormous moral force of pounds. Whilst diverging towards the river, on the opposite side of which is Leah's cottage, they yet approach the house near enough to perceive, that though the splendid woodlands which surround it are in luxuriance, and richly blend their dark green masses with the perforated work and the many coloured tints beyond, yet still the lawn and park around it is roughly broken up by the wheels of drays and tramp of feet; huge masses of scaffolding yet lie around in rude disorder, and a few workmen flit to-and-fro.

Crossing the beautiful river by a ford of plashy stones, over which sweeps a high arched roof of leafy green, they reach Leah's dwelling—a rustic, wooden cottage, built formerly for a keeper. They enter with great respect, for Leah has become of late years, in her humble way, a sort of sacred character; this growing out of John Ashmore's great respect for her, her goodness to dead Cary's children, and her many acts of kindness to her poorer neighbours. She is seated in an easy chair, which John has had brought from Birmingham on purpose, lowly talking, though audible enough perhaps to any one purposely listening; whilst with her elbows buried on the broad arm of the chair, on which within her hands her face is veiled, sits one we long have known,—it is Juliet.

"Eh! dear lady," speaks Leah, still in her old-fashioned vernacular, though she can speak in a more polished way than of old, when occasion needs, but now she is deeply moved, and her old mode of speech comes to her tongue, as intuitively as the ballads of our infancy to our maturer ear, "but John be proud in his way. Eh! madam, be sure the poverty o' early days dunna lessen the pride o' nature which God'an put into the hearts of his chosen. Oh, lady Juliet, sweet young thing in all thy prime, if thou loven John, as I believe him worthy to be loved, it be thou that must show some sign. Eh! Juliet, if it be true, that we be angels when we really love, that all self du'n passen from us, as shadows from the sweetest summer sky, thou mu'n be true to the sweet nature so within us. But for a moment though, but for an instant, but for a word, as 'John' or 'Sir' gently, 'or I am glad to see thee,' and all is over, he will love and see, and speak'n as he ought. Nor dunna thee think thee be doing a favour like, by one small word as this'ns. John be a great man in his way, though once a poor Willenhall lad; but that mu'n be great, which can putt'n a heart into poverty, and show it a new way to a better sort o' things. Think'n o' all this, and a true word, wun'a be stopt by false pride, for John does lov'n thee; eh, a long while, since thou wert a little child; and look'd up to thee, as much as human na'tur can look to human na'tur. If thee want a proof, thou should 'a seen his joy, the night word got abroad among the work-folks at the Hall, that thee had refusen Lord Clydesdale, and all his riches, and the grand new house. For though he never said a word to me, I knew by all he did how pleas'n he was. Nor dunna think by my saying this to thee, that I ha'n any meaning, more than seeing two human creatures happy as ought to be; and only, in a word, recollect how many things John ha'n done, and how striv'n by way o' books, and them sort o' things, and thou wilt love him, as he deserves to be, well and truly."

Still with her face buried in her hands, Juliet leans nearer, and asks in a voice inaudible to any ear but the one addressed, "Are you quite sure of what you say, that—that—John—Mr. Ashmore, I mean—loves me—to say this word, and meet a wondering gaze, would kill me Leah. Indeed, indeed, in asking you, it is a truth for life or death."

"More sure dear lady, than that the stars be i' th' heavens to night, or the sun i' th' morning."

Turning, as she speaks, her aged gaze above the bending lady, Leah observes her humble visitors upon the threshold, and rising feebly, she welcomes them in, bids the rosy children to run into the garden and find Amy, who "ha'n gone thither whilst she and Miss Taverner bi'n talking," and takes Bessy's baby in her arms. As soon as Amy comes in, it being now four o'clock, the boiling kettle is brought from a little backhouse, and tea set forth for the humble company, with a treasure of fruit from the garden, in which the children revel.

Whilst Mrs. Field makes tea, for Leah is in a degree paralytic, and cannot use her hands, there is much talk about Birmingham, and Birmingham folks, to which Juliet nursing the sleeping baby for the mother by the window, whilst she enjoys Leah's hospitality, is a silent listener; Mrs. Wigley and Mrs. Field being chief talkers.

"Well, Amy," says Mrs. Field to poor dead Cary's comely daughter, "thy brother Tummus bi'n a good and mighty steady lad since Leah bi'n away, and he lodg'n with us. Indeed my old Robert says if he keep'n on this'ns he'll make a rare workman in the casting-house, into which he's to go when the new Ketley forge be taken, and set in work. For ye see since talk about the new house be gotten abroad, a mighty lot o' orders o' come in to th' company. Some from far away fa'ren parts, right across the world; for what be the best o' this new use of iron, houses can be cast bit by bit, and so be put in a crate or case like a child's take-a-piece plaything. Eh! you'll see grand things be a coming o' th' thing. A great economist—I thing my old Robert called him, said so to'ther day, when he went over our Birmingham works; and said beside'n that Ashmore was the Shakspere o' the forge. And yet Mrs. Burnett and Mrs. Wigley, how hard was our first scrap'n. I recollect though t'was yesterday, the sore tears I had, because o' the nightly pint of beer, and the Sunday goose I thought to buy, but the cost o' which Robert would ha'n sav'n; for oh! these sort o' things come hard at first."

"But Ashmore saved out o' harder things than pints o' beer and Sunday dinner," adds Leah, "and the Lord bless him for the good he's done. Think of Amy here, and young Tum, and the other six on 'em, and the comfort it was to poor Tum dying in gaol, as he did, 'afore six months o' his two year sentence was gone over! Think of this, and the hardship won't seem much beside victories such as this'ns. Eh! and victories o' such a sort! for here can Amy make a shirt, and knit, and brew, and bake, and cook, and young Tum be so sharp and steady, and what in'na at shop, and with thee Mrs. Field, so thriving with Hannah at school. Ay! ay! looking at these things, there seem to be truth in what Ashmore says often, that our class ha'n a grand fortun, when they know how to prepar'n for it."

"Well," says Bessy Mason, "only teach men to keep women from the shop, and there'll come better doings at home. But, please ma'am give me th' baby, I see he

tries thee, for he's a weighty boy." So saying, the good woman rises, and relieves, with many thanks, the lady of her charge, and she thinking that her presence is perhaps a restraint on their homely conversation, gently withdraws, first telling Leah that she will call again upon her, on her way home with Mr. Taverner.

Evening is descending, and the sun falls aslant in its decline. Leaving the rustic garden by its rude wicket, Juliet takes the path to the river, for you can hear it murmuring along its pebbly bed, and this sound falls refreshingly upon the ear in the stillness of the evening. Not far off the ford which our little party has so lately crossed, the trees are still more shadowy, and growing on the topmost ridge of the long grassy bank, steal with their gnarled roots down into the stream. Coming amongst these, she sits down on the mossied boll of a very antique elm, the river running in cool increasing shadows at her feet, except where a streak of golden light pours down; the perspective on either hand lessening like a glade, and on the further bank, just through an opening in the trees, a glimpse of the new house is caught, as it casts itself down in lengthened shadow like an oriel casement tinted with many hues. And here she sits; the colours growing dimmer as the sun still more declines. Suddenly this opening between the gnarled trunk is shadowed, and looking at its dark reflection on the waters, this watcher sees it is John Ashmore, who, evidently on his way to cross the ford, has turned round to view some new effect in the fine splendour of the lofty pile. Her first impulse is to hurry out of sight, her next to press her hand across her heart and step down in the cool shadow to the ford; then hesitatingly to cross it, ascend the bank slantwise with fear; and then coming near to where John stands to step into his shadow. And there she stands, too choked to speak, too trembling to move. At last, she is conscious that he is turning round full face to her—she lays her hand timidly on his arm, so timidly, that at first it falls too lightly, and says, "Sir," "Mr. Ashmore," "John," and then blushing, and never once looking in his face, buries her own in her hands, and bursts into tears. In one instant he turns, sees her, divines the precious truth, and the extent of the womanly sacrifice; and folds her at once into his broad, large, gathering arms, just as some wide river, a sylvan rivulet. For a whole minute, which seems an age, he never speaks; only stands bending over her like a broad oak over a trembling daffodil.

"Is this true, am I right," he says, at length, "is it no dream?"

No answer to these questions, other than tears, and still more bending face. But they are affirmative and conviction enough.

"Say John," he says, "once more."

Still with more veiled face she whispers, "dearest John."

"And now," he says, with an emphasis which is almost stern, and like the iron vow of some old heathen, "it is, indeed, my destiny to serve my kind, grandly, well, significantly, efficiently; but not unless this were so, my love, my all, my wife. *You* will comprehend me, Juliet; you will help me to show kindliness and not patronage to those we serve, to soften what is stern within my heart, and be gentle where my rude nature cannot; you love me, do you?" He reiterates this many times, though she has said so more than once.

And now that he is assured of this and can doubt no longer, he presses her still closer to his heart, and raising up her bending face, kisses away these tears which flow so freely from their fountain; the stealing shadows casting a veil around them, and the river running on, making a sylvan music to hide what yet is sweeter.

Lower and lower have these shadows fallen when they approach the house together; dimmer and dimmer are the tints which have gloried in the great night-worship of the golden sun; softer and softer is the lulling voice of nature in its harmony; and holier and holier is this love, which long probation and wise self-government (the things of all which most bespeak divinity) have consecrated, have purified, and now, in their full time, ennobled.

One kiss, as if to wipe away the very sign of tears—and now they enter!

The magnificent tasselated steps, curved like an unstrung bow (for one of the great purposes of this beautiful art is that all cubic and angular forms are almost wholly replaced by the curve), lay veiled in shadows, as are partly the magnificent and richly-wrought iron doors. These pushed aside, admit them into a hall so grand, even by the fitful light which falls athwart the shadows, as to make the heart of Juliet stand still, as if she stood before some sacred presence too glorious to look upon. Closer and closer she presses to John Ashmore; breathlessly, more breathlessly she looks up into his face; prouder and prouder grows her step, at the choice she has made, the honour she has won. For by the little light which still falls down from the lofty, airy, dome-like roof, and through the tinted window-panes of the curved and lofty windows, she sees at a distance that this hall is all which her father has said it would be when finished. For the outer perforated wall of iron richly bronzed and lackered has been cast into the form of shields and pennons, not as it were to show the bloody deeds of men, but their most peaceful victories, as that of him who said (the patriot Sidney) "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*," "no step is retrograde," and so leaving this cast, the many coloured tints which form their background, on the iron plates which are the real walls, look as if some herculean herald painter had emblazoned here his art with the pencil of a Titian. Closer and closer steps love in this worship of genius.

Prouder and prouder in this sweet, this calm, religious twilight, they come together into a chamber leading from this hall. But here the perforated work, silvered by an electro-metallic process, show floral shapes of leaves, and bending stalks, and flowers; these flowers, in some instances, represented by rich, gem-like coloured glass, inserted in the castings; in others, by the tinted walls beyond; whilst, at distances, the silver-headed pins stand out like fastenings which gather up the rich treasures of a sweeping garden. As they step across the encaustic tiled floor, through many mazes of these floral hues, what Leah said rushes back to the heart of Juliet, and more than what she said:

Yes, true one, the time *is* coming, when woman will recognise genius in man, and reverence it for its mighty self. Yes, the time is coming, when, besides her wise recognisement of such titles as laws and states think fit to give (a wise thing in some points for the present), she will see higher ones, in such men as heaven has made Brindleys, and Stephensons, and Talfourds, and Chantrys, and Morlands, and Jenners, and Shelleys, and Hoods, and Jerrolds of; when she will say within her soul, "Oh! to have been that Ann Hathaway three hundred years ago, and received the wooing of a Shakspeare, rather than have been the Pembrokes or the Howards. Oh! rather to have had *one* sprig of gilliflower from the bowered Shottery garden, than a diamond from the courtier Leicester! Yes! the time is coming, when the worship natural to the heart of woman, will find its most magnificent purpose here, to soothe, to lessen, to counteract those little frailties by which so often genius mars its otherwise grand humanity. But then such masculine genius *must* educate its soul up to and beyond its point of time; education, as regards woman's love for man, is a more sovereign and alluring motive than a certain French writer, who makes matches beween her fictitious *mesdames les comtesses*, and *bourgeoisie* or *paysans*, would willingly admit. But I read the nature within my own heart, and saying otherwise, recognise the heavenly demarcation between love and lust!

Now, as they stand within the silvery sheen, the shadows still move holy round them, like a veil, as if nature knew the coming prayer of this sweet heart, Juliet kneeling, before Ashmore can interpose, clasps his hard and horny hands within her own, "Oh, God!" she says, "teach me to love, as I would love; teach me to go hand in hand with this my husband, in his service to those who so much need good teaching; teach me to truly worship the blessing which so falls upon me." Blinded by his own large, manly, dropping tears, he now raises her, and folds her to his heart.

Presently she frees herself and creeps away, leaving him standing in the broad shadows, wondering for an instant. She goes through a door he has already pointed out to her, comes back presently, leads him forward into a little ante-chamber, smaller, but in keeping with the one he has just left. It is one in which he has passed the whole afternoon looking over some needful accounts with Lord Clydesdale and Mr. Taverner. Mr. Taverner, now alone, has been evidently still busy over the books, till so interrupted. Now his pen is idle, and his face is buried in his hands, as Juliet comes in, still holding John by the hand, timidly up to where her father sits, and stooping with one arm and hand around his neck, the the other still holding Ashmore's hand, says softly "I have brought *him* dear papa, and you 'll be good I'm sure, for I love him." Without a word, though the action bespeaks more than words, the old man folds their hands together, and drawing them within his own, leans down his face upon them, like some priest upon his blessed book.

At length he says, for he is much moved, and is long silent, "Take her Ashmore, take her with my blessing, and the wealth you have so largely increased—take her, and with more blessings than earth can give."

"I take her Sir, tenderly, proudly, for now the unaccomplished *will be* accomplished."

Sweetly sinks night upon this unity.

* * * * *

It is three months after this, and fully in the autumn, that a very grand breakfast is laid out for all the contributors in the largest room of the Joint-Stock Iron Company's great foundry. Perhaps they muster altogether some four hundred and fifty to five hundred, from the lad of eighteen, who has been able and prudent enough to save five pounds (the smallest sum now capable of being invested with a view to profit,) to men like old Robert Field, who have now retired from all labour, upon incomes arising from the yearly interest of their long accumulating capital, of from one hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds a year. These receiving this amount of income, being now formed into a "working committee" of twenty-five, in order to carry onward the Company's new and vast undertakings. They are all men of fifty at least; men who carry on their furrowed faces the visible marks of care and labour; though now their placid looks of hope and rest, as signs of moderate affluence, bespeak the value of the victory achieved. It is no coarse, rude assembly; as in times of windy, wordy, demagogues, popular assemblies of even a hundred strong, were wont to be, but the old men as sedate and grave as senators, bear a touching contrast in their demeanour to the more educated young. Robert Field heads the table; on his right hand droops Leah, in a gown so glossy and new, as to contrast strongly with the whiteness of her hair; and on its left sits old Sophy, his wife, whilst down the long tables, are other well dressed females, and even a little privileged child or two. Breakfast is not yet begun, though ready, for the coffee and tea steam with a rich fragrance from the polished tea and coffee pots. They wait for something, and are not long kept waiting. The great doors at the end of the large room are thrown back, and there comes gently in, almost gliding as it were, the little bride, married this morn; so downcast that you hardly see her face, as she comes up the room, leaning on her husband's stalwart arm; and he not drooping, but proud and stately, in this the might of his honest services and labour. It is human dignity impersonated in all its grandest attributes—Labour, Courage, Strength, Will, and Genius.

All rise and bend to that sweet, drooping face, as did the taper's flame to the sweet sleeping innocence of Imogen! And so coming to the head of the table, Leah embraces Juliet, whilst old Robert makes a short speech, as the authorized voice of the assembled company.

This over, they and all else who have followed in the bride and bridegroom, as Mr. Taverner, and Lord Clydesdale, taste the proffered tea and coffee, and then old Robert turning to a little table at the rear of his chair, bestows upon the bride and bridegroom some presents from the assembled company. Amongst these are a gorgeous china vase, a silver tea-pot, and a magnificent copy of both Shakspere and Milton. And last, though yet perhaps most touching, as they are about to withdraw on their journey far away, the last come humble capitalist of the company, a young "pin header," rich in his little fortune of five pounds, comes up, and uncovering a small cage he brings from a distant part of the room, shows a rare canary he has bred and tamed, and as he gives and holds it forth to the sweet bending lady, yes, at this very instant, a warm rich sunbeam from the lofty window, falling athwart its little prison bars, and dappled wings, it bursts out in a luscious flood of song; of love, of hope, of joy!

Oh! believe in this great, vital English heart of ours, Shakspere's are magnificent, and many, though unwritten ones!

(To be continued.)

YEARS.

Neither rouge, artificial ringlets, nor all the resources of the toilet, can retard the relentless progress of that terrible foe to beauty, Time. But every one must have noticed how lightly his hand rests upon some, how heavily upon others. Whenever you see in an old person a smooth unwrinkled forehead, a clear eye, and a pleasing cheerful expression, be sure her life has been passed in that comparative tranquillity of mind, which depends less upon outward vicissitudes than internal peace of mind. A good conscience is the greatest preservative of beauty. Whenever you see pinched-up features, full of lines, and thin curling lips, you may judge of petty passions, envy, and ambition, which have worn out their owner. High and noble thoughts leave behind them noble and beautiful traces; meanness of thought and selfishness of feeling league with Time to unite age and ugliness together. Fresh air, pure simple food, and exercise, mental and bodily, with an elevated ambition, will confer on the greatest age a dignified beauty, in which youth is deficient. There are many men and women, at sixty, younger in appearance and feeling than others at forty.

In the reign of Edward the Third, the Strand was an open country road, with a mansion here and there, on the banks of the river Thames, most probably a castle or strong-hold. In this state it no doubt remained during the greater part of the York and Lancaster period. From Henry the Seventh's time, the castles most likely began to be exchanged for mansions of a more peaceful character. These gradually increased; and in the reign of Edward the Sixth, the Strand consisted, on the south side, of a line of mansions with garden walls; and on the north, of a single row of houses, behind which all was field. The reader is to imagine a wall all the way from Temple Bar to Whitehall, on his left hand, like that of Kew Palace, or a succession of Burlington Gardens; while the line of humble habitations stood on the other side, like a row of servants in waiting.—*Leigh Hunt.*

A SONG FOR THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To work, to work! ye good and wise,
Let "ragged" scholars grace your schools,
Ere Christian children can arise,
They must be trained by Christian rules.

We ask no fragrance from the bud
Where canker-vermin feeds and reigns,
We seek no health-pulse in the blood,
Where poison runneth in the veins.

And can we hope that harvest fruits,
In living bosoms can be grown,
That palms and vines will fix their roots,
Where only briars have been sown?

Man trains his hound with watchful care,
Before he trusts him in the chase;
Man keeps his steed on fitting fare,
Before he tries him in the race;

And yet he thinks the human soul,
A meagre, fierce and untaught thing,
Shall heed the written Law's control,
And soar on Reason's steady wing.

Oh, they who aid not by their gold,
Or voice, or deed, the helpless ones,
They who with reckless brain withhold
Truth's sunshine from our lowly sons;

Shall they be blameless—when the guilt
Of rude and savage hands is known;
When crime is wrought and blood is spilt—
Shall the *poor* sinner stand alone?

Dare we condemn the hearts we leave
To grope their way in abject gloom,
Yet conscious that we help to weave
The shroud-fold of Corruption's loom?

Shall we send forth the poor and stark,
All rudderless on stormy seas,
And yet expect their spirit-bark,
To ride out every tempest breeze?

Shall we with dim short-sighted eyes,
Look on their forms of kindred clay,
And dare to trample and despise
Our sharers in a "judgment day?"

Oh, narrow, blind, and witless preachers!
Do we expect the "ragged" band
To be among God's perfect creatures,
While we refuse the helping hand?

To work, to work! with hope and joy,
Let us be doing what we can;
Better build school-rooms for "the boy,"
Than cells and gibbets for "the man."

To work, to work! ye rich and wise,
Let "ragged" children claim your care,
Till those who yield Crime's jackal cries,
Have learned the tones of peace and prayer.

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

PRIDE, jealousy, the love of argument, the disdain of guidance, rivet on a panoply against truth more eagerly assumed by the strong than by the feeble.

EXAGGERATION is not only one form of falsehood, it is one of its worst forms, since the swollen and contagious body gains admission by walking in upon healthy legs.

MEN should labour zealously for the community, strenuously for their friends, and sufficiently for themselves.

CICERO was distinguished from almost all great men of whom we know much, by one negative virtue, so rare, that human nature blushes while it is announced—he had no enemy

SORROWS are the pulses of spiritual life; after each beat we pause, only that we may gather strength for the next.

ON the everlasting tables of conscience and memory is engraven whatever we have done, or wished, or attempted, or neglected to do.

THE truest love is the truest benevolence; it acquires an infinite patience out of the very excess of its suffering, and is content to merge its egotism in he idea of the beloved object. He that does not know this, does not know what love is, whatever he may know of passion.

TRUE merit, like the light of the glow-worm, shines conspicuous to all except the object which emits it.

To raise, and then to disappoint reasonable expectations, is a degree of cruelty which no terms of indignation can sufficiently reprobate.

ONE of the evils of ignorance is, that we often sin and suffer the punishment without being aware that we are sinning, and that it is in our power to escape the suffering by avoiding the sin.

TRIFLING people are sometimes useful, unconsciously and unintentionally. A hangman sells to a ragman the materials on which a Homer is printed.

OLD trees in their living state are, the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding; even the free spirit of man, the only great thing on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence . . . it passes away and vanishes before venerable trees.

WIT is the lightning of the mind, reason the sunshine, and the reflection the moonlight; for as the bright orb of the night owes its lustre to the sun, so does reflection owe its existence to reason

ONE servant too much makes all the rest idle.

IT is astonishing with what facility our feelings accommodate themselves to our situations, and catch their tone from surrounding objects

REAL life frequently loses its brilliancy to such a degree that one is many a time forced to polish it up again with the varnish of fiction.

THERE is a shyness, the offspring of refined sensibility, which is often mistaken for pride; and there is a forward and designing familiarity which frequently wins the applause of those who become its destined victims.

THERE is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship in a world where friendship is so rare.

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RECEPTION OF NEW TRUTHS.

THE naturally strong Conservative feeling of man is never more strikingly displayed than on the occasion of the promulgation of a New Truth in the world. It comes before the public quite friendless; often for a long time it stands in a miserable minority of one. It struggles hard to gain a footing; is jostled about rudely, jeered, despised, and ridiculed; and its promulgator is perhaps characterized as a quack, an impostor, or a maniac. If the new truth is calculated to interfere rudely with the gains of any established class, then woe to the man who has ushered it into life; let him then be fully prepared to encounter the hardest possible measure of calumny, abuse, and persecution.

The majority, however, do not feel quite so strongly as this. They are passive compared with the others. Walter Savage Landor's description of the Critics' reception of a New Book, not inaptly applies to them:—"They rise slowly up to it, like carp in a pond when food is thrown among them; some of which carp snatch suddenly at a morsel, and swallow it; others touch it gently with their barbe, pass deliberately by, and leave it; others wriggle and rub against it more disdainfully; others, in sober truth, know not what to make of it, swim round and round it, eye it on the sunny side, eye it on the shady; approach it, question it, shoulder it, flap it with the tail, turn it over, look askance at it, take a pea-shell or a worm instead of it, and plunge again their contented heads into the comfortable mud. After some seasons the same food will suit their stomachs better."

Such persons are generally satisfied to be led and influenced by those whom they are accustomed to follow in such matters; and the question they ask is similar to that which was once put on the distinguished occasion of the promulgation of a great New Truth in the world: "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed it?" If the answer is "No," then they have generally no more to say to it, and go on contentedly in their old way till greater light reaches them.

It is somewhat humiliating to look back to the period at which some of the great truths, now universally recognised to be true, were ushered into the world, and to note the reception which they met with; nor is the retrospect altogether without its instruction to even a comparatively enlightened age. The truths to which we refer are now so clear and demonstrable, that we are disposed to look upon him as a fanatic or ignoramus who would venture to doubt them. And yet there are, from time to time, other new truths coming up, meeting with the same obstructions and denunciations; truths which have not yet been able to overcome the obstinate adherence of the mass of mankind to that which is established; but, in reference to which, probably some future age will be disposed very much to question our enlightenment for ever having resisted or doubted them. Posterity, however, only very slowly comes up with the Thinker or Discoverer; and generally, it is not till he is dead, that full justice is done to the purity of his motives, or the philanthropy of his designs.

Galileo's discovery of the motion of the earth was felt to be an awful innovation on the old convictions of men. He had the daring audacity, this man of science, in opposition to the long-received dogma, that the earth stood still, to allege that the earth moved and revolved on its axis. The then-existing notion was, that the world was limited to this "dim spot which men call earth," with its twinkling stars set about it only as so many little ornaments to please the eyes of the ant-like humanities moving on its surface. Galileo dared to conceive and to prove, that this orb was but as a mere speck in the creation of God, and that the utmost verge of man's imagination was but the threshold of His works. He was thrown into a dungeon for his heterodoxy; but the truth could not be stifled. "Still it moves!" was Galileo's inmost conviction. And, thanks to the progress of thought, the sublime heterodoxy of Galileo is now one of the accepted triumphs of human intellect, one of the most glorious victories of science and Truth. Still nearer to our own day, the truths of geology, now acknowledged as such by all enlightened men, were tabooed as dangerously heterodox, because they were not supposed to tally with the views which were accustomed to be held and taught. "Supposed," we say—for the most learned and religious men, of all sections of the Church, are now at one on this point; and we have such teachers as Dr. Buckland and Dr. Pye Smith, now occupied in eloquently enforcing the new truths of geology.

Christopher Columbus's discovery of the New World was one of the issues of Galileo's thought. He promulgated his theory of the existence of a western continent, and how was it received? It was "rejected as the dream of a chimerical projector." Columbus was, however, fully possessed by his idea, and wandered about from court to court for many years, for help to carry out his idea. At last he succeeded by the aid of a monk and a doctor; his expedition sailed, and the New Truth was established. Every body then cried, "How easy! surely, no one could have doubted it!" So did the courtiers also observe, when Columbus showed them how an egg could be made to stand upon its end!

Dr. Harvey's promulgation of the true circulation of the blood was received with shouts of derision by his contemporaries. They had been taught that the arteries carried air, not blood; and the New Truth was an overthrow of all their pre-conceived notions, which was not to be borne. He was lampooned and satirized; lost his practice; and was disowned by his medical brethren. It was a dangerous and subversive doctrine, which must

be put down! And yet the NEW TRUTH was fully established in its own good time.

Dr. Jenner's discovery of Vaccination, by means of which the fearful scourge of small-pox has almost been banished from civilized countries, was received with equal scorn. The proposal was scouted, without hesitation or thought, and Jenner was made a mark for all wits to shoot at. He was about to bestialize the human race, by introducing into their system the matter taken from the pustules on the cow's udder! He could scarcely live through all the fury and indignation that were heaped upon him. After promulgating his views in a modest and argumentative style, he set off to London to exhibit his process of vaccination to the faculty; but, after remaining there for two months, he could not get a single medical man to test its efficacy. Yet he had the courage to go onward; and he finally succeeded in establishing the New Truth. How we smile at all this now! And yet it is just as possible that we may be treating new views of the present day in an equally irrational manner.

It is not quite half a century since Sir Walter Scott, in one of the *Quarterly Reviews*, pronounced the scheme of lighting towns by means of gas to be so fanatical, that the man who proposed it was only fit for the restraints of a lunatic asylum. At a still later date, when it was proposed to lay down a line of railway from Manchester to Liverpool, an eminent engineer pronounced that "no man in his senses would attempt a railroad over Chat Moss." William Grey, one of the first writers on the advantages of a system of railway communication, was thought to be insane by his friends, and his proposals were generally scouted as altogether absurd. Even as late as 1825, the *Quarterly Review*, in an article on the proposed Woolwich Railway, said, "What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling *twice as fast* as stage coaches! We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum. We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to *eight or nine miles an hour*, which we entirely agree with Mr. Silvestre is as great as can be ventured on with safety." The short commentary on this is, that the mail trains on the Great Western Railway now travel regularly and safely at the rate of *sixty* miles an hour.

Brindley's project of carrying canals across valleys upon lofty aqueducts, was equally laughed at by engineers and scientific men. One of these, on being called in to consult with Brindley in reference to the aqueduct across the Irwell, at Manchester, shook his head, and remarked, that "he had often heard of castles in the air, but never before was shown where any of them were to be erected." But Brindley, though originally a common millwright, and so unlettered that he could do no more than write his own name, had got possession of an idea; and the Duke of Bridgewater having faith in his genius, he was encouraged to proceed in spite of the sneers of scientific men, so the aqueduct was built, and spans the Irwell to this day.

But perhaps the most interesting case of all is that of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam-ship. As early as the year 1793, he communicated his invention to Lord Stanhope, in the hope that the English Government would enable him to carry his discovery into effect. But it was not till the year 1807 that he finally succeeded by the aid of an American minister, Mr. Livingstone. While his boat was building at New York, it was the object of sneers, contempt, and ridicule. "As I had occasion," says Mr. Fulton, in his own narrative of the event, "to pass daily to and from the building-yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure, the dull, but endless repetition, of '*the Fulton Folly*.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path." At length the boat was built, launched, and the first experiment of its steaming powers was to be made. There were abundant predictions of failure, of course. The boat, however, moved away from the shore, then the machinery came to a stand, for it was yet far from perfect. "To the silence of the preceding moment," continues Mr. Fulton, "now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself on a platform, and stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage. I went below, and discovered that a slight maladjustment was the cause. It was obviated. The boat went on; we left New York; we passed through the highlands! we reached Albany! Yet, even then, imagination superseded the force of fact. *It was doubted if it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value.*"

The admirable invention of the electric telegraph has also forced itself on the public notice and approval, in spite of great indifference and hostility on the part of public men. Mr. Rowland constructed his first electric telegraph at Hammersmith, in 1816, and shortly after he urged it on the notice of the Government. Mr. Barrow, who was Secretary to the Admiralty, replied, "that telegraphs of any kind were then wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one now in use would be adopted." "I felt," says Mr. Rowland, "very little disappointment, and not a shadow of resentment on the occasion, because every one knows that telegraphs have long been very great bores at the Admiralty."

New Truths on all other subjects, moral as well as physical, have had similar difficulties to contend with on their introduction. The proposal to abolish punishment by death for petty offences, was resisted in England for nearly 300 years. Sir Thomas More, who, as early as the year 1520, questioned the policy of putting men to death for petty thefts, &c., was at once fallen upon vociferously by all the lawyer class, who declared that any milder mode of punishment would "endanger the whole nation." The proposal to abolish military flogging has throughout been met with strenuous opposition by the officers of the army and navy. When it was proposed to limit the number of lashes to 1,000, they predicted insubordination, anarchy, and confusion. The number has, however, since been reduced to 50 lashes, in obedience to the opinion of the public, not military men; and no such consequences have ensued as were predicted. In like manner, Captain Maconochie's proved success in the treatment of criminals at Norfolk Island, on the mark system, obtains no acceptance with the Inspectors of Prisons, who have reported against its adoption. It needs little discerning power to perceive that public opinion will soon shoot ahead of these gentlemen, and compel them to adopt more rational methods of treating criminals than those still prevalent. The proposal to treat lunatics on the mild system was long resisted by professional men in like manner, but has at last been established in spite of all sneering and opposition.

Discouraging though these facts be, they are not to be wondered at. The opposition to new views must be regarded as altogether human, natural, and inevitable. The conservative feeling is useful, unless carried, as it often is, to the extent of inveterate prejudice and bigoted adherence to what is. It is proper that we should hold by the old, until the new has been proved to be the better.

Only, let all new views have a fair hearing, and be tested, not so much by existing notions of things, as by their own intrinsic truth and worth. There always will be a strong conservative party to prevent their too sudden adoption. Among such are always to be found the more aged members of society. Goethe has said, "that no man receives a new idea, at variance with his pre-conceived notions, after forty." This is, probably, putting the case rather too strong; but, generally speaking, it will be found correct. You will very rarely find a medical man, for instance, beyond forty, ready to take up with new modes of treating disease, no matter how sufficient are the facts produced in its favour; nor old lawyers ready to advocate ameliorations in the criminal code—the most stubborn opponents of such measures having invariably been the old lawyers in the House of Lords. Then, the general mass of men will be found on the side of the old and established notions—the power of testing and sifting new views being as yet a comparatively rare endowment. The number of those who will undergo the toil and labour of patiently *thinking out a subject*, is, in every country, comparatively small. Hence, every new truth, no matter under howsoever favourable circumstances given to the world, must, for a long time, remain greatly in a minority among the mass of the people. It has to maintain a struggle, step by step, against obstinate opposition, and fights its way up to a majority, through contumely and ridicule,—this very opposition and ridicule being probably necessary to stimulate the infant truth in its growth to an ultimate unassailable vigour.

It must be confessed, too, that the increasing intelligence of our time is every day affording greater facilities to the reception of new truths. Young and inquiring minds are, above all others, open to these impressions; and as the young rise into manhood, the truths they have early imbibed become embodied in action. Increasing facilities are every day given to the utterance of new truths. The wide gulph which used to separate the thinkers of former days from the mass of the people, and prevented the general acceptation of these truths, is now traversed in many ways; but the chief method of communication between the thinkers and the people, is the Press. Formerly a great thinker had but slender means of operating on the general mind. He was confined, as in a prison-house, and looked through his bars on the crowd without. He studied, explored, and discovered, but he had no means of distribution, and often the truth he had so laboriously achieved died with him. The case is greatly altered now. The thoughts of a great explorer and thinker are immediately transferred into the public mind by means of the press, and soon permeate the national intellect. Editors are invaluable as distributors of the stores of intellectual wealth. They are the retailers, and sometimes the originators of thought, which, dropt day by day, and week by week, into the public mind, influences, in the most extraordinary manner, the popular will and actions. We have seen many great results of this action within our own day; perhaps the most successful and salutary achievement that could be named, was that magnificent contribution to national education, the establishment of the penny post. The press, too, has its resisters; but even these help on the truth by stimulating to its full discussion; and who fears for the truth in a free and open encounter?

New truths, then, have, on the whole, a much better chance of being listened to now, than at any previous period; and the day would appear to be not remote, when the number of thinkers shall have so increased, as to give every new idea a fair chance of being listened to with attention and respect; when new opinions shall be considered, not for the purpose of studying how best to confute them, but to discover *how much truth* there is in them, and how they may be rendered the most promotive of the well-being and happiness of our species.

THE LEAST WARLIKE BUONAPARTE.

Eight miles from Florence, on the road to Sienna, and on a hill cultivated to its summit, stands the town of Santo Casciano, remarkable for its inn, La Campana, having been once the abode of Macchiavelli. There was he often seen in wooden shoes and peasant garb, eagerly inquiring of the passing travellers, as he stood at the door, the news from their several countries; there too, was he wont to pass the evening of a day spent in bird-catching, chatting or arguing with the miller and butcher of the place. It was in these country sports and in the avocations of ordinary peasant-life that he sought, as he himself tells us, to work off the effervescence of his brain.

At a distance of twenty miles is Cestaldo, that claims to have given birth to Boccaccio, and falsely claims, for Boccaccio was born at Paris; though he certainly not only lived for a long time at Cestaldo, but died there. In a smiling valley between these two places, so remarkable for their association with Macchiavelli and Boccaccio, there is a village so inconsiderable that its name is unknown, and its church utterly devoid of a single one of those wonders of art so profusely scattered throughout Italy; and in this village, in 1807, the most brilliant period of the French empire, lived a Curé of the name of Buonaparte. He was as poor and obscure as if a man of his name had not brought the Pope from the Vatican for his coronation at Notre Dame, as quiet and unambitious as if he were not the uncle of Letizia and the grand-uncle of the young general who had conquered Italy, carried his arms to the country of the Pyramids, and become the king-maker of Europe. While the Curé, like another Alcinous, was cultivating the garden of his parsonage, pruning his trees, and marrying his few vines to the five or six elms of his little Jomain, all the noise that his grand-nephew was making in the world passed over his head unheard by him. Who that saw him in his tattered mantle and well-pieced shoes could have the most remote idea that he had such illustrious connections? Certain it is that none of his parishioners suspected it, and on his part, he had forgotten his native land, Corsica, to think only of them, simple and ignorant like himself. His highest ambition was to live for them and be buried amongst them in the village cemetery. His recreations were the providing his table with a little game and fish, by the aid of a gun and a fishing-rod which stood in opposite corners of his little sitting-room. If to these pursuits be added the culture of some flowers and a little excursion every year to collect his tithes, we shall have a tolerably correct idea of the temporal avocations of the Curé Buonaparte. As to his spiritual occupations, they never varied from saying mass twice a week, and preaching every Sunday after vespers. From amidst all his parishioners, he had selected as the more especial objects of his favour and solicitude, a hen, a young girl, and a youth. The hen was white, and so tame, that when the Curé breakfasted in the little porch before his door, and called her by her name, Bianca, she used to take the crumbs from his hand, and to tolerate if she did not enjoy his caresses; indeed, she sometimes carried her condescension so far as to lay her daily egg in the dusty folds of his cassock; in short, she was a great pet. Almost as great a favourite, though in a different way, was the young girl Mattea; he had known her ever since she was born, had baptized her, and catechized her, and it was with an almost paternal pleasure that he watched her growing up, and saw her looking more beautiful every day. Mattea, with her fine eyes, her light and graceful figure, and her Italian naiveté, that combination of artlessness, archness, and simplicity, was the pride of the village. All the good Curé's hopes and projects for the future were centred in the happiness of the young girl. He had planned a brilliant establishment for her, nothing

short of marrying her to Tommaso, his sacristan, who held the third place in his affections. Tommaso, a tall strapping youth, was an almost constant inmate of the parsonage, and the Curé's factotum. He was gardener, cook, and clerk, repeating the responses, singing in the choir, and decorating the altar. He was a good lad on the whole, though, being somewhat hot and testy, he was at the head and tail of every village quarrel. In the time of Dante he would have been either a Guelph or a Ghibelline, but never could have stood neutral. He loved Mattea with an ardour apparently shared by the young girl, who gave him no reason to complain of her coldness in receiving the attentions of her destined husband.

Thus peacefully and happily was the good Curé passing his life, in the midst of his parishioners, and surrounded by beings whom he loved, when one fine summer's day an unusual bustle pervaded the village, and unwonted noises were heard. The tramp of horses resounded through its one street, and the next instant a troop of dragoons were crowding into the yard of the little mansion, while one of the Emperor's generals in brilliant uniform, and a hat with snow-white plume, presented himself before the Curé, who, handing him a chair, remained standing with his arms crossed upon his bosom, as if waiting to know to what martyrdom he was doomed.

"Re-assure yourself, I beg, Sir," said General Count N——. "Have I not the honour of speaking to M. Le Curé Buonaparte, the uncle of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy?"

"Yes, Sir, I believe it is so," stammered the Curé, who had heard some confused report of his nephew's elevation, but heard it as one of those remote events, from all concern with which he was shut out by countries innumerable, and distances immeasurable.

"His Imperial Majesty's mother——."

"Letizia?" interrupted the Curé.

"His Imperial Majesty's mother," continued the General, "mentioned you to him?"

"Do you mean to little Napoleon?" said the Curé.

"To the Emperor, M. Le Curé. It is quite out of course, that so excellent a man, so near a relative as you are, should be thus left to languish in the obscurity of a petty village-curé, whilst your family are ruling all Europe, and your nephew is wielding the destinies of the world. The Emperor has deputed me to wait upon you. You have only to speak, only to wish. Is there any particular bishopric you desire? Would you prefer one in France to one in Italy, or would you rather exchange your black cassock for the Cardinal's robe? The Emperor has too much respect and affection for you to refuse you anything, and there is nothing he cannot do."

The greatest personage that the poor Curé had ever seen in his life was the bishop, who came once every year into the village to confirm the children, and for about a fortnight after this episcopal visit, bright visions of the splendid ring, the gold mitre, and the lace surplice floated before the still dazzled eyes of the good Curé. But now far greater splendour was displayed before his mind's eye, and prospects of far higher dignity were presented to gild his future. He hesitated in momentary doubt whether he had heard rightly, and then said, as if thinking aloud, "Can it be true? My niece Letizia, empress? and I heard her first confession. It is now a long time ago, Sir, when she was quite a little girl."

The General smiled.

"Sir," continued the Curé, "I must beg a few moments for consideration. Such a sudden change demands some little thought."

The General was of course at the orders of M. Le Curé; he had but to command; and the good man went up stairs to a little room looking out upon the yard.

There all was tumult and confusion. The General's escort had taken the bridles off the horses, and the riders were laughing and chatting among themselves. Just as the Curé had approached the window, Mattea had ventured out of the corner in which she had taken refuge at the first approach of the troop, and in a very few minutes he observed her listening with down-cast eye, and blushing cheek, to a dragoon, who was paying his court to her with an assiduity which at last roused Tommaso from his admiring absorption in the immense sabres and brilliant uniforms, and brought him to the side of the young girl. The next moment, the Curé beheld the poor Tommaso scornfully repulsed by the inconstant fair one, and, on his attempting to remonstrate, saw him taken by the ear by his more fortunate rival, and whirled to the other end of the yard; while, to increase the good man's dismay, as he put his head out of the window, crying, "Mattea, Mattea, go home to your mother, my child, this is no place for you," he perceived another dragoon, for whom beauty had no attraction, and whom the regimental rations did not appear to suffice, in full chase after his poor white hen Bianca, who was running in terror under the feet of the horses. In vain did he cry alternately, "Monsieur Dragoon, let Mattea go home;" "Monsieur Dragoon, pray let Bianca alone." The feeble voice of the good Curé, even though that of a Buonaparte, was unheeded. All his remonstrances were useless, and would probably have continued so, even had not another cry of "Good Captain, you will kill our Bianca," been interrupted by the door opening to admit Mattea and the dragoon, followed by Tommaso. "My child, my child, go home to your mother."—"We have just come to tell your reverence," said the dragoon, "that she is coming home to me. If your reverence will give us your consent, well and good; but if you are slow about it, we cannot promise to wait for it. Can we, my pretty one?"

"And poor Tommaso!" cried the Curé.

"Oh! as to me, your reverence, I declare off, since she chooses to care more for the dragoon than she does for me; and besides, they tell me that so fine a fellow as I am was never made for ringing bells, when I might one day be a captain or a colonel. So I intend to turn dragoon, and who knows but that you may yet see me a Marshal of France."

The Curé could not bear these successive blows to all his hopes, and, rushing out of the room, met the General. "What is the matter, Sir?" said he; "what has occurred to agitate you thus?"

"My lord," replied the Curé, "I had a good, sweet, innocent girl here, and, since your arrival, I have lost her. One of your soldiers ——."

"One of my soldiers presume to treat your house with disrespect, the house of the Emperor's uncle! The scoundrel shall be instantly shot. Brigade-Major, find out who has dared to commit such an offence. To death with him in an instant."

"Oh! no bloodshed, Sir; I implore of you, no bloodshed," said the Curé.

"Sir," said the Brigade-Major, "as far as I can know of the matter, the man only wants to marry the girl, and she seems nothing loth herself. It is André Pitteau."

"I can answer for the good character of the man," said the General; "and, should he marry your protégée, I will take care he shall soon rise from the ranks; and as the damsel seems to have set her heart upon him, perhaps, M. Le Curé, you may as well not refuse your consent."

It was with a sad heart the old man gave up the plan he had cherished for years; but seeing that further opposition would be useless, he agreed to perform the marriage ceremony. He must first, however, go and look after his hen, his pet Bianca. He did not like to mention it to the General, remembering his threat of shooting Mattea's dragoon, and shrinking from compromising the life of a

man on account of a bird; and he was looking about for it anxiously, when Tommaso appeared with his pet in his arms, her eyes closed, her limbs stiff, and apparently lifeless.

The Curé eagerly seized his poor Bianca, and while caressing and endeavouring to restore her, said to the General, in a sad but decided tone,—"Monsieur le General, I must beg you to decline for me the Emperor's offer. I am determined to end my life as I began it, and to remain Curé of the village in which I have so long lived happily. I have been severely punished for my momentary hesitation, and may God forgive me! You will say for me to Letizia, that I hope, nay, that I am fully confident, that her conscience is as pure as in her girlish days. Embrace for me my grand-nephew, the little Napoleon, and tell him I am glad to hear he is an emperor, since he likes to be one, and that I will pray to God to preserve to him his throne. They are both good children to have thought of their old uncle; but I want no bishopric, nor red robe, nor cardinal's hat. And now go in peace, Monsieur le General; and if you have any respect for the wishes of the uncle of your emperor, you will never again come here."

When an order was once issued by the Emperor, there was no choice but to execute it, and carry out fully the imperial mandate. The ministers of his will would as soon have thought of reversing the decrees of destiny as disputing his pleasure. Now, he had said to General N——, "You will bring my uncle to Paris, or take him to Rome. It matters not whether my uncle be with me or with the Pope, but elsewhere he must not be. He must be at least a Bishop." And, therefore, the General, as little comprehending resistance to the declared wishes of the Emperor, as he did the refusal of a bishopric and indifference to a cardinalate, argued, entreated, implored; then threatened; but in vain. The Curé remained firm to his resolve. He resisted all entreaty, and when recourse was had to threats, he answered with all the bitterness of an angry Corsican, and all the insulted dignity of an old man, who did not choose to be teased by the inconsiderate and childish folly of his grand-nephew. The disappointed General was at last obliged to give up the point, and, with his turbulent escort, to evacuate the village.

When the Emperor learned the ill-success of the embassy, and the want of ambition in a Buonaparte, he smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

Mattea married the dragoon, and in time she found herself the wife of a colonel. Tommaso entered the service, and, at the Restoration, was Captain of the Imperial Guard.

The good Curé Buonaparte died in his peaceful village before the close of the empire. Who will assert that he was not, after all, the happiest of his family?

AUTUMN WILD FLOWERS.

Who is there existing with recollections of childhood who does not imagine and believe that a great change has taken place within that period and now, in the seasons? In our younger days, living in a more northerly latitude, we can remember our gambols in the sea in the beginning of May. That is twenty years ago, and the long stretch of sandy coast flat as a table, and as smooth, is still vivid to the fancy. Our old superstition, too, against bathing while the tide was ebbing (whatever the time of the day) is not wholly lost upon us; far worse superstitions and notions we have learned in youth cling to us, because we love, not them, but the associations connected with the past.

That a change has taken place in the relations of the seasons to each other, is however, an undoubted fact. The swallow does not now take his departure from us so soon as he formerly did, and deep into autumn many of our familiar wild flowers will be found to blow. We look for spring in March, and find it snow and frost in April; and while autumn should put on its drab-coloured hue in August, we find the summer leaves not disturbed until well into November. The snow is not so deep nor so early on the ground as it was wont to be; we never have the recreation of taking a temporary burial in six feet of flake. The learned reader may solve such a subject; all we can do is to state the fact of the seasons having changed their relative positions, and having materially altered in their severity.

In the month of August, and with the certainty that they will be in bloom throughout the month, we see many flowers which ought to be in seed, and well ripened. Nor is this fact incidental to this peculiar season; we have noticed it for long, both with regard to wild and garden flowers. Take as an instance most of the plants of that interesting order, called by botanists the *Umbelliferæ*; they are still found in flower, although set down as blossoming in April, May, and June, and the same may be said of several other species, the periods of flowering of which have got most unaccountably confused. These umbelliferous plants are by no means an inviting study for the young botanist. The distinctions between the genera depend upon parts so very minute, that without the aid of a powerful glass, and the closest inspection, it is almost impossible to trace them. The specific distinctions are equally difficult, depending as much upon the shape of the seed vessels, as the flowers and the leaves, and hence the tribe would require to be studied at different periods of a season to arrive at an accurate knowledge of individual peculiarities. The umbelliferous plants will be well understood from their well-known species, the common carrot, parsley, celery, and deadly hemlock. This latter plant can be easily distinguished by its stem being spotted, and the offensive fetid smell which it emits. Notwithstanding the almost superstitious dread with which it is regarded, in consequence of its poisonous nature, the hemlock yields an extract which has been much used in the cure of scrofulous and cancerous diseases.

A plant which is very common in road-side ditches, called figwort, or by botanists the scrofularia, presents some interesting peculiarities. The leaves are of a deep green colour, the stem square, tinged with purple, and the flowers of a purplish green. It does not possess much beauty to attract the eye, although when separated from its companion plants, it is very graceful, and always presents a *damp* fresh-like appearance. The scrofularia, as may be supposed, takes its name from the disease so often the precursor of others more fatal, and was at one time used for its cure. The leaves, on being bruised, emit a powerful, disagreeable odour, a proof that they contain some agent, whether for good or evil. We have seen the leaves used by a medical friend, as a salve in a disease common in colliery districts amongst children. This disease appears in the form of a gathering in the face, much like small-pox, but much larger, and when healed, leaves the same unsightly marks as its more fatal brother. The effect of the salve upon a very severe case was both rapid and satisfactory, although we mention it more as an incentive to others to analyze the plant, and ascertain its properties, than to stimulate young practitioners to its immediate use.

A great variety of the plants common to the month of August possess useful or pleasing properties. There is the common foxglove, without exception the handsomest of our herbaceous wild flowers, with its beautiful stripe of purple or white bells, into which, in our younger and more mischievous days, how often have we not watched the bees, and there made them prisoners, our untutored ear delighted with the hum of the incarcerated insect. The foxglove contains a medicine now extensively used for the lowering of the pulse, which is well known as the extract of digitalis. This extract is obtained from the

leaves which are gathered just before the flowers burst, and are dried in the dark, so that their colours may be preserved. If the colour is lost, the virtue of the plant is destroyed.

During August and September, every ditch and field contains its specimens of mint, that homely favourite of the cottage garden. There are thirteen species of mint common to this country, all possessing, more or less, that aromatic flavour which renders at least two species useful for culinary or medicinal purposes. These are the spear-mint and the pepper-mint, the latter of which contains an essential oil, found in the minute glands of the leaves and calyx, or flower-cup. Its odour is described as "sweet and mild, without the pungency of the common sort cultivated in gardens." The red bushy mint we have often seen in gardens, where the brightness of its flowers and its agreeable scent render it conspicuous. The smell is much increased by cultivating this species in a light dry soil. From the mint to the wild thyme is a natural transition. Who that ever climbed a hill in the month of August hath not rested his limbs on a bed of wild thyme? And who that hath so done, can forget the fragrance of his couch, the purple flowers, the perfume which every blast "wafts to the charmed sense." The imagination of even a Shakspere could not have fancied a more fitting bed for the Fairy Queen. Botanists at one time named three species of wild thyme, but modern science has placed two of them under different genera, the acinos and the calamintha—the basil thyme and the calamint. Even an uncultivated eye would certainly keep them away from the thyme, the chief resemblance being in the shape of the flowers and the aromatic smell; the differences are too obvious to be mistaken. The calamint is employed to make an herb-tea, as it is called in rural districts, and, like many other of our wild flowers, may contain a principle equal to that of the China plant.

The germander, or wood sage, is a wild flower belonging to the same class as the thyme and marjoram. It is not very inviting in its appearance, the flowers being neither green, yellow, nor white, but apparently a mixture of the whole. The germander grows about a foot high, amongst stones, and in dry woody places, and is easily noticed by its wrinkled leaves, purple stem, and the peculiar tinge of the blossoms. The plant yields a powerful, and not very agreeable bitter, which has been sometimes used in brewing, as a substitute for hops. Flowering at the same season, and belonging to the same family of plants as those first noticed, we might point out an infinite variety, well worthy attention. Here is the horehound, the mother-wort, the dead-nettle, one of which never ceases flowering from January to January; the prunella, or self-heal, the wound-wort, and the beautiful euphrasite, or eye-bright, which grows prostrate on the ground, with a stem scarcely an inch long, and delicate light pink-streaked flowers, with a dark purple eye. This plant is used occasionally, in rural practice, for diseases of the eye. Milton, in the "Paradise Lost," after the fall, and when the archangel, Michael, is about to show our first parent the effects of his disobedience, in the future history of man, introduces the eye-bright as the plant used by the archangel to remove the film from the eye of Adam:—

> "Then purged with euphrasy and rue
> The visual nerve, for he had much to see."

There is no plant more engaging than the eye-bright, and a singularity about it is, that although in the rich meadows of England it rarely attains above an inch in height, in the comparatively barren hills of Scotland it often attains eight inches, and the stems branch out so as to form a good-sized plant.

In the hedges, in the month of August, nothing is more common than the St. John's wort, which comes to us not only in its own gaudy yellow dress, but all the adventititous circumstances with which superstition can invest it. The bright flower is often covered with small black spots, which gives a curious effect to the whole plant, and from its mystery, may, perhaps, account for the almost dread with which it was formerly regarded. The leaves of the common St. John's wort, on being held up to the light, appear as if perforated with minute holes, from which circumstance it takes its specific botanic name. There are many superstitions connected with the St. John's wort as to its supposed power of keeping away witches from houses, and guarding the persons of children. From whatever cause these superstitions may have arisen, is not likely ever to be known, but the horrible stench which some of the species emit is enough to scare more substantial frames than we generally assign to the weird sisters. Our ancient physicians have not been behind the vendors of superstition in attributing to the St. John's wort miraculous powers of healing. In some old works it is called "balm of the warrior's wounds," and directions are given as to the hour and the positions of various planets when it is to be gathered for vulnerary purposes. The profusion of flowers which almost cover every plant, however, renders the St. John's wort a striking object. The poet thus alludes to its appearance:—

> "Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
> Of flowers, like flies clothing its slender rods,
> That scarce a leaf appears."

The large flowered St. John's wort forms an ornamental shrub for plantations around a dwelling.

We have scarcely allowed ourselves space to say enough of a very graceful and extensive family of plants, the thistles, or as botanists call them, the compositæ. They are all very common in the month of August, and, indeed, throughout the autumn, from the common dandelion on the road-side to the imposing common thistle, which is the emblem of the Scottish nationality. The thistles are a very distinct and natural order of plants; no one can make a mistake regarding them, and in every species of soil, from a marsh to a dry mountain, they are to be found. The thistle cultivated in Scotland, as its emblem, is more common in England than in the northern part of the empire. No Scotchman can look upon it but with reverence; and who would destroy the feeling of national pride which it perpetuates? The same feeling has kept Scotland unconquered by foreign foe, and may not its presence in the distant lands, to which the Scotchmen are famous for migrating, be attended with the same results as it has been in their own dear country.

> "The great bur-thistle, spreading wide
> Amang the bearded beare—
> I turned my reaping-hook aside,
> And spared the symbol dear."

So sings Burns, Scotland's truest poet, and let us add our wish that the thistle may flourish, however far left to himself the ass may be who chews it. In the fourth scene of the third act of "Much Ado About Nothing," Beatrice is represented to say, "By my troth I am sick;" to which Margaret replies, "Get you some of this distilled carduus benedictus and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm."

This carduus benedictus has been changed by botanists into the cricus heterophyllus, or melancholy plume thistle, which we almost regret, from its association with one of Shakspere's most lively characters. The plant is still abundant, but alas! for its virtues in a qualm, they are unknown. The common daisy, or more beautifully, day's-eye, belongs to this family. This

> "Wee modest crimson-tipped flower"

is universal, both in locality and in time of flowering. It is called bellis by botanists, from the Latin *bellus*, pretty, and the French have bestowed upon it the title of Marguerite, the name of a woman, which again is derived from margarita, a pearl. There is no end to the daisy, go where we will. There is another plant in this order called the yarrow, but whether the flower rendered

sacred in ancient ballads, is not known. It is well known from its dense head of white, sometimes pink flowers, and its deeply pinnated leaves. Every road-side or ditch has its specimens; we only mention it from the name which associates it with our youthful passion for old ballads about love and war. To this order also belongs the camomile, the feverfew, the burdock, and other familiar individual plants; but our space will not allow us at present to enter further into Autumn wild flowers.

A RAILWAY RIDE.

I WILL not deny that I had previously a sort of feeling which I will call railway fever, and this was at its height when I entered the immense building from whence the train departs. Here was a crowd of travellers, a running with portmanteaus and carpet bags, and a hissing and puffing of engines out of which the steam poured forth. At first we know not rightly where we dare stand, fearing that a carriage, or a boiler, or a baggage chest might come flying over us. It is true that one stands safely enough on a projecting balcony: the carriages we are to enter are drawn up in a row quite close to it, like gondolas by the side of a quay, but down in the yard the one rail crosses the other like magic ties invented by human skill; to these ties our magic car should confine itself, for if it come out of them, life and limb are at stake. I gazed at these waggons, at the locomotives, at loose baggage waggons, and Heaven knows what: they ran amongst each other as in a fairy world. Everything seemed to have legs; and then the steam and the noise, united with the crowding to get a place, the smell of tallow, the regular movement of the machinery, and the whistling, snorting, and snuffing of the steam as it was blown off, increased the impression; and when one is here for the first time, one thinks of overturnings, of breaking arms and legs, of being blown into the air, or crushed to death by another train; but I think it is only the first time one thinks of all this. The train formed three divisions; the first two were comfortably closed carriages, quite like our diligences, only that they were much broader: the third was open, and incredibly cheap, so that even the poorest peasant is enabled to travel by it: it is much cheaper for him than if he were to walk all the distance, and refresh himself at the alehouse, or lodge on the journey. The signal-whistle sounds, but it does not sound well,—it bears no small resemblance to the pig's dying song, when the knife passes through its throat. We get into the most comfortable carriage, the guard locks the door and takes the key; but we can let the window down, and enjoy the fresh air, without being in danger of suffocation: we are just the same here as in another carriage, only more at ease: we can rest ourselves, if we have made a fatiguing journey shortly before. The first sensation is that of a very gentle motion in the carriages, and then the chains are attached which bind them together: the steam-whistle sounds again, and we move on; at first but slowly, as if a child's hand drew a little carriage. The speed increases imperceptibly, but you read in your book, look at your map, and as yet do not rightly know at what speed you are going, for the train glides on like a sledge over the level snow-field. You look out of the window, and discover that you are careering away as with horses at full gallop; it goes still quicker; you seem to fly; but here is no shaking, no suffocation, nothing of what you anticipated would be unpleasant. What was that red thing which darted like lightning close past us? It was one of the watchmen, who stood there with his flag. Only look out, and the nearest ten or twenty yards you see is a field, which looks like a rapid stream; grass and plants run into each other. We have an idea of standing outside the globe, and seeing it turn round; it pains the eye to keep it fixed for a long time in the same direction. * * * This is just the way to travel through flat countries! It is as if town lay close to town; now comes one, then another. One can imagine the flight of birds of passage,—they must leave towns behind them thus. Those who drive in carriages on the byroads, seem to stand still: the horses appear to lift their feet, but to put them down again in the same place,—and so we pass them. * * Every moment one is at a fresh station, where the passengers are set down, and others taken up. The speed of the whole journey is thus diminished; we stop a minute, and the waiter gives us refreshments through the open window, light or solid, just as we please. Roasted pigeons literally fly into one's mouth for payment, and then we hurry off, chatter with our neighbour, read a book, or cast an eye on nature without, where a herd of cows turn themselves round with astonishment, or some horses tear themselves loose from the tether, and gallop away, because they see that twenty carriages can be drawn without their assistance, and even quicker than if they should have to draw them,—and then we are again suddenly under a roof, where the train stops. We have come seventy miles in three hours, and are now in Leipsic. For four hours after, on the same day, it again proceeds the same distance, in the same time, but through mountains and over rivers; and then we are in Dresden. I have heard many say that on a railroad all the poetry of travelling is lost, and that we lose sight of the beautiful and interesting. As to the last part of this remark, I can only say that every one is free to stay at whatever station he chooses, and look about him until the next train arrives; and as to all the poetry of travelling being lost, I am quite of the contrary opinion. It is in the narrow, close-packed diligences that poetry vanishes: we become dull, we are plagued with heat and dust in the best season of the year, and in winter by bad, heavy roads; we do not see nature itself in a wider extent, but in longer draughts than in a railway carriage. Oh, what a noble and great achievement of the mind is this production! We feel ourselves as powerful as the sorcerers of old! We put our magic horse to the carriage, and space disappears; we fly like the clouds in a storm—as the bird of passage flies! Our wild horse snorts and snuffs, and the dark stream rushes out of his nostrils. Mephistopheles could not fly quicker with Faust on his cloak! We are, with natural means, equally as potent in the present age as those in the middle ages thought that only the devil himself could be! With our cunning, we are at his side,—and before he knows it himself, we are past him. I can remember but a few times in my life that ever I felt myself so affected as I was on this railroad journey: it was thus with all my thoughts—that I beheld God face to face. I felt a devotion, such as when a child I have felt in the church alone; and when older, in the sun-illumined forest, or on the sea in a dead calm and starlight night.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

SEVEN REQUISITES OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

ONE evening lately, in our family circle, the conversation turned on "female character," and the various elements of its composition. The subject narrowed by degrees, till the question came to be, what were the main requisites in a good wife? There being considerable diversity of opinion, and room for endless argument, it was agreed that each should write on a slip of paper certain qualifications, in the order deemed most important. The number of points was to be limited in each list to seven, and those which were found in greatest number in all the lists were to be regarded as the decision of the company. When the papers came to be examined, there was great variety in the elements noted, and still greater in the order, as might be expected from the different ages and characters of the voters. But by a very decided majo-

rity, the following points, in the order given, appeared as the

SEVEN ELEMENTS OF THE BEST WIFE.

1. PIETY.
2. SENSE.
3. TEMPER.
4. EDUCATION.
5. MANNERS.
6. BEAUTY
7. RICHES.

This is the list, as it resulted from the votes, and it will be found to stand a most critical and philosophical examination. But before subjecting it to this, let me say a few words in explanation of the terms composing this seven-fold test. I am an old man accustomed to preaching, and will use the foregoing list like a text.

1. *Piety.* By this I do not mean any peculiar creed, or mode of religion, but simply the recognition of principles and motives of action, other than those which "are seen and temporal." Piety believes in things "unseen and eternal," and has regard to the Divine will, as declared, either in conscience, or in the works and word of God. Amid the tides and surges of life, piety, like an anchor, sure and steadfast, moors the soul to that which is beyond this vale of natural vision; and where piety is wanting, there is neither comfort in loving nor safety in trusting.

2. *Sense.* By this I understand natural capacity, bulk of mind, soundness of judgment; all that is included in the word, better understood than described, "*common sense.*" As Pope has it, in one of his admirable couplets :—

> "Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven;
> And though no science, fairly worth the seven."

3. *Temper.* By this I do not mean mere sweetness or amiability of disposition. A country parson was telling Paley how happy he was in his domestic life, having been married thirty-five years, and never had the slightest difference with his dear spouse! "How insipid!" was Paley's expressive reply. There is more than sweetness wanted in a good temper. A woman must have mettle or spirit, as well as meekness and suavity, to entitle her to the attribute of temper.

4. *Education.* By this I do not understand what in modern phrase are called accomplishments. Many an intelligent and well-informed woman can neither sing, nor play, nor speak any other language than the mother tongue, and yet may be well-educated. To be able to write and converse well, and be reasonably well-informed on subjects commonly occurrent in the circle in which she moves, is enough to entitle to the name of an educated woman.

5. *Manners.* How often do we see every natural and acquired excellence neutralized by disagreeable manners! How often, on the other hand, has plainness, shall I say ugliness, appeared loveable, and a multitude of faults been covered, by the charm of a frank and winning manner! There is a life and power in this attribute, deservedly placing it in our list above mere form or feature, which in marble, or on canvass, can be equally admired. Beauty can be imitated by art, but who can paint or imitate with equal truth the vivacity, elegance, dignity, attractiveness of manner?

6. *Beauty.* This quality speaks to other senses than the ear, and therefore there is no need for the tongue describing it.

7. *Riches.* This element, not of female character, but of an eligible wife, is alas, too well understood to require remark or explanation.

Reader! have you ever known any individual combining all these qualities? I have known many women, and loved some; but never had the good fortune to meet one with this seven-fold excellence. I mean of course having a large proportion of each of the elements, for it is taken for granted that a certain amount of each one of them must exist in every wife in civilized society. Also, it is taken for granted that there is not deformity, disease, or other positive drawback to union. A savage, or a backwoodsman squatter could dispense with education and manners in his companions, but we are taking the standard of civilized life. I was asking the reader if he knew of any person with all these elements of character. Try your acquaintances by this test, but beware of harsh judgment or incautious remark. I know one who has eminently the six first qualities in the list; I know several who have four out of the seven; one or two who have five; yet the greater amount possessed by others of the three first elements cause me to love them more than if they had only a smaller amount of all the seven. I should like to give illustrations of every subject by citing examples of female character from history and literature, sacred and profane, but this would occupy too much space, and the suggestions thrown out may lead to such applications.

I said that the arrangement in the test paper was a most philosophical as well as practical one, which will be admitted when it is observed how the qualities follow the order of soul and body. First, there is piety, relating to what is purely spiritual,—the higher faculties of the soul. Then, there is sense, or pure mind and judgment. Third, is temper,—a mixture of mind with the passions belonging to animal life. Fourth, education,—an acquisition and enlargement of mind. Fifth, manner,—a combination of mental with bodily attraction. Sixth, beauty,—pertaining to the body and its properties. Lastly, riches, or acquisitions and possessions altogether external to the person. Spiritual is at the beginning, and material at the end, of the list.

These are the jottings of one who at different times of his life might, perhaps, have arranged his list differently; and it is a subject on which young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, male and female, are alike interested.

AN OLD NORTHERN SEER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

He who seeks on earth repose
  Is bereft of common sense:
Soon the day of truth would close
  In the night of indolence.

Mind hath much to learn below;
  Knowledge hourly must be sought;
Ever seeking truth to know,
  Wisdom comes with work and thought

He is not the friend of man,
  Nor his own—it cannot be—
Who pursues a selfish plan,
  Basking 'neath his own fig-tree.

He's a noble man, who seeks
  'Mid the world's love, toil, and strife,
Right; and giveth, as he speaks,
  Thought to thought, and life to life.

Ever, in his onward way,
  Beauty, grandeur, he descries,—
Or in summer's azure day,
  Or in winter's stormy skies.

Blest the mind to which is shown,
  That there is—on earth, in heaven,—
Ever something to be known:
  'Tis the greatest blessing given.

Ever mind must mind employ,
  Ever must receive and give;
Still to learn is to enjoy,
  And enjoying is to live.

Nature is an ancient college,
  Free to all its open portal;
Make thyself a man by knowledge,
  And then hope to be immortal.

J. NEVAY.

JOHN ASHMORE OF BIRMINGHAM, 1879.

BY SILVERPEN.

"Great capitals produce the greatest division of labour, the most perfect machines, the most active competition amongst the merchants, the most extended credits, and consequently the lowest prices. Each nation in receiving from the richest every thing which it furnishes, at the lowest rate, and of the best quality, would be able to devote its capital exclusively to the most advantageous branches of industry."—*Bentham's Works*, vol. 3, p. 79.

"In reviewing so many various processes, it is impossible not to perceive that the arts and manufactures of the country are intimately connected with the progress of the severer sciences; and that as we advance in the career of improvement, every step requires for its success, that this success should be rendered more intimate. The applied sciences derive their facts from experiments; but the reasonings on which their chief utility depends, come more properly within the province of what is called abstract science. It has been shown, that the division of labour is no less applicable to mental productions, than to those in which material bodies are concerned; and it follows, that the efforts for the improvement of its manufactures, which any country can make with the greatest probability of success, must arise from the combined exertions of all those most skilled in the theory, as well as in the practice of the art; each labouring in that department for which his natural capacity and acquired habits have rendered him most fit."—*Babbage's Economy of Machinery*, p. 307.

"Though history teaches us that a long time is necessary for the most beautiful discoveries to descend and make their way to the masses, yet, it is their destiny to do so, and there, becoming fixed, produce their finest fruits."—*Quetelet's Theory of Probabilities.*

In 1859 the capital of our Joint-Stock Iron Company was £3,763 16s. 4¾d.; in 1869 it had considerably increased at the hands of some five hundred capitalists: and now in 1879, a space of twenty years, the fixed and floating capital is estimated at somewhere about £482,000, paying an average interest of thirty per cent. to two thousand three hundred capitalists of all grades and conditions, though the lowest sum now allowed to be invested in the general stock is £10; this, however, without limiting small deposits at a less rate of interest, on the plan of the Scotch banks.

To show the progress which thrift and prudence have made amongst the working classes in the space of thirty years, since our first introduction to the beer-shop called the Cannock Arms, I find, by reference to the books of the Shropshire forge, which we shall see presently, and by those of our Birmingham works, and our Welsh slate quarries, that, irrespective of capitalists of other date, the ages and sums invested by our contributors of this year—1879—are as follow; showing that, as in statistical tables of an entirely different character, the *mean* prudential and saving average is to be found about the age of twenty-five years. Thus I find, taking proportions of two years:

No. of Depositors.	Age.	Yearly Saving.	Total sums.
20	16	£10	£200
27	18	11	297
32	20	15	480
41	22	17	697
54	24	20	1,080
75	25	27	2,025
73	26	27	1,971
68	28	25	1,700
61	30	22	1,342
58	32	24	1,392
52	34	21	1,092
48	36	19	912
41	38	17	697
37	40	14	518
687			£14,403

This sum, therefore, of £14,403, from 687 depositors of this year alone, 174 of whom are under the age of twenty-five years, clearly proves an essential progress, and points out that those who have reached the age of twenty-five years, are most affected in their education and general habits of thrift; whilst, ascending from this age to that of forty, it is evident that the influence or degree of education gradually diminishes with the increasement of years; proving, that a less degree of education influenced the youth of such adults, or that its influence is less when afforded after the age of adolescence. On the other hand, the stringent fact is obvious, that taking the first year of depositship at forty, and presuming marriage as the rule, celibacy the exception, what an improvement is this over a former state of things, when a beardless boy of nineteen married a penniless girl of seventeen, and trusted to CHANCE! to keep them and their future offspring from the workhouse. *Now*, the man of forty saves his £10 and is a capitalist; *then* the workhouse, or the pauperism of the beer-shop, was the largest probability to be placed by this age.

Looking again at our Joint-Stock Company's books, I find, (mark me,) out of upwards of two thousand three hundred capitalists, but *one* married at the age of twenty, eleven at twenty-three, fourteen at twenty-five, twenty at twenty-eight, and only eighteen at thirty. Whilst between this age and that of forty the amount of the number of married is considerably increased.

Leaving these more abstract points again for a while, though they are amongst those vital principles which run like an undercurrent through this story, I resume their elucidation by my more ordinary method; a method which you have received so well, dear friends, that we are becoming as one, in this, our weekly communion with each other.

It is an evening in the full winter, for the snow lies thick upon the streets of Birmingham, and though melted from off the roofs of the foundries, the weather is too cold to let it melt elsewhere. Out in the country, two or three miles away, it is thicker still, especially where it lies in the large courtway of a very plain, substantial country-house. Though the evening is very dark, for the sky is heavy with a mass of snow, the cheerful light of gas and fire gleams warmly from many of the windows, particularly from three on the somewhat elevated ground-floor of the house, and as the windows are only partly shuttered, the cloth is seen laid for dinner, the gas burning brightly above the table, and a large fire glowing in the highly-polished grate. Though everything is simple, plain, and perfectly unostentatious, the extreme cleanliness and evident care bestowed on all within the room, give an air of elegance and even luxury. A lady is standing by one of the windows, its warm scarlet curtains yet undrawn, watching the far road, which she can see for some distance, as it has an ascent. A boy of about seven years old is standing by her side, watching as eagerly as she does, and a baby of a few months old, is in her arms.

"How late papa is to-night," says the boy, presently. "I never knew the church clock strike before without his coming. He is so punctual, that Amy says the sound of the carriage wheels is as good as our nursery clock. But here he comes, I think."

As the child speaks, a carriage rolls down the slight descent towards the house, and the lady moves from the window, stooping as she does so to kiss the boy, and to tell him that as soon as he has seen his papa, he must go up and have tea in the nursery with his little sisters and Amy, but promises that he shall come down again, and go with her as usual to the "works." Saying so, she hurries into the hall just in time to welcome by the very door, a tall, stately man, with cheerful voice and loving words, to hold the baby up for him to kiss; and then as he stoops to caress the boy, to lead the way, and throw open a side door into a small room, half study, half dressing room, where a fire burns brightly, where the curtains are drawn close and warm, where slippers stand warming and ready on the hearthrug, where the loose house-coat is placed ready over the back of an easy chair, drawn so close and snugly to the fire, as to make any one judge whose hand has placed it there, and where everything is a proof of a good wife's love. When she has looked again once round to see that nothing is wanting, roused up the fire to a higher glow, she leaves the room, takes the children up to the nursery, where tea is ready, presided over by the well-dressed nurse, whose flock of some five or six little

ones, are already gathered round the table; and thus assured that all is right, she gives a kiss round, and hurries again down stairs to the dining-room, to see that nothing is wanting to the comfort of the dinner table. At the instant that all is ready, and the last dish on the table, her husband comes in, and folds her in his arms, and says, with such emphasis as to be a sign of pregnant truth, "Home, Juliet, home! May God grant that in the time coming many wanting it may have one like this—for good homes make great men—peaceful and cheerful hearths, the purest patriotism, the best of public virtues."

The plain, unostentatious, almost frugal dinner is soon over, the little ones are brought down, baby and all; when these have spent their much counted-on half hour, they are dismissed to bed, the boy and a little sister, a year older than himself, alone remaining—she being privileged to sit upon papa's knee, and sitting with her arms about his neck, whispers her baby love. Sitting thus, the grave, stern, taciturn man of the day, who directs the enormous power of half-a-million of capital, (a capital so rapidly increasing, as to be necessarily before long, the most splendid power which *sensible* co-operation has yet created,) who uses those concreted, sacred, honest, mighty pennies of near three thousand capitalists, with the same pregnant interest, for a present and a future, as if they were his own, (and this is truth,) who directs the movements of a thousand workmen, who is laying forth plans for the employment of as many more, who is carrying onward moreover a connection between the increase of capital and moral and social progress, and who, in thus endeavouring to solve the great problem between capital and labour, has to watch the details of a hundred affecting, though minor agents, looks as free from vain-glory or self-sufficiency as his artless children, or as in those days when he made nails in Willenhall for so much a score, and was nothing more than John Ashmore the parish apprentice. No! no change is in the sterling heart of the man, though much in manner. He is no coarse demagogue whom wealth or popularity blinds and brutalizes; who is so absorbed by the magnificence of self, as to be regardless of *real* self-respect, or the feelings of others; but guided by nature he has striven to be a gentleman, grave, courteous, self-reliant; as much without sycophancy as without rudeness. He has succeeded—and as he sits here with his little children, few would think that the plain, unadorned, though well-dressed man before them, is one who has fought with, and triumphed over a rugged destiny, and now leads the way to make it clearer for those who are fighting, and have yet to fight.

In Juliet there is little change beyond that of wearing a matronly look; all else is just the same as when she strove to win the love of the plain, resolute, iron-souled artisan; by this she shows her knowledge of retaining love. When people talk to her about dressing for a party, a dinner, or a ball, she answers, "Well! this is easy to me. I have but to put on a gayer gown, for I dress my hair every day to meet my husband at his dinner-hour, as if he were my newest guest." This is true, and as she now bends towards her boy, to answer some question he puts to her, the strong fire-light gleams upon her beautiful hair, and tinges with its brightness the flitting tints and many-coloured hues which fall around. This beauty as she stoops her husband sees, and though he speaks not as he glances down, yet is his soul touched with this silent homage to his love; and in her plain but carefully arranged dress, rich, as it ought to be, but perfectly unobtrusive, he sees further consideration of his wishes, unspoken though they have been, at least with regard to this point, that nothing around him, or about him, shall betoken a vulgar display of wealth, other than what dignifies and graces a position of directing genius.

Tea over, Juliet consults the time-piece, and then opening a side door, leads the way into another and smaller chamber, where light and warmth are equally cheerful as in the one just left, wheels up an easy chair, places her husband's papers and books at his side, as is customary on these evenings, and then withdraws when he is comfortably seated with little Rosalind on his knee. She soon returns, however, dressed in her cloak and bonnet, and with the boy just carefully coated by Amy, caresses Rosalind, and hurries to the carriage which waits at the door precisely as the clock strikes seven from some neighbouring steeple. Driven for about a quarter of a mile towards Birmingham, it turns down a lane, and stops before a long range of iron palisading. Here she alights, and passing with her boy through the gate which the coachman opens, she reaches a somewhat tasteful building, though not one of very large dimensions. It has two long rows of oval windows running from end to end; the lower of which, brilliantly lighted from within, throw out their graceful shapes upon the snow, which though lying thick around, does not wholly hide the grass plot and shrubs of a pretty surrounding garden. Knocking, as any stranger would, Mrs. Ashmore is admitted into a wide well-lighted passage, from thence into a large room to the right, where are collected forty-five to fifty young unmarried women, employed in some of the departments of the Joint-Stock Iron Company's Works, with which is now incorporated the late Mr. Taverner's brass-foundry. They are variously employed. Some are seated sewing round a wide table, at the head of which presides our old friend Hannah, the schoolmaster's wife, now a widow, and superintendent of this home. Others are reading, others practising drawing or flower painting, so as to be able to advance a step at the "works," where many new artistic processes are now carried on, but most are employed in some homely substantial work, such as coat repairing, and trowser and shirt making, at a certain scale of prices for the young unmarried operatives employed by the Company. For John Ashmore, learning, through the miserable experience of his youth, how many of the severest evils of the masses grow out of woman's ignorance of domestic economy and management, instituted this home in 1870, the year after his marriage; the Joint-Stock Iron Company building the house, furnishing it, providing a matron or superintendent, and board, lodging, washing for the young women, and conveyance to and fro to their shops and foundries in a covered omnibus, at a certain fixed charge per week in the form of rent. Thus with fifty inmates—the usual average—ten, by rotation, perform all the household duties, such as brewing, baking, washing, and cooking; the three former, not solely for themselves, but also for the "Young Men's Home," carried on upon the same system, in an appropriate building in the town, and on the Company's premises. Thus, in five weeks, the whole have gone through the routine of a week's domestic life and its duties; and to obviate all difficulties on the score of earnings, the "home week" is found the most profitable to each individual, by reason of the division, according to diligence and work done, of the profits arising out of the duties already mentioned. And so highly prized is this "home week," that almost all consider it a holiday.

The forty otherwise employed have only been home from the shop about an hour, but they have already had tea, smartened up their hair and dress, as is the rule, and are occupied as we describe. Two evenings a week a master attends to give such as require it plain instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, none being allowed to be thus far ignorant; but beyond this, there is no vain attempt to make them accomplished, but rather serviceable in their probable future homes as the wives of mechanics. Few have ambition beyond this sound common sense point; but there are exceptions. Some, with a great natural love for art, do not care for the amusement of, or the earnings of the needle, but saving carefully from their weekly wages, attend certain evenings a week the Company's private School of Design, and now practise what they thus learn. One or two, with an equal taste for music, take lessons in singing, and practise together

in a room allotted for the purpose, and share in the concerts now and then given by the Company. Others have a taste for reading, and pursue it diligently.

When Mrs. Ashmore has gone round the pleasant dormitories up stairs with Hannah, and seen some improvements made since her last visit, she goes through the laundry and the pantries and the dairy, takes much interest, and makes many inquiries as to the domestic labours of the week, and then returning to the cheerful, well-lighted sitting room, looks round at the workwomen, suggesting this thing to one and to another, but with no air of the Lady Bountiful, but just as a mother to children less instructed than herself. She feels and knows, and has learnt from her great-minded husband, that the penny of honest labour is as noble as the pound; that the horny hand which earns it is as sacred in its independence as the silken one which derives it from another kind or degree of labour. No! no patronage; the hand or head which honestly exerts its power, has no right to bestow or to accept any sign or token of the slave. The only thing which asks, and should have worship, is intellectual power, when nobly used in the service of God and man. And yet, though Juliet Ashmore does not say, "I am the wife and companion of your great leader, your teacher, your capitalist, your master;" or, "I am better taught, or better bred, and have known no life but one of easy affluence:" yet, never once is passed the line of demarcation which education fitly draws. There is respect without familiarity.

Sitting down for a few minutes beside one of the young women busily painting a group of flowers, Mrs. Ashmore bids another less busy to go and ask her coachman for a small carriage basket, and this being brought, she takes from it a few choice geranium blossoms which she cut from the greenhouse this very afternoon. These are laid beside the painter's pallet, and then a lesson given as to their introduction into the designer's group, as yet rather dull for want of brighter tints. From this basket comes out too, some patterns of various sorts of needlework, some few articles of unmade clothing, as a job for the needle-women, and some numbers of new periodicals for the readers. These kindly distributed, she withdraws, and proceeds in her carriage to the town.

The carriage is not long in arriving at its destination in the heart of the town, where the Company's great workshops and foundries, now permanently united with those of the late Mr. Taverner, cover a large and spacious area. Here alighting, Mrs. Ashmore and her child, preceded by one of the Company's servants, cross a hall of immense height, into a large and very handsome chamber, so curiously decorated and fitted up, as would at once arrest the attention of a stranger. It may be called a "Botanical chamber," as it often is, being devoted to the designers, students, and apprentices, who follow out this division of metallurgic art. Such an artistic subdivision as this could only be carried on through the means of great capital, for the purposes of what such subdivision serves, namely, perfection as a final result. But in the minute subdivision of this middle course, unity of perfection, which is thus aimed at as the great result, is not forgotten as the commencement; but through the aid of classes for mathematics and geometrical forms, the same primary course of culture is open to the young artisan, leaving his own taste and natural inclination to afterwards pursue the branch of art most congenial to himself.

From the advanced wall of this room are hung vast diagrams painted on canvass, finely coloured sketches of rare foreign plants, cases, enclosed in frames, of dried flowers, and finely preserved specimens of fossil plants, gigantic ferns, and the curious twisted stems of tropical trees. The baize-covered tables, on either side the room, are enriched by more than one *hortus siccus*, many large-sized, and richly-coloured, botanical works; whilst heaped upon others, are such natural specimens of leaves and plants as the fields and hedge-rows in the winter yield.

There may be fifty or sixty students and apprentices in this room as Mrs. Ashmore enters, and returning their respectful recognition of her presence, by a graceful acknowledgment, she modestly takes her place at one of the least conspicuous of the tables, after she has led and left her little son, in a small inner room at the end of this, where a master has a class of little lads three nights a week—the children of the founders and others,—to instruct in the first easy rudiments of geometry; and in this class William Ashmore is a pupil these same two nights a week his mother presides over the artistic department connected with the study of British plants. Her class is soon formed, some twenty scholars perhaps in all, and sitting simply here, bonnet and cloak laid aside, as earnest as if she were the receiver of the benefits conferred, by her own elegant taste for floral art, a comer-in, or looker-on, would scarcely think her other than *a worker amongst the workers*. This is the great point which John Ashmore has wished to carry out; *the noble claim of labour to instruction, and more genial intercourse between the employers and creators of capital*, as things of vast importance to the course of civilization and order. Since the formation of this class, five years ago, she has not only enabled several pupils to undertake higher branches of art, but enabled them to produce some designs so perfect, particularly in connection with light columnar work, as to have far surpassed anything yet effected in this department of metallurgic art. Yet there are rudimentary pupils too, those colouring their first leaf, or drawing their first stalk; but with all she is equally patient, down to the bashful lad of eight or ten, who, as she stoops and praises his lesson, half thrusts his hands into hers, to thank her as if she was his mother.

The lesson over, and some directions given to the presiding master, Juliet Ashmore looks through the adjoining chambers, where the various classes of the week are being held. Here in some she sees the magnificent drawings of the higher class of designers and students, such as those who are striking out newer combinations and uses. Here, the outlines of marine animals of gigantic mould, as designs for the sea-walls of docks, breakwaters and bridge-piers, winged and colossal sphynxes, and great outstanding shapes of newer form, with which to crest the piers of vast tubular railways thrown across rivers and arms of the sea, and designs for cast iron lighthouses and coast beacons; and there, suggestive decorations for public and other buildings.

At length, after passing through five or six rooms, she seeks the smaller one, in which is her little son, quite proud in having reached the top of his class, all but two. When she has addressed most of the other children with respect to some domestic point interesting to each, she takes her boy's hand and inquires about his little lesson.

"Very excellent, indeed!" says the master, who has a mild winning manner, though he is a great disciplinarian.

"I sincerely hope so," replies Juliet, gravely. "He being my son, Mr. Seymour, must not influence you in the least. If old Mr. Field's grandson Joe, or little Walter Allison, be better or more diligent scholars than William, let such superiority appear, for he must learn betimes that it is not position or money, but industry and intellect, which make great men."

"Ay, but I do love my lessons, mamma," replies William, "as well as Joe Field or Edward Allison here, and intend to learn, so as to be able to carry on papa's great Shropshire forge, one day."

His mother smiles, and stooping, kisses him; and then, bidding the rest of the little scholars and the schoolmaster "good night," takes him by the hand and retires.

As she crosses the hall, led by the same servant of the Company as ushered her in, a man advanced in years, and

having the look of a respectable operative, issues from a side door, and speaking a few words, opens it again for her to enter into a sort of committee room, where the Board of Daily Management hold their meetings. All rising as she enters, the chairman, who is no other than our old friend Robert Field, looking hale and well in spite of seventy years, places a chair for her by his side, and after she is seated, he reads some letters which have been received since Mr. Ashmore's departure at four o'clock, making an official communication, through the Secretary of State, that the attention of the Government having been directed to the remarkable moral, sanitary, and material improvement of the town of Birmingham and of a large portion of its operative classes, owing, as it is alleged, to the carrying out the Joint-Stock principle in regard to collective savings, and its application to the purposes of trade, and the progress of metallurgic art, Three Commissioners have been appointed to visit the district, not only for the object of inquiring into the principles and working out of the same, but also with the view, should the inquiry prove satisfactory, of recommending an entire revision of the law affecting Partnerships, so as to enable the less adventurous or thrifty operatives in other large towns to carry out the principle of co-operation in a like direction.

As he thus reads the Government letters, old Robert Field's voice falters audibly, for the moment is one of intense pride and satisfaction to himself, not only because the Government thus wisely recognises the healthy, moral, and industrial progress of its citizens, but because the working classes have thus practically demonstrated the majestic power of the resources they can command by a rigid adherence to industry and sobriety. But a grander and a more solemn thing than even this, is the testimony which it bears to the worth of John Ashmore, and his magnificent and honourable counsels.

"Oh! madam," says the old man, when he has read the official letter; "how proud we ought to be, that such a man has sprung from up amongst us as thy husband! So great, and good, and accessible, and rightly proud in his simple and unostentatious life, as to make those who well remember him thirty years ago, still recognise him as the man of great purposes, if of few words, for so he has proved himself to us and ours. Convey this letter, therefore, to him, madam, with our best and proudest thanks."

Juliet is too moved to speak, but bowing her thanks, she gathers up the letters and retires, for it is a proud moment to her this, to have her husband's worth recognised on every side. Her whole thought is to hasten home, to kneel down before him, to press into his hand this proof of his great and fruitful labours; and loving him with almost sacred reverence, to make her bless the hour her own true woman's nature prompted her to value the genius and honest upright nature of the earnest, uncompromising, artisan.

She is doomed, however, not to reach home so soon as she can wish. In passing through one of the narrow streets which lead to the suburbs of the town, a young artizan, who has been watching for a long time at the corner of a street still narrower, which runs into this one, hails the coachman, and coming up to the window as the carriage stops, addresses Mrs. Ashmore respectfully, as recognizing his face she lets down the window. He is one of the Company's best workmen, who married last year a young woman also engaged in the works, and one in whom Mrs. Ashmore was greatly interested.

"Pardon me, madam," he says respectfully; "but my Mary got safely through her trouble an hour ago, with a little son; as this, she knew, was your night of going to the works, she has begged me to come up the street and ask you, if you have no objection, just to step to our house and see the baby; it will go half way to cure her, she is sure."

It is a cold night, as I have said, and the snow begins to sweep again over the town, from the more open country; but, without one word of refusal, Juliet leaves her boy in the carriage, and descending, follows the young artisan to his humble door. A good fire burns in the little kitchen; it is decently furnished, and all wears an aspect of thrift and cleanliness. Following the nurse up stairs, Mrs. Ashmore finds the young mother and her new-born baby snugly curtained within a comfortable bed. The pale young thing feebly, though gladly, stretches out her hand.

"I am so glad to see you ma'am," she says, "for in times like these, when one lies between life and death, past good and evil come to our hearts as if they were fresh things; so, when I thought of you, and all you taught me about home ways, and what my duties ought to be when I became a mother, my heart yearned to tell you, dear lady, all it felt, and what a different sort of home, what you've taught, has made mine, to what my own was when I was a little child. For you see thrifty husbands, like my Richard, can afford to keep his wife at home, to make it comfortable."

"Well, Mary, thrift and knowledge are good things for all of us. Now, do not talk more, but let the nurse show me the baby; and recollect, as soon as you are well it will be time for you to move into the Company's new lodging-house, which I learn to-night is ready. Now, take care of yourself, and I will come and see you in a day or two."

After taking the baby into her arms, and kissing it, Mrs. Ashmore kindly bids the young wife "good night," and addressing a few cheerful words to the young husband in the kitchen below, hastens to her carriage, and is driven rapidly home.

She finds her husband absorbed in some abstract papers, and Rosalind asleep upon his knee.

When the children have gone for the night, she broaches the subject at her heart to her husband. He receives the news like one who expected it, or as one who only receives an acknowledgment already due.

"But, dearest husband," says Juliet, somewhat surprised by his calm, grave manner, "Governments have hitherto been so slow to recognise great moral progress in their people, or the grandeur of intellectual success, as surely to allow us to take this recognition with some degree of gratulation."

"If you will, sweet wife; but the position between the governing and governed is a changing thing; respect is taking the place of patronage, and good effects must grow out of this. Now, let me see these letters." He opens several letters, and presently reads some portion of one, which is to this effect:—

"That the aforesaid Three Commissioners are deputed to enquire verbally from all parties concerned, but chiefly from the principal Director of the Joint-Stock Company, the mode in which the capital was raised; the sums collected; under what form of joint-stock association such capital has been invested and used; whether under a simple form of Partnership, such as that known in France as *Societe en nom collectif;* or whether such association has been one of limited liability, either as to the limited liability of all the partners, or of some of them only; or whether it is simply a chartered company, trammelled by few regulations, as those of the New England States in America. Also, what is the amount of fixed and floating capital, the number of depositors, the division of profits, and the kind and nature of the publicity given to the Company's affairs; its organization, branches of trades, and the situation of its works; next, the physical, moral, and mental condition of the depositors; and, lastly, the processes of their various operations—chiefly those which bear relation to casting decorative iron-work."

"These Commissioners will have a longer task than they are aware of," concludes Ashmore; "the beginning and end of which I suppose must be, that I must give an explanatory sort of address, and take them by night to see our Shropshire forge in work. Till they see that,

they will form no idea of the mightiness of co-operative capital."

The grandest, most eventful day, which has ever dawned on the great manufacturing town of Birmingham, and the one of most importance to its large operative class, is this, on which her Majesty's three Commissioners are led, after passing the night, and breakfasting at the house of the mayor, through the magnificent wrought-iron gates of the Joint-Stock Company's works, by John Ashmore. In his proud, self-sustaining dignity, the man is a veritable hero; one of the true sort—one of that gigantic brood, whose destiny it is to lead Labour onward to its noblest purposes, through the power of self-created capital.

A large number of the capitalists have congregated; those who are directors, and compose the several committees, await their arrival in the large Board Room. They are all men who, from their years, are evidently the oldest and wealthiest capitalists of the Company. After some preliminary business, John Ashmore is examined.

First Commissioner.—"The number of the shareholders, and the enormous extent of the works, exceedingly surprise me, Mr. Ashmore. Pray, now state, what was the nucleus of this half-million?"

Mr. Ashmore.—"*Sixpence; saved by myself at the age of fourteen!* This was its germ." (Immense sensation.)

Chief Commissioner.—"Pray state your age, and the amount you had saved, when you co-operated with others, and invested these savings."

John Ashmore.—"I was nineteen. I had saved £90. This sum, with a small legacy bequeathed to me, and the savings of a few resolute and deep-thinking men, making in the whole a sum not much less than £500, was the capital with which we bought the original portion of these premises, and commenced business. We sunk £300 in the purchase, and had the rest for floating capital."

Chief Commissioner.—"Pray proceed, Mr. Ashmore, with your statement as to the form of partnership, and other particulars."

John Ashmore.—"You are aware, gentlemen, that the law, with respect to associations of this character, was very defective in 1849, the year of our commencement. After some consideration, this was the plan I pursued, being cognizant of two stringent points; that the extension of the co-operative principle was then, as now, the great economical necessity of modern time; and next, that the progress of the productive arts more and more require that many sorts of industrial occupation should be carried on by larger and larger capitals. Commencing on the principle of limited liability, that is, each capitalist stood exempted from any liability for the debts of the concern beyond the amount of his subscription, we were necessitated to gain a special Act of the Legislature, through the intervention of one of our then members of the borough, legalizing our association as a "chartered Company." At the present time, however, through the improvement of the law, our association is of that kind in which the managing partners are responsible with their whole fortunes for the engagements of the concern; those associated with us only contributing definite sums, and are not liable for anything beyond, though they participate in the profits according to the laws of government we have constituted. This form of partnership is called in France *en commandite*, and the partners with limited means, to whom, by the French law, as it stood in 1849, all interference in the management of the concern was interdicted; though we permit (the improved law leaving us liberty in this respect) interference under certain restrictions. In fact, this form of partnership is the only one which would now fit our large projects. "In this way the matter stands; I, and others, having large capitals, and thus associating together, borrow the capital of the thrifty operatives, and they, using our Chartered Company as a Bank of Deposit, receive that yearly rate of interest the division of profits affords, usually adding the interest so received to the capital invested; by this means yearly increasing both interest and capital, minus a certain sum we each set apart, according in amount to the capital invested, for the purposes of moral, religious, educational, and physical improvement. Now, gentlemen, one thing must be clearly and stringently set down in your report; our capitalists are not, by a majority of more than two-thirds, *our* (or, I should say, the Company's) workmen. Every brass-founder's, pin, type-casting, silver-plate, and gunsmith's shop in this town has our capitalists among its workmen—men who invest their yearly savings with us, and benefit by our skill and commercial prosperity. With regard to our workmen, all are more or less capitalists; we benefit them five per cent. more than others who have simple investments, by an addition of five per cent. per annum out of our net profits. Thus our workpeople share our prosperity. The mercantile, artistic, engineering departments of our vast business are conducted by separate committees, responsible to the body of directors; whilst the greatest publicity is given to all contracts, liabilities, and other engagements, by making our accounts fully accessible to individuals, so that at any time the existing state of the Company's affairs can be ascertained, thus enabling them to learn whether the capital they may have invested remains unimpaired; the fidelity of such accounts being guarded, as you are well aware, by the stringent legal penalties of the lately-passed law.

"With regard to the extent of our business, the workshops here will scarcely give you an idea. The amount of our fixed capital is enormous, more than we can accurately state, as we have three slate quarries in Wales, two smelting furnaces in Coalbrookdale, and one in Glamorganshire, a range of warehouses in London, three shops for manufacturing encaustic tiling in Staffordshire, and here, as you have seen, thirty shops, carrying on under their roofs the processes of brass-founding, lacquering, electro-plating, papier maché, chemical preparations, glass-staining and blowing, whilst every cast and design we use is manufactured by ourselves.

"You have seen the condition of our workshops, their efficient state of warmth, ventilation, and light; our regulations for decency and cleanliness, and our entire separation of the sexes; this the more stringently, as paying married men ample wages, we admit no married women into our works. Our hours of labour are eight in winter and ten in summer. We have a "home" for our single workwomen, at least, such as those who have no parents or friends to reside with, we have the same for our unmarried operatives; and we have now just finished a huge building, capable of containing five hundred married operatives, their wives and children. With respect to morals, I will guarantee that on these Birmingham works we have not one drunkard, nor one woman of bad character, for I find that our rigid discountenance of early marriages, has in no way diminished the chastity of the female sex. As to social amusements, our Committee of Management countenance them by every means in their power. We have a gymnasium attached to these works; in summer we hold a weekly concert, in winter a weekly ball; and twice a year we have, as far as is possible, a great social gathering of our whole body. And lastly, with respect to education, the primary thing of all. With us, though we assist our schools by grants from our "progress fund," every child's friends or parents pay for its education; *we permit no charity*; and as we admit no child to labour till it is ten years of age; and after that, till it is fourteen, we continue its education through certain hours of the day, we guarantee sufficient instructional and industrial training. Then, gentlemen, we have an infant school, a primary school, where all receive an equal rudimentary education of the best possible kind; and lastly, our own School of Design,

which you have already been pleased to mention so favourably, will be open in all its great branches for your inspection this evening. To one thing, however, gentlemen, I wish, in concluding, to earnestly direct your attention, so that the vast principle involved may find a favourable and strongly conveyed notice in your Report to Her Most Gracious Majesty. I allude to our mathematical classes. For I believe, (and gentlemen, my belief is that of a practical man,) that not only does our industrial progress require, that the processes of exact truth should become disseminated amongst the masses, but also that their moral and physical progress largely depends upon their comprehension of fixed and unalterable principles. I do not insist that every operative should be a profound mathematician or geometrician, but that he should at least understand those few first principles which are the base of all true knowledge and perfect art. For I agree with a great and modern Englishman in saying, that "So far as civilization is connected with the advance and diffusion of human knowledge, civilization flourishes when the prevalent education is mathematical, and fades when philosophy is the subject most preferred.'"

"This evidence is most satisfactory, Mr. Ashmore," remarks the chief Commissioner, "but sit down awhile, we can examine Robert Field. I believe that such a Report as we shall make is destined to influence a future age.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Lessons for Little Ones.

THE SCHOOLFELLOWS.

The great clock had struck twelve, and the pupils of the Collegiate School at S. were busily engaged in making the most of their noon-tide hour of leisure. Marbles and leap-frog were the favourite games, and loud were the shouts and vociferous was the laughter that echoed from one end to the other of the spacious play-ground. A pallid, thoughtful-looking boy, who had been sitting apart absorbed in a book, was aroused from his studies by the merry voices of his companions, and came limping forward to join the party at leap-frog. In addition to his lameness, he was much deformed, but this scarcely lessened his activity, and the game proceeded with undiminished spirit. The humpbacked youth was preparing, in his turn, to vault over the back of the boy nearest him, when he was startled by a rude peal of laughter almost in his ear, and a well-known and disagreeable voice began in doggrel verse—

"Humpback, stumpback, hop and go one!"

The singer did not complete his stanza, for Edwin Hichory, stung into excessive passion, dealt him suddenly a violent blow in the mouth, and rushed from the play-ground amidst a roar of laughter, followed by a roar of another kind from his persecutor, who, like all bullies, was a coward as well.

The deformed boy had a conscience, and a tender one, and this conscience pricked him sorely as, his first burst of wrath over, he wandered sorrowfully away into the fields. He had been tormented sadly by George Barton; but this, he felt, did not justify him in his revengeful action. His self-respect was wounded; he felt lowered in his own esteem. Had the boys whom he had left behind in the play-ground known the generous heart that lodged in that unsightly form, surely never more would they have treated the despised humpback with contempt.

While Edwin Hichory was thus meditating as he walked, his schoolfellows were discussing the late occurrence with some difference of opinion.

"I will tell of him, that I will," said George Barton, whose mouth began to feel very uncomfortable. "I won't be struck by a little ugly fellow of a cripple."

"But what will you say about the provocation you gave him?" asked Thomas Crowther, a grave, sensible boy, one of the very few in the school who did not occasionally mock the poor humpback.

"Say? why nothing. I only sang the fellow a line of a song; that was nothing to get struck in the mouth for. I'll have justice, as sure as my name is George Barton."

"I don't think you'll get what *you* call justice from our master though," said Thomas Crowther. "He will be sure to enquire all about it, and I know when Hichory tells him of your conduct——"

"Hichory won't tell," said little Frank Turton, "Hichory never tells tales; and if you tell of him, Barton, we will stand up for him. He can't help being a humpback, and you ought not to mock at him for it."

"Right my boy, right!" exclaimed a pleasant voice behind. They all started, and looked round. It was Mr. Poole, the new usher, who had overheard the last few words of the conversation. He seated himself on a large stone that stood near. "Come," said he, "tell me who you were talking about. Was it poor Edwin Hichory?"

George Barton looked sulky, and would not answer; but the others crowded round the usher, and put him in possession of the cause of dispute.

"I am sorry to hear this," said the young man when they had finished. "Though it was wrong in Hichory to strike you, Barton, it was far worse in you to provoke him to do it. His deformity ought to excite your sympathy, never your ridicule. Put yourself for a moment in his place. Had you been afflicted as he is, would you not have considered that you had enough to bear, without becoming the laughing-stock of your companions, for that which was no fault of yours?"

Before George could answer, Edwin entered the gate of the play-ground.

"Come here, Hichory," said Mr. Poole, as soon as the boy was within hearing; "come here, I want to speak to you. What is all this that I hear about your having struck Barton?"

"It is quite true, Sir," said the humpback, firmly. "I did it in a passion, and I am now come to beg his pardon."

"No, no, Hichory, he ought to beg your pardon," exclaimed several of the boys, touched by the poor fellow's frankness and generosity. "You have been patient with him long enough, and he deserved what he got. Don't you think so, sir?"

"No, not exactly that. I am sure Hichory feels that it was wrong to retaliate in that way. At the same time, Barton owes him an apology for the insult he offered him. So, my dear boys, the best way will be for you to shake hands with each other, and mutually forgive and forget."

Edwin advanced cordially towards his enemy, and took his hand, which the other suffered, rather than reciprocated. The hour of afternoon school arrived, the great bell rang, and all the boys were soon busy at their tasks. Edwin had made so favourable an impression upon his playmates by his conduct in this affair, that his persecutors ceased to torment him, and even George Barton gave way to the general opinion, and left off his continual taunts and jeers.

Towards the end of this truce, George Barton was taken very ill, and had to be removed from school. His disorder proved to be the small-pox, and so frightful were its ravages, that upon his return the next half-year, it was difficult to recognise him. He now, in his turn, became the butt of the maliciously-disposed, and his irritable temper prevented him from bearing their witticisms with any degree of composure. Under these circumstances conscience awoke, and he thought with shame and sorrow upon his treatment of poor Edwin Hichory. The latter had left school during George's illness, and was now apprenticed to a bookseller in S——. Here George sought him, and the two afflicted ones became firm friends, while the school-boy learnt many a

lesson of real dignity and Christian forbearance from the formerly despised humpback.

As they were returning from a walk one evening, George suddenly turned to Edwin, and said, "What can be the reason that people like to torment those who are strange or ugly in their appearance?"

"You can answer that question," said Edwin smiling. "Come, examine yourself. Why did you formerly take pleasure in tormenting a little humpback boy of my acquaintance?"

"Hichory I thought you had forgiven and forgotten all that."

"I have forgiven, dear George, but I do not wish to forget, for I like to think how different you are now."

"Different indeed, with this face, I fear. I never should have altered, but for becoming the object of ridicule myself, which taught me sympathy for those who are in the same unfortunate situation."

"George, I wish I could see you less sensitive to ridicule. A firm, mild, forbearing demeanour would disarm your tormentors, and cause them to respect, instead of teasing you. As long as they see you so thin-skinned, they will do their best to annoy you. And I also wish, my dear fellow, that you could but remember your former self just as you were. You would then feel how far happier you are now, notwithstanding your mortifications; you would know how much rather those who oppress and torture others are to be pitied than feared. Tyranny and cruelty hinder growth in good, and recoil back on the hearts of those who practise them, making the tyrant and the bully far more really objects of compassion, than the victims who shrink from their presence with a dread. Assume your proper place, my friend, respect yourself, and others will respect you."

From this time there was a great improvement in George Barton's position with his schoolfellows. By good-humouredly joining in the jest or the laugh against himself, he deprived their sarcasm of its venom; by mingled frankness and forbearance he disarmed their boyish cruelty; and gradually rising by his persevering industry to the head of the school, he became generally looked up to and respected.

As he grew older, his countenance, though it did not improve in feature and complexion, was illumined by the beauty of a thoughtful and benevolent mind, and people forgot his face in his conversation.

George Barton is now an author, and his friend is an eminent publisher, and between them they do all in their power to cultivate the youthful heart, and to teach the boys and girls of England to look rather to the inner man than to the outward appearance, and in so doing, to approach nearer to the perfection of God.

HOPES.

"Oh boy! why seek'st thou with such care,
Those bubbles of the sea?
Thy touch but frees the prison'd air."—
"I'm gathering hopes," saith he.

"Old man, why in that shatter'd bark
Dost tempt this troubled sea,
Without a compass, rudder, mark?
"I'm following hope," saith he.

The doctrine that the necessity of labour is a blessing, and not a curse, cannot be insisted upon too strongly. It is to this very necessity that mankind owes not only its first redemption from the savage state, but every step of its advance in a civilization, from which, we trust, a great deal more may be expected still.

RURAL LIFE.

In some countries, and in Spain among others, agriculture was at one time regarded with contempt, a prejudice that only bespoke the ignorance and debasement of the minds that cherished it. In settling this question, the Spaniard had only to recur to the time "when Adam delved and Eve span," and when the sons of kings were hewers of wood, and their daughters drawers of water. To a mind, in fact, free from ambition, and in times moderately favourable, there can be few occupations more delightful than that of a farmer. He does not constantly operate upon stocks and stones; he does not pander to a vitiated taste, and deal in commodities that are positively baneful. No; he addresses himself directly to the great source of all our enjoyments, he presses art into the service of nature, and has to do with the weighty concerns of soil, season, and climate; his workshop is the fruitful earth; his machinery the sun, moon, and clouds; and aided by these, he produces the elements of every comfort, irrigating the parched plain, draining the morass, inclosing the common, and reclaiming the barren waste. In a word, it is his fortune to exemplify, in some degree, the truth of Swift's position, "that he who raises two ears of corn where only one grew before," is more useful in his day and generation, than hundreds on hundreds of names which history, in her great charity, seems never tired of eulogizing, but who, where the truth dare be told, were only remarkable for the miseries they entailed on the human race.

On observing the pale-faced mechanic hurrying away to his morning labours, we almost regret, with Rousseau, that great cities should have become so numerous, that mankind should be congregated in such mighty masses; and think, not without pain, of the many long hours the artisan must pass in the tainted atmosphere of a crowded manufactory. But how different are our feelings on seeing the gardener resuming the badge of his trade, or the plough-boy harnessing his well-trained team! Though the toils of both may be hard, they are surrounded with every object that is rural and inviting; the grass springs and the daisy blossoms under their feet; the sun tells them by his shadows how the day waxes or wanes; the blackbird serenades them from every hedge or tree; and they enjoy, moreover, the inexpressible pleasure of beholding Nature, in her fairest forms, rewarding most munificently their skill and industry. How does the citizen sigh for such scenes! and how soon, when his fortune is made, does he hurry away from the confines of a second Babel, to sink the merchant in the gentleman farmer! Few strive to rival the handicraftsman by making their own shoes, or any other needful article of dress; but all, yes, all who are able, strive to trim their own gardens, and superintend the cultivation of their own property.

Genius is lord of the world. Men labour at the foundation of society, while the lowly lark, unseen and little prized, sits, hard by, in his nest on the earth, gathering strength to bear his song up to the sun. Slowly rise basement and monumental aisle, column and architrave, dome and lofty tower; and when the cloud-piercing spire is burnished with gold, and the fabric stands perfect and wondrous, up springs the forgotten lark, with airy wheel, to the pinnacle, and standing poised and unwondering on his giddy perch, he pours out his celestial music till his bright footing trembles with harmony. And when the song is done, and mounting thence, he soars away to fill his exhausted heart at the fountains of the sun, the dwellers in the towers below look up to the gilded spire and shout—not to the burnished shaft, but to the lark—lost from it in the sky.—*N. P. Willis.*

FORTUNE AND LOVE.

Let me live without Fortune, if Providence will it,
For Joy can be found where small treasure is shed;
Those who bear a full cup are most fearful to spill it,
And oftentimes walk with the narrowest tread.
I care not though Fate may deny me profusion,
If earth will but show me some rays from above;
Tell me not that God's light is a dreamy illusion—
I could live without Fortune, but not without Love!

Oh! 'tis pleasant to know there are beings about us
Who tune the most exquisite strings in our heart,
To feel that they would not be happy without us,
And that we, in our loneliness, sigh when we part.
Oh! there's something divine in the thought that we cherish
A star-beam within us, that shines from above—
To know, that if all the world gives us should perish,
The greatest of Fortune still dwells in our love!

Oh! 'tis glory to feel that we live for some others,
That self is not all we depend on below,
That affection yet links us to sisters and brothers,
Whose faith will be constant, come weal or come woe.
Though the vulture of trouble may harass our bosom,
Ne'er fear while our spirit is fed by the dove;
Let the desert of Life give Eternity's blossom,
And we'll live without Fortune, while favoured by Love!

ELIZA COOK.

A VILLAGE SCHOOL FEAST.

THE children of the poor have few pleasures or amusements which we can dwell upon. Charles Lamb said they were not brought up, but dragged up. Yet one scene in the life of village childhood is like a page out of a better and older book—and we may rejoice and be glad of it. What scene is this? Surely the school feast? A homely and simple custom, yet one which, we ought to be very thankful, is now of frequent occurrence in our country villages. The children are met on the parsonage lawn. A rare summer eve in some quiet village. How those little eyes sparkle with expectation! It is but tea and bread and butter, or may be a bit of cake. It is but a childish game or a dance on the soft grass. It is but a few kind words of love and looks of affection. How simple the means to touch the heart of the poor man's child! Now a hymn of little voices goes up the clear sky—best instrument of praise, "the mouths of babes and sucklings"—now a burst of light laughter—for the children of the poor can laugh and play, and be innocently amused; and who so ready to help the clergyman in all his endeavours to mend the daily life of his flock by all appeals to their gentler and better nature, than the "squire" and his good lady? though they may not see why some things which appear to them of little importance are insisted upon, and some of their own improvements not exactly approved of in their way. One, too, there is, a good and gentle form, helping in the wise and happy work,—loved by the weak, the young, the mournful, whose mild and cheerful way with the poor goes so far with them; whose bright presence in the poor man's cottage is always welcome—even the minister's wife. With the means near us and around us, of cheering and helping the labouring poor, both old and young, it is hard if we do not make some way in the matter to a better and kinder state of things.

DIAMOND DUST.

SOME persons are so tenacious of memory, that they forget nothing but the services they have received, and the errors they have committed.

TALENTS, like riches, are dangerous for their possessors to display them on every occasion. Mediocrity, both intellectual and physical, is the best shield, and the surest protection against envy and detraction.

LIFE, like the diamond in a mine, is sometimes valueless to its owner, until it becomes estimated by another.

THE symbol of universal charity is the doll. It is the personification of an idea. It is good-will, made wood.

ORDER is nature's beauty.

THE vices of the rich and great are mistaken for errors, and those of the poor and lowly for crimes.

HE who cannot hold his peace till the true time comes for acting and speaking, is no right man.

THERE is a moral pauperism in the man who is dependent on others for that support of moral life—self-respect.

WILL the bending of another man's knees give ease to yours?

MYSTIFICATIONS are, and will continue to be, an amusement for idle people, whether more or less ingenious. A venial wickedness, a self-complacent malice, is an enjoyment for those who have neither resources in themselves nor a wholesome external activity.

SOMETIMES, to unkindness and injustice, silence may be safer than even the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

HE who takes conscience for his guide, will not easily lose his way.

LIBERTY, exempt from the distractions of ill-fortune, and the encroachments of any social interference, should circumscribe its own caprices; otherwise it will grow sick, either through intemperance or satiety. Every man's thoughts ought to have some object in sight, not always, nor eagerly, but with hope. His right of selection is enough for liberty.

THERE is pleasure enough in this life to make us wish to live, and pain enough to reconcile us to death when we can live no longer.

ART is more godlike than science; science discovers, art creates.

REFLECTION is a flower of the mind, giving out a wholesome fragrance; but reverie is the same flower, when rank, and running to seed.

THE treasures of the deep are not so precious as are the concealed comforts of a man locked up in woman's love.

IN England we avoid a stranger for no other reason than because he is unknown to us, though in very many cases we have more reason to shun the society of those who are already known to us.

MEN must be more than wise and good, according to the ordinary measure of reason and virtue, before they can estimate morality by truth simply, justice abstractedly, or even religion irrespectively and unconditionally.

SELF-RESPECT is worth all the fame in the world.

IF wisdom is the head, and honesty the heart, energetic industry is the right hand of every exalted vocation; without which the shrewdest insight is blind and the best intentions are abortive.

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GOVERNESSES.

ANY one who casts his eyes over the advertising columns of a newspaper, must have observed the large number of young women applying to be engaged as teachers of youth in private families. The number of such applicants seems to go on steadily increasing, notwithstanding the acknowledged severe labours, and often painful trials, which the governess has to encounter in the performance of her duties. Yet do we find large numbers of these young persons eagerly offering themselves to teach French, Spanish, Italian, English, music, dancing, and other branches of modern female education, generally for the most slender pittances.

We fear that in this there is the evidence of something wrong in our social arrangements and management. Why should so many young women be eager to exchange the home and the family in which they have been brought up, for the household of the stranger, where they assume no higher position than that of a hired servant? In but too many cases the reason is sufficiently obvious—it is the hard necessity which exists, that they should labour for their daily bread. But there is another reason more cogent and prevalent than this,—and it is, that to be a governess is held to be *genteel;* governessing being the only genteel profession open to young women who have received what is called "a fashionable education."

The canker of Gentility is one that has very much crept in amongst the middle classes of late years. There is a general straining after it; every one eagerly endeavouring to gain a higher seat in the social arena than his neighbour; putting on appearances, and striving to look better than his means will often allow. Instead of being satisfied with their present station in life, and making the best of it,—instead of steadily and diligently labouring onward, living within the means, and being satisfied to wait for the better fortune—men are ever fretting on the verge of something higher, struggling to assume a position and to keep up appearances, thus endeavouring to take gentility by storm, and secure, by desperate efforts, a position higher than the limits of their fortune will enable them to retain. The same false notions are implanted in the minds of their children. Instead of giving them a solid education, calculated to make them useful and happy beings, they send them to fashionable schools, where they are taught a set of flimsy accomplishments, which are of no manner of use in any moderate station of life, or, indeed, in any station. But the end arrives; the family means are exhausted in the effort to be genteel; nothing has been saved as a provision for the increasing wants of the growing children; the daughters come home from school full of accomplishments, which are found to be of no use. What is to be done? The parents find that if gentility is to be kept up, the daughters must do something to earn their own subsistence. But how are they to be employed? They dare not touch trade—they must not work with their hands, say behind a counter, for that would be "ungenteel." There remains only the profession of governessing; and they advertise in the newspapers accordingly. Hence the present enormous competition in this department of female labour.

Now, we say all this with a deep sympathy for the position of the governess; but, at the same time, we cannot shut our eyes to the disgraceful social vanity to which so many young women are thus sacrificed; and it certainly is an evil which deserves becoming censure and exposure. A large proportion of the young women who go out as governesses, are such as ought, under more prudent and sensible parental management, to have remained within the precincts of the home and the family. That is the true sphere of every woman; and it is doing an outrage on her loving nature to divorce her from it. We can conceive no more unhappy fate for a girl than to be thus placed out as a governess. Consider her position. In the first place, she is introduced into a sphere where she is called upon to perform highly responsible functions, requiring of her, if not high mental cultivation, at least numerous acquirements obtained at much cost and labour. But she has no well-defined place in the family she has entered; she stands utterly isolated and alone in it; treated as a kind of upper servant, though possessing all that delicate sensitiveness which shrinks at the appearance of harshness or uncivility; regarded often as but a better bred sort of menial, though cherishing, perhaps, ideas of gentility equal to the highest station; placed midway between the drawing-room and the servants'-hall, yet permitted to be a denizen of neither; proud of her respectability, and, it may be, no inconsiderable share of mental culture, yet obliged to succumb before vulgarity

and ignorance; stationed in the midst of society, yet alone in it; a being of warm social sympathies, yet unsympathized with and socially neglected; a gentlewoman, yet a hired servant; a lady, yet a drudge. How can her position be other than one of painful uncertainty and of harassing occupation, filled with loneliness, despondency, and sorrow?

Perhaps the Governess has been brought up in good society, and has acquired the refinement of manner and polish of conversation, which mere wealth cannot buy. Such an one, if forced by the adversities of her parents, by their failure in life, by their death, or any of the numerous casualties of our complicated social state, to take service in the family of some *nouveau riche*, will meet with a thousand things to wither her heart—to mortify and gall her. Who would not sympathize with such a woman, compelled, perhaps, to submit to the vulgarity and caprice of one as much her inferior in all the qualities of mind and person which constitute true worth, as she is their inferior in worldly fortune. She is liable to be reminded every moment that she is eating the bread of dependence, and may be thrust forth from the abode of luxury among unpitying strangers. On the other hand, should her parents be of a humble order, she may hear their calling ridiculed, their condition despised, until her mean origin becomes a thought almost too horrid to be entertained. Surely, it would be difficult to conceive a more painful position into which virtuous poverty could be thrust than this.

We know well enough, that in many families the governess is treated with due kindness and consideration: in every family, the head of which is a good-hearted and sensible woman, she will have that respect and deference paid to her to which she is entitled. But in any case, her position is not to be envied. *She is not at home.* Though treated with affability and kindness, she cannot help feeling the sense of loneliness. Her heart may fix itself in the family; but in the midst of her attachments, they are suddenly broken off; her services are no longer required, for the daughters are now educated; and she is again alone. Such a manner of life is calculated to destroy the qualities of the very best nature; and especially to sully the finest graces of the female character—to induce harshness, ill-temper, and hopeless despondency.

The too general want of regard for the position and responsibility of the governess, is indicated by the paltry remuneration which is usually paid for her services. It is generally below that of the cook and butler, and not above that of the housekeeper, footman, and lady's maid. Yet she has to train and educate young women—to develope and store their minds—at least to impart manners and accomplishments. This low rate of remuneration exhibits, in a melancholy light, the estimate entertained in this country of the qualifications of the Teacher. Take as a specimen an advertisement for a governess, which recently appeared in the *Times*:—

"WANTED, in a gentleman's family, a Young Lady, as Nursery Governess, to instruct two young ladies in French, Music, and Singing, with the usual branches of Education, and to take the entire charge of their wardrobe. She must be of a social disposition, and fond of children, and have the manners of a gentlewoman, as she will be treated as one of the family. Salary, *twelve guineas per annum.*"

That is to say, for "twelve guineas per annum," there is required the ability to teach the French language, music, singing, the usual branches of education—that is, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history; the ability to take charge of the wardrobe of two young ladies, which implies the art of dressmaking, the practice of a sempstress, and the habit of order; a social disposition, which means amiability, good address, powers of conversation, and a readiness to do anything to serve and oblige those about her; and, to crown all, the manners of a gentlewoman, implying the having been brought up in a refined, polished, and educated circle. And all this is considered to be worth only the paltry sum of "twelve guineas per annum!" We wonder how much the "gentleman" thus advertising paid for the services of the cook who ministered to the wants of his stomach, and to the butler who looked after his wine cellar?

The story is told of a lady who once wrote to her son to look out for such a person as the above—that is to say a young lady, all-accomplished, and with the disposition of an angel. He wrote back to her saying, that he had long been looking out for such a person, and that when he had found her, he should *not* recommend her as a governess for his sisters, but keep her as *a wife* for himself. And the young man was right; for, wives such as the governesses who are so often advertised for in the newspapers, are not very often to be met with.

Here is another advertisement, from the *Evangelical Magazine*, which shows the value set by some parties at the present day, upon female piety and education:—

"WANTED, a young person of Decided Piety, about 22 years of age, to take the charge of, and educate three young children under twelve years. She must be capable of imparting a sound English education, with French and Music. Any one who would feel anxious for the welfare of the children will be treated as one of the family, and may realize the comforts of a home. Salary *eight pounds per annum.*"

And for this, and similar paltry sums, are many of our finest and most sensitive young girls, with hearts full of affection and kindness, taken from homes which they ought to bless and hallow by their presence, under the roofs of strangers, where their affections are blighted, their charms despoiled by care, labour, and anxiety, and from which they are too often thrust forth at last, the melancholy outcasts from love and sympathy that we so often find them. Alas, that we should say it—governesses constitute the largest class of tenants in our lunatic asylums!

One would scarcely imagine it possible that such an occupation, and on such terms, would present any attractions for young women of good education. Yet the crowds of advertisements in the daily papers furnish abundance of proof to the contrary. And it is the same in the country. A family in the neighbourhood of Leamington some time ago advertised for a governess, requesting applications to be addressed to certain initials, "Post-office, Leamington," and no fewer than 107 letters were delivered to the advertiser on his first application for them at the Post-office.

Although the average qualifications of governesses are, on the whole, considerably better than their employers deserve, if we take into account the low rate of remuneration allowed them, they are still, it must be confessed, lamentably short of the qualities necessary for the instructors of youth. At best, a governess is a poor apology for a mother, who ought herself to be the chief educator of her children. But there are circumstances which render the employment of a governess necessary, and in such cases little or no regard is paid to her aptitude to teach, to her capacity of developing the moral nature of children—by far the most important part of female education,—to her general soundness and balance of mind and character, qualities which have an immense influence over the future happiness of the children subjected to her training. The main thing sought after, is the *in*duction of acquirements, and the acquisition of accomplishments; and little or no pains are taken to secure the culture of the heart and mind. If parents possessed any adequate knowledge themselves of the true uses and value of education, and the qualities it demands in the instructor, the position and qualifications of the governess would be very different from what they now are; but as they do not, there is every probability of the

present evils continuing in force until they do. The very lowness of the remuneration offered to the governess for her services, is of itself a guarantee for her incapacity. By the low salary offered, it seems as if predetermined that she shall want all the qualifications necessary, not merely for refined associations, but for the due exercise of her most important functions. It is true, she may promise; but will she, can she perform the services required of her? Is it possible that the qualities sought for—the capacity to teach drawing, singing, instrumental music, two or three foreign languages, ornamental needlework, geography, and the use of the globes,—can be fairly obtained in the market at the price which is offered—of from ten to twenty-five pounds a-year? And even supposing such qualities are to be found, is it generous, is it honest, either to the instructress or the pupils, to remunerate such services at a rate below that paid to the footmen or lady's-maids of the family?

We rejoice, in common with all those who desire to ameliorate the condition of the deserving classes of society, to perceive the efforts that are making to better the condition of the governess; to furnish her with better training in Normal Schools, to provide for her an annuity in her old age (which is the object of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution), and to furnish her with a home in the Asylum for Aged Governesses, when no longer able to pursue her laborious and ill-remunerated vocation; but at the same time we must frankly confess, that however laudable we admit all such objects to be, so long as parents of the middle classes will persist in educating their daughters in the present flimsy style, and scramble at great cost, to reach and hold upper seats in the "genteel" world—so long as mothers will not take the pains to train and educate their children themselves, but prefer handing them over to the charge of ill-remunerated servants, the evil will continue, however much we may deplore it.

SATIRE.

While the numerous crimes which are prevalent in political society are counteracted by severe laws and rigorous punishment, there is a species of minor offences, scarcely less destructive of the true interests of moral society, which are best repressed by ridicule; since it often happens, that men are shamed out of vices which philosophy has in vain admonished them to forsake. When the powers of ridicule are employed to correct the errors and expose the absurdities which prevail—generally amongst the unthinking, the profligate, and the vain,—their application is essentially beneficial to society; but, when the flippant and insulting spirit of sarcasm is applied to depreciate and vilify individuals, the dignity of satire is debased, and its aim defeated. When the excess of reproach is used towards inadvertencies, and all the insolence of invective is exhausted on trifles, it is no longer satire, but scurrility. The true satirist, who lashes the depravity of fools, is to be distinguished from the scribbler that libels the infirmities of the wise.

When a chimney-sweeper rushes into the crowd, the by-standers instantly make way, not from motives of polite ceremony, but of personal cleanliness. To make a reformer of this cast there requires no further stock in trade than impudence. He may work very successfully for a time, with this tool alone; but the poverty of the manufacture will soon betray the meanness of the material. He may delight himself indeed with his own fancied importance. Like the chimney-sweeper, he may fancy himself a favoured son of Harmony, while he is only footing it, with merry heel, to the music of his own shovel and brush.

THE PARTING OF FRIENDS.

Of all the many sorrows that throw a deeper gloom over the care-strewn path of existence, there are none more disagreeably anticipated, or more acutely experienced, than that of parting with friends. Man is a creature made for society, and only when in the bosom of those who are dear to him, can he estimate truly the pleasures and drawbacks of existence: take him from them, and he becomes an animated stone, without a joy or care, for even the absence of mental agitation is ever filled by a gloom in his breast; the hope of meeting, indeed, speaks to his soul like a cheering voice springing from amidst a dreary wilderness, and fans the faint sparks of hope into the living fire of rapturous expectation.

It seems a tax upon our existence, that those hearts which are most feelingly sensible of the pleasures of the world, should be doubly alive to its pains and disappointments. To the heart of sensibility, there is, even in the midst of our gloom, a gleam of secret, though indescribable pleasure,—"a joy in grief," as the Scriptures eloquently express the emotion. When young, we fancy we feel much, and, perhaps, our sufferings are proportionate to the degree of fortitude that Nature has granted us to resist them. While "touching this string," I cannot forbear speaking of what are generally termed "school friendships." Boys form intimacies not like men, in consequence of some similarity in disposition, nor in admiration of some quality which each discovers in the other; they do it as a matter of course; and when the rehearsal of youth is over, they meet on the stage of life as two actors, who have their parts to play, shake hands, and make studied speeches, and then *exeunt omnes*. How different these feelings are to those exquisite delights which dwell in the bosoms of those on whom the lamp of friendship sheds its vivifying light, who has not experienced? On parting at leaving school, a tear may be shed, and the hand of your companion clasped in your own; but as soon as the vehicle approaches, all thoughts of him fly, and you take your seat within, in rapturous expectation of the friends and relatives that you are preparing to meet, or the world you are preparing to enter. But when the hour of separation arrives, when the dismal hand of Fate separates you from the being you love, the object becomes more tenderly entwined around your sinking soul, like that emblem of desolation, the ivy, which clings fonder to the ruin it has embraced, when it views it hastening into decay. The hand is still locked in yours, and, when you have wrung it, the consciousness that the pressure that still tingles in your veins may be never again felt—that, as you release it from your own, it may be for ever,—suggests itself in sad and melancholy foreboding; till Hope, cheering Hope, smiling like an angel of light, illuminating the dark clouds of sorrow, seems to lift up the veil of futurity from your eyes, and the object of your affections once more is before you, as tender and sincere as the moment you now part with him; and, ere he steps into the vessel that bears him from your sight, you behold him returning, accompanied with wealth, honour, and the best gifts that the sincerity of your heart can desire for his prosperity.

These reflections were in a great measure occasioned by meeting an old school-fellow in a packet, which was to convey him to the vessel wherein he was to voyage for a "far distant land." Frank and I had been school-fellows; had read out of the same story-book, were always partners in every game and every walk, loved the same church-yard and river-side; in fact, we were cronies in every school-boy's sense of the word. On leaving school, a little concern was manifested on both sides; we were each going to strange places, where we should meet with strange faces, and seek new friends: of course, we promised to write to each other by every post, and as the chaises turned their wheels in an opposite direction,

we remained bobbing our heads and waving our hands till both were out of sight.

As soon as we had reached our different destinations, each was too fatigued to write the particulars of his journey. Another day was taken up in engagements; and on the third, I received and sent a letter, both to the same effect. A page and a half of apology was a fatal beginning, for ceremony is the first thaw that separates the intimacy of friendship; it was no longer "Dear Frank" and "Dear ——," but "My Dear Sir," and each addressed the other by the title of esquire. Our correspondence continued, though each seemed to feel the want of something to render it inviting. In the course of time, both of us seemed to labour under a restraint, lest either should vote the other a bore. Nine months elapsed, and this irksome and cheerless correspondence ceased altogether.

We had parted boys, and met men. Oh! the world, the world! How it deadens every tender feeling of the soul,—how it chills every warm impulse of the heart. At the sight of Frank a thousand reminiscences rushed into my mind; the past, with all its attendant associations of pleasure and friends, and which had thrown a witchery round the scene, now was before me in its brightest and most alluring colours. The brook where we had sauntered, the old beech which overhung the stream where we had so often bathed; the solitary churchyard, wherein we had mastered many a difficult passage in Virgil and Homer; all came before me in company with him, the sharer of these departed felicities. Frank was then a bold, fearless, careless boy; what did I now behold him? An officer, in a cocked hat and military coat. As soon as he saw me, a transient glow of pleasure flushed his cheek; but it was momentary, and succeeded by a touch of the hat and the presentment of his forefinger. Had my heart been laid on a slab of ice, I could not have felt a greater chill, than that self-same bow and finger produced. I was preparing to return it, but my rebel-heart would not allow; friendship, I found, would not be compromised in politeness. After a few hasty inquiries and responses were exchanged, he informed me he was, that very afternoon, going to commence his voyage for India. He then left me to give some directions, and remained conversing with some friends in the most distant part of the vessel. Love may exist on one side, but friendship never can; its very soul is sympathy, and where the link of confidence is wanting, the chain is never binding. I felt, it is true, more sorrow than disgust; and in the society of an intelligent young man, a Scotchman and traveller, I soon dissipated my concern. My new companion I soon found out to be a poet in mind; he described, in rapturous enthusiasm, the beauties of his native land, and dwelled with delight on the remembrance of the friends and relatives he had left there. He was, like myself, an orphan, a wanderer, a citizen of the world. Drawn together by two corresponding links, in the course of a few hours, I firmly believe, we unbosomed our most inmost thoughts, with as much freedom as if we had been acquainted as many years. At last the packet arrived at its destination: my new acquaintance was, like my *friend*, about to leave the country, and for a permanency. I here philosophized at the parting of my old and my new friend: Frank sprang gaily up the side, directed his servants to take care of his luggage, pressed my hand, and with two or three indifferent words, he left me. Mackenzie, whom I had known but a few hours, parted evidently in regret, for each of us felt it was the greatest improbability we should ever meet again.

But why complain of the transient and fleeting joys of life? Their existence is like an April morn: the rays of sunshine dart seldom, but, when they do appear, and enliven us with their warmth, we feel the glow, though we know it is to be succeeded by a sorrowful shower. Were we to be perpetually on our guard against misery,—were we to dash the cup of felicity from our lips, lest, in quaffing the draught, we should taste the wormwood dregs of disappointment at the bottom,—what a dull common-place existence we should live; our path would be like the dull round of a hood-winked horse at a wheel, who labours without any interruption save eating, drinking, and sleeping, alike insensible to the flowers as to the thorns of the world, till exhausted nature sinks to repose.

Let the misanthrope rail as he will, the world, though it be over-run with the thistles of vexation, still here and there is brightened with the blushing flower of hope. Life is given to us as an estate: we take it with all its incumbrances; it is left to our resolution and diligence to pay them off: if we suffer the clog to increase, we shall soon be engulphed in dissatisfaction and ruin.

I have known what it is to feel the soul swell with the knowledge of misplaced confidence. I have known those to be torn from me who have clung, as it were, round the arteries of my heart, and have felt the cold hand of Fate tear them from their resting-place, and, when the dear ones were gone, as if the arteries were alike broken asunder: I have experienced coldness where I expected faith and truth, and contempt from the very beings who were hallowed in the deepest recesses of my soul: I have felt a seared heart, roughened by afflictions; yet would I, while smarting under their pain, joyfully dare their repetition, for the sake of feeling again those ecstacies, whose early death caused my bitterness.

Solitary and unfriended as I roam through the world, with a broken spirit, and a betrayed bosom, daily,—hourly,—do I meet with some recollection, that acts like a talisman on all the finer and fonder feelings of my heart. The river that meanders through the meads of my infancy,—the desolated castle, though too like my own rifled heart,—recall the scene of days that are gone; the bough-enwoven harbour, and the deep-shaded wood, bring with them the forms that once were there by my side, and live over again in imagination the delights that rendered reality so dear to my soul.

In scenes like these, every breeze that flutters in the air conveys to the heart the recollection of some impression made by an object whose voice you may fancy on its wings. But whence are those strains which spring up, like the days of yore, from the grave of forgetfulness, and die away with the faintness of a wearied soul? It is midnight; and the author is alone in his chamber: a band of itinerant musicians are in the neighbouring street; they are playing that beautiful air, Auld Lang Syne. The scientific professor will smile,—to me it is more than beautiful; for, without prelude, it comes home to my soul, and speaks to it, in a language so sincere, yet so melancholy,—bringing to my recollection scenes of my childhood and youth, which, though not forgotten, are not always present to my memory,—telling of friendship broken, of love forgotten,—that, although it be seldom the herald of happy feelings, yet I delight in the melancholy its plaintive notes inspire.

Can I forget when I last heard that air in my "ain native land?"—No, never! like a bright gleam of sunshine, momentarily darting through a cloudy atmosphere, bringing with it light and life for an instant, leaving the darkness greater and more insupportable, does thy remembrance come to my soul. While the warm blood flows round my heart, and gives my hand strength to dwell on thy beauties, thou wilt still hold a charm over my memory.

It was the night previous to my departure for this country,—a cold wintry night without,—but a blazing wood fire, warm hearts, and happy faces, gave an air of comfort within. My father, I remember, was in his arm-chair, with his children around him, and his grandchildren clinging about his knees, the picture of aged happiness and unclouded serenity. If there were one in the room whose looks testified any portion of uneasiness, it was my mother. Was it possible I could view it unconcernedly?

I anxiously inquired the cause. The look she gave me, the tear that fell from her aged eye, and the depth of the sigh that, while it heaved her breast, pierced my own, too plainly told, that she felt the parting would be for ever. It was so:—a letter, delivered to me after her death, assured me she felt at that moment a presentiment that she should never see me again. But there was one for whom even the ties of kindred were weaker, when compared to the feelings her presence occasioned. Oh, Ellen! if, in thy moments of pleasure thou shouldst turn thine eyes towards poor old Scotland, a hope whispers mine ears, thou wilt think of him who pledged his first vows of innocence and truth with thee; to whom thou gavest unsolicited, before thine heart was tainted with the pride and the folly of the world, thy promise of unchangeable constancy. One long, long thought!—it would remove from his breast the load of cares, of sufferings, and disappointment, that has accumulated since then and now. But should a sigh pass through thy gentle bosom, or a pang rend it, may this fond wish never reach thy heart, but remain buried in the recesses of mine own.

It was at the same still hour when we separated; the morning sun was to see me at Leith, which was a considerable distance from my father's dwelling. We had already risen from our seats,—there were few whose eyes were dry,—Ellen's flowed profusely; my father, ere he bade me farewell, held my hand firmly grasped in his; my mother, though she spoke not, looked as if her heart "would break;" we all rose from our seats, and my father sung, with a voice quivering with age and agitation, the first line of this magical air, which was re-echoed by every one present. Ellen's voice pierced with its exquisite silveriness through the clang, with that tenderness that seemed impossible to spring but from affection; and when our voices had hurried over the preceding verse, till we came to that beginning with,—

"And you'll gie me your hand,"

she pressed mine with such fervour, that it still seems vibrating on the chords of my heart, while the last sound of her voice, "God bless you!" yet lingers on my ear. We parted: a twelvemonth then appeared an age; ah! little did I think our separation was eternal!

Since then, my parents have mingled with their ancestors; my father's dwelling, the home of my infancy, is level with the bare heath, and the cattle stray unconcernedly over that spot of earth which is associated with the tenderest feelings of my heart. She, whose smiles were to be my solace for all the unkindness and vexations of the world, who had accepted my heart for her own, has pledged her faith with another; my brothers and kindred are scattered over the face of the earth, and I!—I am left alone, to mourn over the remembrances of past joys, broken friendships, and the hopes of affection unrealized. —*Smiles and Tears.*

SILENCE.—What a strange power there is in *silence!* How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected during that pause, when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian angel, is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward heaven or toward hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls, to wax strong against temptation; or to the powers of wrath, to stamp upon them their withering passage.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

The good ship holds on its glorious way,
Onward! onward! through ripple and spray,
Through the path of the deep and bounding sea,
To England the land of the brave and free.
She is leaving her port in the sunny East,
Where the citron yieldeth its luscious feast,
That region of gems, of gold, and song,
Where the Ganges rolls dar'kly and deeply along;
And she's mann'd, she's mann'd by a gallant crew
Of English hearts that are leal and true.

A child is there, a beautiful one,
The Captain's only and much loved son!
Bright as the morning's radiant beam,
Joyous and pure as a fairy dream—
Cherished and petted and loved was he,
That beautiful child on the wide, wide sea;
And rough men worshipped his innocent eye,
As they taught him to mimic the mariner's cry:
And oft would he chant to the listening ear
The words that proclaim when land is near.

'Tis morn and the good ship holds on its way,
That boy is on deck with his childish play,
The helmsman stroked down his silken hair,
And the midshipman patted his cheek so fair;
The boatswain had shaken his tiny hand,
And thought of his own young child on land;
The sea boy the wished for toy had made,
So often promised, so oft delayed,
'Twas a rope bedecked yellow, white and red,—
And wreathed at the end was the sounding lead.

He heaves his lead, with eloquent joy,
And "by the deep nine" sang the beautiful boy,
He dips it once more in the deep blue main,
And "by the mark seven" he sings again,
"Quarter less five," he cries full and free,
When a plunge! a shriek! Oh! where is he?
Overboard! overboard! words are few,
The boats are lower'd—the ship brought to,
And many a sailor is down in the wave,
Those hearts that so love him, to perish or save.

See the waters have parted "he floats! he is there!"
The foremost swimmer has grasped his hair,
But the waves run high, he is lost again,
Mercy! what moments of fearful pain,
But again that swimmer has grasped the child—
Hurrah! how they cheer in their phrenzy wild;
And the boats fly over the waters bright,
Like bounding creatures of feeling and light;
Haste, bear him on deck ere his strength departs,
Strong arms, bold hands, and true English hearts.

Alas! alas! 'tis a short-lived joy,
For the spirit of life has fled from the boy;
Nought can restore it, no earthly care
Can bring the warm breath to that thing so fair
Stillness is round that furrowless brow,
And his hand lies dead in the boatswain's now.
And the Father? his lips refuse to speak,
But dim are his eyeballs and rigid his cheek,
The blow was so sudden, so dread, so dire,
That his heart seemed cold, though his brain was on fire.

Then the boatswain lifted the beautiful dead,
And laid it with care on its tiny bed;
And they watched it by day, and they watched it by night,
Till the white cliffs of England hove in sight,
Then they landed the boy 'neath the pale moon's sheen,
And they made it a grave in the churchyard green;
Bare-headed and mute they gathered around,
While their hot tears fell on the homeward bound.
And the Father? Oh! all of his hope and joy
Were buried along with his fair-haired boy.

CLARA FORSTER.

THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

"The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
But the Rose loved one;
Who recks where the wild Wind blows,
Or loves not the Sun?"

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

"Who loves not the Sun?" asked the blind girl of Pompeii—painful question on the lips of one who had never beheld the light! "Who loves not the Sun?" sung Nydia, and the question admits of only one answer. We all (could it be otherwise?) love the Sun, the dispenser of light and heat; and we all (can we help it?) love the Sunshine which clothes the world with beauty, the Sunshine which almost possesses the impossible power of perfecting perfection; it "gilds refined gold" and "paints the lily," it adds a charm to the beautiful and lends attraction to the homely. Beautiful is the Sunshine! Beautiful as it glitters in golden sheets of glory on the bosom of the ocean, as it dances on the rippling waters of the brook, as it plays in the rain-drops by the way-side. Beautiful as it faintly glimmers over the mountain-tops at early dawn, as it streams forth at noonday, clothing Nature in her gala-dress, as it lovingly seizes upon earth when "summer's day declines along the hills." Beautiful is the Sunshine! But let us suppose now, that in this age of wonderful contrivances, some marvellous chemical or scientific process were suggested, by means of which (without at all interfering with the indispensable light and heat) the Sunshine, with its beauty and gladness, should be for ever extinguished. The idea is preposterous; but prithee, good friends, let us consider it quietly for one moment. *Who*, we ask, would consent to annihilate the Sunshine? Not a voice replies. Who, again, would not join with us in condemning the execrable proposition? At once, every voice breaks forth, every hand is raised in indignation. Every soul, young and old, rich and poor, man and woman, unites in vehement condemnation of the atrocious thought, "Extinguish the Sunshine! What monster has suggested it?" Softly, softly, dear friends! Hear us out and ye shall, many of you, be self-condemned. There is another Sunshine besides that which glads the material world. There is a Sunshine which suffuses with joy and beauty our spiritual life. The Sunshine of the moral world is love; not that Love in which novel-writers and novel-readers delight, but Love itself in its most holy and universal application. We have eulogized the beauty of the Sun's beams as they stream on mountain and moor, forest, field, and fell; but more glorious is the light of this spiritual Sunshine. It beams upon the human countenance with as soft and pure a radiance as the Sun's rays kindle on the fair face of nature, and it cheers human hearts with a warmer glow than was ever occasioned by material heat. This soul's Sunshine sparkles in the first conscious glance which lights up the infant's face as he smiles upon his mother. It feebly flickers on the trembling lip and fading eye, as the loving soul, reluctantly turning from its dear ones

"Quits the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
And casts a longing, lingering look behind."

It beams in the father's proud smile, as the little group gladly rush "to greet their sire's return." It lights up the joyous faces of long-parted friends, when their hands are once again clasped in sympathy. It shines forth in the wife's fond look of anxious tenderness, and the bashful maiden's timid glance. It gleams in the upturned eye of devotion, and the sorrowing gaze of pity. It flushes the cheek of gratitude, and quivers in the lip of sympathy. Thrice holy, thrice beautiful Sunshine of the soul! And you, lovers of earth's sunshine, would extinguish *this!* It is of you we speak. We allude not to the dogmatic philosopher (so-called) who sneers at romantic sentimentality (for which, perhaps, we have as little sympathy as himself); but we speak of you, who, extolling the beauty of the Sunshine which gladdens your gardens and delights your eyes, roughly and carelessly extinguish that brighter light which should illumine your hearths and warm your hearts. How many participate in the sinful folly they just now joined us in condemning?—how many of you are extinguishers of Sunshine? You extinguish it—you, whose cold looks, and harsh tones, and unkindly words repel the sympathy of those who love you. You extinguish it—you, whom egotism and selfishness render blind to the feelings and indifferent to the troubles of those around you. You extinguish it—you, whose paltry pride scorns to ask pardon when you have offended; and you, whose still meaner spirit refuses nobly to forgive what is generously repented of. She extinguishes this Sunshine—the wife and mother who nightly leaves her domestic hearth to seek happiness in the revel; no gentle beams illumine *her* children's faces; no heart's sunshine lights up her husband's eye; no ray of it sparkles in her own. He extinguishes this Sunshine—the miser, the "Scrooge," whose gold is his god. No light of love cheers his life; his heart is desolate and dark: and *he* also, the avaricious man, who would scorn the companionship of the professed "miser," he also extinguishes the Sunshine that might beam upon his path, who flies the domestic circle to bury himself in the country-house; who can never spare a word for his wife or a smile for his children; whose whole heart, like Solomon Jericho's, is full of bank-notes and nothing else. She extinguishes the Sunshine—the Coquette, who prefers the false glare of adulation to the sunny light of love; who cares more for the empty flatteries of a hundred false lips than for the true devotion of one honest heart.

How often do brothers and sisters, whose cold looks or angry words, as they gather round the well-spread board, daily verify the proverb, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith!" And in such cases it is so difficult to say *who* is wrong. A trifle—one of those "trifles which make the sum of human things"—may have done all the mischief. And how shall it be undone? If friends and relatives would only preserve, in their mutual intercourse, the outward courtesy of strangers, and if strangers would but cherish a little of the cordiality of relatives, how much happier would the world be! How much of life's sunshine would then delight us! As it is, however, distant acquaintances greet one another kindly, while their hearts too often belie their words; and friends and brothers turn from each other coldly, or speak harshly, while *their* hearts too belie their words.

When the beggar's hand is rudely repulsed, and the passer-by boastfully tells us he "cannot encourage vagrancy," can we refrain from surmising that if his parsimony has spared his purse it has also deprived his heart of a gleam of happiness? But we will not blame him, perhaps he is right in refusing to support the idler, (whether an idler from choice or compulsion he has not asked). Is he, however, more ready to grant the prayer of honest poverty? Do the needy find in him a willing helper? Does his hand ever snatch the drowning from destruction? Not so. He never heard—we beg his pardon! he is too good a Christian never to have *heard*, but he never heeds, the injunction "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away." Some may censure this worldly-wise one, for our part we pity him—he shuts up his heart from the sweetest Sunshine that ever was—the delight of conscious happiness—the true Sunshine of Love.

But the extinguishers of Sunshine are too numerous to catalogue. Let us leave them to the desolation of their choice, and think of ourselves. We have no right to chide; we have no right to blame the taskmaster, whose cruelty "presses" not the Sunshine only, but "the life from out young hearts;" we have no right to blame the legislators who seem to

forget that in their hands (under Heaven) is the happiness of the poor; we have no right to blame till we ourselves are blameless. "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone." Let us forbear from chiding the wholesale extinguishers of Sunshine until we ourselves have proved our love for it by cherishing its beams in our own hearts, and by our own firesides. Gentle reader, remember this!—When harsh words fall from your lips, when an angry frown furrows your brow, when a cold smile curls your lip, when you turn a deaf ear to the voice of sorrow, when your hand refuses the grasp of sympathy or the token of forgiveness, when your steps continually turn from home in search of foreign pleasures,—then, and in a thousand other instances, too trivial almost to notice, but, alas, not trivial in their consequence—you too, even *you* are an extinguisher of Sunshine—of the joyous and beautiful Sunshine of the soul.

MEMOIR OF MADAME CATALANI.

The recent demise of this extraordinary lady, which occurred at Paris in the month of May, 1849, will render at the present period a slight sketch of her biography an interesting subject to our readers. It has been said by many connoisseurs, that were it possible she could re-appear, she would not make the sensation she did in her day. It is true, that since her time music has made rapid strides, and has in consequence introduced to the public a host of talented foreign singers, among whom we may enumerate Madame Pasta, Sontag, Grisi, Malibran, Persiani, Alboni, and lastly, "the Swedish nightingale," Madlle. Jenny Lind.

It is certain, that during the time of Madame Catalani, she had not the same advantages which the present race of singers enjoy. The last thirty years have been replete with eminent composers. In her time, at least during the time she performed on the stage, there was no Rossini, an author, in whose brilliant compositions she would have revelled with delight; subsequently came Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, with many other distinguished men, whose compositions would have been equally suitable to her extraordinary vocal powers. But situated as she was, a bright star amid a darkened hemisphere of talent, there is no wonder that she shone forth with so much splendour.

During her stay in England, while she was performing at the Italian Opera, there was scarcely a singer of second-rate ability to oppose her. She, in consequence, had it all her own way, and gave herself so many airs, which were sometimes attributed to ill health, that she would often leave out (while performing) the whole of a recitative, a cavatina, or an aria, without previously acquainting the leader of the band, who was obliged to be prepared for these occasional freaks of temper. It was often lamented by her hearers, that in the execution of Mozart's incomparable music, this arbitrary empress would occasionally pay but little respect to the taste and judgment of a composer, whose musical sentences, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, every true lover of harmony must wish to preserve unchanged in their own genuine purity and originality.

It was and is admitted by those who have heard her almost supernatural powers, which she displayed in the character of *Semiramide*, composed for her by Portogallo, that she shone in no character so advantageously as in this, and which was considered her *chef d'œuvre*.

As an actress, she was equally eminent in the tragic and comic scene, and has never been, nor perhaps ever will be, surpassed on the opera stage. The celebrated Doctor Burney, in his "History of Music," has the following remarks:—"Her voice, also, in point of compass, exceeds any expectations that the most sanguine audience could have previously formed of the possible extent of the human organ. When she displays its full volume, it becomes an instrument of unrivalled clearness, and with power to penetrate through the loudest chorus and most complete band in the kingdom, as many of our readers may have witnessed at the Concert of Ancient Music during the performance of God save the King."

A curious and rather romantic story was at one time in circulation, relative to her introduction to the musical world. It was said, "that when very young she used to sing about the streets of Milan for 'voluntary contributions,' and that she was heard by a musical composer of eminence, who was so charmed with her beautiful voice, that he at once adopted, educated, and brought her out on the stage;" but such idle rumours are fictitious, and our readers may depend upon the following version as being a brief and authentic account of this singularly talented woman.

Angelica Catalani was born in the year 1782, in Sinigaglia, a small town in the Papal territories. Though the accident of birth can add nothing, in the sight of universal reason, to those mental or physical qualities which lead to excellence, and which nature only can bestow, it is, however, due to the celebrated subject of our memoir to say, that she was born of parents highly respectable, though poor; and that this circumstance was nearly depriving the world of those splendid powers by which it was afterwards adorned. In this case, Angelica owed more to birth than fortune; and she was, therefore, destined to take the veil. The nunnery is the only asylum which the pride of birth has discovered in Italy to secure the fair sex from the contingencies of circumstances and situations. Angelica, however, displayed such superior powers during her noviciate, in singing the praises of her Creator, that her parents were induced, by the solicitations of her friends, to change their intention of immuring their daughter in a convent from the world. She was, accordingly, suffered to cultivate her musical powers, and the combined energies of nature and of art soon qualified her to take the first parts in serious opera. Her vocal powers, however, were not the only qualities that recommended her to public favour. Beauty and youth, when accompanied by elegance and grace of deportment, will not easily yield their contested sovereignty to the dominion of music. There is witchery in beauty, as well as a charm in sound; and it is so difficult to say which exercises the strongest influence over the heart and its affections, that the admirers of the fair Angelica were at a loss to determine which recommended her most to public esteem! In the latter, however, she stood unrivalled; in the former, she had many competitors: and if her innocence and beauty were more highly esteemed, it was only because they were found connected with such extraordinary endowments. It is certain, that the grace and elegance of her movements and person, heightened and refined as they were by the severe dignity of virtue, rendered her one of those miracles of nature which only certain ages are permitted to behold.

Her celebrity procured her an invitation from the Prince and Princess of Brazil, afterwards King and Queen of Portugal. The opera house at Lisbon boasted at that time some of the first Italian singers in Europe; among whom was the enchanting singer Crescentini, and to whose instructions, (for he was deemed a prodigy in his art, Madame Catalani owed much of the celebrity she afterwards obtained. She remained five years in Lisbon on a salary of three thousand moidores, and was honoured with many presents of great value. It was during her residence in this capital she married Monsieur Vallebrague, still retaining the name which had raised her to such notoriety; but instead of Signora, she was henceforth known by the name of Madame Catalani. She afterwards went to Spain, where she was honoured with the friendship of the royal family, and became extremely popular with the nobility and gentry during her residence at Madrid.

After having visited the French metropolis, in 1806, she arrived in England, and appeared at the Italian Opera House, in the latter part of the year. Her engagement here for the season was £2,000 and a benefit, a sum not more than one half what she received at Lisbon; but she felt confident from her superior attainments, she should be able afterwards to make her own terms.

On the 13th December, 1806, Madame Catalani made her debut at the Italian Opera house, in the character of Semiramide, in which she was received with the most deafening plaudits, and her fame became every day more firmly established. She afterwards appeared with great success in the admirable comic opera "Il Fanatico per la Musica, and in 1808 her salary was increased to £5,250, and two clear benefits; her health, however, did not keep pace with her fortune, and became as variable as the climate. In consequence Madame Dussek used to perform whenever Madame Catalani was unable.

A fracas now took place between her and Mr. Taylor, the lessee of the theatre, which diminished her popularity in England. Mr. Taylor offered her for the season £6,000, and three clear benefits; but though this engagement was highly liberal, yet she refused to accept it. The public attributed her refusal to a spirit of avarice. It was in consequence of this disagreement that she accepted an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre in 1809. This occurred during the O. P. riots at that theatre, and she was partly engaged by the managers thinking her name would draw full houses, and quell the disturbance; but in this conjecture they were wofully deceived, as she was hooted and yelled from the stage, and in consequence relinquished her engagement. Another circumstance contributed at this moment to render Madame Catalani less popular, namely, her refusing to sing for a charitable institution. The public attributed this refusal, as well as the differences with Mr. Taylor, to motives of avarice. We know not how to explain the cause, whether from fear of becoming unpopular, or whether from charitable motives, but certain it is, she afterwards sent 20 guineas as a donation to the very charity she refused to sing for.

Madame Catalani's refusing to sing for the charitable institution was, to say the least of it, very bad policy; and it did not mend the matter by sending at the eleventh hour a donation of twenty guineas, as it appeared to be extorted from her through fear of her popularity. One rule, however, should never be forgotten in regulating our judgments, and that is, that the motive to which we ascribe any action, should always be compared with the general tenor and character of the life; and out of all the possible motives to which it can be referred, always to select that which harmonizes best with this general tenor and character. Whoever is guided by this rule,—and what rule can we discover that approaches nearer to infallibility,—will instantly free Madame Catalani from the imputation of avarice in her quarrel with Mr. Taylor. The facts of her liberality and readiness to promote benevolent objects, are known and published throughout Europe; and even when her health has sometimes prevented her from singing, her purse has largely contributed to effect that good which was sought from her vocal assistance. The delicacy of her health has often obliged her to decline many engagements, which were sufficiently tempting, if avarice had been the god of her adoration; and when it is well known that she actually refused 240,000 roubles, about 10,000 guineas, from the Muscovite nobility, for giving ten concerts in their ancient capital, we cannot think of ascribing her refusal of Mr. Taylor's offer to a spirit which, if it had existed, would have certainly gratified itself by embracing the offer of the Muscovite nobility. It might be that she had some other cause for refusing Mr. Taylor's offer; she thought her brother's talents were not sufficiently appreciated by the situation appointed him in the orchestra, and, therefore, as Mr. Taylor refused him the place to which she thought him entitled, it is certain that she acted more under the influence of her feelings than of her reason at the moment. To him, however, who can make no allowance for the irritability of feeling, which is the inseparable attendant on genius, we can only say, that he knows too little of the human heart to estimate, as he ought, the moral value of human actions; for though weakness and irritability are not to be defended, yet, as they form part of our nature, and are frequently found united with virtues of a superior order, they should not be too hastily condemned.

In 1810, the serious opera of "La Vestale" was produced for our heroine's benefit, on the 3rd of May; but the greatest musical treat of the season was the revival of Piccini's opera of "La Buona Figliuola," the subject of which is taken from Richardson's novel of "Pamela." Madame Catalani, on this occasion, which was for her second benefit, fascinated every hearer; it is not possible to imagine any performance more perfect in every respect, or ever to forget the unaffected *naïveté* and innocent simplicity of *La Cecchina*, personated by this lovely and intelligent actress. The amiable disposition of Madame Catalani is thus spoken of by Doctor Burney. He observes, "In such a drama as this, music is employed, as it always should be, to promote the interests of morality, and render virtue still more amiable and attractive, and we cheerfully avail ourselves of this opportunity to pay a just tribute of applause to the absolutely blameless private character of Madame Catalani, whom we firmly believe to be literally at home in the part of *Cecchina*, and to represent in real life, what she appeared on the stage, a correct and animated portrait of *La buona Figliuola*." In 1811, Madame Catalani appeared in several operas, but the music is spoken of as being below mediocrity. On Tuesday, February the 4th, 1812, Martini's celebrated opera of "Enrico IV." was revived, in which the talents of Catalani and Tremerrani appeared to the greatest advantage: the lively and natural acting of Catalani while laying the cloth for supper, and the truly pathetic expression of Tremerrani's manner and countenance, when, as the representative of the best of kings, he is supposed to witness the undisguised affection of his subjects for his person, have never been exceeded in excellence upon any stage.

Madame Catalani appeared in the year 1813, at the Italian Opera-house, in several operas, with her usual success. Subsequently she sang at private musical parties. She visited the principal towns in the three kingdoms;—and the grand music meetings at Oxford and Cambridge, and at several benevolent institutions. She was at length induced to go to Paris, where Napoleon Buonaparte granted her the patent of the Theatre Royal Italian, with a yearly salary of £7,000 sterling. This theatre, which was then by far the most elegant in Paris, has since been burnt to the ground. She managed it with great ability for four years, alternately engaging the celebrated composers Paer and Spontini, to conduct the musical department: she also engaged the first singers of Italy, both male and female. The receipts, however, were trifling when she did not sing herself, so that her attention to the interests of the establishment became a fatigue to which her health was unequal, and she determined to resign the charge, and visit the capitals of Europe. She went first to Berlin, where she was received by his Prussian Majesty with the most flattering respect. The Prussians were at a loss which to admire most, her surprising talents or beneficence. From Berlin she proceeded to Hanover. She was crowned at the theatre with her usual success; and after giving a concert for the benefit of the poor, she departed for Stutgard.

Munich and Vienna were the next theatres of Madame Catalani's vocal powers. Here her success was unparalleled; and a simple statement of facts will evince the enthusiasm with which she was received. The great

room of the redoubt was filled to excess at each of the concerts, though it contains three thousand persons, and the tickets of admission were very high. The Emperor, as a mark of his royal condescension, presented her with a superb opal, set with diamonds. Here, again, her liberality and benevolence to the poor, who always participated in her success, displayed itself as usual. Every voice resounded her praise, and the magistracy of the city, to testify the high sense which they entertained of her character, caused a medal to be struck, which bore an inscription highly flattering to her.

Madame Catalani had long cherished a desire to visit Russia, from which she had received many invitations, and lastly from the Emperor Alexander, which at once caused her to put her wish into execution. On leaving Vienna, therefore, she proceeded direct to St. Petersburg, where she commenced with a concert, the single tickets for which were fixed at twenty-five roubles, nearly equal in our money to five guineas and a half. The success which attended her performance the first night was great, and several hundred persons were disappointed of seats each succeeding night. She was in consequence persuaded to give her concluding concert at the public exchange, where she was honoured with the presence of four thousand—the *elite* of Russia. The receipts of this concert she devoted to the relief of two hundred distressed families in St. Petersburg. Such is the illustrious character who has been charged with avarice in the metropolis of the British Empire. We confess it gives us pleasure in being able to present these proofs of her liberality.

At her departure from St. Petersburg, the empress presented her with a pair of curiously wrought gold ear-rings, and a diamond necklace. The Emperor Alexander also made her a present of a magnificent girdle of brilliants, of the first water. She remained four months in Russia, during which time she gave concerts at St. Petersburg, Riga, Moscow, and Wilna, which produced her, exclusive of all expenses, and the sums she bestowed on charity, upwards of 15,000 guineas. When she went from Moscow to Warsaw, she was presented, on her arrival, with a letter from the Muscovite nobility, offering her, as we have already stated, 240,000 roubles, if she would come and give ten concerts at their ancient capital during the winter. But finding her health would not endure the severity of the climate, she declined the flattering and advantageous invitation.

In July 1822 she made her second appearance in England, and gave a concert at the Argyle Rooms, since destroyed by fire, where she was received with the most enthusiastic applause. Nothing could equal, on that occasion, the effect which she produced in singing Rhode's violin variations. In this extraordinary exercise of her vocal powers, she displayed at once her surprising rapidity, strength, and sweetness. She gave another concert on the 30th of July, the profits of which amounted to £300, which she devoted to the funds of the Westminster General Infirmary; and indeed the whole tenor of her life shews the mistaken prejudice which had been, at one time, directed against her in this country.

She afterwards made the tour of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, York, and Liverpool; at each place she gave concerts, reaping an abundant harvest. From Liverpool she proceeded to Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bath, and Clifton; she afterwards proceeded to Nottingham, and from thence to London. During this excursion she cleared above £6,000, over and above the heavy expenses which she must have necessarily incurred.

She afterwards confined her performance to the London concerts, where her success was without example. At this there was no wonder, for since she first commenced her musical career, to the time she retired, she was not only the first singer in Europe, but in fact was the only singer who may be truly said to have had no competitor. The public mind never hesitated a moment between the comparative merits of her and any other performer; and when we say the public mind, we do not mean the English public alone, but that public of which all the nations in Europe are composed. No country ever has produced her equal; though Italy, France, Germany, and England have produced singers, of whom, perhaps, it would have been said, "the force of nature could no farther go;" and if the illustrious subject of our memoir had been silently immured in a nunnery, and her transcendent powers known only to her cloistered sisters, their innocence or credulity would, in all probability, have deemed them rather the work of inspiration, than one of those unattainable gifts which nature bestows on her own peculiar favourites.

In the year 1825-6 she left England, and settled down in her native place. The money which she had made was immense, besides her jewellery, the gifts of foreign potentates; enabling her to keep a princely establishment. We never heard that she had any children, nor whether her husband survives her; in the early part of her career, he used, during her performances, to attend upon her with all the diligence of a servant.

Madame Catalani was said to be a strictly religious disciplinarian, having being educated in the Catholic faith, to which she adhered; and as one of the principal features in that religion is the inculcation of charity, there is no wonder that she so efficiently carried it out, throughout her singularly eventful life.

At the commencement of her musical career, Signora Catalani was little more than seventeen years of age; her professional existence continued, notwithstanding the delicacy of her health, for more than twenty years, so that at the time of her withdrawing herself from the profession she was not more than thirty-eight years, being then in the prime of her life. She therefore has lived to enjoy the fruits of her labour twenty-six years, making in the whole sixty-seven years, the age at which she retired altogether from this transitory scene.

JOHN ASHMORE OF BIRMINGHAM.

1899.

BY SILVERPEN.

"It is my belief that the changes in man and society are, and will continue to be, saving occasional exceptions, those of improvement—that the tendency of both is towards a happier and better state.—It is easily seen, for instance, that as society advances, mental tend to prevail more and more over bodily qualities, and masses over individuals."—*Mill's Logic, Vol. 2, pp. 589-605.*

"Our present state is not only the effect of a passed state, but also is the cause of that which has to follow."—*La Place, Essai sur Les Probabilités.*

"There are great destinies still in store for us, if we be true to ourselves; if the people continue to love progress without anarchy, and the governors do not mistake the love of order for a submissive indifference to liberty and progress; if a self-dependent energy animate all orders of the community, and each class does its own part in the battle of life, instead of indolently leaning on its neighbours."—*Political and Social Economy, by John Hill Burton*, page 344.

"So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last the bright consummate flower.
* * * * * * * *
* * * by gradual scale sublimed."

Paradise Lost, B. v.

It was said, as we have seen, that the report of the Parliamentary Commissioners, as to the use of Joint-Stock Capital for manufacturing processes, would influence the age; the prophecy has proved a just one.

Over the great mining country, which from its centre sweeps for miles away into both Staffordshire and Shropshire, a night of intense darkness has closed around, though the autumnal woods have still their

richest tints. It is darkness so close and thick that many nights seem gathered into one, and, pressing towards the earth, try to crush down the lurid flames which run and leap, and part, and close, one into the other, from out the giant chimneys of a hundred forges. Yet, darkness such as this makes only forms like these more Titan-like. It only makes their columnar ascent more like a basalt pillar sweeping upwards from some Andean ridge; it only makes them as they part from out this giant combination, twist and writhe like monstrous serpents, waging war on one another, with outstretched fangs or crested or bent head; it only makes that which is pale luridness by day, assume the blood-red hue of autumn sunset, till at last this very darkness, by its own intensity, shows this same hue a pale and silver light as it fades into thin air, or steals far rearward in these ebon shadows.

Where these forges are thickest and the light intensest, every tram-way, every rut, every mine-mouth, every giant pile of cinders, every barrow, and pick, and shaft chain, are as visible as in the broadest noon. In one large open space of ground, where several narrow tram-ways meet, and where for a certain space across the red-hued swimming earth, the iron walls of the greatest forge of the district cast down their monstrous shadows, huge lumps of cinders, trucks filled with coal, and heaps of unsmelted ore, line either side a huge doorway which leads directly within the forge. And here, as in a focus, the deafening roar of the blast furnace within gathers itself up a thousand-fold. It rings on every inch of shapeless metal, it seems to be a giant hand, which sweeps doorway, and tram-way, and roof, making them the merest plastic strings of some gigantic instrument; it twists round the softer angles of the coal blocks, and gathers up their echoes; it makes every pick and chain, and barrow subservient to its will; and thus, at last, too gigantic for the thousand feet of space around, bursts like some monstrous out-pouring flood, and sweeps from earth, as if in absolute derision of its length and depth and whole circumference, and as if the universe only gives room enough to spend itself within.

Two gentlemen who have ridden some miles since noon, and who now see that a tempest is quickly gathering up, gladly overtake a large group of workmen hastening to the forge, and make inquiries.

"Yes, gentlemen," replies the stalwart foreman spoken to, "These are our works, and this is the right night for the great casting. Mr. Madeley is here, and so are the four young Mr. Ashmores; but dear old master has kept away, for our great anniversary comes on next week, and he'll have enough to do, though he be hale and strong, thank God!"

"Your anniversary of fifty years, I think," remarks the gentleman.

"Yes, fifty years, on the Thursday of next week, since old John Ashmore and Robert Field, my grandfather, and some few others, signed the Company's first charter, in a little room, and in a narrow street of Birmingham. And we working men of England, have reason to bless the day, the house, the room,—but, more than all, the MAN JOHN ASHMORE."

"Amen, I say with all my heart," says the gentleman; "my uncle not only loved John Ashmore well, but gave the Company its first important contract, the building of his country seat upon the Avon. As for small rooms and narrow streets, they seem prescriptively to belong to the circumstances of our immortal men. Our Shakspere had his birth within a narrow room; our Milton saw the Paradise of Heaven within a narrow room; and he—the Hampden—breathed his last within a narrow room, if some traditions of the country side be true; and, surely then, LABOUR is not dishonoured by making her first sign of grand significance within a narrow room! Bear on; make much of these poor rooms; to the destinies of this, of our matchless land, they are more glorious than palaces—more sacred than shrines! Workmen, I say this, though I claim an ancient name."

These forgemen look round; to praise John Ashmore is to touch their souls; and looking, they behold the nephew and successor of Lord Clydesdale, who died some few years since unmarried, and in whose vast park, upon the sacred Avon's brink, Co-operative Labour's fiftieth anniversary is to be held.

But now the tempest gathering up apace, they lead the way into the forge, and to the private room of its conductor, Thomas Madeley, the son of poor dead Cary.

In this room a large number of persons are collected. The Directors of the Company from Birmingham, the higher class of operatives from various departments of the works, members of other Chartered Companies, and a large number of scientific men. They are thus met to witness some gigantic castings for an International Senate House about to be erected at the cost of several conjoint nations, in the British capital, where the representatives of English Colonies, the civil administrators and native Rajahs of British India, Hungarians and Swedes, Americans and Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and those far north from the Ukraine and south from the Bosphorus, will meet to discuss, through interpreters or otherwise, those great common objects of commerce and production, of arts and letters, of science and invention, which are destined to advance liberty of thought and speech and action, and turn the sword of power, so long wielded by kings and ministers, into the pruning-hook of a mighty, a peaceful, and a congregated people; one in humanity and interests, if different in blood. A house where the British colonist may state his wrongs without fear of a bureaucratic colonial office or colonial underling, or advance the interests of those he represents; where the administrators of the millions between the Indus and the Ganges, may discuss the extension of the cotton trade, or mighty arteries and lines of railways; where the Hungarian and Swede, the American and Frenchman, the German, the Italian, and the Spaniard, may develope their theories of commerce, of arts, of letters, of science; where the Russian and the Turk may hear the accents of human liberty, free from the fear of autocracy or the bow-string; and where all, individually and united, may, through the agency of calm and sober reason, carry onward the great destined progresses of men.

Lord Clydesdale (the successor to John Ashmore's early friend) being introduced by Madeley, the foreman, to Mr. Ashmore's four sons, who are present, in especial to the eldest, a grave stalwart man of seven or eight-and-twenty, and who, more highly educated than the father, has carried out and perfected many of his best plans, particularly all such as belong to this department of the Company's works, much information is immediately given with respect to the great experiment of the night.

"And this gentleman," says Lord Clydesdale, when William Ashmore has done speaking, "who derived his first knowledge from the celebrated Report of twenty years ago, has become much interested in all relating to these Chartered Companies, seeing that they are fast spreading over every part of the United Kingdom, and giving such extraordinary impetus to the welfare of the people and the nation, as to make such a new development of the theory of production and distribution significant in the eyes of the world."

"Still more is, I believe, this destined to be the case," replies the grave, and earnest, and educated man, "and in my own estimation, and that of my brothers, we are more honoured in owning the blood of a man, who set in motion such a mighty principle of human welfare—a poor lad once, ragged, unknown, a parish apprentice, a Willenhall nailer,—than by any mere honourable title."

"Amen, I say," replies the gentleman, "England has

a right to be proud of men who thus ennoble themselves."

At this moment a door is opened for the company to enter into the adjoining casting-house, which is of such gigantic dimensions as to look like some vast cavern, whose height, and depth, and breadth, are too profound for ordinary sight; but this arises more from the fact, that the long-threatening tempest has now burst forth; and whilst the mighty thunder comparatively drowns the roaring of the forge, the ebon darkness and the pouring rain veiling the vast glass perforated roof, the shadows falling through and mingling altogether in one giant blackness, only make still more lurid and more wonderful the smolten flames which fall around the furnace mouth. It is said by scientific men who understand these things, that this is a wonderful experiment; it is said by those who understand the rationale of subdivided operative labour, that only a race of workmen highly and intelligently trained could so minutely and systematically adapt their labour to one vast result; and it is likewise said, that only men, habitually sober and careful, would be fitted to labour requiring nicety and yet strength; and so this seems to be the case, as by the precision of one will, a hundred or more stand to their great task in the brazen heat, and when not lost in the mightier grandeur of the tempest, the blast of the forge deafly roars round them like a northern winter's wind around the peaks of Nova Zembla.

At the signal given, at the same instant, the huge molten furnaces are unstayed, and the four gigantic casts receive the weltering streams of what seems liquid fire. It is a moment of intense doubt and excitement, for experiments on this scale have never yet succeeded, owing to some one deficiency or another; but now, as the liquid streams pour on, as success is obvious, as such a point as this has never yet been obtained, as for many reasons this success is a fertile thing for the arts, as only capital so great and combinative power could have brought together all the needful accessories, as only workmen so intelligent and ably trained as these could act with the precision so needful, all this which is thus successfully obtained, all this which is thus triumphed over, all this which proclaims the future, strikes on the hearts of all, and with one mighty shout of triumph from every voice, a shout which hushes the blast-roar and the tempests, the WALLS of PEACE are forged, and MAN proves himself sovereign over NATURE.

Yet, for a time the tempest urges itself on, and the thunder-shocks crash one upon another from all the points of heaven. So monstrous is the darkness, so dense the broad waste of rain, that for a time the forge fires burn dim; but as the molten flood pours on, as the flames gain new vitality, as they creep across the floor, or coil, or meet, or rest upon the faces of the anxious crowd, at the very moment of grand fruition, slower and slower, fainter and fainter, sweeter and sweeter, sweeps the lessening thunder over the broad dark waste of heaven, like the diminished cadences of richest melódy, till it pauses, and falls, and sinks away upon the very edge of earth's far zone, and the paler lightning and the clearer sky pour through the lofty roof their sweet serenity. Symbols of War and Peace; the Age of Darkness and the Age of Light!

After viewing a portion of the magnificent works, the massive artistic castings for public buildings, docks, and railways, down to little portable sheilings for the shepherds of Australian plains, or warmer, cold-excluding houses for the natives of Labrador, or Finnish races further north, and hearing one of the higher geometrical classes go through their evening lessons, the larger part of the company return by railway towards Birmingham, but stop about midway at one of the stations. A portion of them, amongst whom is Lord Clydesdale, and the stranger, and John Ashmore's four sons, immediately on quitting the station, turn down a dirty lane, which here and there is crowded with a nest of miserable cottages, belonging to pit-men and nail-makers. It is a squalid sight; for even in the general improvement which has marked the last fifty years, some of the unthriftiness of ignorance lurks in places like these, as seen by the dirty doorways, the broken windows, the heaps of rubbish lying round. After pushing aside the broken wicket, and making clear the little path between it and the cottage door, William Ashmore leads the way into the poor cottage, and asks the pitman's wife, who is cooking a supper, which in no way betokens poverty, for leave to see the chamber above.

"Eh! thee want'n to see John Ashmore's birth room, dun thee? Well, there be a sort o'folks come to see it now a days, and that'n more and more, but walk up; the beds be unmade, and it be untoidy loike, but if it pleasen thee thee may see it, though I dunna see what there be in four mud walls, and a broken floor as an had four patches in moy toime. But walk up, thee canna mistake. But one thing thee may make certain, gentlemen, that as soon as my Bill and Tum can save up the ten pounds a-piece, and they be moighty good, a deal better nor my maister ever was, a keeping clear o'th' public, them's a going into th' Company to get a step on in th' world. But walk thee up, walk thee up."

As he steps amazed into the sordid chamber, the first to reverently uncover is the stranger, as he says, turning to the titled man, "Is it possible! is this the room, can walls like these, with all their sorrows, and their shadows, and their tears, cover the first germs of after greatness, thrift or good? for it is difficult for one like me to understand. If this be so, what hopes for this great English people? these toilers through difficulties, these hero-kings of labour, these handicraftsmen of the world!"

"If *all of us*, if all descriptions of men be true to one another, to their own duties; if the demagogue be sunk into the patriot, the windy talker into the earnest worker and thinker, and all of us into men, self-reliant and plain spoken;—if this be so, if the function of wealth and the function of intellect perform equally well their duties with the function of more material labour, I believe in an extraordinary future for this country: a future of order, peace, and progress; a future whose knowledge, whose learning, whose arts, shall carry on the ages, and impress themselves upon a million generations! I believe this! and by this humble bed, *I do believe, in a great future for English working men, provided they be patriots of two kinds, patriots to themselves, patriots to their country*; AND CARRYING OUT THE PLAIN, TANGIBLE, COMMON-SENSE FACTS OF JOINT-STOCK LABOUR, LEAVE THE DIVINER PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL PROGRESS TO GROW OUT AND FLOURISH OF THEMSELVES, AS MOST ASSUREDLY THEY WILL, LIKE AN ABUNDANT HARVEST OUT OF A WELL-TILLED, WELL-SOWN, FIELD!"

"Amen, I say again," repeats the stranger, "no man ought or should wish it more fervently than I; and so I say again, God grant us all a knowledge of our rights and duties!"

And so thus standing in this narrow room, the four sons gathered in a little group, the nobles standing side by side, the three or four aged operatives who helped John Ashmore onward in his grand work entering with even more feeling than the rest into the great and honest pride which sanctifies and makes this poor place holy, England at this very moment, amidst her million workers, or beneath her million roofs, holds no sight more significant, than many men of different birth and station standing thus in honourable and silent homage, to the triumph of a vast and pregnant principle, and to an honourable, true, brave, self-reliant English heart! Nature sympathizes most sweetly by analogy; and so the moon, now clearing itself from the mists of the spent tempest, gathers up its rays as

the sun upon a burning-glass, and filling the wretched chamber with its glory, lights up the souls of all!

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Such a bright, brave old sun, as this which shines out on the morning of the 28th of September, 1899, was never known; indeed the old luminary has been so strong and up betimes this morning, as not only far away to have decked the autumn woods with splendour, but here, in the duller town, to have waked up by cock-crow almost all the little baby-eyes within this iron-house, of a thousand married operatives; yes, and not only waked them, and heralded in an English holiday, but peeped in upon so many little bonnets, trimmed with pink and blue, and white, and green, upon so many little shoes, even to baby red-ones, upon so many little sashes, so many frocks and tiny spencers, as to double its glories, as when looking upon an eastern bed of radiant flowers. Talk not of jewels in a crown; these little honest, hard-worked-for baby-finenesses outvie them all!

Ay! and by ten o'clock they are on; and to see the little baby-faces pranked and dressed in not only finery but smiles, it makes us in our very souls adore not simply our country, our nature, and our God, but the rich, fruitful, teeming thrift and labour which has created all this sweet happiness for loving baby-hearts. And now, whilst the church bells ring wide and far, and mothers, and husbands, and children, are gathered together in the great room of this noble joint-stock house, waiting for the omnibuses which are to convey them to the railway, and that to those memorable woods upon the Avon, several well-dressed men, Directors of the Company, come in breathless with news. It is minutes before they can speak, so great is their excitement; but presently they come within the anxious throng, which is as eager to hear as they to speak.

"You know the room?" speaks one or two in a breath.

"What room, what room?"

"Why, the little stencilled one, in old Leah Burnett's house, the one in which Jenny died, which John took after her death, and in which our JOINT-STOCK CHARTER was signed. Most of you have seen it, with the little queer old oaken table, its three-cornered cupboard, and its two old rush-bottomed chairs, for WE have now had the whole premises ten years as a wareroom."

"Yes, yes, we know; go on! go on! go on!"

"Well!" and one voice which speaks well silences all the rest. "It seems about an hour ago, dear old master, old Robert Field, Edward Allison, and two or three others, went into the old room, just to see it on this morning, and lay out the old Charter on the self-same table on which it was signed. Well, whilst sitting there, (and this is not more than half an hour ago), who should enter the very room but the good Mayor and our two town members, and some others, to tell John Ashmore, that the Crown, unsolicited, offers to him a patent of nobility as Baron of this realm, in consideration of his pre-eminent service to the commerce, the arts, and the general well-being and social order of the state: the two Houses of Parliament and a royal prince having mentioned such services with one unanimous voice."

"What said he, what said he?"

"*What your hearts believe*, that he lives and dies with you, plain John Ashmore, a Joint-Stock Capitalist of England's Birmingham. God bless him—God bless him."

The manly shouts which rise and drown the deep tones of the neighbouring bells, the raining tears, the nervous wonder, and the choked utterance, bespeak that grand SO BE IT to noble deeds, which falls not often on the ear of centuries.

There is more to say, and they cry "Go on."

"It was beautiful to see him," says the speaker, "speaking in the very words of old Robert Field, the deep, affecting, solemn manner in which he laid his hand upon the joint-stock charter, and said he was YOURS. 'Oh!' said old Robert, 'it was a proud word, worth a life to have lived to say it! And John is doing the whole thing grandly, too; he is going presently to the Town Hall to beg the Mayor to head an address of thanks to the Crown, stating his obligation for the honour conferred upon him, but that he wishes to live and die a plain, untitled man.'"

The crowd still heap question upon question.

"Well, the talk is, young William Ashmore is to be made a lord instead; but I don't know. One thing is, however, certain, that that gracious gentleman, who saw the great casting at our Coalbrookdale works the other night, was no other than our prince, Albert of England."

"So, too, to have been touched by the sight of the birth-chamber of a once working-man! Well, princes who do these things deserve a noble people."

Again the shouts ring out still louder than the bells.

Could I place one of Watteau's pictures upon this paper, only taking out the guitars, and a few of the bygone accessories, I should give correctly the oft-repeated scenes within the glades of Lord Clydesdale's glorious park, now that the autumn sun wanes down upon the silver Avon, and richly carpets with its light the mossied glades. For scattered about at their several little feasts, or here at a dance, or there gladdening the woods with sweet English songs, are the gathered members of a hundred chartered companies, making this the rarest holiday of their lives. Flax-dressers, fish-curers, peat-companies from Ireland, linen-weavers from Dundee, shawl-manufacturers from Paisley, and farmers from the Lothians, cloth-workers from Leeds and Huddersfield, cutlers and plate-workers from Sheffield, one chartered ship-company from Hull, stocking and brace-manufacturers from Leicester and Nottingham, flannel-weavers out of Wales, conjoint miners out of Cornwall, and many belonging to the various chartered trades which have sprung up in London. All is enjoyment, all is unchequered happiness, and never did an English sun beam on a fairer sight. There is no health-drinking, no long tables spread as in times gone by of patronage, each little group has brought its own simple fare, and is happy over it. Yet in the stillness and the quietude, what a vast current of human interests is flowing on; of labour, of trade, of love, of companionship, the fruitful causes of eternal effects. So thus as the sun travels onwards, deepening the tints which garland the rich woodland, and the voices become cheerfuller, and the dance more blithe, a hale, tall, earnest-looking man, not looking the years he is, comes quietly away from the stately house where he is a guest, and with a matronly woman somewhat advanced in years, upon his arm, passes on from sunny glade to glade, from group to group. Here he takes fruit with one, or talks with some of the elder men; here the lady lifts a baby to kiss, or smiles congratulations upon a new made bride; here together they say something to a group of youths, or watch a knot of dancers, and at last in the quietest glade of all, sit down on the cool sod beside old Robert Field, and his friend Allison, and Thomas Madeley, and a sweet young lady, their own lately married Rosalind, makes tea for the little party.

Then by-and-by, quite in a silent unobtrusive way, these elderly people take a lonely shadowed path towards the Avon, and crossing its plashy stones, ascend the sloping bank of greenest turf. Here sitting down upon the mossied boll of an ancient elm, they, as if by one impulse, look on the shore beyond, the lucent murmuring stream so cool and pleasant, the rich woods and the glory on the boughs, and the faint perspective of the iron-house, as with its gorgeous hues, which have stood so well the touch of time, it lies bathed in the flooding sunset. So when this scene is travelled round, their mutual gaze rests beneath the quiet shadows of a broad old tree; the sound of distant voices coming at intervals in gradual falls upon the gentle wind, makes the stillness

still more hushed and touching. Then after a while, the grave and earnest man, so little shadowed by his years, takes the dear hand which rests beside his own, as if his troth to it were new this day.

"Dear wife of thirty years," he says, "in this old scene of our first wooing-day, it is well we chose to spend this one of serene triumph. But on that day depended all this present; for though my stern, inflexible will might, and would certainly have carried out my plan of general prosperity, its nicer shades, its more spiritual portion, its large vital, abstract effect upon society is thine. Every child's accent lisping there, every mother's word, every sign of purity and truth owes something to thee. So thus our work is well."

"As all work is, with unity of purpose and act. And never, John, through the whole thirty years of our marriage, have I regretted my faith and trust in thee. And dearer to me this day, than for all else besides, for which you're dear, is in still remaining the plain John Ashmore I first knew."

"And plainly so, to the end, dear wife. For in such plainness of name, and earnestness of meaning, we may yet serve the noble hearts which love us so truly and so well."

Richer and richer sets the glowing sun, and, stealing through the boughs, falls like a cloud of glory upon their clasped hands and on their venerable forms.

* * * * * * * * * *

My many friends of this broad country—Coloured with some fair hues, as painters love to show the touch of glowing morning on the hill-tops, yet the essential elements, the great facts, the nerves and sinews of this industrial tale are true; its principles are amongst the profoundest of social progress. In order to show you this, I have quoted the texts of profound and great men; men whose glory it is to be true teachers, men who have prepared themselves for this hallowed service by immense study and laborious thought; and I have done this to convince you that the Joint-Stock principle, thus applied to capital and labour, is no mere theory or speculation of my own. I have simply vitalized the truth which comes of thought; and in so doing, let me urge in plainer words, this fact of Joint-Stock means, this power of congregated pence, this real truth of the question between Labour and Distribution. Here I cannot enter into abstract generalities, but one thing, in thus urging the matter of Joint-Stock funds upon your thoughtful attention, is this, and it will go far with many of you in your consideration of my right as a teacher, that I can have no personal, no selfish gratification in these matters, beyond the one of truth and of interest in your welfare. This is well known to hundreds of you; and I shall be well contented, if living to place maturer and more thoughtful work before you, some of the enthusiasm, which has burnt in my heart since I was a little child, serves to good purpose in your sacred cause of right, and order, and labour, and you give me at the last this character; "Here was one who served us and considered our interests, and this in a spirit of unselfish love." E. M.

Notices of New Works.

Letters from Sierra Leone:—Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; Murray's Home and Colonial Library.

There is no pleasanter mode of conveying information, than in the colloquial form of letters. These are not the days of a dry detail of place and circumstance, especially in an author who avails himself of a cheap form of communication with the public. The readers to whom he more particularly addresses himself, belonging to a class, whose hours for intellectual improvement are also hours of relaxation from daily toil, it behoves the caterer to their large and daily increasing number, to impart his knowledge and experience in the lightest and most agreeable manner possible. The author of this volume has succeeded admirably in affording a graphic picture of Sierra Leone, its climate, its inhabitants, and their customs, which will not fail to stereotype itself upon the reader's mind, without any effort of his own. Familiar writing upon a foreign country is the next best thing to personal intercourse with a dweller on its shores, and these letters from Sierra Leone convey the reader at once to its groves of orange, palms, banana, and plantain trees, teeming with beautiful birds, butterflies, lizards, chameleons, and magnificent moths, one of which we are told "measured fully six inches and a half across the wings," of a rich dark brown colour, with circles of black, crimson, and white, and a head representing the face of a cat, "the head of the moth being like the cat's nose, and the spots, the eyes, even partaking of the same sly grimalkin expression;" to say nothing of the swarming ants, bug-a-bugs, locusts, snakes, millepedes, "seven inches long, and as thick as a young snake," spiders, some with large oval bodies, which look exactly like ivory balls, covered over with great black Hebrew characters; some, small round jumping creatures, others so large that a crown-piece could not cover them, and flat as scorpions; "making nests everywhere, and on everything, more like calico than paper in texture, wherein some dozen of eggs, or as many young spiders may be discovered."

These rank animal productions of a tropical climate are analogous to the rank growth of the vegetable kingdom, where not unfrequently even the grass is poisonous. The native inhabitants, half barbarous, half civilized, are the subjects of many an amusing perplexity and description.

"The different tribes in Freetown (the principal settlement), seem as numerous, and quite as jealous of each other, as the clans of the Highlands. But instead of the variously chequered patterns which, in the tartan plaid, or kilt of its wearer, distinguish a Stuart from a Macdonald, a Campbell, or a Gordon; the negro carries his badge of nationality in his face, all of one tribe being marked in the same manner by cuts or tattooing. On notes and messages being brought to the house, when I ask my little waiting woman, in "country fashion," the only dialect they comprehend, "who been bring this?" it surprises me to be answered "one Aku man," "one Kroo boy," as the case may be; or by her saying "one settler girl," "one Maroon woman," wants to speak to me, though the individuals she thus distinguishes, may be personally unknown to her; for, excepting the Jollofs and Mandingoes, all the black people seem alike to me. But it is by their national marks that she can so readily tell one countryman from another. It is only the Kroomen and liberated slaves who have the additional features of tattooed or carved figures upon their faces. The settlers and Maroons are totally different from all the rest of the community of Sierra Leone; hate each other cordially, and look down with utter contempt upon the liberated Africans."

The following is an amusing account of the idleness and independence of native servants and work people, which try, not a little, the temper and patience of an European.

"A young settler woman was recommended to me as a needle-woman, and she volunteered her services by

walking, or rather *swinging*, her portly figure unannounced into the drawing-room, and holding out her hand to be shaken, said, with a movement meant to be a low curtsy, 'I am the sewing-girl, marm!" She was followed at a respectful distance by her attendant, and was arrayed in a gaudy-patterned gown, with high head-dress, gold earrings, and coral necklace, fanning herself all the while with a handkerchief, redolent with musk, so as to display the numerous silver rings which glittered on her large hand. She came to enter upon her duties next morning an hour or two later than had been fixed upon, and, after sitting for a short time in my drawing-room, said, 'Sun too hot here,' and that she would like to go into the front piazza, where she amused herself by looking out of the windows for about ten minutes between each stitch. About two hours earlier than she had agreed to work, she asked leave to 'fold up,' and go home for that day; to which I at once assented; and seeing that a child of eight years old could have done as much in one hour as this professed 'sewing-girl,' in what she considered a whole day, I added that I should not require her to come back. Having given the same work to a black man to do, you cannot imagine how quickly and neatly he got on."

The difficulty of obtaining female servants appears to be among the most annoying of Sierra Leone minor domestic miseries. In the present case, after many trials and failures, Dinah, the laundress, succeeded in procuring for her mistress,—

"A nice tidy-looking young person, who, besides having been at school in the mountain villages, had been in the service of a European family before. She was accompanied by her mother, who could speak scarcely a word of English, but seemed, nevertheless, quite pleased at the arrangements made; and as the girl herself worked very neatly, read remarkably well, and had some activity, (a rare quality with a negro, I can assure you,) I congratulated myself on having at last obtained so efficient 'a help.' But she had not been three days in the house, when Dinah came back with a very lugubrious countenance, followed by Eliza's mother, who, as they both entered my room, immediately commenced a long 'palaver,' using at the same time strange gesticulations, accompanied by such sentences as these: 'Looka, now, ma amie!' addressing me, 'looka, ma picean! she ma head,' (knocking her hand on her brow as she spoke,) 'she ma foot, ma good foot,' (beating on the floor at these words;) then stretching out her long bare arm, and making some rapid movements with the skinny fingers, 'she ma hand.' The interpretation of all this was, that Eliza, when at home, thought, went messages, and worked for her mother; who, having already repented giving up the services of her daughter, was now resolved to have her back."

Back accordingly she went, but to return some months after, being brought again by the old woman herself.

In one portion of the book, the author asks—

"Is it not strange that the land wind, which is considered so unhealthy, is nevertheless a *dry* wind, while the delightful sea-breeze, to whose bland influence we willingly throw open all the windows, is, on the contrary, moist?"

And in another this explanation is given:

"The harmattan wind is now blowing, and every thing in the house is covered with an impalpable red dust; even our eyes are affected by it. The windows being kept carefully shut towards the point whence it blows, I do not perceive that the heat within doors is at all lessened by the influence of the harmattan; but I see the natives do not like it. The women are all wrapped up in plaid shawls, and the men in blanket jackets, whilst our servants go about with handkerchiefs bound round their heads, and complain that it is 'cold too much.' It is a very dry wind, and comes from over the great desert of Sahara. I was thinking one day lately how very strange it appeared to a new comer, thus carefully excluding the refreshing wind in this sultry climate, let it blow from any quarter, when Dr. —— entered the piazza, and, looking approvingly at the closed casements, his first greeting was, 'windows shut to the land-side—that is right!' in a most emphatic tone. The swampy Bullom shore, with its mangrove-jungles fraught with unwholesome vapours, being separated from this colony merely by the river, of course when the wind blows right across, Freetown comes in for its full share of the miasmata. The harmattan is disagreeable from its extreme dryness and the sand it brings, which causes a dark, thick, reddish haze throughout the whole atmosphere, almost obscuring our view of the opposite shore. Every article of furniture is shrinking and cracking, paper and the boards of books curling up, veneer peeling off, and the strings of the pianoforte breaking. I hear it is much stronger at the Gambia, where it feels like the breath of a hot furnace, causing the panels of doors to shrink and fall out, and glass to become so brittle, that it snaps asunder, though untouched by any person. It has one good effect here, in rendering the water so deliciously cool. In a warm climate good water is a great blessing, and that arising from the springs in the vicinity of Freetown is excellent."

The rainy season appears to set in somewhere about June, and to continue from three to four months. The following description of a tornado in May gives one an idea of the deadly effects of Sierra Leone on European residents, from the exhalations of the earth, no less than from the miasmatic influences of the swamps and rivers.

"At first, when the rain comes down, the smell from the earth is excessive and unpleasant, and, as I should suppose, unwholesome, like that arising from stagnant water and decayed vegetable matter. Though every window is shut as close as possible, this detestable smell penetrates even into the inner rooms, so that once or twice at night, when there has been no wind, I have been aware of there being a slight shower, by the strong earthy odour which accompanied it."

A few words on superstitions we cannot resist:—

"The most common superstition that has come under my notice is a belief in charms, here called 'gree-grees.' One morning, in riding past a small field of peas, then rich in blossoms, I desired Fanyah, (a black maid) to pluck one for me, which she went to do, but immediately came back without the flower, saying it was a 'medicine bush,' that would kill her if she 'been touch um.' Not understanding this, I asked an explanation of the Aku horseman (or rather donkey-man), who said, pointing to an upright stick in the midst of the plot of peas, and to which a bunch of dried grass was fastened, (as I had imagined, to scare away birds), that tied up within this grass were poisonous leaves, which the proprietor of the farm had put there as a 'gree-gree,' and that the general belief was, that whoever *stole* any of the produce of the field would die from the effects of the poison contained in these leaves, as much as if he ate them. I have since seen many 'gree-grees' of the same description; a broken bottle is placed on a stone, in a conspicuous part of the cassada, or corn ground, or it may be an old bly or calabash, each said to contain a potion of deadly effect to the individual who attempts to appropriate any of the productions of the farm; and such charms have the effect, it would seem, when all other means fail, to prevent this very common description of robbery."

These extracts, though giving but a faint idea of the many excellencies of this pleasantly-written book, will

serve to stimulate the curiosity of all who love "foreign travel," and in its pages they will find both amusement and profit. We must, however, draw this notice to a close, with a passage to which many hearts will respond.

"In the morning, which was beautifully clear after the tornado, I found that, between tide and land-wind, the long and anxiously-watched sail had got a little farther to the southward, and a slight breeze setting in, she now made some progress. Oh! dear people at home! you little know the sensation of watching a vessel coming into port, when she is in a strange and distant land,—the exciting, feverish anticipation of receiving the 'good news from a far country,' so truly and touchingly designated as being even 'as cold water to the thirsty soul.'"

POETRY.

It is with the Poet's creations as with Nature's, great or small.

Wherever Truth and Beauty can be shaped into verse, and answer to some demand for it in our hearts, there poetry is to be found; whether in productions grand and beautiful, as some great event, or some mighty, leafy solitude, or no bigger and more pretending than a sweet face or a bunch of violets—whether in Homer's Epic or Gray's Elegy, in the enchanted gardens of Ariosto and Spenser, or the very pot-herbs of the "Schoolmistress" of Shenstone. Not to know and feel this is to be deficient in the universality of Nature herself, who call upon us to admire all her productions.

What the Poet has to cultivate above all things is Love and Truth—what he has to avoid like poison is the fleeting and the false. His earnestness must be innate and habitual, born with him, and felt to be his most precious inheritance.

Treatises on Poetry may chance to have auditors who think themselves called upon to vindicate the superiority of what is termed useful knowledge; but if the Poet be allowed to pique himself on any one thing more than another, compared with those who undervalue him, it is on that power of undervaluing nobody and no attainments different from his own, which is given him by the very faculty they despise. The greatest includes the less. They do not see that their inability to comprehend him argues the smaller capacity. No man recognises the worth of utility more than the Poet; he only desires that the meaning of the term may not come short of its greatness, and exclude the noblest necessities of his fellow-creatures. He is quite as much pleased, for instance, with the facilities for rapid conveyance afforded him by the railroad, as the dullest confiner of its advantages to that single idea—or as the greatest two-idead man who varies that single idea with hugging himself on his "buttons" or a "good dinner." But he sees also the beauty of the country through which he passes, of the towns, of the heavens, of the steam-engine itself, thundering and fuming along like a magic horse, of the affections that are carrying, perhaps, half the passengers on the journey; and beyond all this he sees the incalculable amount of good, and knowledge, and refinement, and mutual consolation, which this wonderful invention is fitted to circulate over the globe, perhaps to the displacement of war itself, and certainly to the diffusion of millions of enjoyments.

"And a button-maker after all invented it!" cries a friend. Pardon me, it was a nobleman. A button-maker may be a very sensible and a very poetical man too, and yet not have been the first man visited by a sense of the gigantic powers of fire and water combined. It was a nobleman who first thought of it—a captain who first tried it—and a button-maker who perfected it; and he who first put the nobleman on such thoughts was the great philosopher Bacon, who said that "poetry had something divine in it," and was necessary to the satisfaction of the human mind.—*Leigh Hunt.*

LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Take the present state of London, and contrast it with the picture which Macaulay gives of it in the seventeenth century, and there is no one but will admit the immense progress that has been made:—"If the most fashionable parts of the capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere. In Covent Garden a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit-women screamed, carters fought, cabbage-stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham. The centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields was an open space, where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst-governed cities of the continent. A Lincoln's Inn mumper was a proverb. * * * Till the last year of the reign of Charles II., most of the streets were left at night in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity; yet, they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens, as another class of ruffians. It was a favourite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly contemptible. * * * Whitefriars was the favourite resort of all who wished to be emancipated from the restraints of the law. Though the immunities legally belonging to the place extended only to cases of debt,—cheats, false witnesses, forgers, and highwaymen found refuge there. For amidst a rabble so desperate, no peace officer's life was in safety. At the cry of "rescue," bullies with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds; and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet Street, hustled, stripped, and pumped upon. Even the warrant of the Chief Justice of England could not be executed without the help of a company of musketeers.

Parting.—Men seldom appear so humane, or in a position so advantageous to their humanity, as when they part. How few friends are there who endure a protracted separation without some abatement of warmth, or meet, by appointment, without some precautionary anxieties, or continue together long without some accidental discontents; but none, in any degree entitled to that character, ever part without much regret! Even the cheerful and social are not always exempt from those momentary perturbations with which selfishness chills the pulse, or controversy overheats it. The needle will oscillate a little from the just point of its affections, and though its polarity is never lost, it is seldom steady. Yet even the petulant, the irritable, and the more generous of the resentful, lose all unfriendliness as they pass away from each other—sighing at a conversation which, perhaps, they may have mutually desired. The last shake of the hand is sufficient to dissipate a hundred grievances. There are then no reproaches which we can recal beside those against ourselves.

"BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT."

Let him look about who wanders,
And he'll surely find,
When he notes where Fortune squanders,
That she *must* be blind.
Gilded Ignorance will jostle
Poor Wit from the wall;
While brute Wealth pursues its wassail,
Worth *waits* in the hall;
And when such strange things confound us
Well may come the thought,
Oh! how many are there round us,
"Better fed than taught!"

When we see a stately madam,
In some lofty place,
Proud as any child of Adam,
Of her worldly grace,—
When we hear her lips inveighing,
Bitterly and long,
Against some lowly sister, straying
In the path of wrong,—
When she breathes the loud decrying,
As no Christian ought,—
Charity keeps gently sighing,
"Better fed than taught."

When we find a Priest, who groweth
Greater every year,
Taking corn that Labour soweth,
When 'tis in the ear,—
When we see his heart get thinner
As his tithes increase,
Snatching from the helpless sinner
All he can of fleece,—
When we find such saints defaming
Creeds with mercy fraught,—
Tell me, who can help exclaiming,
"Better fed than taught!"

When we see a young man leaning
Idly on his gold,
Large in speech, but small in meaning,
Out of danger, bold,—
When we see him rude to Weakness,
Insolent to Age,
Trampling on the words of Meekness,
With a braggart's rage,—
When we note the revel vision
Of his brain distraught,—
Wisdom sneers, in cool derision,
"Better fed than taught."

When some little miss or master,
Fresh from desk and form,
Manages to spread disaster
In a household storm,—
When they cry for "moons" above them,
And for "chimney bricks,"—
When they cling to those who love them,
With most filial kicks,—
Let us brand such olive blossoms
As wise people ought,
And hang this label on their bosoms,
"Better fed than taught."

Good sooth! we must mind our manners,
One and all and each,
Or Shame will leap and plant her banners
In some moral breach.
When Prosperity's broad table
Yields us all we ask,
'Tis to make us strong and able
For some Duty-task;
Let us feast, but let us render
Goodly deed and thought,
Lest our lives bear this addenda,
"Better fed than taught."

ELIZA COOK.

DIAMOND DUST.

THERE is something in an English landscape, to be found nowhere else; an air of rich, sweet, happy repose; of safe tranquillity and successful industry, that is in itself almost sublime.

WHEN man curses, nature still testifies to truth and law.

EVERY earnest glance we give to the realities around us, with intent to learn, proceeds from a holy impulse, and is a song of praise.

THE most inquisitive are generally the most loquacious; and where an individual takes great pains to make himself acquainted with our circumstances, we should suspect his motive, especially if he is lavish in his promises of secrecy.

BY trusting your own soul, you shall gain a greater confidence in men.

THE modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.

THE heart, too often, like the cement of the ancient Romans, acquires hardness by time.

THE hand which casts into the waters of life a stone of offence, knows not how far the circles thus caused may spread their agitations.

CHERISH your best hopes as a faith, and abide by them in action.

ACCEPT the intellect, and it will accept us. The safe way into nature is to enact our best insight.

IF we take death and eternity into our reckoning, our avarice, whether ambitious, or more sordidly rapacious, receives at last much the same reward; for however great may be our conquests, and numerous our habitations, death levels them, and eternity retains us among their ruins.

THAT every day has its pains and sorrows is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed; but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

How many in hot pursuit have hasted to the goal of wealth, but have lost, as they ran, those apples of gold, —the mind, and the power to enjoy it.

THOUGH years bring with them wisdom, yet there is one lesson the aged seldom learn, namely, the management of youthful feelings. Age is all head, youth all heart; age reasons, youth feels; age acts under the influence of disappointment, youth under the dominion of hope.

COSMETICS are to the face, what affectation is to the manners; they impose on few, and disgust many.

EVERY violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the health of human society.

LET those who are appointed to judge of the characters of others, bear in mind their own imperfections, and rather strive by sympathy to soften the pang arising from a conviction of guilt, than by misrepresentation to increase it.

HARMONY exists in difference no less than in likeness, if only the same key-note govern both parts.

CONSCIENCE is the rewarder of virtue, and avenger of crime.

PLEASURE is like a cordial, a little of it is not injurious, but too much destroys.

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THE BLESSING OF THE BLIGHT.

The woes and miseries of Ireland since the bitter advent of the year 1846, are, unhappily, too well known in every corner of the sister kingdoms to need even a cursory description here. And while the sorrows of the green isle have been deep, her follies and crimes have been many and grievous. The mass of the population, with Turkish apathy, have sunk into a condition of helpless and hopeless pauperism, totally neglecting that ancient counsel: "Aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera:" "Help thyself, and heaven will help thee."

But to this unhappy state of things there are a few blessed exceptions; and to one of them we would now direct the attention of our readers, as affording a valuable instance of what the strenuous and benevolent efforts of a few can accomplish, in promoting the welfare and changing the destiny of many.

The village of Ballycotton is situated in a remote locality on the sea-coast of the County Cork. Its inhabitants are chiefly fishermen; the only resident gentry being the clergyman and the commander of the coast guard. These gentlemen arrived at their posts almost simultaneously in the commencement of the year 1848; and the condition in which they found the district, together with their plans for ameliorating the lot of its inhabitants, will be best explained by an extract from a letter addressed by them in April, 1848, to the Relief Committee of the Society of Friends:—

"We beg to submit to your consideration the case of the distressed fishermen of Ballycotton and surrounding district, containing a population of about 2,500. Of these, at least two-thirds are now on the verge of extreme distress,—many hundreds utterly without food, except a few turnips obtained, we fear, in a manner not satisfactory to any friend of the moral improvement of the people. The only resource that suggests itself in this extremity is that afforded by the workhouse; but the Board of Guardians have refused out-door relief, and, besides the known disinclination of the people to go into the house, its distance is eleven miles, and its overcrowded state renders the Poor Law system almost a nullity to those for whom we apply.

"We are the only resident parties able to assist the people; but while anxious to do our own part, we cannot, of course, be deemed capable of meeting such destitution as now urges us to this application, and which is each day increasing. Our great object is, with any funds supplied to us, to aid and encourage industrious habits among the people; to supply them with food as the reward of their own toil, and for this purpose to purchase gear for the fishing boats; to furnish materials for the employment of the females of the place in spinning and making nets; and only to give mere eleemosynary aid to poor widows and orphans, and to those recovering from the fever and influenza, which have lately added to the affliction of the district.

"Though surrounded by scenes so harrowing, our appeal moves from no desire to minister to Ireland's bane, *idleness of habit;* our aim is, in our little sphere, to promote that admitted by her truest friends to be, temporally speaking, Ireland's hope,—*remunerative and reproductive employment.* The result is with Him, who is man's example in 'overcoming evil with good,' the Author of the blessings of those to whose hearts we apply.

"GEORGE C. KINGSTON,
Curate of Ballycotton.
"R. EDWARDS,
Chief Officer, Coast Guard."

This appeal was responded to by a grant of meal and rice from the Society of Friends; and several small sums having been collected from various quarters, the gentlemen, though with such inadequate means, commenced operations by selecting from the hundreds of the destitute, 95 of the poorest widows and female heads of families. These they employed in spinning and knitting, and paid them in meal, at the rate of about three pence for a day's labour. The poor creatures were most greedy for work at this wretched remuneration, and scores of applicants appeared. Seven weavers were also kept employed, and produced very good linen, flannel, and stockings. Hemp was purchased, spun and made into nets by the women, while a few pounds were expended in the purchase of sail-cloth, lines, and hooks for the fishing-boats of the place.

"Thus," Mr. Kingston writes, "we have been striving to combine with the object of feeding the famishing through their own industry, *the permanent improvement of the natural resources of the place;* and, in the midst of our many difficulties, we have the gratification

of now beholding not only a manifest improvement in appearance and habit among the people so employed, but also, that many boats, hitherto almost useless and unproductive, are now a credit to our bay, and a substantial source of profit to their owners. The materials, viz., nets, sails, and lines, are let out to the parties on solvent security, and their cost is repaid by weekly instalments of one shilling in the pound, and we rejoice to add, hitherto with regularity. This mode of assistance is only given to those fishermen who have obtained good characters for industry and general propriety, The first case of loan was an interesting one:—An aged fisherman and his family, of most industrious habits, had, through last year's calamity, fallen into arrear with his landlord, and was on the point of being dispossessed, and his little source of livelihood sold. He had several hardy sons, the best crew in the place; we felt that the loss of their example to the village would be irreparable; gladly, therefore, did we advance, the evening before the day appointed for payment or ruin, the means of warding off destruction. The aged father promised to repay us at the rate of one shilling in the pound a-week, out of his earnings; and it is now gratifying to us to find, that the family in question, not only have been preserved in comparative comfort, but that their regularity of payment is calculated to exercise a most beneficial influence on all around.

"On the day we write, we have been applied to by the crew of a hooker for materials for sails: three days since a storm tore her sails to atoms; and thus several families were deprived of subsistence wholly; but they are now not left without hope; in a few days their boat's worn-out gear will be replaced by such as will enable them to obtain double takes of fish, by permitting them to venture to sea in weather and to a distance hitherto beyond their power. Many similar cases might be added, wherein we have been privileged in rescuing worthy persons from destitution.

"The importance of the object for which we struggle—the development of the fishery resources of the district—may be estimated from the fact, that this bay and adjoining coast have been usually provided with a fleet of two hundred boats, manned by at least four men each. During the last two years the combination of calamities which have affected the place have been so paralyzing, that the above number of boats have been reduced by fifty, either destroyed by neglect or disuse, or broken up for fuel, and their gear exchanged for food; while those which remain are, as has been already observed, most insufficiently provided with fishing apparatus, sails, and oars."

Six months afterwards, Messrs. Kingston and Edwards write:—

"We are convinced by the experience of the years '46 and '47, and their scenes of indiscriminate, and too often, alas! demoralizing generosity, that any other mode of relief than such as we have worked to effect, must be, at the least, doubtful in its judiciousness, and certain not to tend to the *permanent* advantage of parties assisted, as it were, from hand to mouth.

"Our manufactures include flannel, linsey-woolsey, blankets, linen, stockings, and also trammel, shad, and herring nets. Our original plan of payment has been adhered to: the employment thus given has been paid for in meal, not money; and each day has convinced us more and more of the advantage of such a mode of remuneration.

"The sprat seine is a very large and expensive net; its cost about forty pounds. This requires much repair against each season; these repairs are made up in breadths, hitherto purchased in Kinsale for cash, by those possessed of the means; while many a net has often been worked during the summer in a state of disrepair, owing to the poverty of its owners. It struck us, that the employment required for this ought to be kept in the place; and so we purchased a quarter ton of hemp—the parties whose nets require repair paying down as much as they could afford, and, on receiving the manufactured breadths, giving solvent security for the balance, and cost of labour, repayable at the same rate as the other nets. The advantage of this to our people is obvious; the great obstacle is overcome—the means of purchasing a large quantity of hemp; the produce of the manufacture goes to their own families, while much expense is saved in travelling and transmission, and what is charged to them is repayable at one shilling in the pound per week.

"Besides this, it is well known that fishermen, to persevere in all weathers in their occupation, require flannel inside garments from head to foot, together with stout pilot-cloth for outer clothing: to be furnished with this, is almost as necessary to the frequenter of the open sea, in a locality like this, as the gear of his boat; and this the Ballycotton fisherman has now the means of procuring, on the easy terms above mentioned. We believe there is scarcely a fisherman in Ballycotton who is not now clad in the handiwork of his neighbours, wrought under our superintendence—sometimes by his own family.

"It is impossible to describe the state of misery and destitution this population were in a year ago, as to clothing for their persons and their beds; now many of them are comfortably clothed, while we have the grateful duty of acknowledging the general regularity of the repayment of the loans. Many are a second time in our books, having as a necessary condition precedent, paid up the full amount of their debts, and all are, more or less, brought into the habit of repayment; the strictness that has been adopted with them in this respect, they could not at first at all understand, but now an impression prevails in the district, that 'honesty is the best policy;' that irregularity is injurious not only to the whole locality as cramping the resources of their well-wishers, but knowing, each of them, he can obtain no further favour of any kind till he has cancelled the old score, it would surprise the many who doubt the possibility of a poor Irishman's integrity, to look into our books and see their practical evidence of anxiety to deserve and secure our future confidence."

March 1st, 1849, they write,—"Of flannel we have sold, on loan, about £28 worth, the loans commencing last July; and though ours is a *continuing* system, we find we have been repaid nearly two-thirds, or about £17. The hake fishing this year has been the means of restoring to the famine-crushed families of the place, many of their household comforts, much of their bed-clothing and furniture being thereby released from pawn. In Ballycotton alone there were 40 boats employed therein, each, on the lowest average, manned by five men, and provided with a trammel a man; each trammel took £8 worth of fish, making in the whole £1600. To this branch we were enabled to give much impulse, in the sale of hemp and nets on loan.

"Every one who has inspected our manufactories and our books, and seen our poor people on each Monday bringing in their work, has testified to the undoubted blessings which have resulted from the effort made. To use the expression of one of our friends, who saw it for the first time, 'she could compare it to nothing but a *Bee-hive*.'

Now, at what amount of expenditure has all this good been effected? We believe we are considerably over the mark, when we state that the aggregate of the funds, both in money and meal, placed in the hands of Messrs. Kingston and Edwards since the commencement of their labours, falls short of £150, and now, from the pressure of the times, their resources from without are dried up.

"The work was begun with a few pounds and five barrels of meal, and designed at first to stem starvation without the demoralizing element of gratuitous relief;

we see as the result, work which, though plain and homespun, will bear the inspection of those of our benefactors who look chiefly for evidence of industrial habit, and amounting to the quantity of between two thousand and three thousand yards of linen and woollen goods alone.

"We believe that few will now be found to dispute the following position,—that the most probable mode of accomplishing the temporal salvation of Ireland, or at least, preventing the almost periodical returns of famine and distress, will be some plan, which will at once promote the emigration of our surplus population from the more central positions of our country, and concurrently therewith develope the immense mines of wealth which lie hidden along her coasts—*the too long neglected Fisheries of Ireland.*

"We feel entitled to ask to have our hands strengthened in doing, according to our opportunity, our portion of this work; we ask this on behalf of a district, where crime and disturbance are so to speak unknown, and which yet has most unfairly suffered in the English mind, by reason of the turbulence that has prevailed in other quarters; but we can most cheerfully testify to the marked quietness of this place during the late exciting scenes elsewhere.

"We think the judiciousness of our system is manifested thus:—we have simply taken advantage of materials which we found to our hand, viz., the people's knowledge of spinning and weaving; this we have brought to bear on the staple resource of the place, its fishery; thus employing the poor women in their own homes, interfering but slightly with their attention to their household and domestic concerns, and by the intimate connection between the manufactures and the fishery, making their handiwork to minister to the very source of their families' *permanent* subsistence, while relieving themselves from the present pressure of extreme want.

"In conclusion, we would tender to the Society of Friends, and the other kind individuals who have aided us, our warmest thanks, assuring them, that though Irish ingratitude is a bye-word, in one corner at least of the land a population can be found who retain their benefactors in their grateful memory.'

A NIGHT'S SMUGGLING ON THE SANDS OF BARRIE.

In the course of a pedestrian ramble amongst the sandy shores that line the *embouchure* of one of our principal Scottish estuaries, I approached an old Scotch village. I could here claim some privilege of acquaintance, and purposed passing the night at the house of a small farmer, where I felt assured of meeting a hearty welcome and hospitable entertainment.

The good man himself met me in fact at the door, and, with a shout to his helpmate within, "to come and see who was here," hurried me the next moment into their sanded parlour, the only apartment in the house dignified with a deal floor. There I was in due form subjected to the enthusiastic felicitations of the worthy couple. Profusion of refreshments speedily covered the table; to which having done ample justice, a visit to the boundaries of the little farm was finished off in the dusk of the long summer's evening, with an hour of revelry in the gooseberry garden.

On our return to the sanded parlour, we found that the good wife had gone to pay an indispensable visit to some sick neighbour. The good man now began to betray no small degree of nervous anxiety, lest he should fall short in the double duty which had thus devolved on him, of both entertaining and amusing a stranger. I am warranted in assuming that I was not very *exigeant*, but such are the ideas of country people regarding those of the town; they seem to hold it an imperative necessity, to keep up for us the perpetual whirl of excitement, as if our natural element being the ceaseless round of social gaiety, we could not live without it.

This preposterous notion, in which my sea-coast friend was by no means singular, has always appeared to me to accord precisely with the showman's natural history of "an hamphibious hanimal—what cannot live on the land—and what dies in the water."

In the country, they use you precisely as if, after you could no longer endure the town, the resources of rural life were totally inadequate to satisfy your tastes and habits. The chances are, that, at the moment when you are most bent upon enjoying the sweets of rural retirement, the excessive kindness of your country friends breaks out in the very form of annoyance from which you are a fugitive.

I throw out these remarks, because the honest farmer, under whose roof I had taken shelter, seemed acting under the uncomfortable necessity of taxing all his powers for my especial edification.

The good wife was truly in no haste to return from her mission of mercy; and the farmer's task would probably have got irksome enough upon his hands, had I not fortunately perceived his dilemma, and lent my aid to stimulate rather than to check his exertions. To have attempted the latter course, I was aware, would have been fruitless; the former manifestly opened up the most pleasant plan to pursue. My host, therefore, soon fell into the vein of story-telling, having himself for the hero, and his individual exploits for the incidents. He recounted

> "Many an hair-breadth 'scape
> By flood and field—"

which, all save one, have certainly escaped from my memory.

The village, wherein the little farm-house was situated, stood at the distance of only two or three gun-shots from the open firth, and at a few miles from its confluence with the open sea. The broad bosom of the estuary was broken by long lines of ridgy sandbanks, particularly dangerous to the navigation, and marked by magnificent breakers at full tide. The shores from the Ness, or extreme point of the firth, stretched upwards for miles without a rock. They were bordered by light and sandy downs, blown into a mimic ocean, with billows composed of sand-heaps, in spite of the binding supplied by the fibrous roots of the strong bent-grass, that gave the surface a delusive aspect of greenness in the season of verdure.

The villagers who are more immediately concerned in this narration, were mostly small holders of land, under old and easy leases. Their forefathers, time out of mind, had occupied the same spots of ground throughout successive generations. Their traditions went back to the conflicts with the Danish invader, the numerous records of which, on the rude battle-stones that indent the face of the country, a public-spirited country gentleman (Mr. Chalmers, of Auldbar) is at this moment endeavouring, at his private charge, to rescue from oblivion. The name of one of the neighbouring places, for instance Meniefeith, is generally attributed by the peasantry (who, however, are no great philologists) to an expression of a Danish commander, who, riding forward to reconnoitre, and finding the country fully peopled, had reported that there were "men i' feith," or men in abundance—the words being very good Scotch; but as for their Danish character, perhaps we shall hear from Hans Christian Andersen, at his next visit.

The extended, smooth, and sandy shores of the estuary, and their proximity at this point to the ocean, unhappily, at one period, afforded temptations of no

ordinary kind to the smuggling of contraband goods from the Continent. Never did there exist a spot into which the "fair trader," as he styled himself, could pop under the very noses of the revenue cruisers, and "run" his cargo.

A preconcerted mark ashore, served to guide the smuggling craft to the line or run where her cargo was to be deposited. It was but laying her high and dry in the moonlight or starlight on the soft bed of the sands, where, however, the returning tide would again set her afloat. The casks or cases being buried in the sands in a line at right angles to the shore-mark, and laid down at measured intervals known to confederates ashore; the next tide, which bore away the misty vessel from the shore, at the same time rippled over the sand with the action of its waves; and no man could tell from aught that appeared, that articles of value were ensconced below.

As soon as the coast was clear the goods were removed by those ashore; and again the returning tide did its office. It obliterated all traces of operations on the sand, whose uniformly rippled surface told no tales to the prowling Coast Guard.

Night, of course, was the appropriate season for enterprises such as this. We who live under Free Trade and low tariffs can scarcely conjecture the amount of business once transacted in this strange and adventurous manner on the British coasts; or credit the audacity with which the large gains from illicit traffic caused it to be pursued.

Whilst the fair trade was in its vigour in our Estuary, it would be incorrect to state that the rentallers of our village, though not directly participating in the "running" of goods, were totally ignorant of what was going on. On the contrary, I am sorry to confess, that while they disdained to mingle with the lawless men by whom "the trade" was promoted, they were clearly cognizant of almost every "run" that was made upon the coast, and too often found means to obtain such articles as silks, teas, and spirits—landed through the sands, and not through the Custom House.

This stigma, which brought home to the agriculturists of our old Scotch village in all their hereditary pride, the full reproach attaching to the smuggler, existed not without honourable exceptions. Of these, my friend and entertainer, then newly united to his good wife, represented himself to have been one. Strict notions of propriety in which he had been educated, enabled him stoically to persevere in the resolution to have nothing to do with the "fair trade" or its abettors. There are influences, however, which men find it more difficult to resist than the temptation of gain. Our worthy friend was not long in finding his firmness assailed by one of these, and consequently subjected to a greater trial than he had anticipated.

His newly married wife had conceived a desire to share along with others in the luxuries and finery so easily obtained, which she beheld around her. She gave her husband rest neither night nor day until a reluctant promise had been wrung from him that her longings should be gratified. How to do so, even after he had given his unwilling assent, was a serious perplexity to the poor man. With the whole contraband fraternity he had, as a matter of course, long been upon indifferent terms. His known repugnance to their pursuits had earned him none of their good will. The marvel only was, that it had never visited on him their suspicions. There had been frequent seizures and misadventures on the coast, manifestly caused by information given to the authorities. The smugglers, however, palpably entertained no animosity towards our hero. They kept aloof from him, as he from them.

As his wife's importunities waxed warmer and louder, George Pringle (that was his name) in vain cast about for a chance of appeasing her. Amongst such of his neighbours as he knew, or suspected, to benefit occasionally by the illicit trade, his chance was even worse than amongst the actual adventurers. Our friend was thus placed betwixt the horns of a dilemma; he had, on the one hand, suffered his principles to relax; on the other, he beheld no means of accomplishing his bad intentions.

It is said, that such opportunities are seldom long denied to any man by the author of mischief. And so George Pringle found.

As one day he sought refuge from Mrs. P.'s sneers and objurgations, on the subject of the coveted goods, in a day's shooting over the sandy banks which abounded in rabbits, and was sitting quietly watching for a shot, according to the manner of that tame and tedious sport, when, and wherever, it might please the unsuspecting conies to steal towards their holes; he beheld, what he considered, about the largest and roughest piece of rabbit fur he had ever seen in life, pop over the brink of the adjoining sand-ridge. He, accordingly, let drive on the instant a storm of small shot about its ears. Hurrying towards the place, what was his dismay, when at the moment of stretching forth his hand to pick up the spoil, a thick, square-built man, in a conical seal-skin cap, and wearing the garb of a foreign sailor, sprang to his legs and confronted the sportsman with the pretty awkward salutation of a cocked pistol at his ear! The click of the implement, as it was rapidly cocked, grated horribly on the ear of George Pringle; at the same moment he was challenged in broken English by the enemy:—

"*Tonnerre de ciel*, are you ze coast de guard?"

"No! no!" shouted Pringle—perceiving that he had, in the language of the proverb, been thinking of a certain personage, and that, as usual, he had appeared—"No! no! a friend! a friend!"

"*Sacristi! un fr-r-eynd*," replied the ferocious-looking Frenchman, restoring the pistol at once to his belt. "*Un fr-r-eynd!* You take som run goots, *mon fr-reynd*. Vat for you fire *à Jacques Nantz*, if you no ze coast de guard?"

Run goods! Was there ever such luck. The farmer hastened to assure Jacques Nantz that the coast guard seldom employed small shot on game such as him.

"*Ma foi*," he continued, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I know you no ze coast de guard! Ha! ha! I shoot you—dead—if I think you one moment ze coast de guard!" and he accompanied the words with the action of half drawing his pistol—a proceeding for which Pringle offered the most emphatic assurances that there was no necessity.

"*Sappermint!*" cried Jacques, "then joomp down into mine hole here in ze sand; and we sal talk a leetle."

Jacques now presented a more agreeable pocket pistol of brandy at the head of the farmer. The discussion of this, and I believe another flask which Jacques had with him, occupied the entire afternoon. Evening set in, yet Jacques would by no means suffer his guest to depart. The latter discovered himself, in short, to have been literally made prisoner. Their talk, as may be supposed, did not limit itself to the "leetle" modestly suggested by Jacques. Negociations were, amongst other things, opened betwixt the parties so unexpectedly thrown together, for certain articles of contraband traffic. And the farmer, by and by, began to perceive that his detention over night resolved itself into a matter of certainty.

Although possessed of misgivings as to the state in which he might find the good wife in the morning after such an aberration on his part; the farmer endeavoured to console himself with the reflection that, in all probability, he should at length bear home with him wherewithal to gratify the wishes of Mrs. Pringle. Making a virtue of necessity, he sat, at length, in stillness and restraint beside his ungainly associate, whose ears, like his pistols, seemed always on full cock. Jacques Nantz was intently on the *qui vive*; and an irksome injunction to be silent and motionless was shortly imposed upon the farmer. The latter soon learned enough to comprehend

that Jacques, who had landed the previous night at the Ness, from a lugger in the offing, was waiting to give the signal for *running a cargo*. Indeed, with sundry allusions, which rather surprised him, to the farmer's occupation, Jacques gave him distinctly to understand how essentially his professional services would assist the operation.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled Jacques, in an under tone, "tousand pity you no ze coast de guard! *Sacre!* if I not first shoot you through ze *tête*, how I make you *travailler*."

"Travel!" asked the farmer; "have we far to go?"

"Non, non—not go—travailler—to vork—ver hard. Ha! ha! now I make you vork, you coast de guard!" and he actually shouted the words with apparent exasperation, as he sprang at the farmer's throat like a mastiff. Relaxing his gripe instantaneously, on recollecting himself, as well as the better part of the two capacious flasks of brandy would permit, he added, with a slight indication of shame at his impetuosity, and with rather more of native politeness than, to look at him, he could have got credit for, "*Pardon! mon* fr-r-eynd! *Pourquoi?* I take you *un* moment for ze coast de guard."

It was well that in *that* moment Jacques Nantz had not blown out his "fr-r-eynd's" brains.

Jacques Nantz shortly crept up with caution on the sand-ridge, whence he could command a view of the water. Watching there patiently for fully an hour, he seemed to detect some signal for which he lay in wait, though of what nature the farmer in his couch below remained ignorant. Whatever it might have been, Jacques by no means indicated satisfaction at the result. He slunk back into his "hole," as he had called it, still muttering ominous anathemas against "ze coast de guard"—the grand bugbear of the smuggler's existence.

Sure enough the farmer shortly recognised, without difficulty, the tread of the coast guard, passing in dull and muffled cadence along the compact sands of the neighbouring shore. He even challenged some one briefly, but instantly marched on.

Jacques Nantz suffered nearly another hour to elapse ere he again bestirred himself. The night was *meant* for moonlight; but large masses of dark cloud, with here and there a rent that afforded a momentary brilliancy to the scene, raked the heavens, and obscured the luminary of night. Jacques Nantz busied himself in striking a light. Producing a small dark-lanthorn, he lighted and closed it; crept once more to the verge of the sand-cliff; and suddenly threw the rays from the lanthorn far over the surface of the sea.

Apparently satisfied with the effect of this signal, he now took the farmer hurriedly towards the shore. The splash of oars was speedily discernible. Men were ere long seen advancing straight onwards with kegs and other wooden cases, which they were silently engaged in depositing at intervals in the sand.

The farmer, as required, joined in the work, which his assistance expedited wonderfully. He at length noticed a small keg, as well as a small but strong box or case, alone remaining uninterred.

"You load your *mousqueton*, your *fusil, mon* fr-r-eynd," observed Jacques Nantz, with unusual kindness in his tone. "You take zese for your *louage*—your hire; and if you meet vit ze coast de guard, you shoot him dead, *mon* fr-r-eynd. Adieu!"

"*Allons, capitaine*!" shouted the smugglers, from the lugger.

The farmer was left alone upon the sands; and—was it a dream?—alone with a keg of brandy and a case of silks—a tolerably generous return for having helped to throw up a few shovelfuls of sand? But what had he done? He had become accomplice to the contrabandist! He was, in fact, a smuggler himself!

Of short duration was his exultation over his prize. He heard the splash of the receding oars, and at the same moment a distant musket shot from the shore. Putting his startled ear to the sand-level, fear having rendered the sense of hearing painfully acute, George Pringle, with the utmost astonishment and dismay, found himself able to detect, with palpable distinctness, the quick dull tread of the returning coast guard.

To gain possession of his keg, his case, and sporting accoutrements was but the work of a moment. Just then the moon burst through a chink of cloud. The farmer rushed across her wake and plunged into the sand-hollow where he had consorted with Jacques.

To add to his concern, the involuntary smuggler at the same moment imagined that he heard a shout set up from the very direction in which the coast guard were advancing. His first impulse was to bury or cast away the contraband articles which he carried, and even his gun. But a little reflection convinced him that whilst this could only lead to detection by giving assurance of an attempt at smuggling, and thereby causing a stricter search in the vicinity; his best chance of eluding the vigilance of the Revenue, and getting safely home to his good wife, was to gain the high grounds, which, as formerly stated, skirted the sands inland.

With this view, George Pringle dodged along the sand hillocks towards the rising ground. Ere long he had the satisfaction of hearing the sound from the sea-shore die completely away. Joyously he threaded his way along the side of the acclivity when reached, puzzling out his career as best he might through the maze of small enclosures which rural industry had formed along the fertile steep. He was just in the act of approaching the village itself, when the apparition of a man presented itself immediately in advance of the first gable of the houses—a man standing stock still, watching his motions!

Had he then been tracked? The heart of the farmer sank within him, when hope had placed only at arms' length all he had coveted of illicit goods! That the figure watched, and meant to encounter him, he could hardly doubt. It moved as he moved; it halted if he stood still. And to tell the truth, he was more inclined to the latter than the former course. To advance would have been folly, unless indeed he intended to follow the amiable counsel of Monsieur Jacques Nantz, and shoot the supposed coast guard through the head. Luckily for George Pringle, he was not exactly in a condition to comply with this particular request, having so far disregarded Jacques' injunctions as to leave his piece unloaded.

Terror, too, benumbed the whole faculties of the man. He stood confounded and abased before the individual who knew him well enough to confront him *here*. He who all his life had stood aloof from the malpractice of smuggling, to stand now detected in the act! It was too much! He well nigh swooned at the thought. The perspiration broke out in cold and copious streams upon his brow, and was shed in drops from each particular hair of his head. His agony in that hour was in itself a punishment, such as, afterwards, he declared that not for worlds would he again endure.

One step backwards or forwards and the enemy made a motion. George thought of the good wife at home. What *must* she suppose had befallen him. He could neither flee nor advance. He was rooted to the spot, wide awake, but paralyzed as if by night-mare, and almost within a gun-shot of his own door.

From whatever motive, his opponent seemed as averse to grapple, or come to close quarters as himself. More than once Pringle *almost* mustered resolution to rush on and either have a fair fight for it or surrender at discretion. His better part of valour, however, rendered the decisive moment late in arriving. Day began to break as the agitated farmer stood thus in the ecstacy of fear. Gradually the outlines of his terrible foe grew more defined. At last a suspicion struck this novice in smuggling, that his enemy *was not a man*. And sure

enough when day-light and composure gave courage sufficient to draw nearer, he discovered that he had spent the long and weary hours preceding cock-crow in terror of a THORN BUSH, belonging to the dilapidated hedge of Jemmy List, the village shoemaker.

The mistake was altogether so ludicrous that the farmer could not resist relieving himself of his burthen of trepidation by the hazardous indulgence in a good loud laugh. He had better have taken another opportunity to celebrate his own stupidity; for that laugh drew forth the "wakeful man of wax," the aforesaid Jemmy List, then bestirring himself for his daily labours, which he usually ornamented with vocal efforts both as gay and as early as those of the lark. Jemmy List maintained for many a day, that, with his own eyes, he had beheld the paragon of all that was proper and lawful in village morality, armed with fire-arms, pass him at four in the morning with a quantity of RUN GOODS. Nor can it be denied that the village gossips waxed very significant on the origin and quality of our good wife's next silk gown. The honest farmer himself ever after protested to his particular friends, and now again to me, that he had been a smuggler *for that night only;* nay, more, that never whilst he breathed should he go out alone rabbit shooting in the links, or touch a contraband keg of brandy or case of silks, were the sea to give up the articles at his feet. How he became reconciled to the good wife on regaining that morning the shelter of his own roof, history sayeth not; but indications were not wanting in the parish kirk of a Sunday that a fine silk gown had something to do with the matter. And such is the strange way in which ideas are associated in the human mind, that somehow George Pringle never saw a rabbit but he thought of a smuggler, nor a thorn hedge but he thought of the coast guard!

W. W. FYFE.

THE THREE CLASSES.

THE people of England may be classified in three distinct masses.—

First, there are the toiling millions, subdivided down to that unhappy portion of the grade to whom is not vouchsafed the privilege to toil, or who pass their days in work, the remuneration of which barely feeds their bodies, or in begging for work, and receiving instead, poorhouse or private charity. Neither of these portions of one class, (the lower) have a thought to spare from the labour that buys their daily bread, they are ignorant of what has happened in by gone ages, of what is happening in distant parts of the world, nay, of the tendency of events passing in their native land, and even of the events themselves.

Would you behold the second and higher section of English society? Go into Hyde Park, when the summer days are slowly sinking towards the twilight. There you will see men and women, decked out in all possible magnificence of costume, lolling in the enervating arms of luxury, ignorant of the meaning of poverty, and too often selfish and thoughtless to a demoralized degree; this class cares little for the nation's weal or woe, so that their rights and privileges are undisputed.

There is a third section of this nation, the lovers of freedom and progress; and happily a similar section exists in every country, and forms a larger or greater minority. Some of these are to be found in every class; they are the gems of every class, or to use a better term, they are the salt of every class, and save the whole body of the nation from corruption.

This minority it is to which the world is indebted for its progress; in them abides the spirit which is to subdue the earth and its evils, and to replenish it with all happiness.

In Spain, in Italy, in Germany, in France, in England, nay, in Austria, and even in Russia itself, there are in every class thinking brains, noble hearts, devoted souls, sympathizing with those who are now struggling to repel a military and barbarian despotism, and to achieve a larger amount and a nobler kind of liberty than any country has yet seen.

This minority is destined to victory. It will extend its numbers and its power; ignorance, strife, and selfishness are by it to be banished from God's earth.

Truth is mighty and shall prevail; falsities of tyranny and suffering must pass away. Let not then those noble hearts that by turns beat high with hope, or are agitated with fiercest indignation, as the strife in Europe seems to favour or foil the liberal cause; let not such hearts fever themselves any longer, but look on with the calmness of certainty.

These are days when it is necessary to take large views as well as spiritual views, and to pursue with keen philosophic eye great spaces of time, and vast regions of the globe; and from the history of the past, to derive that unmoved faith and peace which, without such knowledge, we could not have.

The reader of history knows, that good often does "go and come again." It never is lost, like the fountain of Arethusa; if it sinks out of sight, it re-appears in some distant point of time and space; and on the whole, the world does and MUST progress.

PERILS OF THE LEARNED.

LITERATURE has often been called a thorny path—a path strewed thick with flints and briars; whether truly so or not we will not say. Perhaps the dangers of literature, upon the whole, have been exaggerated, for a large proportion of the perils incurred by literary men originate in themselves. But in all ages men of learning have been beset with troubles and calamities, their pursuits scandalized, their doctrines misunderstood, and themselves persecuted for discoveries which their contemporaries had not the sense to receive or understand. In all ages, too, there have been among the powerful, those who possessed narrow and grovelling spirits, who thought nothing of the high resolves of the thoughtful and aspiring mind of genius, whose souls never rose above their sense, but clung so much to earth, that they found no pleasure in the exalted pursuits of the learned. These are they who have ever proved the enemies of literature, and who have strewed the path of genius with perils and difficulties, by arousing the prejudices of men against them, and laying false accusations to their charge. What have not the philosophers of old gone through for the sake of truth? Pythagoras was driven from Athens; and Socrates, for demonstrating the unity of God, was compelled to drink the rankest poison. We have all from our youth sighed over the hard fate of Galileo. Formerly, it was a common circumstance when a new discovery was made, the consequences of which were deemed prejudicial to preconceived opinions, to charge its author with employing supernatural agencies; when a great cure was performed, with practising sorcery; or when a new doctrine was developed, to subdue it with the iron rod of persecution. Many of the bright names that shine in the annals of our literary history had to battle in their day against all this. Girald, Archbishop of York in the eleventh century, (a man of respectable learning for the early time in which he lived, though, perhaps, we should not think much of his erudition now,) was accused of magic,—"a lecherous man, a wytche, and euyl doer," were the epithets applied to him by Trevisa, in his "Polychronicon,"—because, under the pillow on which he died was found a volume of "curyous craftes," by Julius Firmicus. Roger Bacon, too, the most enlightened scholar of the thirteenth century, was

accused of magic; for in no other way could the ignorance of the age account for the wonders which he unfolded. The microscope, with its power of disclosing what before was invisible to the eye, he endeavoured to explain to the studious of his age. Gunpowder, that terrible instrument of slaughter and destruction, he was the first to compound. In Astronomy, in Alchemy, in Optics, and indeed in the whole range of natural philosophy, he was a profound student; and he studied not without enriching each branch with some new discovery, or some novel application of known facts. In the learned languages he was singularly proficient, and read and spoke them with the utmost fluency. But for all this learning, and all this benefit to science and mankind, what was his reward? The Superiors of the Franciscan order, of which he was a member, who ought to have been proud of his name and talent, accused him of magic; and he was prohibited from investigating further into the mysteries of experimental philosophy. He was kept in the closest confinement, and bread and water given him as a sustenance for his body. For ten long and dreary years he bore with patient suffering this cruel persecution for the sake of truth and knowledge. At last they opened his prison doors; but a very short time, and he sought in death and eternity the peace and quietude denied him here.

Many of the popes have been sad persecutors of learning; and those who have been distinguished for their own talent, have, in their turn, received annoyance and contumely. Gerbert, or Silvester II., was accused of magic, on account of his great knowledge, and because he had studied the Arabian philosophy. Many evil reports were spread during the dark ages respecting him; some said that he had entered into a league with the devil, and that, to gain the Papal chair, he had bartered away his soul. Aymeric de Peyrat, Abbot of Moissac, tells us with amusing gravity, that every time a pope was on the point of death, the bones of Gerbert were heard to rattle with much noise in his tomb. Innocent the Sixth pretended to regard Petrarch as a magician, but there was more of spite and rage than folly or superstition in the accusation, for the poet had lashed him with a rod of satire, and offended his holiness with an eclogue full of the bitterest reproach. Petrarch is an example of the troubles and anxieties of a literary life. In the zenith of his honour and glory he was not happy; the laurel that adorned his brow was not worn without pain. He complains sadly, in one of his letters, of the envy and malice of which it had been the cause. But many of the troubles of Petrarch were imaginary, or sprang from the perversity of his own heart; for with all his virtue and benevolence, the poet was not free from the infirmities of our nature. His irritable temper was wont to vent itself in declamations too fierce for the spirit of a Christian poet; and his vanity, which was great and sensitive, caused him to flatter too readily, that he might obtain flattery in return. With all the perils of his literary life, resulting from jealousy and envy, and which he has not omitted to tell us of, he was not deprived of a full measure of worldly honors; all that kings and popes had it in their power to bestow, were lavished upon him with liberal hands. Yet he wandered about with a discontented heart, lamenting his sad and desolate lot—

"By land and sea, to lasting woes a prey."

Dante knew what it was to suffer for fame and glory: he was banished from his country, which he loved with all the warmth of an Italian soul, and when his bones were crumbling to their original dust, he was excommunicated by the Pope, and it was even contemplated to take up what yet remained of him to burn, and afterwards scatter to the winds, that none should know where his bones had found a resting place. It is a thought sufficient to chill and make desolate the stoutest heart, that we cannot escape animosity even in the grave, and that the shroud of death will not save the body from the indignity and dishonour which the fury of our enemies may think fit to inflict upon it. Rousseau was constantly in trouble; he laments that he had no support, no counsel, no friend, no light, but thought himself surrounded with snares, treachery, and darkness. We have all heard and sighed over the lot of Harvey, who, when he made his grand discovery of the circulation of the blood, was loaded with the vituperation of the whole medical profession; the people thought the philosopher turned mad; his patients declined a continuation of his professional services: he complained bitterly of this, but it was the tribute which many as great, and greater than he, had paid before him; for it is no easy or frivolous task to arouse the sleepy thousands, and instruct them in the wonders of some grand truth newly revealed to the human mind; many are they who would rather hoot and laugh at the strange revelation, than shake off their slothfulness to study and believe. "Much learning hath made thee mad!" is the boisterous cry raised against him who propounds what before remained a mystery; truth has never appeared in the world without a severe wrestling with ignorance; all who discover and advocate it must be prepared to fight the battle. He who passes under the torrid zone cannot expect to remain insensible to the scorching rays of the sun. Still we cannot forget that the perils of the literary man are voluntarily incurred—if it is a dangerous path, it is one which he is at liberty to forsake; but if he chooses it above all others, we expect him to bring into the field a strength of mind capable of supporting him amidst these troubles, and a spirit of perseverance sufficient to sustain him in his arduous labour. For if literature is a labour of love, it is one requiring great bodily strength and indefatigable application; think of the toils of Stephanus, Fabricius, Boyle, Johnson, Chalmers, Gibbon; it was no light study with which they won their laurels. Hence the great peril of the learned; the sweets of the closet are not unmixed with bitterness if we neglect to indulge in their gratification with great moderation and care; the constant exertion of the mind and the inactivity of the body at the same time, give birth to disease and bodily suffering of the most acute nature. The connection between the mind and body is truly wonderful; we cannot injure the one without impairing the strength and vigour of the other. Intense application to study has often produced the most melancholy results. The nerves become debilitated, and are susceptible of being disordered by the most trifling cause; the stomach loses its proper functions, and refuses to digest the aliment with which it is supplied; its inactivity breeds fresh disease, which reacts upon the delicate organs of the mind, generating the most cruel tortures, and bringing insanity and madness in their train. Pome mentions the case of a man of learning who had so weakened his stomach by incessant thought, that he vomited immediately after eating. Ariosto died from indigestion occasioned by constant study and a too sedentary life. Sometimes the whole organization loses its strength, and the liquids of the body are deprived of all power to nourish and sustain. The case of Chevalier de Pernay, reported in the *Gazette de France*, is a curious instance in illustration of this point: after four months indefatigable reading and study, his beard, eye-lashes, eye-brows, and the hair of his head fell off; so weak had his frame become by these four months of intense and continued thought. Tissot says he knew a man who, when he applied closely to study, the muscles of his head and face were torn with convulsions which caused them to swell like ropes. There are cases reported of literary men, whose nervous systems have become so sensitive, that they could not read a fine book without pain. Malebranche, on perusing Descartes' "Man," experienced the most painful palpitations of the heart; and Lorry mentions a professor of rhetoric who fainted away whilst reading some of the beautiful lines of Homer. Galen alludes to the case of a grammarian who was seized with

a fit of epilepsy whenever he read or thought deeply. Petrarch, the poet of Love, suffered from a similar attack by a too great application to his darling books. Some have died whilst indulging in their studious occupation. Petrarch, himself, was found dead in his study, with his head resting upon a book which he had been perusing;—a congenial pillow that, for the immortal poet, who knew no dear domestic tie to drop a parting tear, or soothe him with a farewell kiss, or on whose breast he could lay down his head and die. His book had been his friend and companion through life, and it was the last he saw to solace and support him at his death. Dwelling long and devotedly on one subject has been found frequently to impair the other powers of the mind; hence, indeed, have arisen all the eccentricities for which authors have been so famous, and which, in some, have assumed the more serious aspect of monomania. The mind of Pascal was so disturbed by excess of study that he fancied a globe of fire was constantly by the side of his head, nor could his better sense succeed in banishing the strange delusion; and Peter Jurien, so famed as a controversialist, and expounder of the Apocalypse, imagined that the severe fits of colic, under which he suffered, were occasioned by a constant battle carried on between seven horsemen shut up in his bowels. Luther himself, whose labours and memory we all love and venerate, was not entirely free from a distempered imagination—the sad effects of an overworked brain were visible—he tells us with the utmost gravity that he held frequent converse with the devil, and assures his readers that he knew his Satanic majesty intimately. Tasso too, the author of "Jerusalem Delivered," laboured under an aberration of the mind; he was fully persuaded that a familiar spirit was constantly by his side, and with whom he frequently conversed. His friend Manso endeavoured to dissipate the illusion, but all his persuasions and arguments were ineffectual. One day Tasso invited him to be present at an interview with his spiritual guest, so that he might be convinced of the fact. Manso kept the appointment; they commenced a conversation, and whilst so engaged, suddenly he observed Tasso keep his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the window, apparently unconscious of all else. He called him by name, but received no answer; at last Tasso cried out, "That is the spirit that is come to converse with me; look, and you will be convinced of the truth of what I have said." Manso did look, but nothing was to be seen, save the golden sun-beams darting joyously through the window; he was just going to ask, with a smile, where the spirit was, when Tasso burst forth with great eloquence of language, first putting questions and then answering them himself; his language so pleasing and elevated that Manso was lost with admiration and astonishment. At last the conversation ceased; and Tasso, turning round, asked his friend with an air of triumph, if he was now convinced. Manso was more than ever amazed; he began to have doubts of the poet's sanity, and waived any further conversation upon the subject.

Numerous other instances might be given of the perils thus incurred by literary men. The heart of him who taught us the laws of gravitation—who unravelled the entangled mysteries of the solar system—who taught us how to calculate the quantity of matter in the sun, and how to trace the motion of the planets in their heavenly course—was crushed, and bled for the sake of truth. Long, tedious, full of perversity and vexation was the controversy which these grand discoveries engendered. A man, said the great Newton, might as well be engaged in lawsuits as meddle with philosophy. From the learned, scorn, and contempt (so bitter to the mind of genius), and envy, and misrepresentation on every side; combined with *incessant study* of the most stupendous depth; these impaired the intellect which had surprised all Europe with its strength.

In conclusion, we cannot refrain from quoting a passage from a letter of Southey's—it proves the poet to have guarded well against one of the dangers, which as a man of letters and sedentary habits lay in his path. "I cannot," he writes, "do more than one thing at a time, as sure as I attempt it my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me at night, and though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always, therefore, have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book not relating to either for half an hour after supper; and thus neutralizing one set of associations by another, and having, God be thanked, a heart at ease, I contrive to keep in order a set of nerves as much disposed to be out of order as any man's can be."

F. S. Merryweather.

WHAT IS POETRY?

'Tis the warm and ready swelling of the springs in Pity's dwelling,
Till, up through its channels welling, tear-drops tremble in the eye;
'Tis youth's enchanted dreaming; 'tis bright glances gladly beaming,
When hearts with mirth are teeming, and when voices swell with joy
'Tis in man, and all around him of creation 'neath the sky;
'Tis in our smile and in our sigh.

In the deep sea-wave it glanceth, up the rainbow it advanceth,
On the lightning's flash it danceth, and it glitters in a star;
Lurks in the midnight's scowling, lives in the tempest's howling,
And, in the hollow growling, in the black-cloud path afar,
When the champing steeds are harness'd to the thunder's rattling car,
For the elemental war

'Tis the merry rillets ringing down the hills from whence they're springing;
'Tis the thousand voice-harp singing to the brisk winds as they play
Through deep'ning dells before us, while birds and leaves make chorus,
And clouds go floating o'er us to the plaintive roundelay;
'Tis the summer valley smiling in the sunbeam's chasten'd ray
At the close of dying day.

'Tis in ruins, wreath'd and hoary, crumbling relics of their glory,
That, in some old oral story, floateth down Time's murky stream;
'Tis in Morning's blush of brightness; Eve's brow of florid lightness;
Night's airy clouds of whiteness, bathed in the pale moonbeam;
'Tis in forest, dale, and jungle; 'tis in the starlight's gleam,
And the owlet's wailing scream.

Winter's hurricanes and floodings; spring, with all its dewy buddings;
Summer boughs, with blossom-studdings; autumn's sere leaves in the blast;
The beauteous; the romantic; rocks, caves, and hills gigantic,
That Nature, in a frantic mood, hath made to start aghast,
Sublime in rugged grandeur—grey memorials of the past;
All on which our eyes we cast

'Tis the heaving of the ocean in its darkly-writhing motion;
'Tis the spirit of devotion that within the bosom springs,
As, wrapt in meditation, we gaze upon creation,
Till fervid adoration flies, on pure Religion's wings,
With the muse, from earth-nurs'd nature, to the Author of all things,
And like a seraph sings.

James Watson.

MENTAL AND SUBSTANTIVE BEAUTY.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," Keats said, and Keats was partly right and partly wrong—right in the idea, wrong in the expression. We narrow the force of the sentence and the intention of the poet, by giving the substantive *"thing"* a material meaning only. In justice to the memory of poor Keats, we must not reduce this poetic truth to a mere corporal fact. We must not test it as we would test the essays of Burke.

The reason is plain. The poet believed, if he did not prove, that beauty was universal; the philosopher, on the other hand, fixed the limits of beauty with a mathematical nicety. Burke wrote *on* the Beautiful; Keats *for* the Beautiful. Burke wrote on Beauty in the object; and Keats for Beauty in the abstract. The excellence of each is distinct without being antagonistic. The poet commenced where the philosopher left off by giving the Beautiful more mental expansiveness, and in this instance our intention is to follow the same course.

It is almost idle to say that in the outer world, the world of matter, beauty is the antithesis of deformity, but this is not so well understood of the inner world, or world of soul. Shelley may have denied the existence of a God, but he could not have been vicious. Shelley held the humanities of life as the emanations of mental beauty. The Beautiful with him extended no farther than the sympathies of his own heart. This, however, embraced the spiritual features of every class and colour of men. Men of genius, like Shelley, have done mentally what monarchs could not do so well physically. The law and the power of beauty always render less necessary the law of authority. Whoever assists to make beauty universal, assists in making men better and happier. For this object there should be unity of labour as well as unity of purpose in men of intelligence. The barrier which has been perversely placed between fact and fiction is very destructive of beauty. We want a closer kindred between the disciple of science and the disciple of literature. There is no necessity that each should stalk along in his isolated self-sufficiency, as if *he* were the autocrat of all the valuable materials of thought. Science is too much science, and fancy too much fancy! Pascal questioned the utility of poetry, and Voltaire sharply replied, "What right had he to speak of what he did not understand?" This quarrel is not only childish, it is destructive.

Beauty is not so self-evident as some would have us believe, in a variety of instances. It is a mystery, which only faith and earnestness can solve. It is a mystery, because the superlative part of beauty is a principle of mind, and not an unmistakable fact. According to this theory, every man becomes the creator of beauty for himself. Prospero is not less a real personage than Shakspere — the poet and magician are synonymous. Prospero, the lofty individual, represents the loftier individuality of Shakspere. The delicate Ariel was etherial beyond the age; and so Shakspere loads the father of Miranda with the responsibility of his own excessive imagination. True to his nature, Shakspere created that subtle beauty for himself which he intended for the instruction of all men.

Mental beauty is more powerful than substantive beauty, because it is more frequently with us. The superior activity of the mind and the less activity of the eye account for this fact. Substantive Beauty, however, is strong in its individual influence. It would be easy to show from history that the public sympathy which has kept pace with the misfortunes of more than one heroine, arose partly, and in some cases, wholly, from the loveliness of its object. This national fact has not escaped the observation of novelists, and hence it is that moral heroism is represented so frequently under physical excellence. We are not now arguing whether novel-readers are right or wrong in believing that virtue is oftenest found under a graceful exterior. Our purpose is only to show the influence of beauty. The externally leprous generally repel; the fair has the power of attraction. Men are rarely sympathetic with women who fall below womanly grace, even if they approach the angels in soul. Currer Bell did not place his heroine below the point which could be easily reached by the sympathy of readers. Jane Eyre is only *plain*; the author, with all his graphic description and nice discrimination in picturing mental beauty, did not choose to make her ugly. The reason which dictated this was the reason of a philosopher. What we disrelish in outward form can never be the best medium of teaching us the value of inward loveliness.

How accurately the Greeks understood the nature and aim of beauty; and with what critical nicety they preserved it! Take as an example the Narcissus. In this fable, the Greeks anticipated Keats' celebrated line, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." The boy who pined away for his own image has a higher meaning and moral than can be applied to vanity. The Greeks were too poetical to sacrifice the Beautiful, even where it could best be sacrificed, at the shrine of self-love. They were jealous of its worth, and so the boy is graduated into the lily.

The "joy for ever" suffered no diminution at their hands! The artistic skill is equal to the design! We catch no glimpse of disease. The boy fades, but not the slightest intimation of pain is given; nothing reminding us of the hectic cough and other ghastly evidences of consumption. The motto on the Narcissus is, "Beautifully Less." It was the highest art of poetry which gave us the Narcissus. The painter could not preserve its perfection as the poet has done. The most enthusiastic painter need not deny this, because it detracts nought from his power or excellence. The reason is found in this, that the poet deals with generalities, and the painter with details. When we are told how a Greek boy changes to a flower, the mind catches the *result* of the transfiguration without its means or progress. The painter might give us the alpha and the omega—the youth reflected from the water, and the flower—but in attempting the middle course, he could only present us with physical deformity; and so in reaching the end he would lose the aim of the fable.

Taking the Narcissus as the highest example of the imagination of the Greeks, it bears out our position, that mental beauty is more powerful and more certain in its result than substantive beauty. If, however, this power could not be applied to our daily doings, it would be less valuable than we hold it to be. In searching after spiritualism, we must not lose sight of an earthly purpose. The world is not made up of dreams, but made up of labour and struggle. This is essentially a working-day world, but none the worse on this account. Energy is always preferable to apathy. A proper cultivation of the intellect would never, in the search after beauty, detract from individual energy. Whatever detracts from social duty or individual exertion, is an enemy to mankind. Let us then apply this subject to our every-day wishes and wants. Many topics considered as theoretical and abstruse, have an utility that men are apt, at first sight, to overlook.

So long as mind and matter shall exist, there will be a sympathy between mental and substantive beauty. Every form is perfected by the perfection of an idea. The daisy of the field, the moss on the mountain, the lily in the valley, the shell by the sea, the stars in the firmament, are all and each complete by the completeness of our perceptive qualities. If it were not so, these objects would appear the same to every individual. The poet would see in them no more superiority than the most worldly man observes. The intimacy of form and idea affects the course of our whole social and moral life. An ideal image of domestic peace governs the literal existence of domestic feeling. We will take two instances—Love and Pleasure. It is necessary to have a lofty conception of love, that the reality may not sink into mere conventional duty. How often do we wonder at the matrimonial happiness which exists in spite of poverty? We contrast this state of things with the proverb, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window;" and we find the proverb false. The cause of the falsity in the adage can only be traced to the agency

of an idea. The happiness of the marriage state exists only when the *anticipation* of good has preceded, and is preserved through the existence of the evil. When the faith in happiness is weak, the growth of misery is rapid and strong.

Can it be said that, in proportion as the age becomes intelligent, it anticipates the advent of social beauty?

No. Look around, and see how love lies bleeding under the golden hoof of Mammon! Few, very few, have knelt before the sacred altar with bosoms untouched by the gangrene of selfishness. Alas! the traffic of human hearts is as common as the traffic of common merchandise. Hearts in the freshness of innocency are bleeding their life away at every pore. Affection has lost a portion of its sublime completeness, and is fast dwindling into a thing of shreds and patches. Many a man has married a house who should have married a woman; and many a man has wedded a fidgety uncle's will, or an asthmatical grandfather's legacy, when the world has applauded him for a more magnanimous action. Can we then wonder when we see bickerings instead of blessedness, flirtation instead of fixedness, falsehood instead of faith, despondency instead of devotion, and caudleism instead of consolation?

More than any other people the Greeks strove after the ideal beauty of Love, but they could not divest it of corporal attributes. They endeavoured to embody a nonentity, first, by the instrumentality of the poet, and afterwards, in a less perfect degree, by the agency of the sculptor. They failed in the attempt to exhibit a splendour of the mind by the coarser exhibition of a substance; but their failure was not the want of artistic skill, but the natural result of making form the representative of spirit. Give the material Venus as much beauty as you can, but you cannot invest it with, what Emerson so grandly calls, the "*over-soul!*" The Venus has all the spirituality that genius could give it. It represents an ideal image of domestic beauty, but it is less complete than the idea. Vulgar taste, or vulgar error, sees in the Venus no more than physical grace, and barely that. We have heard shallow-thinking men question the moral effect of statuary. What a contemptible thing is modern prudery compared with the classic genius of ancient Greece! They are sorry fools who look on humanity only to find the pimples and the warts upon it. There are men among us who carry their eyes in their hand, like the fabled inhabitants of the moon; and when a fact is too lofty for their vision, they imagine that they assist their sight by pushing their eyes up to it. They are so amusingly sharp-sighted, that they can look seven days into futurity, and prophesy with the accuracy of a Murray.

They are so outrageously discerning, that they can see the shadows of dishonour stealing over the escutcheon of a Capulet, because, in the innocency of faith, a Juliet whispers, from her window, to a Romeo. They are such unscrupulous fault-finders, that they will quarrel with Nature for making her grass too green, her buttercups too yellow, or her daisies too white, as if, in their wretched delusion, they were better painters than God! Depend upon it, that in this wide world there is more to praise than blame, more to imitate than shun, more to cherish than denounce, more to build up than strike down!

Akin to the idea of Love is the idea of Pleasure—the Psyche to the Venus! The loftier the idea of pleasure, so in an equal degree will be the loftiness of the pleasure, which goes beyond the idea, and which is felt and enjoyed. The purest pleasure is not the child of the senses, but the offspring of the intellect; and no pleasure can be strictly vivid and vital unless it is perfected by the perfection of an idea. The combinations of harmonious tones are less harmonious to the idiot than to the musician, because he has merely the sense of hearing without the intellect which should govern it.

We have said that whatever is good or noble in love and pleasure, is always preceded by a mental anticipation of goodness and nobleness. Now, let us apply this idea of beauty, in our relationship to mankind and the universe. If we preserve the idea of beauty, we shall endeavour to ennoble society not so much by denouncing the bad, as by discovering and encouraging the good. It is this that many of our social regenerators do not understand. From this cause they labour hard, and produce little effect. They are sappers and miners when they should be architects. He is a slow reformer who is quicker to perceive darkness, and deformity, and vice, than light, loveliness, and virtue. Amidst a multitude of faults, we ought not to overlook a solitary virtue, and we should not overlook it if we preserved the *idea* of beauty in all its completeness. When one star breaks through the gloom of the midnight, it is for us to welcome it and cherish it the more, because that one star prevents the spread of universal darkness!

E. H. Burrington.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL IN ITALY IN THE YEARS 1845—6.

ENTRANCE INTO ITALY.—THE BRENNER PASS.

Oct. 25th, 1845.—We left Innspruck by an excellent road, and at seven arrived at Steinach. There the girl spoke Italian, brought us in a profusion of excellent grapes, and thus reminded us of Italy. It was, however, very cold, and the German stove was quickly lighted.

Oct. 26th, clear and cold.—The sun rose and tinged the summits of the mountains; and peasants, comfortably dressed in their woollen short petticoats, warm scarlet stockings, and curious, but warm-looking round black caps, were passing to their early church. The dress of these peasants,—no cloak for the men, no shawl for the women,—warm, but close and compact, seems admirably adapted to their vigorous and industrious habits. There was an air of comfort about the houses and the people that surprised and pleased me much. The houses often had bow windows, and paintings on the walls, either of religious subjects or perhaps the trade of the owner. On our inn, besides the sign, a man on horseback with a letter in his hand told it was the post-house. Some women were sitting in the quiet church, but more were wending their way to a little chapel at a short distance. The Sunday seems quite a day of rest here. I did not see any one at work either in the fields or the shops, but most good-tempered, cheerful faces, and kind words and smiles from all we met. Between Steinach and Brenner we passed the highest point of this passage of the Alps, 6,000 feet above the sea. It was interesting to see the point whence our two companion rivers ran in opposite directions. The little river Sill, whose bright dancing waters had been running towards us, as we journeyed from Steinach, was exchanged for the Eisach, which ran swiftly by our side as if it too were going down to the sunny Italy. And so we have again crossed the Alps. Experience of the Splugen and the Mont Cenis had led me to expect more difficulties, but this pass of the Brenner is an excellent road, of very gentle ascent throughout. It is the lowest pass of the Alps. The Eilwagen and post carriages go all through the year; only, in winter, on sledges. At Brenner a girl brought us the finest grapes we have yet had, with the bloom on them. The air was warm, genial, loving; clouds of dust were raised by every passing carriage. We were, in

very truth, on the sunny side of the Alps. The next post brought us to Sterzing. On the left, just out of Sterzing, is a little chapel, on which, under a portrait of the Virgin—as guardian of the Tyrol—is the inscription: "Thus far, and no farther, came the enemies' troops." The French, under Joubert, were, in 1797, forced to retire from this point.

Oct. 29.—Botzen is more Italian than German. We left at about twelve, and soon after six arrived at Trent. Our road has been along the valley of the Adige, a broad, but quiet, and somewhat muddy river, contrasting, in this respect, unfavourably with our companion of yesterday, its tributary—the sparkling, rapid Eisach. The river is now considerably within its banks; large deposits of mud, and fields covered with water, show where it has once been. The valley is bounded on either side by lofty hills, sometimes richly wooded; at others, covered with terraces of the vine, even to the summit. The rocks, generally, of a warm reddish tint, and of a very soft friable nature, so that the debris give an idea of desolation in the midst of beauty, strikingly in keeping with the approach to Italy. Of this approach we are reminded at every step. In the mixture of German and Italian, which we have met since we left Brenner, the Italian now decidedly prevails. The vine, on poles in Germany—on trellises at Botzen—here climbs the trees. The houses with double windows at Innspruck—slight and imperfect fastenings, and uniformly green outer blinds at Botzen—here, often in the villages we passed through, have not even glass. The people, too, are as changed as the climate. The fair hair, clear complexion, stout, athletic make of the German peasant, are exchanged for the slight form, dark complexion, fiery black eye of the indolent, but spiritual, Italian. The waggons have lost the sacred text or quaint device which ornamented them in the German Tyrol. They have lost the peculiarly neat and excellent covering with which the cautious and industrious German peasant sheltered his goods from wet and danger. Bearing now the wine casks, very frequently, and drawn by cream-coloured bullocks, instead of horses, they are driven or rather mounted by their nonchalant driver, very much as if he cared not whether the journey occupied a day or a life. At the last post the names over the shops were in Italian; the post-boy said "Si Signora," and, to complete our indications of Italy, we have lost our German feather bed, and had macaroni and parmesan at table.

ANTONIO, THE GUIDE OF SORENTO.

March 4, 1846.—The day was bright and beautiful. We were leaning over the terrace of our inn in Sorento, in loving admiration of the delightful view it gave us of the opposite coast of Naples and Vesuvius, and the blue sea between; when, in the orange gardens below, stood my favourite guide Antonio. Could we refuse his invitation to take an excursion over the mountains; certainly not. Accordingly the mules were brought, and we set off for the Conti delle Fontenelle, whence the "two seas" may be seen. The view as we gradually ascended the mountain, embraced the whole (plain) of Sorento, its white houses, churches, and convents, embosomed in the rich green of the orange and lemon trees; the beautiful blue sea beyond, and Naples as a fairy city lying on the water. Vesuvius, a column of smoke still rising from the crater, imparted an unusual interest to the scene, and the whole was more exquisite than any words of mine can tell. When, however, passing along mule tracks winding at the side of narrow terraces, cultivated wherever there was a little soil upon the rock in corn, and flax, and lupin, and amongst olives and vines, and dwarf chesnut trees, for the orange and lemon are confined to the plain, we reached the summit of the ridge of hills that divide the gulf of Naples from that of Salerno, and looked down upon the two seas as our guide said,—the exceeding beauty of the scene, the delicious freshness of the air, the clear blue sky above, and the sea, the reflector of its depth and purity below,—we could not but feel the force of Antonio's "See, Signora, what beautiful things the good God has made!"

A deep conviction of the boundless love and mercy of the Great Creator was irresistibly forced upon the mind; and yet, even here, in this earthly paradise, as we declare it is—garden of the Hesperides, as some have thought it—even here, men and women are found, who think to do good service to God by shutting their eyes and hearts to his glorious world; and to whom, to stand as we do on this, his magnificent temple, would be a sin! One, two, three, four, five convents were pointed out to us in this beautiful piano of Sorento—and from many of them the inmates never go out. A poor old woman told me, (and her lip quivered as she said it), that when she was seriously ill and could not go to see her daughter, neither could her child come to see her. The young girl had entered the convent at fifteen; she is now forty, and the only communication the mother has had with her child during that interval has been at the grate of the convent; excepting once, when the poor Nun was seriously ill, and then the rules of the convent allowed her to go to her mother. As soon, however, as she was better, she returned to her life of penitence and devotion. "But they do not live long," said the old woman; "the hard life they lead shortens their days, and they soon die."

The present Archbishop of Sorento is very rigid in enforcing observance of the rules; so that the convents here are very strict. As we looked at them, the thoughts they excited were strangely out of keeping with the world of beauty in which we were placed, and we willingly allowed ourselves to be interrupted by Antonio, who delights in directing our attention to anything he thinks will please or interest us. "See," said he, stopping short and taking a branch of the vine, now without sign of life, in his hand, "is not this a marvellous thing? It is a dead stick; nothing more! and yet by-and-by it will put forth buds, and then leaves, and then grapes! Is it not a wonderful thing? And then," continued he, pursuing his train of thought, "we make wine of it, and men drink and lose their reason. This is not good; this is not thanking the good God as we ought." He had been led to this by seeing a man who had drunk too much, and was carried home by four men last evening—a very uncommon event here, if we may judge from our own experience. The history of poor Antonio is very interesting. He was living with his father and sisters; the possessor of two mules, and thus guide, in his own right, to the strangers who came to visit Sorento. He was gaining, as he says, a "great deal," and who knows what visions of a black-eyed bride and an independent home may have been hovering over him, when, alas! the conscription came into the peaceful villages of the Piano, and any young man between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five was liable to be drawn. Poor Antonio was twenty-four, and hope fondly persuaded him he should escape yet again this time, and be free for life. But his fate had decreed otherwise. The fatal lot was drawn, and Antonio was to enter the ranks of his country's defenders. In other words, he was to leave his family and home, which his peculiarly affectionate and domestic character had rendered doubly dear to him; he was to leave his beautiful country, which his unusual susceptibility to natural beauty had so well fitted him to enjoy; he was to leave his mules and his mountain excursions, and his office of guide, in which he displays peculiar talent, and was an universal favourite, and in which, besides, he was earning eight or ten carlini* a day, and must go to Naples—must mix with strangers—he, who had never left his native village, must wear the soldier's uniform—

* A carlino is about 4d.

he, to whom shoes were irksome, put on to go to church, and gladly thrown off when he returned home; must submit to the coarse and scanty fare of the soldier, insufficient, as he declares, unless eked out from home; and for all this change, if not privation, is rewarded with twelve grani a day, instead of "the riches," as he said, which he had been earning before. The revulsion was too strong, and after six months' service the poor fellow became very ill. His father and sisters, and friends, who had wept bitterly, as he said, when he left them, and could never be comforted, now that they heard that he was ill, could bear his absence no longer; they would sell all they had, they would borrow wherever they could, but their Antonio must come back. The sum to be raised, however, was no less than two hundred ducats—one hundred and seventy to be paid to the substitute, the remaining thirty to the officials, and for legal expenses. The mules were sold; articles of furniture, even to the beds, were sold; still only one hundred ducats could be raised; the remaining hundred must be borrowed, and an engagement entered into to pay an interest of twelve ducats yearly, until the principal should be repaid. "And thus," said the poor fellow, "from a master I became a servant—from having my own mules, and earning sometimes a ducat a day, I am obliged to do as my master bids, and to be contented with what strangers like to give me." "But it is the will of God," he added, in a tone of resignation.

I was very glad to find on this, our third visit to Sorento, that the poor fellow had, after ten years struggle, been enabled to repay all his debt. The railway from Naples to Castel a Mare has been of service to Sorento. Many more strangers come now than before the line was completed to Castel a Mare. Antonio has evidently participated in the progress of the age. He has not guided strangers for so many years to the beauties of his native scenery, without receiving from them a somewhat more enlarged view of things. He speaks with less respect of the priests, and of the saints, even his own patron St. Antonio was slightly passed by I thought this morning. But Antonio now—that he has paid his debt, and that the beauties of Sorento, and the facilities of the railway bring every year more and more strangers—Antonio now hopes to save enough to buy a mule and be his own master again. "But are you sure it will be better for you," I asked. "Certainly it will be better; the six carlini which my master gains now, I should gain, and I could feed the mule with two." "But in winter?" "In winter, I have my friends. I can work in many ways. I am not idle; but I like the fair thing—my master is never satisfied. I and the mules have never done." Antonio too has other visions. "I cannot remain always so, I must marry." "But have you seen the girl?" asked I, wickedly. "Yes, I have some acquaintance with her," said he confidingly; "but I have told her that we must wait two years." Promising him something towards his mule, I thought I might safely urge him not to marry until he had provided a house fit for a man, and not merely for a donkey. This he firmly promised. It is the custom, too, in Sorento, he says, for the bride to prepare a complete set of household linen, which, in his case, will not be neglected.

March 5.—We made an excursion to-day with the mules and Antonio towards Massa. Passing through the gate of Sorento, the road lies at the base of some beautiful grey rocks, upon which, wherever there is the slightest ledge for earth,—wherever they are not perpendicular,—all green things love to grow; and then ascends on the edge of the cliffs, giving a fine view of the sea and the coast of Naples, Baiæ, and Ischia. When we had ascended about a quarter of an hour, we enjoyed one of the most splendid views imaginable of the whole Piano of Sorento. On the right, were the fine grey rocks, at whose base we had passed; just below us, the Marina of Sorento, men and boats looking tiny enough. On a cliff, projecting into the sea, to the left, a convent of the Jesuits (there are fifty men there), then the Cathedral of Sorento; nearer, the old grey stone city walls and gate, with the bridge crossing the ravine—beyond, diminishing in the distance, but still white and clear, the houses, churches, and convents of the several villages of Meta, Carotta, S. Agnello, &c. The whole plain, on three sides, is enclosed by sheltering mountains, and on the fourth, slopes gently down to the sea. The richness and luxuriance of the scene cannot be described. Mr. Starke's account of the products of the Piano of Sorento will give a better idea of it than any mere description can do:—"The plain is one continued series of orchards interspersed with villas and villages. These orchards, however, are not of the common sort; for here the pomegranate, the aloe, the acacia, the abele, the mulberry, the apple, the pear, the apricot, the peach, the sorbus, the fig, the vine, the olive, the bay, the cypress, the chesnut, the walnut, the oak, and the maritime stone pine, are so beautifully mingled and contrasted with multitudes of oranges and lemons, that persons standing on an eminence and looking down upon this spot, might fancy it the garden of the Hesperides." We were much struck with the fine athletic appearance of the country people we met on this mountain road. The women of Massa look, if possible, too strong, and carry weights upon their heads fearful to behold: huge planks of wood, and baskets of oranges and lemons, even slabs of stone do these people, seemingly without injury, bear upon their heads. Sorento is the market for Massa, and troops of healthy strong men and women were running down to Sorento to return up their steep mountain path with loads fit only for beasts of burden. The produce of the gardens is sold to dealers at Naples, so that oranges are often dearer in Sorento than at Naples. Antonio has often, he says, in the month of June, given a carlino for three or four large oranges, when desired by strangers to get them.

Poor Antonio and I talked again over his own story. At Naples, he said, they do not so much mind going into the army, but in Sorento they are not accustomed to leave home; they cannot bear it. His father wept so much he became ill. Antonio was absent six months; was sent into Apulia.

"Why were you sent there?"

"I think, because I loved Sorento, and that I might be a long way from my own home," was the simple answer.

One could hardly help smiling, so completely did his own grief occupy the mind of the ignorant peasant, and narrow his view of the objects of the military expedition of which he, poor fellow, was an unwilling instrument. The remark, that we had been glad that morning to see him with Theresa, brought the color into his face, and the reply—"We have been so long in the same house together!"

This Theresa, by-the-by, waits upon us at the inn, and is one of the most quiet, gentle creatures imaginable. It is quite a pleasure to hear the sound of her wooden shoes upon the tiled floors of our rooms, not only because they announce the approach of breakfasts and dinners, which are somewhat tardy, but because we are then to hear the music of her gentle voice, and to be charmed with the simple kindness of her manner. I was surprised to find from her, and from Antonio, how strictly Lent is kept here. Unless permission from Rome is brought, people may not, and do not, eat meat, butter, eggs, cheese, milk,—only bread, oil, vegetables, wine, fish. At Castel a Mare, many will eat, but will not pay; not so at Sorento.

Antonio hopes now to earn enough to buy his mule in a year and a half. Theresa, too, must in that time save what she can, and then ——, they will make as honest and truthful a pair as the world can show.

Here, as in most cases, how much depends upon the light in which we view an action. To work a year or two to save money enough to buy a mule, appears but a poor ambition for a man; but to work, in order to gain an independence, and to secure the true-hearted companion for life, to whom affection has already united us, this is an ambition, before which many of the so-called lofty objects of an Alexander or a Napoleon might well sink into insignificance. I wish I could draw a picture of those two peasants of Sorento, as they now stand before me,—Antonio, in his blue linen jacket and trowsers—his bare feet—his brownish woollen cap, hanging on one side—his good forehead, and honest open expression.

His companion, Theresa, is not handsome, it must be confessed, and her black hair is not done so tastefully as is the custom with the girls at Sorento, but her pale oval face and quick black eye are expressive of truth and kindness. She is somewhat more civilized than Antonio, inasmuch as she has shoes, but they are of wood, and fastened on her feet by a broad piece of leather. The pair are alike for honesty. The thought of increasing their slowly-advancing fortune by any little imposition upon strangers, does not seem to have occurred to either of them. We left them and the beautiful Sorento with regret, and returned to Naples.

A BRIEF CHAPTER ON OLD MAIDS.

The title of Old Maid, and the ridicule once attached to the condition of elderly female singlehood, are rapidly passing away together. The world is becoming enlightened upon many subjects. It no longer tolerates old evils; and amongst others the idea that women, unless married, are useless and neglected, querulous fault-finding busybodies; this idea is being swept away with other dust and rubbish of the past, amid the general clearing for the "good time coming."

In society where good taste prevails, we now seldom hear the term of "old maid," the milder appellation of "single woman" being substituted. This is as it should be; for wherefore brand, by what has, from association, become a ridiculous nickname, a respectable class of females who are in no wise inferior to their married sisters —nay, who are in many cases a thousand times better; for is not your old maid often one who has had to deny the dearest impulses of her nature, and to stifle all her natural yearnings for a love and a home of her own, for the sake of others, devoting her life a living sacrifice to those who may be perhaps all the while unpercipient of, ungrateful for, her burdens and her cares for them? Oh! if these women *be* happy, persist in being happy, notwithstanding their renunciation of self and the lingering prejudice against their condition, why rob them of the smallest portion of their tranquillity by a silly jest or sneer?

It is a pitiable fact that young women, especially in the middle classes, often marry without love, without even esteem, for him with whom they wed, solely for the purpose of escaping the stigma attached by the ignorant and unthinking to the state of old maidenhood. Are we far wrong in referring to this dread of remaining unmarried, the numerous devices of vanity, the flirting, and dressing, and visiting which retard the growth of many a rational brain, and cause the fathers of gay, expensive daughters, to sigh over their rapidly-diminishing means, and half regret the day when they rashly took upon themselves the cares, and risk, and burden of a family? We know we are not. When old maids shall be invariably treated with the respect and consideration which are their due—when the last joke at their expense shall have vanished into the Lethe of forgotten absurdities — then will husband-hunting be at its last gasp, and matrimony again be a sacred thing.

Old maids' pets have furnished occasion for many a graceless sneer, for much bitterness and affected disgust. And wherefore? Surely those to whom circumstances, or their own sense of right, have denied the station of wife and mother, may expend a portion of the stifled love throbbing within their womanly hearts; and which, had they married, would have formed an inexhaustible provision of tenderness for some sweet infant, or may be, a whole rosy little troop of boys and girls,—surely they may at their pleasure bestow this objectless affection upon a faithful dog, intelligent parrot, or gentle, domestic cat. Their friends are not bound to like these pets, nor even to approve of them, but that is no reason why our single sisters should be ridiculed for loving objects, which, though others may see nothing to admire in them, touch their lone hearts, and are perhaps the means of preserving in its living and purifying flow the well of sweet waters therein. And which in reality is the worthier of disapprobation; the woman who in the absence of all legitimate outlets of her overflowing affection, fondles and carefully tends a favourite dog; or, the man who neglects the wife of his youth, and seeks the convivial revel, wasting his substance upon the smoke of cigars, the fumes of wine, and the selfish indulgences of masculine dissipation?

No! "old maids" are neither to be pitied or despised. Of this we are in a position to speak, for we have the pleasure of knowing several excellent specimens of the class; and we can assure our readers that many an idle, pleasure-loving matron might benefit by their example. Active, cultivated, energetic, judicious, widely-benevolent, their scant home-ties leave them at liberty to diffuse their words of wisdom, and their deeds of kindness and of mercy, around a larger circle than can be undertaken by the strictly domestic woman: and in the constant exercise of their faculties, and their untiring devotion to the interests of their fellow-beings, they experience a solid happiness which surely is equal to any that this changeful state of being can afford; and we emphatically aver, that we have often observed the noblest and widest benevolence of conduct in the abused state of "Old Maidism."

GIBSON AND THORBURN THE ARTISTS.

The number of praiseworthy men who have worked their way up from obscurity and poverty to fame and affluence, is as great in the department of Art as in any other. Numbers of illustrious instances of this fact will at once flash upon the reader's mind. Claude Lorraine, the pastry-cook; Salvator Rosa, nursed in hardships and sorrows; Opie, the carpenter's boy; Inigo Jones, the cloth-worker; Caravaggio, the mortar carrier; Cavedone, turned out of doors to beggary by his own father; Wright and Gilpin, the ship-painters; Barry, the ship-boy; Sir Thomas Lawrence, the prodigy child of a spendthrift father; Giotto, the peasant; Zingaro, the gipsy; Canova, the stone-cutter; Chantrey, the carver and gilder; all these and many more that might be named earned for themselves reputation and wealth by their diligent study of art, under circumstances the most untoward and adverse.

Let not any young man suppose that these individuals were elevated in the world by "luck," "good fortune," or any thing else but by dint of sheer industry, application, and hard work. Neither knowledge nor any of the advantages which flow from it are to be attained without diligent application and labour. The love of

art, and the genius by means of which greatness is achieved, were, doubtless, inherent in the natures of the men we have named; but it was by persevering diligence only that they were enabled to mature that genius, and to secure its ultimate results of fame and competence. Nor was it wealth only that these men sought by the diligent cultivation of their powers. The attainment of wealth is not the stimulus to labours of the highest kind. The pleasures and advantages of knowledge are far above any that mere wealth can buy. It is its own exceeding great reward. No love of money could sustain the efforts of the artist in his early career of self-denial and hard work. There is the love of the pursuit, the love of art, the love of knowledge, to sustain him. The wealth which follows is but an accident; many artists labour on in the teeth of poverty; they often prefer following the bent of their own genius to chaffering with the crowd for terms. Barry, Haydon, Blake, and others, preferred high art to wealth; and Spagnoletto, after he had acquired ample means and luxury, actually preferred to withdraw himself from their influence, and voluntarily returned to poverty and labour; thus verifying in his own life the beautiful fiction of Xenophon.

Among the living artists, who have honourably fought their way upwards from poverty to fame, and now rank among the highest in their several departments, we may this week mention the two individuals whose names we have placed at the head of this article. The beautiful groups of statuary from the hand of John Gibson which have been exhibited of late years in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, have given to this artist a world-wide reputation. There is in his works noble simplicity and high sentiment; combining much of the beauty of Thorwaldsen with the stern grandeur of Flaxman. He is full of a genuine enthusiasm and love of his art, which place him high above those sordid temptations which urge meaner natures to make time the measure of profit. It would take much space to name in detail the numerous fine statues, groups, and bas-reliefs, which have come from his chisel; and which enrich the sculpture galleries of English noblemen and foreign potentates. The duke of Devonshire and the king of Bavaria are in possession of some of his finest works; and the galleries of many of the Italian nobility, as well as of the more opulent of our English merchants, are also indebted to his genius for some of their chief attractions.

Gibson was born at Gyffn, near Conway, in North Wales, in June, 1790. His father held the situation of gardener on the estate of Mr. Griffiths of that place; so that the origin of Gibson is a very humble one. The boy early showed indications of his talent, by carvings which he made by means of his knife; and, by Mr. Griffiths' advice, he was sent to Liverpool, where he was bound apprentice to a cabinet-maker and wood-carver. He soon manifested a growing taste for sculpture, excelling greatly in carving, and in the modelling of small wooden figures. When in his eighteenth year he executed a model of Time, in wax, which attracted considerable notice. This model is now in the possession of the Messrs. Franceys, sculptors, of Liverpool, who, on witnessing the work, immediately appreciated the ability of the apprentice, whose indentures they purchased for £70, and at once engaged him as a sculptor in their own works. Whilst in the employment of these gentlemen he executed numerous works, some of the finest of which, among others a Cupid, and a piece representing the Seasons, were executed for Mr. Gladstone, and are still in his possession. He served out his apprenticeship of six years with the Messrs. Franceys, to their complete satisfaction, and then went to London, recommended by Mr. Roscoe, no mean judge of talent, to the notice of Michael Angelo Taylor, then M.P. for the city of Durham, who at once furnished him with employment. In 1820, he proceeded to Italy, furnished with letters of introduction to Canova, by Lord Castlereagh. Since then he has chiefly resided at Rome, studying the old masters, and there elaborating those noble works which have gained him so distinguished a celebrity. The duke of Devonshire, a munificent patron of English talent, there commissioned the admirable piece of Mars and Venus; and the King of Bavaria enriched his Glyptothec at Munich by others of his works. Commissions flowed in upon him, and since then his hands have been full of highly remunerative work. His poor parents were not forgotten in the midst of his good fortune, and their old age was made happy by his generous help.

No one who has visited the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, has failed to notice and to admire the exquisite portraits of Thorburn which adorn the walls of the miniature room. There is a power and grace about these pictures which elevate them far above the level of mere portraits. They indicate a consummate knowledge of chiaroscuro, and a careful study of the old masters. They remind us of the portraits of Vandyke and Holbein; for force and expression, for grace and dignity, there is nothing in modern portraiture to equal them. We have now in our mind's eye a portrait of our Queen and her children, exhibited, we think, in 1848, which exemplified the genius of Thorburn in a remarkable manner, and showed his power of idealizing his portraits—an indication of the highest order of art. This portrait might have been exhibited as a Madonna, so exquisitely simple and so heavenly was the expression; and yet the portrait in all its essential features was remarkably exact. We also remember many other noble portraits by the same artist—Lady Francis Egerton, the Duchess of Buccleugh, and the Duchess of Montrose, exhibited in 1846; the Princess Charlotte of Belgium, Lord William Beresford, and the Duke of Brabant, exhibited in 1847; and others equally fine in recent years. These are more than portraits, they are noble works of art, and will live as such.

Robert Thorburn, like John Gibson, was born of poor parents. His father was a shoemaker in a very humble way of business, in the town of Dumfries, in Scotland. Besides Robert, there were two other sons; one of whom is still noted in his native town as a skilful carver in wood. One day a lady called at the shoemaker's, and found Robert, then a mere boy, engaged in drawing upon a stool which served him for a table. She examined his work, and finding that he had abilities in this direction, Mrs. Pitt (for so the lady was named) interested herself in obtaining for him some occupation in drawing, and also enlisting in his behalf the services of others who could assist him in prosecuting the study of art. Of these the most conspicuous was Mr. Craik, master of the writing department in the Dumfries Burgh Academy. Himself no artist, except in caligraphy, he was yet of the greatest service to Thorburn in providing him with subjects to copy, and in procuring purchasers for his drawings, whereby he was enabled to obtain materials for the prosecution of his studies. He was very diligent, painstaking, staid, and silent, mixing little with his companions, and forming but few intimacies. About the year 1830, some gentlemen of the town provided Thorburn with the means of proceeding to Edinburgh, where he was admitted as student of the Royal Scottish Academy. There he had the advantage of studying under competent masters, and the progress which he made was rapid and decided. After residing in Edinburgh for some years, he removed to London, where, we understand, he had the advantage of being introduced to notice under the powerful patronage of the Duke of Buccleugh. We need scarcely say, however, that whatever use patronage may have been to Thorburn in giving him an introduction to the best circles, patronage of no kind could have made him the great artist that he unquestionably is, without native genius and the most diligent application. The number of portraits, of exquisite finish, which he yearly exhibits, are sufficient proofs of his

industry and his success. He was admitted an associate of the Royal Academy a year or two ago, and the way to fame and fortune is now clear before him.

TEACHING THE YOUNG.

Many parents who undertake or superintend the education of their own children, are tormented by an over anxiety, which but evinces their sad want of faith, whilst it is a hindrance to that real mental progress they so ardently desire to see going on in their offspring. This over anxiety is a feeling completely at variance with that quiet solicitude, whose distinguishing feature is calm hopefulness, accompanied by a cautious, persevering spirit, far removed from that near-sighted, fussy feeling of accountableness displayed by egotists, who cannot trust *anything* to God's providence, but will take the whole burden and responsibility upon themselves.

The feelings of children are so inconceivably delicate and just, that we should respect their natural development, gradually, and almost as imperceptibly, as the unfolding of a rose-bud.

Yet, how many adults commence "educating" with a vague notion that children are ill-organized beings, whom it is their business in some sort to remodel; and whilst denouncing the Chinese custom of flattening the heads of their infants between boards, in order to produce that oval shape so much admired in the celestial empire, these people complacently set to work to perform a similar operation upon the *minds* of their own hopeless charges.

Primary education should be considered rather as a developing than an engrafting system.

Behold with what state and circumstance, and armed to the teeth, well-meaning people march to meet the newly born! with what self-satisfaction they stoop to gaze upon it, whilst a confused idea is floating through their brain of some great beam to be removed, which, instead of in their own, they seek in the child's honest eyes.

We should remember that the little one has, at starting, one great advantage over us—it stands upon the threshold of life without *one* prejudice, it owes the world no grudge, nor any human being therein.

How loving, and how trusting is a child; unless perverted, trusting and loving it remains.

Let us not lightly pass over this *elemental love*—this first fact so beautiful and blessed; here are we brought at once into contact with the fundamental and most ennobling affection that stirs and expands the soul; here we encounter a pure breeze, fresh from Paradise. This is the sacred fire, whose flame should be jealously guarded; this is the pure leaven; this is the lever with which we may lift the world even unto heaven, its fulcrum is in the strong *will* and faith of man.

How vitally active and inquisitive is a child, running hither and thither on the threshold of its new life—see how it enjoys the precious gift.

Listen to its original prattle; and since we cannot reply to all its queries, we will ponder them in our hearts, world-worn, weary men; for the time being, the child shall be our tutor.

We must go cautiously, lest we inadvertently maim or wound his spirit, and there be war between us, and thenceforth every link in the social chain should grate.

Again, observe yon sunny child, with the beaming smile, and clear open eye, fearlessly expressing his young ideas; wherefore is he so joyous whilst his little companion is pale and shy, and silent? or uncloseth his dewy lips, but to utter falsehoods! Mark, the candour and the moral courage of this little one have been destroyed, and he is left timid, trembling, and *afraid*.

Of what?

Rebuke or stripes perchance, no matter of what, since *afraid he is*.

His opening faculties have been shaded from the *sun*, and fall drooping back to earth.

Frightful perversion! when a child's aspirations are neutralized by fear,—*fear*, the root of deceit, whose tendrils run downward, instead of upward.

Away with every system of intimidation which but gives the spirit back to chaos.

It has been well said, "never depart from the rules of courtesy and good breeding with children; there is no more necessity for doing so with them, than with grown men and women."

Hearts are to be won, not forced. Reason and affection are the golden links of humanity.

Lastly, let over anxious *guardians* beware, lest they place *themselves* between the child and him, who said,

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Let them go, let them love.

Let the light, the breeze, and the dews from heaven freely visit the plants of earth; allow *them to open their own blossoms to the sun;* would you destroy, because it is not the bud you expected, the flower for which you looked, or the fruit for which you toiled?

Let all share those genial influences that convert death into life, and instead of wild wastes and barren shrubs, the earth will bear more palm-trees and golden shrubs, the men and women shall walk erect in the presence of their God, feeling they are more "like unto His image."

ENGLISH INDEPENDENCE.

Foreigners find it hard to understand the importance which every well-bred Englishman, as in duty bound, attaches to himself. They cannot conceive why, whenever they have to speak in the first person, they must stand on tiptoe, lifting themselves up, until, like Ajax, they tower with head and shoulders above their comrades. Hence, in their letters, as in those of the uneducated among our own countrymen, we now and then stumble on a little *I*, with a startling shock, as on coming to a short step in a flight of stairs. A Frenchman is too courteous and polished to thrust himself thus at full length into his neighbour's face. Indeed, this big one-lettered pronoun is quite peculiar to John Bull, as much so as Magna Charta, with which perchance it may not be altogether unconnected; at least, it certainly is an apt symbol of our national character, both in some of its nobler and of its harsher features. In it you may discern the Englishman's prudence, his unbending firmness, his straightforwardness, his individuality of character; you may also see his self-importance, his arrogance, his opinionativeness, his propensity to separate and seclude himself from his neighbours, and to look down on all mankind with contempt. As he has relieved his representative *I* of its consonants and adjuncts, in like manner has he also stripped his soul of its consonants, of those social and affable qualities which smoothe the intercourse between man and man; and by the help of which people unite readily one with another. Look at four Englishmen in a stage-coach, the odds are, they will be sitting as stiff and unsociable as four *I's*. Novalis must have had some vision of this sort in his mind when he said, "Every Englishman is an island."

Great men are the first that find their own griefs, though they are sometimes the last that find their own faults; and a remark which would give little minds no uneasiness, is to them a source of the greatest inquietude.

THE CHURCH-YARD STILE.

I LEFT thee young and gay, Mary,
When last the thorn was white;
I went upon my way, Mary,
And all the world seemed bright;
For though my love had ne'er been told,
Yet, yet I saw thy form
Beside me, in the midnight watch,
Above me, in the storm.
And many a blissful dream I had,
That brought thy gentle smile
Just as it came when last we leaned
Upon the Church-yard Stile.

I'm here to seek thee now, Mary,
As all I love the best;
To fondly tell thee how, Mary,
I've hid thee in my breast;
I came to yield thee up my heart,
With hope, and truth, and joy,
And crown with Manhood's honest faith
The feelings of the boy.
I breathed thy name, but every pulse
Grew still and cold the while,
For I was told thou wert asleep,
Just by the Church-yard Stile.

My messmates deemed me brave, Mary,
Upon the sinking ship;
But flowers o'er thy grave, Mary,
Have power to blanch my lip.
I felt no throb of quailing fear,
Amid the wrecking surf,
But pale and weak I tremble here,
Upon the osiered turf.
I came to meet thy happy face,
And woo thy gleesome smile,
And only find thy resting-place
Close by the Church-yard Stile.

Oh! years may pass away, Mary,
And Sorrow lose its sting,
For Time is kind they say, Mary,
And flies with healing wing;
The world may make me old and wise,
And hope may have new birth,
And other joys and other ties
May link me to the earth;
But Memory, living to the last,
Shall treasure up thy smile,
That called me back to find thy grave,
Close to the Church-yard Stile.

ELIZA COOK.

HAPPINESS.—The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare, that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a Mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly, may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardour of our chase after happiness, may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

DIAMOND DUST.

TRUST men, and they will be true to you; trust them greatly, and they will shew themselves great, though they make an exception in your favour to all their rules of trade.

INTERESTED motives are the rails on which the carriages of society run smoothly and securely, without coming in collision or injuring each other.

A GREAT soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think.

SOME people seem to consider the severity of their censures on the errors of others as an atonement for their own.

THERE ought to be in a healthful ambition the stubborn staff of persevering longevity; it must live on, and hope for the day which comes slow or fast, whose labours discern the good.

POETRY is the key of memory.

WE are nearer to true virtue and true happiness when we demand too little from men than when we exact too much.

POLITENESS is too often but a perfidious generosity, which leaves the heart cold and the prejudices untouched.

A MAN remains of consequence—not so far as he leaves something behind him, but so far as he acts and enjoys, and rouses others to action and enjoyment.

ARITHMETIC is a science differently studied by fathers and sons—the first generally confining themselves to addition, and the second to subtraction.

YOUTH is the vernal season of life, and the blossoms it then puts forth are indications of those future fruits which are to be gathered in the succeeding periods.

THE defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.

MONARCHS seldom hear truth until too late to derive profit from its knowledge.

To be truly great, it is necessary to be truly good and benevolent, for all other distinctions the clods of the valley will cover, and the greedy worm destroy.

No man struggles honestly and ardently, utterly in vain; for in us all, if we would but cherish it, there is a spirit that must rise at last—a crowned, if bleeding conqueror over hate and all the demons.

LET us rather seek to be the judges of ourselves than the executioners of another.

THE aristocracy are prone to ridicule the elevation of men of the middle class to high official situations, not reflecting that it is easier to transmute men of talents into gentlemen than it is to convert mere gentlemen into men of talents.

SMALL griefs are loquacious—great are dumb.

ONE should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

TRUTH! men dare not look her in the face, except by degrees; they mistake her for a Gorgon, instead of knowing her to be Minerva.

LIFE is a warfare of conflicting duties and opposing principles—a choice of evils, or a choice of goods. It is the business of a wise man to divide not between the nearest and the most distant, but between the greater and the lesser obligation.

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PROGRESS OF MANNERS.

THOSE who have listened at any time to the fervent appeals of that noble band of social reformers and elevators, the apostles of Temperance, may not improbably have been impressed with the belief that Intemperance was rolling onwards like a Deluge, and engulphing in its fatal waves all that remained of the virtue, morals, and religion of our country. The picture they draw must be confessed to be a very black one, and in too many respects, alas, it has been but too faithful. Let it be confessed, however, that there is also a brighter side to the picture, which it is well, occasionally, to bring to light; and it is this, that although drunkenness is still frightfully prevalent, it is, nevertheless, steadily on the decrease. This, we think, there are abundant facts enough to prove.

Any one who knows what was the ordinary social life of the middle classes of Great Britain fifty or sixty years ago, and compares it with the social life of the present day, will at once concede that Temperate Habits have made great and unequivocal progress among us. There are now none of the drunken orgies practised either at public dinners or private parties which were formerly so common. A party does not now remain at table till one half of them are unable to sit upright. The writer remembers when it was an ordinary practice among the farmers, in a particular district, for the master of the house to get up from the table after the cloth was removed and the drinking materials were placed on the table, and lock the door, putting the key in his pocket. No such barbarous practice would be tolerated now-a-days in any class of society. The guest does not now consider it a reflection on the hospitality of his entertainer that he has been allowed to rise sober from his table; nor is drunkenness any longer recognised as a manly or reputable practice. We do not boast as we did of our "six-bottle men." The grosser forms of intemperance, as a feature of our social entertainments, have, indeed, become obsolete. In the best classes, intoxicating drinks are every day falling into greater disuse, and in some of the most *recherché* parties of the metropolis, iced water is the strongest beverage placed on the table. Men and women have found ways and means of enjoying a rational evening together without the employment of artificial stimuli. This progress has been general amongst the middle and upper classes in all parts of the country during the last century. Take the picture which Macaulay gives of the country Squire of the seventeenth century, and contrast the immense distance between him and his modern representative:—

"His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accents of his province. His table was loaded with coarse plenty; and guests were cordially welcomed to it. But, as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was, indeed, enormous. For beer, then, was to the middle and lower classes, not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are. It was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table."

At a more remote date, the social practices of the English country gentlemen were still worse. William of Malmesbury, who wrote in the days of Henry II., says, "that the English were universally addicted to drunkenness, continuing over their cups day and night, keeping open house, and spending the income of their estates in riotous feasts, where eating and drinking were carried to excess, without any elegance." How unlike is this picture to that of the modern English country gentleman, the model of manners, and the pattern of his neighbourhood!

Down to a comparatively recent period, the same practices prevailed among the Irish country gentlemen, of which many curious instances may be found in Barrington's "Sketches of his own Times," and Dr. Madden's "Ireland thirty years ago." A writer in

the *Dublin University Magazine* thus depicts the old usages among the higher classes in Ireland:—"The rule of drinking was, that no man was allowed to leave the company till he was unable to stand, and then he might depart if he could walk. If on any occasion a guest left the room, bits of paper were dropped into his glass, intimating the number of rounds the bottle had gone, and on his return he was obliged to swallow a glass for each, under the penalty of so many glasses of salt and water. It was the practice of some to have decanters with round bottoms, like a modern soda water bottle, the only contrivance in which they could stand being at the head of the table before the host. Stopping the bottle was thus rendered impossible, and every one was obliged to fill his glass at once, and pass the bottle to his neighbour, on peril of upsetting the contents on the table." The writer goes on to state that on one occasion two individuals of such a party "stole away," and ran out into the park, where they concealed themselves among the deer, and so passed the night. "Towards morning they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession. Such of the company as were still able to walk had procured a flat-backed car, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible; then throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shafts of the car, and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the *sensible* survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes!" For this, and similar vices and follies, the Irish landlords are now paying a fearful penalty.

The progress of temperate habits among the bulk of the working classes is, we think, equally decided. So general had become the habit of drunkenness among the English people in 1606, that it was found necessary to pass a law, constituting it a criminal offence against society. Drunkenness, nevertheless, went on steadily increasing in the face of this law, and about the middle of last century the vice had grown to a hideous magnitude. Some idea of the low state of the national morality may be formed from a fact stated by Smollett, and repeated by the Bishop of Salisbury during a debate in the House of Lords, that on some of the publicans' signs in London it was announced to the public, "*You may here get drunk for one penny, dead drunk for twopence, and have clean straw for nothing.*" "They accordingly," says Smollett, in his 'History of England,' "provided cellars and places strewed with straw, to which they conveyed those wretches who were overwhelmed with intoxication. In these dismal caverns they lay until they had recovered some use of their faculties, and then they had recourse to the same mischievous potion; thus consuming their health, and ruining their families, in hideous receptacles of the most filthy vice, resounding with riot, execration, and blasphemy." Although at that time the population of London was not one-third of what it is now, there were computed to be no less than 20,000 houses and shops in which spirituous liquors were sold, *besides* those in which fermented liquors only were kept. Whereas at present, the total number of public houses, spirit-shops, beer-shops, and hotels, in London, is stated not to exceed 7,000. If other evidence were needed, we should find it in the moral and orderly aspect of the London population of the working orders on all days of the week—in their improved tastes and habits, which now lead them to frequent reading-rooms and news-agents to buy their weekly paper or family journal, in preference to wasting their means on debasing self-indulgence. Much drunkenness there yet assuredly is; it is still the daily vice of the degraded, the outcast, and the ignorant; we think however, it must be admitted, that although formerly the most conspicuous and prevailing vice among the working classes, as it was among the middle and upper classes, it is so no longer, but has given way in a great measure before the progress of public morality and intelligence.

The progress of temperance has been equally decided amongst the Scotch people. One could scarcely suppose that in the following description by Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, he could have been speaking of a people now considered so moral, orderly, and intelligent. And yet here was the moral condition of the Scotch at the early part of last century. "At country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, both men and women are to be seen *perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together.*" Thanks to the Scotch parish schools, such fearful abominations have been to an immense extent abated. Drunkenness was at the same time frightfully prevalent among the Irish people; and to such an extent did the rage for usquebaugh proceed in Ireland in the reign of Philip and Mary, that the people converted so much of their grain into spirit, as to cause great famine and privation throughout the country from time to time. Deplorable though the condition of the mass of the Irish people still is, they are no longer chargeable with the national vice of drunkenness, Father Mathew having succeeded in nearly banishing it from amongst the poorer classes of the people.

But the steady decrease is best proved by the government returns of the quantities of British and foreign spirits entered for home consumption at different periods. Thus we find that while the consumption of coffee has increased from 7,593,001lbs. in 1821, to 34,293,190lbs. in 1845, and the consumption of tea has increased from 20,358,702lbs. in 1800, to 44,193,433lbs. in 1845, the consumption of spirits is now, in the whole of the United Kingdom very little more than it was in England alone in 1742! The amount consumed in England in the year last named, or about a hundred years ago, by a population only one-third of that of England now, was about 20,000,000 gallons. The quantities consumed have very much varied according to the tax on spirits—the lower the tax, the greater the consumption. But if we take the last few years, during which the duty has been stationary, we find that the increase in the consumption of British spirits has not at all kept pace with the increase of the population, but the contrary. Thus in 1831, the consumption of British spirits was 21,845,408 gallons, and in 1841, 20,660,847 gallons, and in 1845, 23,122,588 gallons. The consumption of malt also is stationary, if not on the decline. The quantity of hops charged with duty in 1835 was 49,086,709lbs.; in 1845, the quantity charged was only 32,974,750lbs. The consumption of brandy, rum, and other foreign spirits had also declined from 4,883,596 gallons in 1831, to 3,464,074 gallons in 1841, and 3,549,589 gallons in 1845. The quantity of wine consumed remains also as nearly as possible stationary.

These results are, we think, of a very satisfactory character; and they prove a remarkable progress in the manners and habits of the people. The marked diminution of intemperance must be attributed in no small degree to the efforts of the Teetotallers, of whom there are estimated to be no fewer than 1,360,000 in England, Scotland, and Wales; but it is also to be attributed to the improvement in the moral tone of society, and the advance of intelligence, of which indeed the Temperance movement itself may be regarded as one of the indications. There are numerous other proofs of this. Our elections are not now the scenes of debauchery that they formerly were. The Eatanswill boroughs have now shrunk into a very small number; and the finger of public reprobation is generally pointed at them. Funerals are now conducted decorously. Workmen are gradually giving up their system of "footings." Commercial travellers no longer think it necessary to coax an order out of a customer by inviting him to a drinking bout. The friendly societies and clubs of the labouring classes

are more and more discountenancing the practice of meeting in public-houses for the transaction of their business; and before many years are over, we look to still greater improvements in all these respects.

The same progress may be noted in a remarkable degree in our Public Amusements, which afford a pretty correct indication of the moral state of a people. The Royal sport of Queen Elizabeth's time was bear-baiting by means of savage dogs. To such an entertainment did the "good Queen Bess" lead the French Ambassador as to a genuine English treat! But the sports of the people down to a very recent date were of an equally ungentle kind. Bull-baiting was a common amusement in England only sixty years ago. Many of our large towns have still their bull-rings—happily only so in name. At Grantham, we believe, the ring at which the tortured bull was pinned by the nose, and there baited by bull-dogs, is still to be seen. The bull-ring at Birmingham is a noted place. At Stamford, the sport was bull-hunting. The poor brute was tortured into fury by pouring turpentine on its back, and then setting it on fire, by pricking it with iron spikes, hunted meanwhile by all the ferocious dogs that could be got together; and the grandest feat of all, was to hustle the agonized brute over the bridge into the Witham, there to end its tortures. And such were the scenes with which the eyes of the rising youth of England in those days were familiarized—happily now entirely passed. Yet such scenes as these were eulogized in the House of Commons by one of our legislators, (Mr. Wyndham,) some fifty years ago, as manly sports, and calculated to stimulate the noble courage of Englishmen! The pugilistic ring has also been abandoned, except by the most degraded part of our population. It is no longer patronized by the lords and gentry, nor frequented by the middle and working classes. Men can still be brave, cherish brave thoughts, and do brave deeds, without needing to resort to such scenes of frightful brutality to feast their destructive propensities.

The Saturnalia of Plough Monday is no longer known in the rural districts; nor the cruelty of cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday; nor the barbarous plough-man's play of riding under a rope on which live geese and ducks with soaped necks were hung, and pulling the creatures off, if they could, by the neck: all these disgusting amusements have been banished; and badger-baiting, dog-fighting, and cock-fighting, are, we trust, speedily to follow them. The world is really growing better—more humane—more generous—and much less cruel and ferocious in its tastes. In obedience to the demands of public opinion, the protection of the law is now thrown around dumb brutes; and at the moment we write, "An Act for the more effectual prevention of Cruelty to Animals," is in its progress through the British Parliament.

An extraordinary progress has also been made in the utterance of free thoughts. We no longer burn a man because he differs from us in opinion. He may now conscientiously entertain views which the majority regard as heterodox, and still retain the use of his ears! It was not so in the time of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Charles I., and even more recent reigns. Then, any man who gave utterance to opinions not strictly in accordance with the views of the ruling powers, was liable to be whipped at the cart's tail, to have his ears cut off, to be set in the pillory and pelted with rotten eggs and dead cats, to be branded in the forehead and both cheeks with a hot iron, perhaps finally to be thrown into a dungeon for life. A man's hand is not now chopped off because he ventures to write a book or tract in which he questions the extent of royal prerogative; nor are grim human heads any longer stuck on London Bridge or Temple Bar. Thank God! all such brutalities have been banished for ever from this country: and though sectarian and political feeling still runs strong, it dares not now proceed to the frightful extremities that it was allowed to do of old. Such a riot as that which occurred at Birmingham about the end of last century, in which the learned Dr. Priestley's library was burnt, is now, happily, no longer possible.

Our manners as a people are becoming better, because as a people we are growing more wise and intelligent. We live among a generation of readers and thinkers. The literary man is now a power. He is no longer the hanger-on of a great man, nor kicks his heels, like Dr. Johnson, in the lobby of his "patron." He writes for the people, in a time when the nation has grown reading. His sympathies are becoming every day more popular; and literature has come to be regarded as the great instrument of progress. The writers of books, and the editors of newspapers, are the great movers of the mind of the age; they are the corals which build up from the deep great continents of knowledge and civilization. And here let us not forget to say a word for ourselves; for we too have our influence, humble though it be. To pour into the people's minds, week after week, instruction which is elevating, and thoughts which are ennobling; to stimulate the tens of thousands of readers who have already generously patronized our enterprise, to efforts at self-improvement, self-advancement, and self-culture; to give a healthy direction to their activities, and supply them with a rational recreation in their leisure hours; this we feel to be no mean task, no unworthy labour; and we shall live and work in the hope that, through our efforts, the people's tastes shall be still further improved, and the world be made still better.

Pen and Ink Portraits.

THE JOURNEYMAN.

Commerce may be regarded as the world's "time-piece," having for its dial, the "merchant" class, for its hands, the "retailers," and for its works, or hidden springs of motion, "the manufacturing million," who, although belonging to the plain, substantial hard-wearing delf amongst nature's crockery, are, if not so ornamental, quite as useful as its painted and decorated china There are persons who lavish praise and wealth upon the sculptures, paintings, and trinkets of past ages, as the god-like productions of inspired intellect; look upon the thousands of proofs of genius, labour and perseverance, existing, and being called into existence, around them, with a dull eye and thankless soul, as ornaments merely to be bought with money, and consequently to which they have as great a right of inheritance, as peacocks have to their tails. We wonder whether it never occurs to these "money's-worth" theorists, that one single ounce of the breath of gratitude will outweigh untold pounds of gold, when the latter is given as mere "money's-worth." It may be true that every thing, like every one, "has its price," but one single atom of heart-felt acknowledgment from the purchaser, acting as it would upon that main spring of human action, self-esteem, would do more to fertilize and expand the creative powers of the journeyman, (a consummation devoutly to be wished,) than fifty pieces of the glittering metal itself. It would show him that he was no longer regarded as an individual nonentity, but (as he really is) a co-operative in the march of the world's progress.

Individually, the world may not consider "the journeyman" so great, or so fit to receive the entire credit of one great work, as the "general," who monopolizes to himself the fame of a *chef-d'œuvre* of destruction, a victory; but, as a body, they are respondents to "nature's" command of universal co-operation. Zoophytes toiling in concert, have thrown up vast continents. The Ant species create mounds, millions of times

larger than themselves. Our "journeymen" are erecting a fabrication in which "fame" herself will not scorn to rest; and where vicious indolence, though electro-gilt, with the three passports to social honours, rank, pride, and bullion will be admitted; but as human skeletons were to the merry-makings and feasts of the ancients as immoral "scare-crows."

"Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," said that journeyman philosopher "Franklin," whose existence alone would for ever have rendered illustrious the "journeyman" class out of whom he sprang. Fatigue sends to an early couch the sober and industrious journeyman—and as for his rising, it is at the same hour with the lark. We have never been in a house which has been under the hands of these toiling bees, but awake what time we would, the music of their hammers, or their merry sounding whistle, has greeted our ears. As for the "wealth" produced by their early rising, their necessitous condition, large families, and the fate of all mechanical "hand-work," are stumbling-blocks to an accumulation of this world's goods, (with the exception of that practical erudition, the knowledge of supporting their families by their hand-labour alone in which they excel.) The artificial requirements of the "washed" classes, and the interests of their employers, conspire to preclude all possibility of the tree of "wisdom" growing as tall as the "poplar," or as robust as the "oak," however well it may have been planted, or have taken root in a willing soil.

If it is true that "time is money," then is the "journeyman" the real "man made of money;" his whole existence is meted out at so much per hour. From fourteen to twenty-one he is being wound up with apprenticeship, and then set in motion for the rest of his life. He is a human chronometer, whose steady going and correctness of keeping time is regarded with the utmost care and jealousy by his employer; he picks up the support of his life by grains, and this employment monopolizes nearly the whole round of his earthly career; he works not for luxuries, but he plods for necessities; he does not make, but earns money, and that, not by the scheming of his brain, but by the outward and visible "sweat of his brow," and the wear and tear of his muscles. If he wishes to embellish his life of toil by mental ornaments, it must be at the cost of his bodily health by "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

In storming the breach of human knowledge what difficulties has the journeyman to contend with, what opposition is fired with deadly but erring aim from the cannons of pride. Pride, like the Turk, can bear no brother near his throne; but, in defiance of all, he is advancing, for he has no longer to be the mere brute who is to drag the commercial barge of commerce through the canal of prosperity.

The journeyman inherits more of the "Samaritan" blood than any other class of society; he has himself known the bitter sting of penury, and is seldom sufficiently removed from it to forget an old acquaintance; therefore, though he may be jeered at by a dissolute "shop-mate," he has ever a shilling to lend him in his distress or illness; there is an electric sympathy between the hearts of the prosperous and the unfortunate mechanic which is never felt between the similarly situated in the higher classes, or known by those who have never lived within their pale.

If a bachelor—(for though strange it may seem to the Malthusian aristocracy, working men are not always vicious enough to marry)—he will save his money, at least a moiety of it, for a week's jaunt to Gravesend or Margate. We have even known him presumptuous enough to visit Paris, and talk of "going up the Rhine." If a family man, he uses his holidays at the British Museum and the National Gallery, or for a voyage to Chelsea, but spends but little of his small share of the "stern reality of life," money, for it would break his heart to waste on pleasure any of the little store which is silently accumulating in the savings' bank, for the apprenticing of a son, or as a dower for a daughter.

It was long a vulgar supposition that heads were made to fit coronets; and we have often heard, as a kind of illustrative argument of the impossibility of raising men from the ranks without creating the worst of tyrants, that, if you made an equestrian of a beggar, he will immediately ride to the "autocrat of all evils." Now, we will just mention one of a thousand instances to the contrary:

One John Edwards, a hard-working mechanic, by dint of great self-denial, saved a little money and set up as "master," and so far was he from taking advantage of his new position in society, that, urged by the remembrances of his sufferings, under Messrs. Penury, Toil, and Notime, the "masters" who own almost all the "journeymen of London," and under whom John had been brought up; and although his object was to make money, he thought he would associate with its manufacture an improved class of workmen, and that he was eminently successful we shall see. John commenced by creating for his journeymen a little intellectual "overtime," when he would discuss the necessity of master and man being partners in reality, and not the mere ghosts of association united by the selfish chain of interest, which political economy makes them; another of his topics was the ridiculously fine shades of rank, so rigorously observed in "town," and the positive vice of their existence among the working classes. "Why," he would say, "it is as ridiculous as if the small end of a telescope were ashamed of the larger, out of which it was drawn." Not a few were the tea parties, and even tickets for the "play," and occasional country jaunts which he gave his men,—ay! and what is more, accompanied them too. By this simple process, the cunning John Edwards, organized them into a very powerful money-making machine, which never flagged while well greased with good-will and urbanity. John was as great a conqueror in the world of workshops as Napoleon was in the world of battle-fields. Aye, and John was loved as much by his subordinates, who not only admired, but by John's helping hand, were enabled to imitate his greatness. "Spare time and kindly encouragement," John would say, "must be mixed with labour in the cup of life to render it palatable and wholesome;" "and" the Utopian John Edwards would continue, "as for a master's success who is ever at 'loggerheads' with his journeymen, one might as well expect the prosperity of a young couple who commence life with creating those domestic vessels, 'family jars,' for," and here the worthy John would look particularly instructive, "master and man are united in the bands of commercial matrimony for better for worse during the whole of their productive existence, and, therefore,"—he would wind up his speech with the homely proverb—"what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

WILLIAM DALTON.

FACTS FROM THE COUNTY HISTORIES.

BY DUGDALE, THE YOUNGER.

BLOMEFIELD'S NORFOLK, AND A MS. CHARTULARY RELATING TO THE COUNTY.

THE CLERK OF ST. BENEDICT'S DE HULMO.

In tracing the early history of the East Anglian division of England, as it existed under the governance of Saxon kings, or under the Dane-Lage of Guthrun and his successors, the historian and antiquary have little more than a few brief facts or dim tradition for their guides. Yet, from these, in the brevity of monkish records, in the half myth of antique legend, much truth may be gathered

by the careful process of the inductive mind; and, therefore, he who, like Dugdale, doth wisely trace virtue, or heroism, or good, in the deeds of long-passed men, doth not unaptly cherish the sweetest sanctities of "hoar tradition," which, like the incense of a sacred shrine, still lingers round the islands of the east and west, of the holy places of Croyland, Ely, St. Benedict's de Hulmo, and the sacred Avalon, or Glastonbury, where St. Augustine prayed. Sweet places in even these our newer days; and where yet the beauties of their ecclesiastical remains, and the breadth of their tilled and pastured lands, still bearing on them signs of ancient culture, in bending harvests of full-eared and golden corn, attest the success of Felix the Burgundian, and the Roman St. Augustine, in taming savage valour, and the spirit of those Saxon men whom, like as was St. John, they baptized in the wilderness, and taught the humanizing truths of Christ. For, though in later days, the sacerdotal spirit of monachism was rightly crushed,—as avarice and lust of power shall ever be,—still, in those early, simple, Saxon times, it was only a priesthood sacred and aneled in the sight of superstitious and ferocious men, who, unmolested, could rear habitations of learning and peace amidst desolate marshes and swamps, where the St. Columbas and St. Patricks might treasure the precious remnants of Roman letters, and the rich promise of Saxon wisdom.

The idea that islands were, by nature, sanctified to religious use, may be traced to an eastern origin. For it was not only a Druidical belief, but also one strongly cherished by both Saxons and Northmen, that islands were holy places, fashioned out by Heaven itself, for sacred use. Hence, when the Druid worship became the rare myth of groves, and plains, and barren hills, and lonely isles, yet did the newly baptized Saxon, true to the superstitions of his race, build his rude church on the same lonely islet which had been the place of heathen and mysterious rites. The isle of Avalon or Glastonbury was a sacred spot of remote antiquity; and, doubtless, some superstition of this kind, beyond the purpose of mere peace and security against the northern pirates, prompted the early priesthood of East Anglia to raise monastic piles in the lonely marshes of the Girvii.

The ancient estuary of the Garruenos, or *rough waters*, which, in the time of the Romans, formed so great a feature in the geography of the eastern coast of Norfolk, was, by the subsiding of the waters, divided into narrower channels or rivers. The most northern of these, flowing through marshes raised from the Icenian æstuary, contained a small and desolate island, scarcely raised above the level of the flood. This sandy holm, separated from the main land by a rough ocean stream two miles in width, remained uninhabited till about the close of the eighth century, when some recluses founded there a monastic institution, which original settlement afterwards became the mitred Abbey of St. Benedict's de Hulmo. But the loneliness and desolation of this holy place did not protect it from the fury and ravages of the Vikingers, who, under Inguar and Hubba, towards the close of the ninth century, laid waste the primitive monastery. Yet, henceforth, the lonely island of the Garruenos retained its holy name; and soon after it was again peopled and its monastery restored. This, and its Saxon community, attained to such importance in the East Anglian kingdom, that about the year 1020 Canute erected it into a mitred Benedictine Abbey, called thus from its situation, and the patron saint of the order, St. Benedict's de Hulmo, or St. Bennet's of the holm or island. After its rich endowment by Canute, vast wealth flowed in from the hands of Saxon and Danish benefactors, and the charter of Edward the Confessor raised it into one of the greatest monastic establishments of England. The Abbots from this time ranked with the Thanes and Eldermen of the kingdom, and were entrusted with the government of Norfolk.

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"Forte facinus fecit brachio suo; dissipavit superbos cogitatione cordis ipsorum."—*Luca*, cap. i.

"He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts."—*St. Luke*, chap. i.

2 Will. I., 1068. Compline was over, and though it was Lenten-tide, the Abbot had granted an extraordinary dispensation for Wassail, the portly cook of St. Benedict's monastery prepared a savorous dish for the Abbot's chamber. It was one which might have suited an Easter-day, for the herdsman of Ludham Grange had slain the firstling of the flock, and now its daintiest pieces lay frothed in butter.

"Oh! that this were not Lent," muttered the cook, as he licked his fingers.

"Say an *Ave* and repel Satan," said the lay-brother, who waited for the dish, "the guest is hungry and travel-worn, or else no dispensation had been his."

"For him only should the firstling have bled," spoke the herdsman, who resting by the heaped faggots on the hearth, waited to guide the Saxon guest back through the intricacy of the desolate marshes, "for it was yeaned in the winter month. But he's Hereward Lord of Bourne, and who shall say him nay?"

"Ay, he was one who got cloven in the thigh at Hastings, For this he's a mighty guest, our father Edelwold loving flowers from that field."

"And you a lick at a dish, though you say it not," muttered the cook, as he placed the dish in the lay-brother's hands.

The herdsman raised up his shaggy, unkempt head, and drawing his hand from beneath the sort of sheepskin shirt or tunic he wore, caught the Benedictine roughly by the girdle. "Recollect, I was born thrall of the Lincoln Hereward, and he who speaks slightingly disturbs a bull in its native pastures; for though Saxons are leaves upon the winter's tree, dropping and dead, yet the field of Hastings will outlive more winter trees than moneyers could reckon."

Though the lay-brother Simeon could give advice, he rarely put in practice his own precepts; so as resolves are weak, as fingers will slip, as palates may water, he had not taken forty steps towards the Abbot's chamber before he had tasted twenty times and said a *credo* in the bargain. Not only this, but as the Abbot's chamber lay apart, he found too that dishes were weighty things, and therefore rested in Boniface's, the sub-prior's cell, and found a helpmate in both his *holy* and his *profane* offices.

Edelwold, the Abbot, sat with his guest in a low vaulted chamber of stone, dimly lit up by one narrow lattice, which looked out far away upon the darkening waste of waters. A fire of massive wooden logs burnt cheerfully on the wide stone hearth, and whilst he was thus a deep and earnest listener, his guest sat forward with unsandalled feet, drying them in the blaze, and talked in that pure rich Saxon tongue of the days of Alfred, ere Edward the Confessor and his courtiers had engrafted Norman words upon the breadth and depth of the Saxon idiom.

"Well, one thing I wot," spoke the old priest, after some minutes silence, "that God be with thee, Hereward! Thou art a Saxon, one of the old race, of Odin's battle men, heathen though they were. Normans may say that Saxons were always slaves, but it is a lie no worse than that the Bastard swore upon the saintly winding-sheet."

"So say I," replied the Thane of Bourne, "and knowing this, therefore, father,—what you will—will it, and do it. Do not thou, the mightiest amongst the Saxon priesthood of the East, like a craven hawk,—stoop, then fly, then stoop again as Stigand does—and this for what? Why to be a puppet to the Norman. No, hold out—No, this island of God's people can hold out, and a little freedom, father, is something to the Saxon *now*."

"Freedom is worth its price," replied the mild old

man, "and my soul yearns for it as much as thine, if not so resolutely, Thane of Bourne. But there is something yet unveiled my son, speak on."

"Yes, the nest defended can house a white necked swan. There is Muriel de Lothingland, daughter of Hurnwulf, who perished by the stroke of a Norman bill at Hastings; *she* must not be trusted to the chastity of Norman soldiers."

"Thou sayest well," replied the old man, "our blessed saint must not forget his children. But as for defence, brother Porphyro will know best; he helps to reckon up the tallies, and can tell to a sheaf and an arrow what men the granges and the lands can yield. If we are to fight and to defend, we must not be lack in drawing the axe and arrow from their resting gear."

"No! but can you trust this monk, for he is no Saxon, and the sparrow always doubts a cuckoo in its nest."

"But not a father his children, or a Franklin his own Guild-brother. No! I can trust; and added to this, he's learned, and can note down the dues from the tythings, for he writes manuscript like St. Dunstan himself."

At this moment Simeon entered, and placed the seethed kid on a trencher before the guest, with oaten bread, and some new drawn mead in a cup. He then, at the abbot's bidding, withdrew to summon the monk, whom Edelwold had already mentioned. Though the evening service was over, the monk had still lingered in the choir, where the lay brother found him seated in the recess of a low arched window, which overlooked the marshes of the Bure. He read not, though here beside the lattice there was light enough to have read a manuscript of rare Latinity which lay hard by; but gazing out upon the rough waters, which dashed against the convent walls, he sat abstracted, with his face half buried in his hands. He started when the lay brother touched his shoulder; even in the dull evening light, the hectic which so visibly dyed his cheek was observable to the looker on.

"Then the abbot *has* a guest;" he asked, when Simeon had delivered the holy father's commands; "one who left the shore before Compline."

"The same. It is against the rule, blessed be Saint Benedict, but cellarers and kitcheners will whisper, brother Porphyro, and they say 'tis the Saxon Hereward, the Thane of Bourne."

"Aye!" gasped Porphyro, "Saxons crowd enough now to convent walls, and make no shrift of the blessed bread of St. Benedict's. But stay! Hereward did not blow the blast upon the convent horn, it was like a swineherd's uncouth breath."

"No! Grimm, the Ludham herdsman. He was once thrall of the Lord of Bourne, and he brought beneath his sheepskin, his yeanling of the winter month, so that the Norman King, who crossed the Green Way last eve, may not chance to taste a Saxon dainty."

"Enough," spoke Porphyro, changing his idiomatic Saxon into Latin, "say I'll attend our holy father."

Simeon departed, but for many minutes after, the pale, stern visaged monk, stood still beside the lattice, and gazing out upon the looming waste of waters, partly spoke out the thoughts which occupied his brain.

"A star led the men of old, and why not me. See how, as the night comes on, one which is bright and hopeful, twinkles; moving higher and higher, from the dark cloud to Heaven itself. So shall the spirit become greater than matter, as the logicians teach; so, therefore, shall the lean-visaged monk say, *Benedicite, my son;* and commanding as a mitred Abbot, no longer crawl the feeblest drone in the Saxon hive!"

He stalked moodily from the choir, and reached the abbot's chamber. By this time Hereward had supped, had moved the faggots more within the flames, and replenished his cup with ale, warmed and spiced by the cook; and as he sat on a low stool beside the hearth, his sheaf of arrows and his bow resting near him, his tunic ungirt, his feet still unsandalled, his rich fair hair flowing to his shoulders, and softening features otherwise too fierce and determined, nothing could contrast more strongly, than this the Saxon guest, with the aged and decrepit person of the abbot, and the face and form of Porphyro, pale and rigid as if hewn from stone. The gentle abbot and the high-souled Thane were but pigmies in his hand; the doves to the cunning serpent!

(To be concluded in our next.)

SHAKSPERE.

What care we where kings are laid down in the earth,
'Neath castle, or palace, or pyramid pile!
Or for tombs of rude warriors cathedral-begirth,
While Stratford-on-Avon belongs to our isle!

What care we where saints in their shrines are embalm'd!
That o'er land and o'er ocean weak pilgrims beguile,
Or where wise ones of old may rest slumber-becalm'd,
While Stratford-on-Avon belongs to our isle!

What care we where nobles in marble or brass,
Are ensculptur'd to fascinate Flattery's smile;
There's a bust that a thousand of such can surpass,
For Stratford-on-Avon belongs to our isle!

What care? If the monarchs of Europe turn'd clay,
Should the hands of the fashioning potter besoil
The ashes of Shakspere are sacred for aye,
And Stratford-on-Avon belongs to our isle!

Henry Frank Lott.

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD SONG.

"Not worth an old song" has been a compendious sort of estimate among intending purchasers time out of mind. Though vague and indefinite enough as most estimates are, the "old song," here alluded to, is generally considered to be about equivalent to the "peppercorn rent," and "one farthing damages," which members of the legal profession delight to secure for their favoured clients. In fact, if we desire to run down any invaluable commodity, and obtain it at our own figure, we instinctively resort to this poetic standard of value. Who, having a horse to dispose of, would recognise him for one moment after he has been candidly told by an honest gentleman in top boots that "it is'nt worth an old song." Such is the notion that most persons entertain of the value of an old song; but, to show that this value is of an extremely variable nature, and that, however much an "old song" may be cried down, it has, ere now, been the means of rewarding honesty and succouring the oppressed; we will just narrate the history of an old song—as old a song as any that we are on singing terms with—from its cradle to its grave.

The first service in which our "old song" distinguished itself was aiding a poor widow whose husband, a dock sawyer, had been killed by the falling of a stack of timber, leaving his wife and child entirely destitute. By the earnest advice of some well-meaning, but over-sanguine friends, the poor woman opened a little school—a very little school it was certainly—consisting of six pupils at two pence per head weekly, occasional sugar-plums included. The school made some little noise in the parish, but it could not long struggle against adverse circumstances, which had apparently conspired together to wrest from it all prospect of educational renown. The poor widow was soon compelled to withdraw the prop on which she could no longer rely for an adequate subsistence. As a last resource, she undertook the sad task of supporting herself and little Annie by making sailors' shirts, but in less than a month her sight became so dim,

that she was obliged to abandon it in despair. It was, therefore, no morbid love of indolence which prompted the widow to embrace the easy life of an itinerant ballad-singer; nor was it without many a deep and tender sigh that she thought of those songs which, in her sunny girlhood, she sang for joy, and to which she now turned appealingly for bread.

At that period, the most famous mart for popular ballads—old and new—was in Bowling Green Lane, and hither, accordingly, the widow and little Annie repaired, for the purpose of obtaining a choice assortment, suitable to the extensive business they had in view. Old Mr. Chirrup, whose imprint on half a million sheets of long border minstrelsy, had won for his name a world-wide reputation, received his gentle customers most graciously, and having listened to the widow's simple statement of her wants and wishes, he selected for her ten pennyworth of vocal merchandise, which had passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal of criticism, and bore the stamp of unquestionable fame. Nor did good Mr. Chirrup's benevolence stop here, for, on learning that little Annie's musical education had been sorely neglected, he considerately offered to allow his youthful assistant, Peter, to teach her the tune of an "old song," which had gone through five hundred closely-printed editions in less than twelve months. The proposal was, of course, accepted with the same good feeling as that from which it sprung, and Peter, whose chubby cheeks pleasingly contrasted with his deeply sentimental voice, gave Annie her first singing lesson. The result was that Annie, as well as her mother, came out of Mr. Chirrup's back parlour fully prepared to do justice to the "old song," which was destined hereafter to confer so much benefit upon them.

It was not till after dusk that the widow could summon sufficient resolution to make her first appearance in public. At length, having reached a nice quiet street, she and Annie commenced the "old song," but in so feeble and tremulous a tone, as positively to raise a smile of derision on the cadaverous face of the doctor's boy, who was delivering a mixture and pills "as before," to a young woman through the area railings, before which Annie and her mother had just commenced their campaign. The "old song," however, though so imperfectly executed, seemed to please the smiling housemaid, for she beckoned to Annie, and without so much as asking the price, gave her a penny for it. This was a good beginning, and stimulated the poor widow and Annie to more than natural energy, under the influence of which they were very successful.

On counting their receipts that night, the widow and Annie were bewildered at finding a half-crown among the limited number of half-pence with which a liberal public had rewarded their exertions. Where could this have come from? Little Annie remembered that the only person who gave her what she took for a penny, was the dimple-cheeked housemaid. This was rather mortifying, for the hour was late, and Annie and her mother were both tired with walking so far, and singing so long; but it would not look well they thought, to postpone the rectification of the error till the next day, and so little Annie, who assured her mother that she knew every step of the way, left home with the half-crown, carefully tied up in a little bag in her bosom, and directed her steps to the locality. Just as she reached her place of destination a carriage drove up, from which a lady and a gentleman alighted, and seeing little Annie, who had just rung the bell with a trembling hand, the lady, doubtless surprised at perceiving a child there at that time of night, inquired where she came from?

"I've come with the half-crown if you please ma'am," said Annie, dropping a courtesy, and drawing forth the little bag.

"What is it you wish me to do?" said the lady smiling, as Annie timidly tendered the precious coin for her acceptance.

"If you please ma'am it was a mistake," replied Annie, dropping another courtesy. "Mother never takes more than a penny for an old song."

Simple honesty does not always meet with its immediate reward, we are aware, but it did in this instance, for at the next election, little Annie was "returned" by an overwhelming majority, to the —— Orphan Asylum, her mother having previously been appointed matron of a provincial infirmary. Such were the services rendered to a poor widow, by the unconscious agency of an "old song."

But our old song was destined to figure in many other striking, and scarcely less-ennobling scenes, before it closed its useful career. The party to whom it was assigned by our little ballad-singer, it may be remembered, was a pretty dimple-cheeked housemaid. This fortunate young person had, shortly prior to the making of that valuable purchase, received from a hale young farmer proposals of marriage, and it was under the agitation created thereby that she committed the mistake which proved so beneficial to our little ballad-singer. The long-desired ring was carefully, on its reception, wrapped up in the old song, as much to prevent scratches as to screen it from impertinent curiosity. An evening or two before it was brought into requisition, these united treasures disappeared, under very ominous circumstances. Having an intimate friend who she fancied would be gratified by inspecting the mysterious symbol, Mary took it out with her, wrapped in its fragile envelope, when, lo! to her consternation, on feeling in her pocket, neither ring nor song was longer tangible.

The first indignant suspicion, that her pocket had been picked, yielded after a moment's reflection to the more charitable supposition, that her property had escaped through a minute aperture, whose existence, rendered by ocular evidence no longer doubtful, astonished her beyond measure or expression. It was not the bare value of the truant ring that grieved her so much, as the fearful omen which its disappearance carried with it. And then, again, what would John think of her? Animated rather by a forlorn sense of duty, which dictated the propriety of making an immediate effort to recover that which was lost, than by any expectation of success, Mary retraced her steps, pausing to pick up every fragment of waste paper which caught her eye, and with difficulty restraining the unbidden tear, when she found herself apparently as far from the "old song" as ever. At length, in passing a station-house, at no great distance from her own, her attention was forcibly arrested by a police-sergeant who, standing beneath a gaslight, was conning over an old song, which he held in his Berlin-gloved hand.

Mary felt—to use her own graphic imagery—her heart in her mouth, on recognising the musical companion of her beloved ring, and feeling moreover assured of its restoration, she was quite overcome with emotion, and could almost have leant upon the sergeant's shoulder, and wept, for want of words to speak her happiness.

Rejoiced are we to say that her prophetic calculations were correct. Mr. Sergeant, on being interrogated by that name, kindly condescended to describe how this old song came into his possession. It appeared that a suspected rogue and vagabond, having been apprehended on the serious charge of being unable to give any intelligible account of himself, and his person having been subjected to a rigorous search, the old song with a hoop ring enclosed was found concealed in the leg of his stocking, but how this came there, he either would not, or could not explain. The good-hearted little Mary Maples, however, did not allow any painful mystery long to hang over the matter, for she not only asserted most strenuously, that no robbery had been committed, but insisted on presenting the finder of the lost ring with a *douceur* of one shilling. The black stain of poverty being thus washed out, as it were, and there being no other charge

against him, he was forthwith set at liberty, and hurrying off to a famous eating-house, regaled himself like a prince. Now Mary Maples might not so quickly have recovered her ring, nor that poor famished fellow so easily have obtained a supper, but for the interposition—most judicious and timely—of an "old song."

For some time after this memorable event, our old song seems to have retired from active service altogether. Five years at least must have elapsed, before it again resumed its proper functions as a public benefactor. One dull October evening, however, a solitary horseman, crossing Bagshot Heath, was smitten on the breast by what he supposed to be a bank note, with which the wind had been idly sporting over that robber-haunted waste. Before he could seize it, another aerial missionary had wafted his imaginary prize some fifty yards away. Chagrined at being baffled in his first attempt to secure the valued waif, the traveller spurred his steed onward to the spot where quivering, as if with excitement, from the recreation which it had recently enjoyed, lay the pretty fugitive, the object of his ardent wishes. Fancy if it be possible his vexation and scorn, when after the trouble of dismounting, he perceived it was only an "old song!" He had never entertained much relish for poetry, and crumpling up the despised ballad, he flung it from him with very sincere contempt, and had placed his foot in the stirrup preparatory to resuming his journey, when a sound like the groan of a wounded man, detained him, and looking round he perceived a gravel-pit which, fringed with brushwood, had hitherto escaped his observation. He listened for a moment, and distinctly hearing a human voice supplicating help, he approached the edge of the pit, and looking down discovered an old man lying at the bottom of it apparently in great agony, his leg being so much injured by the fall, as to prevent him from making any attempt, beyond that just mentioned, to obtain casual succour. The driver of a lumbering country waggon, which happened fortunately to be upon a musical tour across the heath, was hailed by our unpoetical horseman; and by their combined exertions, the poor old man was lifted into the waggon, where on a pile of soft woolsacks he had every available comfort afforded him that his case required.

No wonder that the old song, for some hours after it had assisted in this humane undertaking, was seen by a star or two, who could not help smiling through their tattered veil of clouds, careering across the windy heath in a state of the wildest revelry; it was astonishing, considering its melancholy nature, how an old song could appear so elated.

Where and how the old song slept that night, whether it was in field-clover, or on a road-side bed of thorns, we know not. Considering, however, the distance which it had travelled, we should presume, that it had little or no rest at all, for shortly after sunrise on the following morning, some children who were driving cows in a meadow near Addlestone, discovered it lying among some cowslips as quiet as a lamb. Ignorant of the "value of an old song," and quite unconscious of its charitable disposition, the youngsters rudely seized upon it to wrap round their posy of daisies and blue-bells, with which they boisterously returned home. Home! a sweet, yet solemn spell hangs over that familiar word. The poor outcast's "alas! I have no home," blanches the kind enquirer's cheek, and makes his heart thrill to the inmost fibre. The patient settler toiling alone in the backwoods of a distant land, rests ever and anon upon his weary axe, and thinks of his "boyhood's home," with a regretful sigh. The home to which our old song was borne, had for many years been a silent witness of those gloomy sorrows, which, under providence, were soon to be dispersed by the sun of a distant and more generous clime. The emigrant family were assembled in silence at their last meal beneath its straw-bound roof. Their scanty stock of furniture was huddled up ready for transportation—all save a large oak chest, the lid of which standing open, revealed a bright silken dress, sprinkled with sprigs of lavender. The young farmer as he knelt to lock the chest, turned to his young wife and said "Is there any thing else, Mary?"

She pressed the infant she was nursing to her bosom, and as her tears fell fast and warm upon its sleeping lids, she said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Have you got the old song, John?"

It was the same poetic talisman which long, long ago, she had bought of little Annie, and which after having been lost for many years, had at length been picked up by her "little Bobby," while gathering some daisies and blue-bells, and brought home by him unconscious of the value, which in exile, every heart that loves the music of its native land, sets upon one of its old songs.

But old songs, like old shoes, however much we may love them for their soothing properties, they cannot last for ever. Our old song had passed through many hands, and though it had never given offence to any human being whatever, fate had decreed that it should meet, like other gentle natures, with some rough treatment before its earthly pilgrimage was closed. At its birth, a curious critic had remarked that it was a little crippled about the "feet," and now its constitution was visibly shaken. Indeed, on more than one occasion during its outward bound voyage, it had shewed such alarming symptoms of dissolution, that it had been found necessary to strengthen its back by a plaster, composed of calico and paste. We proceed, therefore, in redemption of our promise, as briefly as it may be, to trace it to its final resting place, the tomb.

At a rude log hut, on the green banks of the "Hudson," a traveller one day halted and solicited a crust of bread and a cup of water. He asked, and would accept no more. His powder flask was empty he said, or he would not have been obliged to beg for bread. The good woman whose hospitality he sought, would fain have prevailed upon him to rest himself, at least till her husband returned, but to all her kind entreaties he only shook his head and sighed.

"I want not rest of body," he murmured, with downcast eyes, then taking up his rifle he briefly thanked his hostess, and plunged into the dense foliage of the forests, whose gloom was perhaps a solace to his sorrow-stricken heart.

There was a mystery about this nameless person, which the settler's wife would have "given worlds" to unravel. Judging from his slender form, his age could scarcely have reckoned twenty summers. His raven hair fell in careless ringlets round a throat as fair as Parian marble; yet, despite the individual beauty of his features, there was, in their combined expression, that which excited less admiration, than a painful sympathy. To the intelligent observer, his large dark mournful eyes and sunken cheek betrayed a secret and inexorable remorse, that was eating canker-like into his soul. He came he said from England, though he was a native of, and had been partly educated in the Isle of France.

A thunderstorm which burst over the forest shortly after the stranger had committed himself to its intricate windings, drew the settler's wife to the cabin door from whence she descried her husband approaching; and supported by his arm, with his head bent down, as if from physical weakness, was that young man whose haggard aspect had so strongly claimed her sympathies. He had been found by the young farmer leaning against a tree and vomiting blood.

Three weary days and three long dismal nights he lay upon a pallet, his cheek now white as the pillow which it pressed, now robed with a flush, bright as the crimson clouds, upon which he would gaze for hours, with a silent awe. He was sinking slowly, and seemingly without pain. No human power could have deferred the sentence,

Death, which exhausted nature had traced in legible characters upon his brow. And had it been otherwise, there was no medical practitioner for miles and miles from that desolate habitation. Ere aid could be procured, the prairie had to be traversed, the torrent forded, and the jealous Indian conciliated or defied. The settler's young, yet motherly wife, did all that woman's kindness could devise, to feed the flickering lamp of life, and saw with growing agony, that her gentle arm was powerless to shield him from the destroyer's impending dart.

It was at sunset on the third day, that the stranger woke from the troubled sleep into which he had fallen—his last on earth. The settler's wife was sitting near him by the pine-wood fire—her eyes bent on an old song which had long lain neglected in an oak chest, where her much prized silken dress sprinkled with lavender was kept inviolate. At length her eyes became blinded with tears, the old song dropped from her hands, and fell upon the sick man's couch.

A sad smile curled his lip as he bent over it pensively for a long time, and then looking at the settler's wife, motioned her to draw near.

"I want this," he said, in a hollow, and almost inarticulate voice, "to send to Ellen—it was one she used to sing; will you give it me?"

The poor woman would rather have given a bright guinea, than have parted with the old song; and but for something which made her bosom heave, and choked her utterance, she might have told him how great a value she put on that fond memorial of earlier and happier days.

The old song passed away from her for ever.

He then took a locket which hung round his neck, and bidding the settler's wife cut a lock from his hair, he placed them together, and wrapped them up in the ballad which he so dearly coveted.

"Send this," he said, "to Ellen with a letter, which you will find there;" and he pointed to a morocco clasped case, which was in the pouch of his shooting jacket, and gently pressing the poor woman's trembling hand, he heaved one long drawn sigh—a change passed over his calm face, and he was gone.

Beyond the letter to Ellen, there was nothing which the young man left behind him, that could throw any light upon his history. Some time after his death, however, a paragraph in an English paper, spoke of a Baronet's son, who, in the heat of passion had stabbed a fellow collegian, and fled. His description closely corresponded with that which we have already given, but no clue was furnished to his family name. We need scarcely add that his last request was scrupulously complied with, and the old song went back alone upon its melancholy mission, to the land that gave it birth.

A pretty picturesque farm-house in one of the most fragrant nooks of the pleasant county Kent, was now its place of destination. The gladness of a May morning welcomed its arrival, when the rustic postman, blowing his horn at the end of a rugged bridle-road, dropped the packet which contained it into a box, placed there to receive exclusively the farm-house corrrespondence. Two open carriages were standing at the honeysuckle-porch, and from the white satin rosettes with which drivers and horses were decorated, it did not require much sagacity to divine, that nuptial ceremonies, of no mean order, were in actual preparation. On hearing the postman's horn, a boy ran down the bridle-road, and taking from the box the deposited packet, it was a ship-letter with a black seal, hurried back with it, fearful perhaps of missing the glorious opportunity of seeing his young mistress step into the carriage. The bride and Ellen were sitting on a garden bench in the orchard, when the fatal letter came to quench that tender joy, which shone in both their gentle eyes. In silence Ellen broke the seal, tremulously unfolded the old song, and fainted in her sister's arms. Conveyed to her chamber, a few weeks passed away, and then beneath a sable pall, attended by six fair girls in white, she was borne along that whispering aisle, where soft winds nightly sing her monody.

It was her dying wish that the lock of hair sent, as the last token of love, should not be taken from her; and so, still wrapped in its ancient envelope, it was placed upon her young bosom, and the old song is now her mute companion in the grave.

Yet, though its perishable vesture may long since have mingled with the dust to which it clung, that old song is not forgotten. The spirit which dwelt in it still remains, and still is linking heart to heart in a chain of world-wide brotherhood. The high and humble are alike earnest in its praise. The highland girl delights to sing it at her spinning-wheel in the rude shieling, on the mist-wrapped hills; and the lady at her harp, with jewelled fingers, wins from golden chords the tender melody which is as imperishable as itself. "Give me the making of a people's ballads," said a great man, "I care not who frames their laws." Elected by acclamation Sovereign ruler of human sympathies, the "people's ballad" legislates for no class or colour, but for all! Such is the value of an "old song." A. A.

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

"Let me go, for the day breaketh."—Genesis.

Let me go—let me go—for the day is breaking,
The skies have a streak of orient light;
The shadow of Darkness the earth is forsaking,
And the sunbeams are chasing the mists of the night

Let me go—let me go—for I may not tarry;
Hinder me not, for my home is there—
Where angels are waiting my spirit to carry,
And the pure white raiment is ready to wear.

Let me go—let me go—for the purple dawning
Is mantling the dark dull tomb of time,
And there stealeth the rays of a blissful morning,
That blushes and burns in a deathless clime.

I have done with sin—I have done with sorrow—
I soar to the spotless realms of light,
Where the day that is breaking shall have no morrow,
And the sun that is rising shall have no night.

Joseph Fearn.

THE POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

There are some persons, whose whole lives are made up of form and ceremony. They exist only in the display of what they term good-breeding; and in the interchange of those civilities, their nice observance of which would put to shame the *mauvaise honte* of plain every-day civility. I have often thought there must be something very delightful in all this; but could never effectually acquire the tact, nor shake off the unfortunate habit of letting my real sentiments peep out at every sentence; and while I should be busied in so couching my language, as to convey a negative or politely inoffensive meaning, I have blundered out some unwelcome truth, which has thrilled a well-bred party with horror. When asked my preference at table, instead of replying, "which you please," or "really, I have no choice," &c., &c., I have bluntly made my election, and spoken what I meant, with an unvarnished sincerity, which has excited the blushes of the whole company for my incorrigible rusticity. Nay, I have been rude enough to refuse a chair, purposely reserved for me by a blazing fire, for no other reason than because I was in a state of perspiration from the exertions I had used to be punctual to my appointment.

I had however suffered so much from this injudicious sincerity, and the inconveniences it entailed upon me were so numerous, that I at length determined to square my behaviour by the observances of etiquette, and to crucify those foolish sentiments of plain dealing and honest truth, which had hitherto been my bane. I reasoned with myself most logically on the folly of speaking what I thought; formed a resolution on all occasions to slide in with the opinions of others, let them be ever so absurd; to acquiesce in all that was said, though I knew it to be false; and to have no one thought, feeling, or wish, that could properly be called my own. I studied Chesterfield, ransacked every library for essays on politeness, which I devoured with avidity; and in short, philosophized so largely and so long, that I at length flattered myself I had become the very Polonius of good breeding.

Mankind, I said to myself, have, in every age, been the slaves of ceremony. The saint and the savage, the enlightened and the ignorant, alike bow down before it; and though it is an idol of our own creating, yet as common consent has united to give it importance, it must be both just and proper.

I fell in with some details of Spanish manners, and there I found abundant proof for meditation. How much I admired that precise, punctilious people! and with what feelings, approaching to veneration, did I view the amazing self-possession and fortitude of Philip the Second, who suffered himself to be roasted to death, rather than violate the rules of etiquette by rising from his chair! How delighted I was at the calm and dignified refusal of the grandee to lessen the fire, because it was the office of an attendant; and how much I admired the philosophy with which he beheld his sovereign writhing in agony, rather than offend the rules of decorum by handling the fire-tongs! Neither shall I forget the impression made upon my mind by the commendable obstinacy of the two ladies of Spanish grandees, whose carriages happened to meet in a narrow lane, where one could not pass without giving way to the other. Rather than yield the point of precedence, they remained in that situation till midnight; nor were they released till by mutual consent, they backed out simultaneously, and thus preserved their mutual dignity.

But my polite studies were not confined to books. I mixed with the best company; and endeavoured to approximate to living examples of good-breeding. I admired the philosophical complacency with which they smiled a welcome on those, who, the moment before, were the subjects of their bitterest sarcasm; and the sympathy they expressed for parties present, whose reputation they had so unmercifully handled in their absence. This, however, was a species of politeness, which, I regret to say, I could never acquire. But I made up for it in other respects. If I met a friend in the street, (one of the button-holders, I mean, described by Lord Chesterfield,) I patiently listened to his tedious harangue, without manifesting the least impatience, though every moment was fatal to my interest; and when he had finished, politely bade him good morning, with a complacency of countenance as opposite to my real feelings, as the shades of night to the "bright lustre of the risen day." In short, my respect for all the courtesies of life, and even the very minutiæ of etiquette, was so conspicuous, that it obtained for me the title of the "Polite Philosopher." I was constantly invited to the best company; and was so altered a being, that I looked back with horror on those days of boorish rusticity, when, to the enquiry of "Pray, sir, is your tea to your liking?" I had been temerarious enough to reply "No;" and actually help myself to the ingredients which make the beverage palatable.

It happened about this time that I received a card of invitation from a friend, who had obtained a similar victory over early habits of veriloquy, and was sobered down from a free, jocund, plain-spoken companion, to a polite, precise, punctilious pattern of ceremony. His example contributed not a little to my perseverance; and I was indebted to the reputation I had acquired, for the honour of this invitation, the first since his marriage, although the ceremony had taken place upwards of five years.

I must dilate a little here to give a description of my friend. In our early intimacy, he was, as I have before hinted, distinguished for the freedom of his behaviour. With that alliterative talent, for which he was famous, he used to call ceremony the cold confounded curse of civilized company; and was as free with a perfect stranger as if he had been acquainted with him all his life. And this sort of conduct did not proceed either from inadvertency or a desire to offend; but from that carelessness of consequences, and determination to speak his mind, which, he contended, were the true criterions of independence. He agreed with Cowper, that

> "Our polish'd manners are a mask we wear;
> And at the bottom, harb'rous still and rude,
> We are restrain'd, indeed, but not subdued."

A well-bred man, he would affirm, was no better than a hypocrite, who was either too timid or too prudent to speak the truth. Polite conversation was always artificial; any thing was said but what was really meant; thus free discussion was checked, and all the generous and noble feelings of our nature paralyzed.

It will no doubt be a matter of surprise, how such a man could have his asperities softened down to the very degree of smoothness it was the business of his life to condemn.—Such however, was the fact; and the wonder will cease when I explain the mystery. It was his good or ill-fortune, (I shall not pretend to decide which) to marry a woman of some property, but more pride. She was of a good family, as they term it; that is, she boasted a genealogy of honourable spendthrifts, who transmitted nothing to their descendants but gentle blood and barren acres. This honourable family, who would not sully their descent by honest industry, were well nigh reduced to beggary, when the timely legacy of a rich cousin, about fifty times removed, and whose acquaintance they had shunned because he had disgraced his ancient blood by commercial pursuits, saved them from penury, and once more cemented the union of pride and riches. How my friend, who could boast no such exalted lineage, pursuaded the lady to accept his hand, I cannot pretend to explain, but so it was; and from that moment, the change, which I mentioned in my early notice of him, began rapidly to take place. I am at no loss to find a reason for this; the necessity of conforming to the usages of that class of society into which he was so suddenly thrown, and the fear of exhibiting that nonchalance on which he had formerly prided himself, to lay no stress on the influence of his wife (no doubt the most powerful of the whole) will satisfactorily account for the change. But I have nothing to do with causes; I am only relating effects.

In brief, then, I accepted his invitation, with the resolution of letting him see, that Beau Nash Redivivus, as he was somewhat hyperbolically termed, was no match for the Polite Philosopher. He received me at the door of the drawing-room with a bow of well-bred decorum, which I returned with the most petrifying politeness. No reminiscences of ancient friendship were expressed by our lips; none of that foolish cordiality, and heartiness of feeling, we were at one time so ready to evince; no inquiries of "how have you been? and how do you do?" We had each learned to despise such vulgar sincerity. I was at first, I own, tempted to shake his hand with a "Jack, my dear fellow?" and my own was instinctively held out for a friendly grasp, but I checked the impulse with admirable dexterity; and crushing the rising sentiment of friendship, met the punctilious salutations of the company (to whom I was separately introduced with all the pomp of ceremony), with the most

withering formality. When I was seated, and the well-bred curiosity of the company, excited by the appearance of a stranger, was somewhat satiated, I ventured to steal a glance at my friend, whom I hitherto scarcely dared to regard; and I was struck with the change which the short space of five years had effected. The jolly air of careless independence, which at one time marked his countenance, was exchanged for the most ceremonious physiognomy I had ever beheld. His smile was like a casual gleam of sunshine over a barren heath, which is suddenly checked by the interposition of a passing cloud; it only peeped out at intervals, and his countenance so quickly resumed its primitive formality, that it seemed ashamed of having indulged in such a plebeian feeling.

My friend was so fearful of trespassing the bounds of decorum, that he did not dare to trust the ordinary expression of his feelings. In his dread of being too familiar, he became precise; and mistook formality and reserve for politeness and good-breeding.

It had been my usual habit, in my gone-by days of vulgarism, to fill up those chilling and truly English pauses, which occur in polite conversation, by some general remark, that should draw out a sentence of some kind or other from one of the party. But I had become wiser; and therefore sat in the silence of mysticism, shrouding my features with that formal no-meaning negativeness of expression, so conspicuous in the physiognomy of my friend. I was made up of monosyllables, and said yes or no to the few observations which were elicited, in polite acquiescence with the sentiments of others, without daring even to imagine, much less express, an opinion of my own.

> "With hesitation, admirably slow,
> I humbly hoped—presumed it might be so,
> * * * * * *
> Knew what I knew, as if I knew it not,
> What I remember'd, seem'd to have forgot;
> My sole opinion, let whate'er befall,
> Cent'ring at last in having none at all!"

Everything went on smoothly; and the conversation was delightful. For example:—My friend remarked that it was a fine day, and this produced five coincidences of opinion, viz.:—Mr. A. observed it was "Beautiful weather."—Mrs. B. "Very charming weather."—Miss C. "Delightful."—Mr. D. "Very pleasant weather, indeed."—Mr. E. "Fine weather for the harvest."—The latter observation was addressed to me, and I politely replied, "It is indeed."—Then ensued an appalling pause, which no one seemed inclined to break. I cannot say that I felt altogether at my ease. A sort of tingling sensation came over me. My eyes wandered from the carpet to the ceiling, from the ceiling to the fire-place, and from the fire-place, by a sort of reflective attraction, to the red nose of a gentleman opposite, till at last they incontinently fixed on the fair face of a young lady, who, happening to raise it that moment, her downcast eyes of cerulean hue accidentally encountered mine, and suffused both our countenances with crimson. This was not to be borne: I therefore endeavoured to remove our mutual embarrassment by inquiring if she had seen the last new tragedy? She had; and about five minutes more were consumed in recalling to each other's remembrance what each considered worthy of recollection; but as, unfortunately, the rest of the company had not seen this said tragedy, our conversation was carried on more as trials of the patience of the hearers, than for the amusement of ourselves, and rather tended to increase than lessen our confusion.

As the interchange of sentiment began to glow, the choice of subjects became less scrupulous; and my friend, who, by-the-by, enjoyed a snug post under government, introduced politics, assured that the sense of decorum in his guests would certainly let a man have his own way in his own house. Perhaps this was the only subject which could bring my newly-acquired politeness to a sincere test. I had openly confirmed or tacitly agreed to the sentiments of others, on subjects which are ordinarily contested. I smiled assent to what I did not understand, and was vehement in my support of what I did. I was "a comfortable hearer;" and where I could not approve, I was at least too polite to condemn. But it so happened, that my friend, (with whose political opinions, by-the-by, my own were completely at variance,) presuming on the silent acquiescence of his guests, at first cautiously hinted, and then openly expressed, his opinion, on what he was pleased to term the licentiousness of the press. He quoted the opinions of every tyrant that ever lived on the danger of allowing the free expression of public opinion. He had at his fingers' end all the arguments which venal ministers or their parasites had ever jumbled together, to prove the expediency of extinguishing the freedom of this organ of public opinion; and though he began by deprecating all attempts to quench the glorious spark of liberty; though he eulogized the art of printing as the day-star of knowledge, the lamp of truth, the dispeller of the mists of ignorance, yet he managed at length to insinuate, and ultimately to assert, that nothing but a firm and decided censorship, a strict political inquisition over public sentiment, could save us from anarchy, or secure the dignity of the throne, and the just and rational liberties of the people.

During this harangue I sat motionless. I felt my blood rush tumultuously through my veins; the fire of indignation mantled in my cheeks. But, like the ghost in Monk Lewis's ballad, "I spoke not, I moved not, I looked not around;" I gathered together all the energies of my mind, all the sentiments of politeness, to prevent my bursting the bands of decorum. I placed before my eyes the rudeness of contradicting a man at his own table; the forfeiture of all that reputation for politeness, I had with so much labour acquired; the exchange of my title of the Polite Philosopher for that of the Uncivilized Boor. My lips quivered; I waxed pale and red by turns, I was convulsed with feelings, which I strained every nerve to repress. But all would not do. The paroxysm was at its height, and could not be controlled. I resembled the madman, of whom it is related, that he conversed rationally on every subject, till the point was touched upon, which had deprived him of his senses. Like the glass-man in the Arabian Nights, I destroyed in a moment all the bright visions of my brain; and burst out in a strain of enthusiasm, which must have seemed little else than madness.

"So!" I exclaimed, when he had finished, "you would crush the freedom of thought,—the liberty of the press!—our vital air, without which we cannot breathe; and 'if we have it not, we die!' You would annihilate the dearest privilege of Englishmen; and sacrifice public opinion at the shrine of tyranny. A bosom like yours is alone worthy of such a thought; none but the pander of a minister, the hireling of a court, the slave of a party, would have dared to utter such a sentiment.—You would sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, your country's freedom for a sordid sinecure. But beware, lest, while plotting your country's ruin, you secure your own; and be assured, that however you may be self-exalted, however the parasites of power may fling before you the incense of adulation, in the minds of honest men you are debased, despised, execrated!"

I paused. I looked around. The countenance of mine host was suffused with the blushes of shame, and the crimson fire of indignation. "The guests sat in silence and fear;" they were shocked at my vulgar sincerity, and were fixed to their seats, dumb, spiritless, motionless. I rose from my seat; I offered no apology, I made no bow, I uttered no adieu. The wounds I had inflicted on the tender nerves of etiquette I felt were too deep to be healed by lip-salve. I rushed out of the room, seized my hat, and left the house, cursing etiquette, ceremony, punctilio, politeness, and decorum from the bottom of

my soul. And here I am, once more stripped of the artifice of politeness, and reduced to the plain blunt being which nature made me.—*Literary Speculum.*

EARTHQUAKE WAVES.

The destructive effects of earthquakes upon the dry land; the evidence of their power manifested in the desolation left behind, are familiar to every one, but the influence which they exercise over the ocean is less easily traced. It is quite clear that the mighty agent, whatever be its nature, which gives rise to those convulsions, by which whole tracts of country are laid desolate, and entire cities are swallowed up; may pass along in its subterranean course under the bed of the ocean, as well as under the peopled plains and mountains which we inhabit. The surface of the ocean itself can bear no trace of the upheaving, or agitation of its waters, they soon resume their wonted aspect, and give no indication of what has taken place. That we know the bed of the sea is repeatedly disturbed by earthquakes, is sufficiently shown in the changes which frequently take place in the currents of the ocean, which have caused the destruction of many a goodly ship. But it is along its shores that permanent traces of the ravages committed by the sea, when thus agitated, are to be found. The sudden and extensive inroads which have been thus frequently made upon coasts where such visitations occur, have not inappropriately been termed earthquake waves. Many notices of these remarkable phenomena are on record; the earthquake waves which burst over Sicily and Lisbon are well known, but in Europe, and the eastern hemisphere, they are comparatively rare. It is along the shores of the Pacific Ocean, in Peru and Chili, emphatically the lands of earthquakes and natural grandeur, that we are to look for the most striking and numerous instances of these direful phenomena. The early writers upon South America relate many instances of earthquake waves; and though the exaggeration which prevails in their descriptions, may cause us to doubt the wonders related; modern authors, and authentic records make us sufficiently aware of the calamitous nature of these oceanic disruptions. A few instances from the older writers of earthquake waves will be interesting, and sufficiently show the ravages they commit, and the desolation they leave behind.

Acosta, who wrote a history of the Indies in 1590, has a chapter on earthquakes, in which the following passage occur:—"On the coast of Chili, I do not remember precisely the year, there took place a very terrible earthquake, which overthrew whole mountains, stopping up with them the courses of rivers, and turning them into lakes, destroying towns, and a vast number of people." On the occasion thus referred to, the sea rose several leagues out of its bed, and carrying along with it in its resistless course several large ships, left them when the waters receded high and dry at a distance from their native element.

The town of Avica was destroyed by an earthquake wave in the beginning of the seventeenth century. On the 26th of November 1605, the sea was much agitated by an earthquake, and suddenly rising, hove down the greatest part of the town, and drowned many of the inhabitants. The ruins of its streets are still visible.

Lima, the capital of Peru, has suffered more from these appalling catastrophes, perhaps, than any city in the world, at least of which we have any record. Shocks are felt every year, particularly after the periodical mists which visit the country have dispersed, and the summer sun beats warm upon the surface of the earth. The most violent generally take place at intervals of about a half a century; the most disastrous having been those of 1586, 1630, 1687, 1746, 1806, and 1828. The earthquake of 1586 extended for 170 leagues along the coast, and is thus briefly described by Acosta:—"The sea then was upheaved as on the former occasion on the coast of Chili, rising after the shock of the earthquake mightily out of its bed, and bursting over the shore nearly two leagues inland, overwhelming all that shore, and leaving the trees and shrubs as it were swimming in the waters."

Alloa, in his celebrated voyage to South America, thus describes the calamitous earthquake of 1687:—"One of the most dreadful of which we have any account was that of the 20th of October, 1687. It began at four in the morning with the destruction of several public edifices and houses, whereby great numbers of persons perished; but this was but a prelude to what was to follow. During the second concussion, the sea retired considerably from its bounds and returning in mountainous waves, totally overwhelmed Callao (the port of Lima) and the neighbouring parts, together with the miserable inhabitants." And the commander of an English ship who was in these seas at the time, gives the following striking account of this same earthquake:—"When we were in the latitude of twelve degrees and a half south, and about 150 leagues from the coast, our ship and bark felt a terrible shock which put our men into much consternation, so that they could hardly tell where they were or what to think, but every one began to prepare for death; and, indeed, the shock was so sudden and violent that we took it for granted that the ship had struck upon a rock. But when the amazement was a little over, we cast the lead and sounded, but found no ground, so that, after consultation, we concluded that it must certainly be some earthquake. The suddenness of the shock made the guns leap in their carriages, and several of the men were shaken out of their hammocks. Captain Davis, who lay with his head over a gun, was thrown out of his cabin. The sea, which ordinarily looks green, seemed then of a whitish colour, and the water which we took up in our buckets for the ship's use, we found to be mixed with sand. This, at first, made us think there was some spot of land, but when we had sounded it confirmed our opinion of the earthquake. Afterwards we heard the news that at that very time there was an earthquake at Callao, and the sea ebbed so far from the shore that on a sudden there was no water to be seen, and that, after it had been away some time, it returned in rolling mountains of water, which carried the ships in the road of Callao a league up the country, overflowing the city of Callao, together with the port, and drowned man and beast for fifty leagues along the shore."

A similar catastrophe happened at Santa, a small town about three degrees to the north of Callao. The same author from whom we have quoted above (Hafes), whose style is both graphic and minute, and who visited the place after the calamity, says:—"On landing, I went up to the town, which was three miles, or thereabout, from the sea. In our way to the town we crossed a small hill, and in a valley, between the hill and the town, we saw three small ships, of about sixty or one hundred tons each, lodged there, and very ruinous. It caused in us great admiration, and we were puzzled to think how those ships came there; but proceeding towards the town we saw an Indian, whom we called, and he, at first motion, came to us. We asked him several questions, and amongst the rest, how those ships came there? He told thus:—'That about nine years before (1678) those three ships were lying at anchor in the bay, which is an open place, about five or six leagues from point to point, and that an earthquake came and carried the water out of sight, which staid away twenty-four hours, and then came in again, tumbling and rolling with such violence that it carried these ships over the town, which then stood on the hill which we came over, and lodged them there; and that it destroyed the country for a considerable way along the coast.' This account, when we came to the town, was confirmed to us by the priests, and many other inhabitants of the town."

Any one accustomed to the sea—to the rolling of hil-

lows, and the awe which they inspire, may have an idea of the magnitude of the wave which could thus carry ships of such tonnage over a hill. Terrible and almost resistless as the waves are upon the shores of our own sea-girt isle, they are but the ripple on our rivers and ponds in comparison to the gigantic earthquake wave. Tremendous as this earthquake was, however, which could carry ships over a hill, that which befel Callao and Lima in 1746, was much more calamitous in its results. In this instance, the waters arose, and with resistless fury, swept away every vestige of Callao, and pouring over the plain beyond, carried destruction to every living thing which had not the opportunity to get out of its reach. Lima itself was almost destroyed; Callao completely so, as the following extract from the account published by order of the Viceroy will testify:—

"Yet, at least, the remains of what Lima was, are still existing; not so fares it with the garrison, and port of Callao, where the very objects of the misfortune are vanished out of sight; this doubles the concern and anguish of the mind which shudders at the contemplation of the dreadful calamity. Not the least sign of its former figure does now appear."

The above extract will convey an idea of these terrible convulsions which are even more dreadful than an earthquake itself, however destructive to life and property. Though more modern instances might be cited of their ravages, there have been none so direful as those to which we have alluded. Though, in our own clime, we cannot boast of the same grandeur in nature as exists in tropical countries, let us at least be thankful that to such horrors, sudden death in the midst of peace, the instant extinction of a community, we are also strangers.

Notices of New Works.

Kavanagh, by LONGFELLOW:—John Wiley, 12, Paternoster Row.

A NEW work, by Longfellow, is certain of a warm welcome from a numerous class of readers on this side of the Atlantic—where men have learned to look upon him as a star of no ordinary magnitude in the literary hemisphere of the New World. There is in his prose-works a peculiar poetic colouring, which, not unfrequently, supplying the place of stirring incident, throws an inexpressible charm over the commonest details. "Kavanagh" is a tale of New England home life; and the schoolmaster, the ex-minister, and his successor; the schoolgirl friends and the humble servant are each pictures of life, sketched with a masterly hand; but, while presenting them to us in the flesh and blood, real man and woman, the development of their spiritual life is no less graphically depicted. In Longfellow we find a combination of powers, which in the literature of our country have stood singularly apart. Scott and Bulwer, the master writers of the age, are instances of what we mean; the one producing his effects by action, the other by thought. We do not mean to say that either of these great masters, altogether, eschews *both* means, but as L. E. L. justly observes (leaving it to the reader to substitute Bulwer for Goethe), "Scott is not given to subtle analysis, and we never come in his writings upon those remarks, which seem like a window suddenly thrown open, that we had never seen unclosed before, but he is the great master of the outward and the actual. All Scott's qualities were opposed to the metaphysical; he and his cotemporary, Goethe, were the antipodes of each other. The German looked within, the Scotchman looked without; to one was assigned the province of thought, to the other that of action." It is the union of these powers in Longfellow, the just balance of action and thought, which leaves an impression of *completeness* on the minds of his readers, so that let his subject be what it may, one feels it to be treated in the ablest manner. To the mere lover of a story, "Kavanagh" has much to offer, but to the lover of characteristic development, it will be found a harvest well worth the reaping. Mr. Churchill, the schoolmaster, and one of the heroes of the book, is thus concisely, but powerfully described.

"Nature had made Mr. Churchill a poet, but destiny made him a schoolmaster. This produced a discord between his outward and his inward existence. Life presented itself to him like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and the ideal. To the solution of this dark problem he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar when he would fain have written poems; and from day to day, and from year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolute courage to begin. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles; like the lazy sea, that plays with the pebbles on its beach, but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings."

Through life he is haunted with literary ambition, and to write romance seems to him the *summum bonum* of earthly existence. The first avowal of this aspiration is thus made to his wife:—

"When tea was over, Mr. Churchill walked to and fro in his study, as his custom was. And as he walked, he gazed with secret rapture at the books which lined the walls, and thought how many bleeding hearts and aching heads had found consolation for themselves and imparted it to others by writing those pages. The books seemed to him almost as living beings, so instinct were they with human thoughts and sympathies. It was as if the authors themselves were gazing at him from the walls, with countenances neither sorrowful nor glad, but full of calm indifference to fate, like those of the poets who appeared to Dante in his vision, walking together on the dolorous shore. And then he dreamed of fame, and thought that perhaps hereafter he might be, in some degree, and to some one, what these men were to him; and, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he exclaimed aloud, 'Would you have me be like these, dear Mary?'

"'Like these what?' asked his wife, not comprehending him.

"'Like these great and good men,—like these scholars and poets: the authors of all these books!'

"She pressed his hand and said, in a soft, but excited tone, 'Oh yes! like them; ay, perhaps better!'

"'Then I will write a romance!'

"'Write it!' said his wife, like the angel. For she believed that then he would become famous for ever; and that all the vexed and busy world would stand still to hear him blow his little trumpet, whose sound was to rend the Adamantine walls of time, and reach the ears of a far-off and startled posterity."

Years pass on and the romance is still unwritten.

"One evening, as he was sitting down to begin for at least the hundredth time the great romance,—subject of so many resolves and so much remorse, so often determined upon but never begun,—a loud knock at the street-door, which stood wide open, announced a visitor. Unluckily, the study-door was likewise open; and, consequently,

being in full view, he found it impossible to refuse himself; nor, in fact, would he have done so, had all the doors been shut and bolted,—the art of refusing one's-self being at that time but imperfectly understood in Fairmeadow. Accordingly, the visitor was shown in.

"He announced himself as Mr. Hathaway. Passing through the village, he could not deny himself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Churchill, whom he knew by his writings in the periodicals, though not personally. He wished, moreover, to secure the co-operation of one already so favourably known to the literary world, in a new magazine he was about to establish, in order to raise the character of American literature, which, in his opinion, the existing reviews and magazines had entirely failed to accomplish. A daily increasing want of something better was felt by the public; and the time had come for the establishment of such a periodical as he proposed. After explaining in rather a florid and exuberant manner his plan and prospects, he entered more at large into the subject of American literature, which it was his design to foster and patronize.

"'I think, Mr. Churchill,' said he, 'that we want a national literature commensurate with our mountains and rivers—commensurate with Niagara, and the Alleghanies, and the great lakes!'

"'Oh!'

"'We want a national epic that shall correspond to the size of the country; that shall be to all other epics what Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is to all other paintings,—the largest in the world!'

"'Ah!'

"'We want a national drama in which scope enough shall be given to our gigantic ideas, and to the unparalleled activity and progress of our people!'

"'Of course!'

"'In a word, we want a national literature altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth, like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies!'

"'Precisely,' interrupted Mr. Churchill; 'but excuse me! are you not confounding things that have no analogy? Great has a very different meaning when applied to a river, and when applied to a literature. Large and shallow may perhaps be applied to both. Literature is rather an image of the spiritual world than of the physical, is it not? of the internal rather than the external. Mountains, lakes, and rivers are, after all, only its scenery and decorations, not its substance and essence. A man will not necessarily be a great poet because he lives near a great mountain. Nor, being a poet, will he necessarily write better poems than another because he lives near Niagara.'

"'But, Mr. Churchill, you do not certainly mean to deny the influence of scenery on the mind?'

"'No, only to deny that it can create genius. At least, it can only develope it. Switzerland has produced no extraordinary poet; nor, as far as I know, have the Andes, or the Himalaya mountains, or the Mountains of the Moon in Africa.'

"'But, at all events,' urged Mr. Hathaway, 'let us have our literature national. If it is not national, it is nothing.'

"'On the contrary, it may be a great deal. Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries, is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides; that we may look towards the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction.'

"'But you admit nationality to be a good thing?'

"'Yes, if not carried too far; still, I confess, it rather limits one's views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. Every one smiles when he hears the Icelandic proverb; 'Iceland is the best land the sun shines upon.' Let us be natural, and we shall be national enough. Besides, our literature can be strictly national only so far as our character and modes of thought differ from those of other nations. Now, as we are very like the English—are, in fact, English under a different sky, I do not see how our literature can be very different from theirs. Westward from hand to hand we pass the lighted torch, but it was lighted at the old domestic fireside of England.

"'Then you think our literature is never to be any thing but an imitation of the English?'

"'Not at all. It is not an imitation, but, as some one has said, a continuation.'

"'It seems to me that you take a very narrow view of the subject.'

"'On the contrary, a very broad one. No literature is complete, until the language in which it is written is dead. We may well be proud of our task, and of our position. Let us see if we can build in any way worthy of our forefathers.'

"'But I insist upon originality.'

"'Yes; but without spasms and convulsions. Authors must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air.'

"'Well, really, the prospect from your point of view is not very brilliant. Pray what do you think of our national literature?'

"'Simply, that a national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. Our own is growing slowly, but surely, striking its roots downwards, and its branches upwards, as is natural; and I do not wish for the sake of what some people call originality, to invert it, and try to make it grow with its roots in the air. And as for having it so savage and wild as you want it, I have only to say, that all literature, as well as all art, is the result of culture and intellectual refinement.'

"'Ah! we do not want art and refinement; we want genius, untutored, wild, original, free!'

"'But, if this genius is to find any expression, it must employ art; for art is the external expression of our thoughts. Many have genius, but wanting art, are for ever dumb. The two must go together to form the great poet, painter, or sculptor.'

"'In that sense, very well.'

"'I was about to say also, that I thought our literature would finally not be wanting in a kind of universality. As the blood of all nations is mingling with our own, so will their thoughts and feelings finally mingle in our literature. We shall draw from the Germans, tenderness; from the Spanish, passion; from the French, vivacity; to mingle more and more with our English solid sense. And this will give us universality, so much to be desired.'

"'If this is your way of thinking,' interrupted the visitor, 'you will like the work I am now engaged upon.'

"'What is it?'

"'A great national drama, the scene of which is laid in New Mexico. It is entitled Don Serafin, or the Marquis of the Seven Churches. The principal characters are Don Serafin, an old Spanish Hidalgo; his daughter, Deseada; and Fra Serapion, the Curate. The play opens with Fra Serapion at breakfast; on the table a game cock, tied by the leg, sharing his master's meal. Then follows a scene at the cock-pit, where the Marquis stakes the remnant of his fortune—his herds and hacienda on a favourite cock, and loses.'

"'But what do you know about cock-fighting?' demanded, rather than asked, the astonished and half-laughing schoolmaster.

"'I am not very well informed on that subject, and I was going to ask you if you could not recommend some work.'

"'The only work I am acquainted with,' replied Mr.

Churchill, 'is the Reverend Mr. Pegge's Essay on Cock-fighting among the Ancients; and I hardly see how you could apply that to the Mexicans.'

"'Why, they are a kind of ancients, you know. I certainly will hunt up the essay you mention, and see what I can do with it.'

"'And all I know about the matter itself,' continued Mr. Churchill, 'is, that Mark Antony was a patron of the pit, and that his cocks were always beaten by Cæsar's; and that when Themistocles, the Athenian general, was marching against the Persians, he halted his army to see a cock-fight, and made a speech to his soldiery, to the effect that those animals fought not for the gods of their country, nor for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for freedom, nor for their children, but only for the sake of victory. On his return to Athens he established cock-fights in that capital. But how this is to help you in Mexico, I do not see, unless you introduce Santa Anna, and compare him to Cæsar and Themistocles.'

"'That is it; I will do so! It will give historic interest to the play. I thank you for the suggestion.'

"'The subject is certainly very original; but it does not strike me as particularly national.'

"'Prospective, you see!' said Mr. Hathaway, with a penetrating look.

"'Ah, yes; I perceive you fish with a heavy sinker; down—far down in the future—among posterity, as it were.'

"'You have seized the idea. Besides, I obviate your objection by introducing an American circus company from the United States, which enables me to bring horses on the stage, and produce great scenic effect.'

"'That is a bold design. The critics will be out upon you without fail.'

"'Never fear that. I know the critics, root and branch, out and out—have summered them and wintered them—in fact, am one of them myself. Very good fellows are the critics; are they not?'

"'Oh, yes; only they have such a pleasant way of talking down upon authors.'

"'If they did not talk down upon them, they would show no superiority; and, of course, that would never do.'

"'Nor is it to be wondered at, that authors are sometimes a little irritable. I often recal the poet in the Spanish fable, whose manuscripts were devoured by mice, till at length he put some corrosive sublimate into his ink, and was never troubled again.'

"'Why don't you try it yourself?' said Mr. Hathaway, rather sharply.

"'Oh,' answered Mr. Churchill, with a smile of humility, 'I and my writings are too insignificant. They may gnaw and welcome. I do not like to have poison about, even for such purposes.'

"'By the way, Mr. Churchill,' said the visiter, adroitly changing the subject; 'do you know Honeywell?'

"'No, I do not; who is he?'

"'Honeywell, the poet, I mean.'

"'No, I never even heard of him. There are so many poets now-a-days!'

"'That is very strange, indeed! Why, I consider Honeywell one of the finest writers in the country; quite in the front rank of American authors. He is a real poet, and no mistake. Nature made him with his shirt-sleeves rolled up!'

"'What has he published?'

"'He has not published anything yet, except in the newspapers; but this autumn he is going to bring out a volume of poems. I could not help having my joke with him about it. I told him he had better print it on cartridge paper.'

"'Why so?'

"'Why, to make it go off better; don't you understand?'

"'Oh, yes, now that you explain it. Very good.'

"'Honeywell is going to write for the magazine. He is to furnish a poem for every number; and as he succeeds equally well in the plaintive and didactic style of Wordsworth, and the more vehement and impassioned style of Byron, I think we shall do very well.'

"'And what do you mean to call the new magazine?' enquired Mr. Churchill.

"'We think of calling it 'The Niagara.'

"'Why, that is the name of our fire-engine! Why not call it 'The Extinguisher?'

"'That is also a good name; but I prefer 'The Niagara,' as more national. And I hope, Mr. Churchill, you will let us count upon you. We should like to have an article from your pen for every number.'

"'Do you mean to pay your contributors?'

"'Not the first year, I am sorry to say. But after that, if the work succeeds, we shall pay handsomely; and, of course, it will succeed, for we mean it shall, and we never say fail. There is no such word in our dictionary. Before the year is out, we mean to print fifty thousand copies; and fifty thousand copies will give us, at least, one hundred and fifty thousand readers; and, with such an audience, any author might be satisfied!'

"He had touched at length the right strings in Mr. Churchill's bosom; and they vibrated to the touch with pleasant harmonies. Literary vanity! literary ambition! the editor perceived it; and so cunningly did he play upon these chords, that, before he departed, Mr. Churchill had promised to write for him a series of papers on 'Obscure Martyrs.'—a kind of tragic history of the unrecorded and life-long sufferings of women, which hitherto had found no historian, save now and then a novelist.

"Notwithstanding the certainty of success, notwithstanding the fifty thousand subscribers and the one hundred and fifty thousand readers,—the magazine never went into operation. Still the dream was enough to occupy Mr. Churchill's thoughts, and to withdraw them entirely from the Romance for many weeks together."

Have we no prototypes of Mr. Hathaway, aye, and of Mr. Churchill, too, on this side the water?

The reader must not imagine from this quotation that there is in "Kavanagh" any absence of that greatest of all charms in a work of fiction,—love, it contains many sweet histories of happy and unhappy affection; of man's faithlessness and woman's constancy; and now, if this be not enough to please all readers we give up in despair! Who shall define the age, when love, almighty love, ceases to enchant?

SCANDAL.—A great proportion of human sufferings arises from the misrepresentations of others. Many of the most painful moments of our lives might have been spared, had we ceased to have judged, and others to condemn. The blast of calumny has too often withered the fairest flower; and the smooth stream of domestic felicity has been too often ruffled by unhallowed interference. Had the time wasted in idle curiosity upon the affairs of others, been devoted to personal investigation, we should have found but one delinquent, namely, SELF; and should have been too much absorbed in the recollection of our own irregularities, to have found time for idle speculation or intemperate animadversion. Too eager a desire to be made acquainted with the concerns of those around us, is a prevailing evil; and some dispositions are made continually unhappy, because a veil of obscurity hangs over certain circumstances which their most strenuous exertions cannot remove. Our stores of knowledge, if they are only derived from such unhappy sources, will become rather burdensome than useful; for we shall be continually employed either in avoiding circumstances which are painful to our recollection, or in gaining information which will expose us to contempt.

Rhymes for Young Readers.

THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY, MOTHER.

The Blind Boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad.
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long, sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots
Where periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild Forget-me-nots:
"Ah, me!" he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best,
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I'll kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank my God for sight.

Eliza Cook.

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.

In general, the consciousness of internal power leads rather to a disregard of, than a studied attention to external appearance. The wear and tear of the mind does not improve the sleekness of the skin, or the elasticity of the muscles. The burthen of thought weighs down the body like a porter's burthen. A man cannot stand so upright or move so briskly under it as if he had nothing to carry in his head or on his shoulders. The rose on the cheek, and the canker at the heart, do not flourish at the same time, and he who has much to think of, must take many things to heart; for thought and feeling are one. He has a world of cares on his hands, which nobody knows anything of but himself. This is not one of the least miseries of a studious life. The common herd do not by any means give him full credit for his gratuitous sympathy with their concerns, but are struck with his lack-lustre eye and wasted appearance. They cannot translate the expression of his countenance out of the vulgate; they mistake the knitting of his brows for the frown of displeasure, the paleness of study for the languor of sickness; the furrows of thought for the regular approaches of old age. They read his looks—but not his books; have no clue to penetrate the last recesses of the mind, and attribute the height of abstraction to more than an ordinary share of stupidity. The majority go by personal appearances, not by proofs of intellectual power; and they are quite right in this, for they are better judges of the one than of the other.

DIAMOND DUST.

Virtue, like a dowerless beauty, has more admirers than followers.

As discretion is said to be the better part of valour, so merit never appears to greater advantage than when accompanied by modesty; as the lamp throws around a mellower and more agreeable tint, the rays of which are intercepted by a transparent shade.

Superstition is but the fear of belief—religion is the confidence.

To be independent of external circumstances is the first step towards the enjoyment of life.

Nothing seems misplaced which the heart dictates.

The kindness of distant friends is like the polar sun, too far removed to warm us.

If rich and poor could but change places for a while, they would understand each other better ever afterwards, and make more allowances for their respective failings.

Every incident of our lives contributes to form our temper, and character, and our understanding; and the mass thus formed, modifies every one of our actions. All in man is association and habit.

A wise man will see inconveniences before he makes his bargain, and an honest man will stand to his bargain whatever may be its inconveniences.

The friendship of a great name, indicates the greatness of the character who appeals to it.

Those who make the world laugh—often themselves laugh least.

Persons of all ages and conditions, are fond of preserving reputation, and there cannot be a more effectual method of reclaiming those who have not publicly diverged from the paths of rectitude, and are not absolutely sunk in the abyss of infamy, than to give them an ostensible credit for all the good qualities which they are still ambitious to be thought to possess.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.

Time is a stream in which there is no mooring the barks of life because there is no casting anchor in it.

Few people look on any object as it really is; but regard it through some fantastic prism presented by their own prejudices, which invest it with a false colour.

Anger in dispute is like an unquiet horse in a dusty way—it raises such a cloud in the eye of the understanding, that it obscures its vision, and impedes its operations.

The smiles of youth form channels for the tears of age.

Confidences are more frequently reposed in persons through a want of discretion than from excess of friendship, and are oftener betrayed through incontinency of speech than from motives of treachery.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

Youth resembles a Claude Lorraine glass, which imparts to all objects its own beautiful tints; but age is like a magnifying lens, which leaves no defect unseen.

It is time only that is influenced by no name, and will never, like contemporaries, mistake the true work of genius.

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PROVIDING AGAINST THE EVIL DAY.

ALTHOUGH Englishmen are a diligent, hard-working, and, generally, self-reliant race, trusting to themselves and their own efforts for their sustenance and advancement in the world, they are yet liable to overlook and neglect some of the best practical methods of improving their position, and securing their social well-being. We are not yet sufficiently educated to be temperate, provident, and foreseeing. We live for the present, and are too regardless of the coming time. Men who are husbands and parents, generally think they do their duty if they provide for the hour that is, neglectful of the hour that is to come. Though industrious, we are improvident; though money-making, we are spendthrift. We do not exercise forethought enough; and we are defective in the virtue of prudent economy. This, we think, is proved by the neglect still too prevalent among all classes, of the practice of Life Assurance.

We often hear of men who, otherwise, have been diligent and useful members of society, dying, and leaving their wives and families in absolute poverty. They lived in respectable style, paid high rents for their houses, dressed well, kept up good visiting acquaintance, were seen at most places of amusement, and brought up their children with certain ideas of social position and respectability; but death has stricken them down, and now what is the situation of their families? Has the father provided for their future? From twenty to twenty-five pounds a year, paid into a Life Assurance Society, would have secured their widows and children against want. Have they performed this duty? No—they have done nothing of the kind; it turns out that the family has been living up to their means, if not beyond them, and the issue is, that they are thrown suddenly bankrupt on the world. Now, we call this conduct not only thoughtless and improvident, but heartless and cruel in the last degree. To bring a family into the world, educate them into refined tastes, and accustom them to comforts, the loss of which is misery, and then to leave that family to the workhouse, the prison, or the street—to the alms of relatives, or the charity of the public,—is nothing short of a crime done against society as well as against the unfortunate individuals who are the immediate sufferers.

It will be admitted, that the number of men who can lay by a sufficient store of capital for the benefit of their families, in event of their death, is, in these times of intense competition and low profits, comparatively small. Perhaps the claims of an increasing family absorb nearly all their gains, and they find the sum which they can put away in the bank is so small that it is not put away at all, and they become reckless of ever attaining so apparently hopeless an object as that of an accumulation of savings, for the benefit of their families at death. But the beautiful expedient of Life Assurance here presents itself, and at once solves the difficulty. By this arrangement, so strikingly illustrative of the beneficent power of co-operation, a man is enabled at once to provide a comfortable provision for his family in event of his decease, by depositing with a Life Assurance Company a small periodical contribution, monthly, quarterly, or annually—the condition being the payment of a round sum, the amount of the assurance policy, to his family at his death. And yet, notwithstanding the obvious advantages of this system of Life Assurance, not more than one in twenty of the persons belonging to those classes to whom this practice is especially applicable, have yet availed themselves of its benefits. To what are we to attribute this neglect, if not to improvidence, want of prudent forethought, and even culpable disregard of the claims of others upon us?

There are various ways of illustrating the advantages of Life Assurance. But we shall suppose a case—that of a young man, newly married, and just commenced business. By-and-by a family springs up; his gains are not great, and he finds he has difficulty in saving money. His capital is small, his expenses are considerable, and his family increasing. He thinks that if life could be secured to him, he might succeed in storing up a competency for them; but life is uncertain, and he feels that he may be cut off in the midst of his struggles. He is harassed by the thought of the destitution of those whom he loves as his own life; and this thought, constantly pressing upon him, robs him of present enjoyment. He bethinks himself of effecting a Life Assurance; he feels that, by denying himself some little luxuries which he can do well enough without, he can set aside five or ten shillings a week, and invest it in a good office. If he is thirty, ten shillings a week, or twenty-five pounds a year, will secure the payment of a sum of £1,000 to his family, in event of his decease. He deter-

mines to carry his project into effect. He is at once stimulated to the exercise of increased industry and efforts; he feels more of a man as he carries his resolution into force; he is instigated by the meritorious sense of duty, and grows better and stronger with the occasion. He insures; and, at once, his mind is set at rest, conscience approving of the act. From the day on which his first instalment is paid, his family is rescued from want, although he died the very next day; he has secured them against poverty, and all its sorrows and privations, for, say what we may of the salutary schoolings of poverty, it is a condition from which all wise and prudent men will, as far as lies in their power, endeavour to rescue those whom they have made dependent on them for subsistence and comfort.

Now, in the case we have supposed, had the young man yearly deposited in a bank, at 3½ per cent. interest, the contributions which he thus made to the Assurance Society, it would have taken some five-and-twenty years before it could have amounted to the thousand pounds, the amount of his Policy, payable to his family at death. Even supposing he had lived these five-and-twenty years, it will be obvious how much he has saved in mental satisfaction and quiet, not to mention what he has gained in the stimulus which this effort to provide satisfactorily for his family has imparted to his character. He may have succeeded in business in the mean time, and gone on accumulating in other ways; but here has been a fund *secured*—a certain provision, which might be relied on in the event of his labours being cut short by death. And, even although he should live beyond the period required to enable him to contribute the full amount of his policy, there is the provision made in the Mutual Assurance offices, by which he shares in the accumulating profits of the Society of which he is a member, either in the shape of a diminished annual payment, or an increase in the sum assured by way of bonus. By the accumulation of such bonuses, the amount insured may, in the course of an average long life, be nearly doubled, without any increase in the original premium.

Life Assurance may shortly be described as a Joint-Stock plan of securing widows and children against destitution. It may be regarded in the light of a contract among those assuring their lives together, by which the inequalities of life are compensated, so that those who do not live to an average age, or rather their families, shall be sharers in the good fortune of those who live longer. Its leading feature and object is, to provide a reliable fund for widows and children, in event of the death of the husband, the father, the bread-winner, by which they may be saved from penury and destitution. It affords the means of at once forming a fund, by those who have no other means of storing up accumulations of property. The reasons which induce a man to insure his house and stock of goods against the accident of fire, ought to be still more imperative in inducing him to insure his life against the accident of disease and the contingency of sudden death. What is worldly prudence in the one case, is something more in the other; it has superadded the duty of providing for the future maintenance of a possibly widowed wife, and orphaned children; and no man can justly stand excused who neglects so great and binding an obligation. Is it an obligation on the part of a husband and father to provide daily bread for his wife and children during his life? Then it is equally an obligation on his part to provide means for their adequate support in event of his death. The duty is so obvious, the means of performing it are so simple, and now so placed within the reach of nearly all men,—the arrangement is so eminently practical, rational, benevolent and just,—it is, moreover, so calculated to increase a reflective and prudent man's sense of self-respect, and to encourage him in the performance of all proper social duties,—that we cannot conceive of any possible objection that can be urged against it, and it is only to be regretted that the practice is not far more general and accustomed than it is amongst all classes of the community.

Some will be ready to say,—"We can't afford it." This objection may be put forward by one who expends at the rate of £200, £300, or £400 a year, and even more. Is it not clear enough that all of these men might live *under* their incomes if they early formed the resolution to do so, and determined to commence life by setting apart every year a small portion of their earnings in a Life Assurance Society? Everybody knows that there are far more persons who have incomes under than above the amounts we have named, and who yet manage to bring up their families comfortably and respectably. There are very few persons, even of the most limited means, who cannot afford to lay aside one shilling a week, or say £2 2s. 7d. yearly, commencing at 25, to provide £100 at death. The sacrifice of some temporary gratification, perhaps very easy to forego, would secure such a sum, and save much sorrow and privation to the helpless. And there are very many individuals who might lay by a larger sum, weekly, to secure a corresponding greater benefit. About eight shillings a week, or equivalent to a sum of £21 a year, invested in a Life Assurance at 25, would secure no less a sum than £1,000 at death; and there are many professional men, tradesmen of the middle classes, and even of the higher order of mechanics, who might, by some degree of self-denial, effect this amount of saving, and secure for their families the ultimate benefits it is calculated to confer.

The practice of Life Assurance peculiarly commends itself to the notice of the working classes generally. They are so circumstanced as not to be able to accumulate savings, except by small contributions. From their weekly or monthly wages, a large proportion of them might, by economy and self-denial, effect such an amount of insurance as would secure their wives and families against want in event of their decease. Forecast and prudence require such exercise of economy and self-denial, even on the part of the poorest. Such forecast and prudence tend to elevate a man, and raise him above the animal: they extend his thoughts beyond the mere gratification of the wants of the day, and raise him in the scale of social being. It is a mistake to suppose that life assurance is the luxury of the rich; it is far more the necessity of the working man. Let us see how he may accomplish it.

A glass of beer a day is equivalent to £2 5s. a year, or sufficient to insure a man's life, commencing at twenty, for £130 at death. Two ounces of tobacco a week are equal to an expenditure of £1 10s. a year, or sufficient to insure a man's life, commencing at the same age, for £95. How many working men are there who, to the great benefit of their physical health, might give up these indulgences, and secure the great benefits we have indicated for their families? Is it not worthy of a great effort on their part, to throw up a barricade against the future want and misery that may otherwise overwhelm them? For, it is an appalling fact, that the death of every thousand heads of families leaves at least four thousand women and children in poverty, unless some such provision as that we are now pointing out, has been previously secured.

Let not working men, any more than the men of any other class, think that help worth anything is to be got, save from themselves. Those who look to the patronage of others for aid, will invariably be deceived in the end. Charity and patronage do quite as much harm as good; they destroy the native energies of those who are subject to them. The true patriot spirit is self-help: this is the root of all virtue, knowledge, freedom, and prosperity. Men must, as individuals, exert themselves to better their

individual condition. Men must raise themselves—must work out their own salvation. It is out of such efforts that the greatness, strength, and true glory of a people come.

Here we have pointed out a great moral and social duty, which none can perform for us, but which we each, to the extent of our power and means, can do for ourselves. It is one of the first obligations of the man who is called by the names "husband" and "father." It is not an obligation impossible to perform—life assurance, to a greater or less extent, is within the means of nearly all men. Twenty millions a year are spent on intoxicating drinks in this country. Let the same amount be expended on life assurance, and how infinitely would the moral and social condition of all classes be advanced thereby!

FICKLENESS; A TALE OF WEST YORKSHIRE.

If there was a man in our suburban neighbourhood whose history would interest you, perhaps it was Westwood Fountain. As a wealthy landed proprietor, he was held in great respect, and our village belman, who was fond of the wonderful and the extreme in every thing, used to say "the Squire at Beech Grove could bed his horses with bank-notes, and was able to buy up all the parish, live and dead stock together." He was a bachelor, and inherited a princely fortune, bequeathed to him by his uncle, a rich East India merchant, who had taken him when a child, and reared him as the sole heir to his vast possessions. Before the demise of his uncle, Mr. Fountain was a sleeping partner in a very respectable mercantile firm in a central part of the West Riding of Yorkshire. But the requisite qualifications for a man of business were by no means the distinctive features of his character. He was "all by turns, and nothing long." Unfortunately, as I shall endeavour to show, this was a fatal failing to himself, and was also a cankering blight to others. He was, to all appearance, full of energy for every new undertaking that presented itself; but the flame was soon over, and he had scarcely attached himself to a fresh light, ere it began to flicker and die out. As a merchant, his money was the only serviceable portion he gave to his partners in trade. It was ever the wish of the old East India merchant to see his nephew an industrious plodding tradesman. Mr. Fountain was quite sensible of this, and also of the necessity of making an appearance of business habits. Having an eye to the immense wealth of his uncle, whatever his own likes or dislikes might be, he invariably played off the character of a busy merchant when his benefactor was present.

This gentleman, to whom Mr. Westwood Fountain was so much indebted, was of very humble origin, and dated his rise in the world from very singular circumstances. Timothy Westwood was the son of a poor Yorkshire drover, who was often employed to travel with herds of cattle, sent by the northern graziers to the London markets. When ten years of age he accompanied his father on one of those journeys to the south. A fine robust lad, it was with no little pride that he bid adieu to his relatives and village companions, and started off upon the long journey. Proceeding forward, our drovers safely reached the vicinity of St. Albans, where it was their custom to deliver up their flocks to the London dealers, and then return home. When, however, the boy was told that London was only twenty-one miles distant, he sighed to go forward. The wonders of the "mighty Babylon" filled his sleeping and waking dreams, and he used all his entreaties to induce his father on this occasion to visit the metropolis before they returned to Yorkshire. But it was of no avail; the drover was as fully aware that business is "the salt of life," as though his humble occupation had been of the highest importance. He was a frugal, plodding fellow, who would at any time have gone a mile out of his way to earn a penny, but never to spend one. He knew that on a certain day he must be down again to take charge of another herd, and nothing could induce him to neglect the regular routine of his humble duties. Timothy had something of his father's determined character, and secretly resolved to see London at all hazards. It was a beautiful summer's night, when he took the advantage of his father's absence, and stealing out the back way, crossed the fields to a distant part of the road. Timothy did not look back or linger on the way, until he had completed more than half the journey. It was now long after sunset, and he began to feel exhausted; the clouds gathered up in blackness, and the low creeping breeze foretold a heavy night storm. He was almost a lonely pedestrian; every step he took his path grew darker; until a broad flash of lightning illumined all around, and left him reclining upon the roadside bank, half blinded and bewildered. The thunder broke over his head, and rolled away in awful murmurs. Poor Timothy was alarmed, and cried aloud in very anguish. At that instant, a gentleman came rapidly up the road in a gig, and hearing his cries, pulled up, to enquire if he was going to town. Timothy replied in the affirmative, was taken up, and soon found himself in the vicinity of London. He had heard his father talk about Islington, and he named that place as his destination. Few words passed between Timothy and the gentleman; he was left at Islington, and had scarcely alighted, when he was met by some of the party who had been down at St. Albans with his father. He was questioned, and earnestly requested to remain there for the night, and return to his father in the morning; but the young adventurer seeing that his intentions would be thwarted if he remained at Islington, got away, and night as it was, made the best of his way to the great city. Once again upon the track of his hard-sought pleasure, he almost flew along. Arrived at Finsbury, he fell in with some thieves, but, in a short time discovering their character, Timothy, impressed with his father's teaching, felt the horrors of his situation, and though destitute and penniless, walked away from their loathsome den, like a young giant in the pride of his honest poverty. Timothy was sauntering along the streets hungry, and thinking of the far-distant Yorkshire cottage, where his homely fare was never wanting; when he observed a gentleman drop something upon the causeway. It was but the work of a moment to pick it up, and restore it to its owner. The rich Londoner, for an instant, had to contend with various emotions, but he was amazed at an act so devoid of selfishness. Here was a poor country-looking boy who had brought him a lost packet of valuable documents, and as instantly made off without craving the smallest reward, or even waiting for the owner's thanks. Timothy was darting away, and would soon have been lost among the passing crowd; but the bright star of his destiny was shining over him with great refulgence at that moment; for, the gentleman, never losing sight of him, pursued and overtook him, determined to reward such an act of simple honesty; but how great was his surprise when he found that the restorer of his lost packet was none other than the rustic youth who was benighted in the thunder-storm between Barnet and Islington. Stepping within a gateway, he drew the boy aside, and asked him several questions.

"And what have you been doing, young fellow," said he, "since you came to London; where do you reside?"

For a moment the noble-minded Yorkshire boy hesitated at giving an open explanation; he was conscious of having been the inmate of a thieves' den; he felt that he was in a strange place, and without friends, and he quailed before the glance of the gentleman who looked

into his face so intently when interrogating him on so delicate a point. The pure consciousness of his youthful integrity, however, triumphed, for he simply related the whole affair, and in so ingenuous a manner, as to win the admiration of his questioner; who, though a magnate of the Hon. East India Company, was a plain kind-hearted man, and truly alive to all the gentler feelings of humanity. It was indeed a picture worth looking at—a glimpse of the spiritual, among scenes of metropolitan avarice and depravity,—there, in the midst of his money-getting speculations, had circumstances suddenly awakened in the breast of the man of pounds, shillings, and pence,—the light of high, pure, and holy feelings of benevolence, softening down every other quality of a harsh, sinister, and worldly nature. There, was the rich man leading the penniless, but honest adventurer of a boy, to his own palace-home. He clothed him, sent him to school, wrote to his parents, arranged everything to their satisfaction, and, having no child of his own, the young drover was made his adopted son! Years rolled on, and Timothy Westwood's benefactor died, and the Yorkshireman became a very important personage in the monied circles of the metropolis, and no insignificant member of the Hon. East India Company. With a mind formed for mercantile speculation, he was ever absorbed in the commercial interests to which he belonged; nor could anything else take off his attention from what had engaged his undivided skill and industry from his youth up. In grave deliberations, on finance, in matters at issue between the British government and the directors, Mr. Westwood was ever found to take his part as the indefatigable co-worker, and active member of the princely body of "chartered merchants trading to the East Indies." Moving as he did, however, among the first circles of society, the millionnaire remained a bachelor. Rumour, certainly, did ever and again push about various matrimonial engagements for him; but he was often heard to say, when some jocular friend gave him a hint respecting the approaching nuptials which fashionable gossip had made current, "Ah, my dear Sir, whenever I set off a wife-hunting, I shall go down into the country, and seek out some bonny lass milking her cow, or tending her father's flock." During his latter years he lived in comparative retirement, with not a male relative on whom to shower his smiles and his wealth, save one, his sister's child, Westwood Fountain. The old gentleman had ever been most abstemious, and might be said to have studied economy in all things; yet, his fondness for the adopted child of his sister, led him out into the most extravagant expenses. In his endeavour to elevate young Fountain upon the pedestal of fame as a great and princely merchant, though thousands were ever making their exit in following up whims and extravagancies such as those of his nephew, he never seemed to think any thing too much that was demanded of his golden hoard. His fondest earthly wish was to see his name perpetuated in the person of a relative, and one whom he vainly thought would take a place among the greatest merchants of the empire. But in this, Mr. Timothy Westwood, with all his knowledge of the great world, was utterly blinded,—blinded through his affection for the object. But, his days wandered to a close, the stalwart oak must at last bend to the breath of time; and the old East India Merchant, after suffering a slight indisposition from cold, died very suddenly at his house in Berkshire, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. And now Mr. Westwood Fountain was one of the richest commoners in England. Never did such an amount of this world's strength fall into the hands of a more fickle possessor. From his youth up he had been the creature of present impulse, and his dreams of the future varied many times in a day. To one friend he expressed himself desirous of appropriating the greater portion of his money to humane purposes. He would found an hospital that should bear his name, and become a benefactor to the poor and needy. At the next turning, he was weary of the country, he would go abroad, and colonize some beautiful spot in a distant region. Again he would be a metropolitan denizen, the fashionable associate of rank and gaiety; lounge at the club, or mingle with the promoters of pleasure and elegance. It is not necessary that we consider what were his expressions of decent sorrow upon receiving the intelligence of his uncle's death; he was now the possessor of vast wealth, and he withdrew from all commercial pursuits; he was unmarried, and there, alone, in the midst of his riches, he had "all the world before him, where to choose" his place. After his mercantile affairs were settled, he came to Beech Grove with the owner of the estate, and he instantly fell in love with it,—he was now resolved to be a retired country gentleman, with equipage and hounds. For this purpose he settled in our neighbourhood, purchased the large domain of Beech Grove, including the lordship of a manor, with tenantry sufficient to give him some weight in the county, with the probability of his being made a district magistrate, or lord lieutenant. Beech Grove had been frittered away by neglect, the house was dilapidated, its late tenants had thought more about the London gaming tables than the old baronial pile at home; and, consequently, Mr. Fountain entered upon the wreck of an estate that required considerable outlay to make it the magnificent home of an aristocratic commoner, with every convenience for displaying to the neighbouring gentry his vast abundance. For a time Mr. Fountain's attention was fully occupied in remodelling Beech Grove. Often was a fine gable, or rich portico, soon as completed, reduced of its "fair proportions," and made to assume another form at the caprice of the noble owner. It was a fine old English residence, and with the advantage of an extensive park, it also commanded many natural and romantic beauties; it was, as Evelyn describes his own pleasant abode, "large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers, as well as Englishmen, it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, most tempting to a great person, and a wanton purse." After the hall was in proper trim for the reception of visitors, a round of fashionable DIVERTISSEMENTS whiled away the length of a few months, the bachelor's ball at the Grove was attended by all the country squires in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Fountain's splendid rooms were occasionally the resort of fashion and elegance. But after all he was a discontented man, and was often lost in deep abstraction. When left alone, he was restless as a leaf, tossed about in the autumn breeze.

It was during that delightful summer, well remembered in Yorkshire, when the youthful Princess Victoria, and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, were sojourners among the oat-cake lads and lasses of the West Riding, that our hero took up his residence for a few weeks at the Crown Hotel, in Harrowgate. At so fashionable a watering-place, it was not to be expected that Mr. Fountain would remain long undiscovered by people of his own class; and, indeed, on the very day of his arrival he was taken cordially by the hand, and was welcomed in such a manner, that he wrote off for an extra phaeton and servants, for the accommodation of some old friends, among whom was an aged clergyman, who attended his uncle during his last moments. Sometimes Mr. Fountain would rise early in the morning, and accompany the old clergyman and his daughter to the old spa (discovered by Captain William Slingsby in the year 1571, and who, after proving it to be superior to the Savinière in Germany, caused it to be enclosed, and it was afterwards otherwise adorned and made more fitting the notice of visitors, by Lord Loughborough, who had an estate on the common

adjoining). The venerable friend of his uncle was much esteemed, and the society of his daughter was not altogether without its influence upon the mind of Westwood Fountain. There was a charm about Fanny Davidson that, for the time, dissipated every cloud, and gave him a cup of pure joy, such as he had not found in gayer company. The only child of her father, there was nothing she would not attempt to gratify him. Finding that the rich nephew of his old acquaintance was suffering under some mental malady, the kind-hearted Mr. Davidson was always engaged in drawing his attention to the beauties in the leafy wood, the long green lane on the margin of a peaceful river, or the mazes of the flower-garden; one object seemed to be ever kept in view; if he could but illume that care-worn countenance, his labour was amply rewarded. It was evident that the promenade-rooms of Harrowgate had but little attraction for Mr. Fountain, and at the particular desire of Mr. Davidson, a very nice party of lively friends agreed to visit that delightful place, Hackfall, a short drive from Harrowgate. Beautifully diversified, wood, and rock, and stream, have here combined to gratify the lover of natural and artistic scenery.

During this ramble, the harp of sweet Fanny Davidson was heard in the rustic temple, and in lonely dells, by the soft evening light; she seemed unto the soothed mind of Fountain to be sent as his good angel; he looked upon her, and he loved! A few days flew by on the wings of love and new joys; Mr. Davidson scarcely imagined that such would be the result; however, there was a formal announcement made of his attachment to "the old man's daughter;" and as Doncaster races were approaching, with every prospect of being uncommonly gay, from the fact that the young Victoria and her mother would be present; at the request of Mr. Fountain, the amiable, the gentle Fanny Davidson was allowed by her father to accompany a party from Harrowgate to the scene of the Great St. Leger. On this occasion, Doncaster was filled to overflowing; but the ladies of Miss Davidson's party were astonished to find that, on the great race day, Mr. Fountain never made his appearance among them, nor could they hear any tidings of him! Fanny seemed disconsolate.

It was a beautiful autumn evening when Fanny Davidson returned to Harrowgate, and found her father with all packed up, awaiting her arrival to return home to his rectory at Woodmanthorpe, in the south. She was almost broken-hearted. Her father could scarcely contain his indignation; he was grievously insulted in the neglect shown to his daughter. But poor Fanny was more heart-stricken than indignant; she had formed an attachment; it was the first; it had not been kept secret from the party she travelled with; she fancied all tongues to be engaged talking about it; she left Harrowgate sadder than she came; a cloud of grief was hanging like a shroud about the innocent maiden. But she had a kind father; he talked with her—he prayed for her; the shock was severe, but the light of Heaven was around her, and in happier moments her fate was linked to one who knew how to value her, and Fanny was blessed in the end, that her acquaintance with Westwood Fountain was limited to a few autumn days.

There is ever to be found enough of the vicious elements of society on a race-course to entrap the curious and the speculative. A well-known frequenter of the Doncaster course, delighting in the cognomen of "the bit o' blood," made up to our hero on his arrival, and by the assistance of a number of other "*swells*" decoyed him up to the betting-rooms, where he soon forgot his "ladye love;" the dupe of vile rascals that follow in the train of wealthy aristocracy, he was induced to venture to a great amount, and, in his admiration of a celebrated horse, squandered away a small fortune to be its possessor, and be considered a patron of racing. He returned home—not to regret that he had injured the gentle Fanny Davidson, but to regret his Doncaster speculation, for his "high-mettled racer" was dead!

The work would indeed be voluminous that attempted to chronicle half the ins and outs of such a changeling as Westwood Fountain. With all the appliances of wealth, the craving after novelty in him, at times, wore a better appearance than it deserved. If any of his neighbours called upon him, and could catch his ear with any new project, whether of benevolence to the poor or of utility to society, he would go to any extent with them for the moment; his purse and name were ever at their service; and, on some occasions, his name found its way into the newspapers as a charitable donor, or patron of great and new improvements in national affairs. Seated in the heart of agriculture, he was induced to become a supporter of the great Yorkshire Association for the better management of farms, the breeding of cattle, and improvement in floriculture. Here was an opportunity for hanging more unitedly together the thread of his wayward mind; he was just the individual who could purchase every implement patented for the improvement of husbandry; try any experiment, at whatever cost, for carrying out new principles; and the very fact of his doing so would have offered employment for the mind, which, if labouring under disease, would be in the best possible way for becoming healthy. During the autumn of '37, the society in question held their yearly festival at Leeds. They had a large booth erected in the spacious grounds attached to the cavalry barracks, and Earl Spencer presiding on the occasion, caused thousands to find their way to the "Great Agricultural Show;" and along with others of his neighbours, Mr. Fountain had his fine cattle there, and dined in the booth with the rest of the landed aristocracy. A fine ox, of immense size, bred upon the Beech Grove estate, bore away one of the principal prizes, and the laurels fell thick upon our hero, as a patron of the society. There was even a whisper that his wealth and position pointed him out as a likely man at the next election; and, for that day, there did not seem to be a cloud to darken his sky. On such occasions there are many resolves made for the future, one proposing this plan, and another proposing that, for carrying out their various objects of progression. None seemed more eager than Mr. Fountain for every exertion that could be thought of for furthering the views of the society. However, as usual, when another morning dawned, it found that gentleman as coldly disposed towards the party as if he had never known them! The enchanter's wand had passed over him; he refused to be seen by some of his enthusiastic friends of yesterday, and his farmer was in the act of sending away the very cattle, with the prize-laurel on its horns, to be sold by auction! The fit was over. If any good had been the result of Mr. Fountain's support given to such a noble association, we must attribute it to the kind fortune of a momentary impulse, and not to firm manly principle. He might, in such company, have found means to throw away his weakness, and have allowed his friends the joy of seeing him worthily employed in promoting a noble object. In such affairs, the more ridicule was attached to his name, from the seeming zeal with which he espoused a project, and his almost instant indifference.

Among others there came to Beech Grove a foreigner of fashionable exterior and polished manners; and it was evident that this person (unknown to all others) was on terms of intimacy with Westwood Fountain, that gave a character to his presence, distinguishing him from all ordinary visitors. On some occasions Mr. Fountain could not entertain a single caller for days, his guest and himself spent much time in private, and all that was seen of their seclusion was a quantity of papers, some of them having the appearance of legal documents. During the foreigner's stay, it was easy to discover that Mr. Fountain

had some unpleasant thought continually haunting him. Often, indeed, would this gloomy fit come upon him when it was least looked for. He would call together his happier neighbours, who came about him full of hilarity and fashion; mothers brought their daughters to dance through his lighted hall like fairies to the sound of dulcet music; but, strange to say, when the laugh grew loud, and all was brilliant around him, neglectful of the blithe song, the smile of beauty, or the fairy dance, he would suddenly become reserved, and, folding his arms, move away, as it were, mechanically, into some distant recess; or saunter out into the depths of the grove, as if he had taken offence, was indisposed, or weary of the company he had called together. This habit of sudden abstraction and cold reserve did not pass unnoticed by his neighbours. By some, his behaviour at such times was thought to be scornful and repulsive; while others crept together, whispering their pity that any unpleasant reminiscence or brooding darkness should mar the enjoyment of such unbounded wealth and magnificence. To the foreigner, who never made himself intimate with the visitors, and who was only known as Count Huberto, this occasional gloomy fit of Mr. Fountain's never appeared strange; he made no remark, but sat on his ottoman, pouring out beneath his large black moustache, a volume of smoke from a splendid meerschaum. But, whatever might be thought by this person or by that, Mr. Fountain made no confidant amongst his neighbours.

Few houses could boast of more splendid apartments than Beech Grove; paintings by the first masters adorned the blazing magnificence of the drawing-room; costly basso relievos and Italian sculpture mingled in tasteful luxuriance; but it was in a small circular room that the wealthy owner spent the greater portion of his time; an apartment, totally devoid of ornament, supported by plain pilasters, with Ionic capitals; and there did Huberto and himself pass the long day, sometimes reading over or making alterations to written papers; and often did the servant in waiting, find Mr. Fountain gazing upon vacancy, and his guest lolling at ease, enjoying the pipe.

One evening, it was about sunset, and several of the villagers had collected together, enjoying the close of the twenty-first of June; when a band of amateur performers from a neighbouring hamlet was heard to be approaching; all ran, in the merry mood that is inspired by music at such a moment, to meet the party; and some, to make the way shorter, endeavoured to cross the meadows, taking hedge and ditch like so many wild creatures. Here and there was a farmer hallooing to the youngsters, who stood no reckoning at taking a fence, and crossing the mowing grass, the corner of a garden, or field of rising wheat. All this might have passed off with a few angry words from certain aggrieved parties, the music would have made up for every thing of that sort; but, in the scrambling up hill, and the rolling down dale, a purse of great value was found, and a fight took place between two athletic young fellows concerning it; until it was seized by Dan Atack the constable, who happened to be passing. The quarrel raged long and furiously, and instead of listening to the strains of music, several parties were engaged in pugilistic warfare at the same time. The band of musicians found their way to Beech Grove, and carried the news of the fight, and the story of the discovered purse. From the description given, Mr. Fountain's butler knew the purse to be the property of his master, who had, a few hours before wandered in that direction in company with Huberto, who had taken materials with him for painting on the banks of the wharf. A messenger was instantly despatched to the constable, who soon arrived, big with official importance. Dan, however, would not return the purse to any one but Mr. Fountain, and the hour was now getting late, and the Count and their master had not arrived.

As a matter of course, the domestic management of Beech Grove was entirely left to the servants; for seldom was Mr. Fountain in a state of mind to be consulted respecting the house stewardship; and the acknowledgment of various sums received, was almost the only duty which his steward had latterly attended to. The humbler domestics also had given loose reign to their love of "high life below stairs," and on the evening in question, they had a gay party, celebrating the wedding of an acquaintance with the village fiddler. As a musical man, the neighbouring amateurs had come to join "the spree," and when Dan the constable arrived with the purse, they were all in high glee, and man and maid were decorated for the occasion; the servants' hall was festooned with laurels and flowers; the huge silver flagons, and the massive salvers of the same material, inlaid with gold, were used for the occasion; the richest viands and the most costly wines were there in profusion; and it would have required more philosophy than can be found in all the village constables in the country, to have resisted the pressing invitation given to big Dan. Though now a huge burly fellow, with frightful large whiskers of iron grey, Dan had not forgotten he said, "that day when he cum his sen, an take away't bonniest lass at ever wor nawn at Beech Grove. But," said he, thrusting forth a sigh from his broad chest, "I havent her noo, she's gane tall a better place, puir thing." "Noo then! Dan," said a half inebriated footman, "deant cry, tak a good swill at this, an be right wi folk!" Their hour of glee was passing on both "fast and furious;" no thought had they for their absent master, his presence was not heeded there; they were, for once, all masters and mistresses.

Among other events of that night, and which also belongs to the annals of our village, was the death of a clever young fellow, who had won the esteem of all who knew him. It was immediately after the purchase of Beech Grove by Mr. Fountain, that an itinerant painter entered upon an engagement at the hall, to complete some ornamental work left unfinished; a difference having arisen between the resident painter and the whimsical lord of the domain. The work was nearly completed, when the unfortunate painter fell from a ceiling that he was decorating, and died within a few hours. He had been much esteemed by his employer as a talented workman, and an only son whom he left behind him, was educated by Mr. Fountain, and intended for one of the learned professions. Gentle and amiable was the protégé of our hero, and few young men had made better use of their time at the university. His return to the Grove was welcomed by the whole village, for if a poor tenant or needy widow became troublesome to Mr. Fountain's humanity, they ever found a friend in George Carson. There was, morever, a union anticipated between the kind-hearted young gentleman at the Grove, and a most amiable and benevolent young lady, who was alike beloved by all the poor people in the neighbourhood. Latterly, however, the affair had become matter of painful interest to all who respected the young and amiable pair. It seemed as though the thread of Mr. Fountain's kindness, after remaining firm for a few years, and originating in a circumstance which humanity would have said promised well to be carried through without the semblance of change, was, as in other cases, suffered to be blighted by the singular fickleness that ever marked the doings of the old East India merchant's nephew. Young Carson found that Count Huberto was the disposer of affairs at the Grove to such an extent, that he feared all was not right; and, in his respect for the benefactor who had done so much for him, ventured to make an observation that roused the hatred of the crafty and vengeful Spaniard. Portionless, and almost friendless, the young scholar was thrust out from the Grove, and being of a retiring, timid disposition, he shrunk from the gaze of

every one, took refuge in a straw-thatched cottage where his talented father and himself first lodged on entering the village; consumption seized its victim almost immediately; and though our kind rector and the father of his beloved Anna furnished him with every necessary comfort, and the best medical aid, he fell with the autumn leaves; and, on the night in question, when the disturbance had subsided respecting the purse that had been found, many were they who crept about to each others' houses, as the passing bell sounded in their ears, to talk of the poor young fellow, who had been cherished for a time, allowed to encourage hopes of happiness, and at last hurled to the rude jaws of adversity, a wreck upon the human tide of things that is more painful than even the bankrupt merchant. The poor scholar, possessed, too, as he was, of intellectual fitness, with so much of sensibility as made him a meet companion for genius—"sad was the hour" that saw the blight fall over such a scion of nature's nobility, although he died beloved and mourned by all around him. His memory is sacred here, for the poor young creature, that should have been his bride, did not long survive him. Such was the influence of the Spaniard at the Grove, that no one ventured to go up and inform the Squire for whom the bell tolled that night; the villagers knew that it could be heard there, and many were they who said that Mr. Fountain should consider his end, for that the magnificence of Beech Grove could not add to his "appointed" days. But it was a time when death's arrow was commissioned to find the great as well as the small; and whether by fearful means or by slow and lingering pain, when the high decree goes forth, the vicious and the good, the oppressor and the oppressed, pass away and are no more. But the village maidens still creep together to talk and weep over the loves of young Carson and his Anna.

That same night the old gouty landlord of the King William was seated with a stranger who had just entered the village, and claimed relationship with Mr. Fountain. He had travelled, he said, a long way, and was foot-sore, and in every way weary, but as he was within a short distance, he declined the proffered hospitality of the innkeeper, and after being instructed how to reach the Grove by the nearest path, he started off, promising to come down on the morrow and relate his reception with his rich relative. The poor wretch had been made a bankrupt in pocket and character, and hearing of Mr. Fountain's greatness, had resolved to wander in search of him. On arriving at the Grove he told his tale, and was at first ordered to "go about his business." One of the domestics, however, more humane (or perhaps more sober) than the rest, bundled him into a back place, in the dark, and brought to him some victuals and wine; told him to remain quiet and more should be given to him. The hour of midnight brought with it a thought to some of them, about their master and his long absence. Certainly, had he returned at an early hour, and remained in the house, it would have curtailed their festivity, so that they had made the best of his absence. For some time they expected his arrival in the safe custody of a neighbour, and silence was often called to the fancied sound of carriage or horse; but the time flew on, and the red streak of morn blushed upon their festivities; some had sunk to sleep, others were yawning their anxieties for rest, and for the whereabouts of their master. Dan, the man of power, was rolled up like a bag of his own shavings in a corner. The wandering stranger had crept into the hall, and was drinking up the relics of the debauch, inebriated, and staggering up and down in his rags,—when the hall bell was rung with such force as to arouse the domestics from their sleep and send them hurrying to and fro in confusion! There was no equipage, no gilded pomp this time in their master's train. The grey morning looked upon a strange scene; the demon of wretchedness had spread his pall upon what was once of the wealthy and gay; and avarice, crime, and midnight revelry made up their account together! When the doors were thrown open, the first persons observed were Count Huberto, and a neighbouring farmer; they preceded others bearing on their shoulders the dead body of Mr. Fountain!

The history of the melancholy affair is soon told. From the moment that his uncle died, and left him like a frail ship without pilot upon the world's wide ocean, Mr. Fountain was weak enough to leave himself open to every assailing enemy. It was after a visit to the metropolis that he became the dupe of Count Huberto. That cunning stranger had wound the toils about him that dragged him down to destruction, and brought him to an untimely end. The Count's story of the melancholy affair was entirely his own,—there was no one to corroborate, no one to contradict. He said that Mr. Fountain left him sketching on the banks of the river, but as he did not return at the close of the day, he obtained the assistance of a neighbouring cottager, and they had sought him for miles down the valley, and he was at length discovered in a dying state under the Dale Crags. He was then borne away to the cottage on the cliff, where, without being able to communicate any thing by word or sign, he expired. It could not be said that he died by unfair means, and the newspapers merely added in the usual obituary, that the unfortunate Squire of Beech Grove "died rather suddenly during an excursion of pleasure." To those who ventured to make enquiry, the Count produced his authority (real or forged) to be the possessor of those broad acres and the estate called Beech Grove! Within a fortnight all was sold, the very walls were reduced to the ground, and portions of the hall may now be found in the cottager's cow-shed on the road-side enclosure; but not a stone remains on the spot to point out the residence of the old East India merchant's nephew; he had his days—he had his whims—he is no more. But the gaudy drapery of romance would fail in throwing any thing like a perfect colouring over the true history of such a sacrifice to fickleness.

B. W.

FOLLOW HIM HOME.

A SIMPLE-MINDED old country-woman who was one day congratulated on the apparent good qualities and disposition of her husband, replied in the vernacular of her native district,—"Ah! ye should foller 'n whoam."

Follow him home! The phrase, though unpretending, admits of an application both wide and significant. What a different social state should we have, had the world been always accustomed to follow men, things, and ideas home. How much that is vague and mysterious, would now be clear and explicable; how much that is revered would fall into disrepute; how much that is contemned would rise into honour. And we may perhaps, without being over-venturesome, affirm, that the moral and physical world would not have been just as it is, had following home been an immemorial practice. The proposition may be supported by discussing a few salient facts in history. Had the priests of ancient Egypt been followed home, the pyramids might never have been built. Could Mahomet's disciples have followed him home, one hundred millions of people would not now be votaries of the crescent. Had Cæsar followed home the spare and abstemious Brutus, on the advent of the Martian Ides, he might not have died under traitorous daggers in the capitol. Had the monk Schwartz been followed home by a cardinal's hat, or bishop's mitre,

would he have invented gunpowder? Had the Romish churchmen followed Luther home, and searched the secret of his "heresy," what wars, persecutions, and miseries would have been spared to humanity. Could Papal nuncios have been followed home, people would not have been silly enough to endure the horrors of an interdict. Had the Danes followed home the minstrel, whose harp-strings charmed their camp, England might have waited a little longer for hundreds, tythings, and trial by jury. Had Columbus not followed home the Castilian sovereigns again and again, would he have discovered America? The queen of Scots might have saved her head had Elizabeth but once followed her home—to her private chamber at Fotheringay. If instead of shutting up Solomon de Caus as a lunatic, some kind patron had followed him home, James Watt might have found much of his work already done to his hand. Had Charles I. followed Hampden home on his first refusal to pay ship-money, Whitehall might never have witnessed a royal execution. Had the Bedford magistrates followed Bunyan home, instead of incarcerating his body, where would be the Pilgrim's Progress? Could one or two of Prince Charlie's chieftains have followed the London Bank Directors home on that memorable "black Friday" in 1745, there might have been farewell to George I., and the Hanoverian dynasty. Could Napoleon's soldiers have followed him home, how brief would be the catalogue of his victories. Had Robespierre followed Collot d'Herbois home on the eve of the ninth Thermidor, the Carmagnole might never have been danced and sung round his headless trunk. Had Fox followed Pitt home, there would have been an end of their rivalry. Had Walpole followed Chatterton home, instead of deceiving him with vain promises, a poet the more would have left immortal thoughts for all posterity. When the hostile Philadelphia printer followed Franklin home, and saw the remains of a loaf on which the unconscious hero had dined, his hope of crushing his sturdy competitor vanished. Were slaves followed home, manumission could not be long delayed; and if impatient turbulence could follow legislators home, it would put less faith in malevolence. Endless would be our catalogue of instances if pursued; and chequered with the lights and shades of hope and fear, success and disappointment, joy and sorrow. Were we keen in the investigation of examples, we should find them resolvable into two great classes: those who *do*, and those who *do not* follow home their thought. The latter comprise what Wordsworth calls "the dreary waste of common life;" among the former appear the world's heroes, whether good or bad,—Homers and Neros, Rienzis and Shaksperes, Machiavellis and Newtons. Beneficent or malignant is not now the question; was their thought followed home? Glance for a moment at the world of politics; what changes have been wrought by following a subject home. At first, the pursuit of it is laughed at as an awkward mistake: by-and-by statesmen discover that there is something in it, and "get up" its elementary principles. At last a voice gives utterance to the ripened and multitudinous thought of a people—and the matter is settled; whether it be food-emancipation, or forest-abolition.

If followed home, how much passed off as *being*, would be detected as nothing more than *seeming*: ostensible reality would stand confessed a mockery and a sham. How much that has long been regarded with awe, would prove to be "pillared rottenness." We should get at the true materials for writing history. Party secrets would come to light; and the reason why, for many a struggle, be laid bare. All the world is kin; and we should not unfrequently find that had the victor followed the vanquished home, he would have seen cause to lament his victory. Links of union would present themselves, where nothing was looked for but points of repulsion. How much of modest worth would be brought to the day, and made exemplary, if followed home, which is now obscured beneath inexperience, or grinding necessity. Shyness and awkwardness in public would, when followed home, be found manifested in heroic endurance, or effusive tenderness.

Pretence and plausibility, whether clad in rags or attended by laced footmen, would hardly survive the following home. Track yon whining, coatless, and shoeless beggar to his lair: the shiver and whine have given place to a bold tone and rude bearing, as equipped with coat and shoes, he sits down to a *recherché* supper. Softness of speech, and suavity of demeanour would no longer be a cloak for nefariousness; nor sanctimoniousness for sincerity. Take that man at the dinner-party; he is the life and soul of the company. His observations are received with respect, and his witticisms with applause. Over the wine and walnuts he has descanted on all that is noblest in public virtues. He has demonstrated what a public man ought to be, and sketched a character whose perfections would reconcile all discordances; but follow him home! As his knock sounds at the door, his little children shrink away, and hide themselves in corners: his servant obeys the summons doubtingly, and his wife trembles; for too well she knows that the public moralist is a private tyrant. Political theorizing brings no domestic amenities: so easy is self-deception when not followed home.

Man is said to be a social animal; but, perhaps, for social, we ought to write gregarious. There is a going in a common direction; a union for warmth, protection, and procuring of food, as with quadrupedal herds. But where is the ministering spirit, the genuine, active sympathy that prompts to follow home. How much crime, generated by ignorance and error, might be mitigated and prevented if followed home; how much virtue, trembling in the balance, be preserved intact. Who that has not, at some time or other, been followed home by a strange dog? How beseechingly the animal looks up when you reach your door; confiding in his instinct, yet doubting his reception. What has led him to single you out among all others? Friendless, he seeks a friend to be to him instead of his lost master. The poor may not follow the rich to his home, yet how many heart-stricken mourners come forth every day into the streets of our towns and cities impelled by a desperate hope that some touch of sympathy will reach them at last. For years that faint and flickering gleam of hope is all that has kept them alive. Brightest in the morning, it wanes at noon, and at night when they retrace their weary steps homewards is spent-dead; only to be resuscitated by the blessed unconsciousness of sleep, or by a following home. And it is consolatory to reflect that misery is oftentimes followed home; that oil is poured into smarting wounds, and whispers of hope into forlorn and dreary minds. But the sisters of charity are comparatively few; and the sympathies of the time are for a following home that shall ameliorate rather than alleviate.

On the whole, we may conclude that the practice of following home would, in many ways, be productive of good. The philosopher who wished for a window in every man's breast might have found this no unworthy substitute. But here, theory and practice are hardly to be reconciled. It is not likely that communities would submit to the social espionage involved in a general system of following home. The possibility of such a system, however, might not unprofitably be kept in mind; and each one on arriving at his own door might ask himself the question—how should I act now if followed home?

They who cannot swim should be contented with wading in the shallows; they who can, may take to the deep water, no matter how deep, so it be clear; but let no one dive in the mud.

THE RICHES OF THE HEART.

THERE are riches in the greenwood,
In the gloaming's twilight spell,
In the purple sea of sunset,
In the Summer's painted bell,
In the scattered pearls of morning,
In the classic books of old;
There are riches in the thunder,
By that gush of liquid gold.

There are riches in the ocean,
Where the spoils of nations lie;
Riches in the face of beauty,
Dazzling riches in her eye.
Riches were our old Earth's dow'r,
Since "The Word" thro' chaos' gloom,
Roused the music of creation,
And the sweetness of her bloom.

From the hills of high Judea,
(Trod by footsteps so Divine!)
From the streets of proud Damascus,
With its roses dropping wine;
From those lands of loved Arabia
To the Indian's blushing plains,
Riches flow like sunlight ever
Thro' her full and fruitful veins.

Yet beyond these marvel treasures,
Gems that seem the rainbow spent—
Diamonds like the sunlight philtered,
Sapphires like the firmament;
More than these, our infant wonders,
More than May's green tide of leaves,
More than Autumn's crown regalia,
Or the wealth the Summer weaves;

More than these, were all collected,
And the world an altar made;
There are riches round our spirits,
Like the rose-leaves in the glade.
Faith that soars from earth to heaven,
Lapp'd in visions of the bliss,
In that gorgeous land awaiting
All the cross-marked souls of this.

Faith, and nobler, greater, purer,
Holy, God-born Charity—
Who such riches e'er could barter
For the world's vain treasury?
Charity that links us nearest
To our being's source above—
Charity that is to stamp us
His—His own—the God of love!

These are riches worth the craving,
Faith, that eyesight to the blind!—
Charity, whose deeds are numbered
By the palm-wreaths seraphs bind.
Hearts without them, what shall picture!
Lifeless world? or wand'ring star?
Hearts that prove them, bless HIS bounty—
Ye are rich as angels are.

E. E. M. K.

FACTS FROM THE COUNTY HISTORIES.

BY DUGDALE, THE YOUNGER.

THE CLERK OF ST. BENEDICT'S DE HULMO.

(Concluded from our last.)

THUS what Porphyro suggested, Edelwold assented to, such was the power the stern, cold-hearted, learned priest had acquired over the believing and trusting Abbot; and to a method of defence being determined upon, Hereward departed on his mission of summoning the church vassals, the borderers, the cottars, the freemen, and serfs, and others from the granges and manors. As soon as this news got spread abroad that the Holm would be defended against any force the conqueror might send, it became crowded with fugitives from the adjacent shores, principally consisting of the wives and children of the neighbouring thanes and franklins; for ever, with the footsteps of the conqueror, wrong, and devastation, and insult stalked.

For from the period of the Conquest the monastery had been the safety-place for the wealth of the richer Saxons of the neighbouring tithings. This the conqueror who had spies abroad in all directions, particularly in the neighbourhoods of the richer monasteries, knew. He knew, likewise, that Edelwold had been a devoted friend of Harold's, and he hated him for this, as well as for the spirit of liberty which burnt, with all his native gentleness of character, in the heart of the Abbot; he hated him because he held kindred with Stigand, the archbishop; he hated him for the power he possessed over the Saxon chiefs of East Anglia; he hated him for his high position in the church; he hated him because on more than one occasion he had refused to crouch as a Saxon slave; and William swore, by "God's splendour," that he would uproot the Saxon churl and his nest of heresy.

Crossing Norfolk from the west, William and his Norman troops pitched their tents in the marshes of the Bure, at the commencement of Lententide, two days from the date we have spoken of. But the island, of an area of about thirty acres, stoutly fortified by massive walls, and separated from the main land by a considerable width of deep tidal water, was not easily reached, or easily attacked, even by troops so accustomed to this description of warfare as were William's. Thus, at the close of the third week of attack, the monastery held out, making those within its walls bear on with hope, of at least saving *this* sacred spot from the avaricious pillage of the conqueror.

Amongst the fugitives who had fled hither for safety, and bringing with her immense wealth, in money, in home-spun cloth, and in the rude gold and silver work of the age, was Muriel, a noble Saxon lady of the neighbouring land of Lothing, and only daughter of the thane Hurnwulf, who had perished on the field of Hastings. Betrothed the Eastertide before her father's death to Hereward, thane of Bourne, her nuptials had been put off not only by this calamity, but by the absence of her brother Heron, who since this disastrous battle had been a fugitive amongst the Saxons of Northumbria, and she had lived in close retirement with her serfs and maidens at her wide grange, amidst the pastoral meads and thymy heights of Lothingland. But on the approach of the conqueror she had fled with her richest household gear, her domestics, and her handmaid, Sybba, and guarded by Hereward, and guided by Grimm the herdsman, had reached the monastery in safety. As her father's noble birth and ancient lineage, had made him a noted thane throughout that country side; as he had bestowed much allodial glebe upon the Benedictine abbey; as his body, brought from Hastings by the gentle love of Hereward, lay buried in the Abbey chapel of the Trinity; as she had paid richly for obits, and a nightly mass, two hours past midnight for his soul, and was personally much beloved by Edelwold, who had taken her shrift on solemn occasions; she had been received with noble hospitality, and the best chamber of the monastery assigned to her, and her handmaid's, use.

The eve was that of Good Friday; Muriel, with her handmaid Sybba, had just entered her chamber after hearing vespers in the chapel of Trinity, when the rude wooden latchet of the door was raised, and Porphyro, the pale-faced monk, entered. As his communications with her had been frequent since her father's death, with respect

to her possessions; their first fruits to the church, their dues and tithes, and benefactions both in East Flegg and Lothingland, he was well known to her out of the crowd of priests who were now still more numerous than in the days of Canute, and the colonization of Bury abbey from its recluses. She therefore rose to greet him with cold respect, and begging Sybba to retire into a small adjoining oratory, formed in the crenelled walls, awaited his seemly speech. At first he spoke of the brave defence of the monastery, and the certainty that the riches on its three altars of St. Mary's, St. Bennet's, and Trinity, would remain guarded by heaven from the spoiler. At length he abruptly said, in the sweet flowing Saxon of his learned lips,—

"Thou hast not heard lately of thy brother Heron, son of Hurnwulf, I think?"

"No, father," and the fair young Saxon woman bending with grief, half veiled her face in her rich tresses, "there has come lately no news from him out of Northumbria, and as the 'Hue and Cry' is out against him, he has, doubtless, perished like an autumn leaf long trodden under foot."

"There is hope," replied the monk in a whisper, as he covertly watched the effects of his speech upon his listener, "and that speedily, though he be taken, and in William's power, if thou wilt do my bidding, and seeking Lanfranc the Abbot at the grange of Ludham, sue for his life. How to do this I will show."

"No! no!" wept Muriel, "even I, even a sister, must not ask a Norman for a Saxon life. It is asking the wolf for the lamb."

"I say no," replied the priest, sternly, "he of the rule of St. Benedict is not apt to speak falsely, and Lanfranc is the friend of Porphyro, for our rule is greater than distinction of blood. And he can sue for, and save his life, if you will serve."

"How?"

"By venturing to the grange of Ludham with this letter," as he spoke he drew a sealed parchment from beneath his coarse girdled tunic, "there is a truce from Vespers to Lauds, not a rower, or an archer, or a galley, sweeps the rough ocean-stream. Our bastion-warder, Tieck, leaves the monastery an hour hence, and thinking thee some borderer's wife, he will land thee on a silent part of the cause-way. With the close shelter of thy sad-coloured wimple, of the night, and the known pass-word thou art safe. At noon, to-morrow, thy maiden Sybba can feign thee sick; to-morrow eve thou canst return."

"Would you, father, bid me lie, even though for another," asked the Saxon lady?

"The disciples of Berenger teach, that to lie in a good cause is to speak the truth. But, enough, I have it surely, that thy brother is in danger, being a prisoner in the Norman camp, and thou canst or not save his life deftly; thou hast choice. Speak, no harm can come; a trusty servant of the grange will await you at the cause-way, from thence the path is secret, and Lanfranc thy friend?"

"I will, but, but—there is my brideman, Hereward, Lord of Bourne," and Muriel veiled her face still more closely in her golden hair.

"Ay! I thought," he said, with a stern cold laugh, "the stray leaf is more precious than the twin leaf; well we need be conquered when this is the choice of Saxon women." He moved to leave the chamber.

"I will, but Hereward, father."

"Will know nothing. Though it be Lent he is swilling with the bastion soldiers at the mead cup. I say, go therefore, Heaven bids thee."

It was Easter Eve, and the high festival of the church was on the morrow. Thane, abbot, monks, freemen, and serfs, all who had fought so well, and repelled the greedy Norman from their ocean nest, prepared to hold high carousal in the guests'-hall, for, as far as the Lord of Bourne's keen eye could gaze, the marshes of the Garruenos were once more solitary. The Holm of the *rough waters* was still free from Norman foot.

Edelwold had this night cast aside his sheaf and bow, and performed the simple mass of that age. He now entered the guest-chamber and bid the mead cup pass round.

"All men omit St. Dunstan's rule to night," he cried, "priest, thane, and soldier, freeman and serf, drink *supernaculum*, it is Easter-day Eve, and gracious and merciful hath been the Lord of Battles. But stay, I will that brother Porphyro fetch the silver altar cup, the Saxon must drink well and holily to night."

Porphyro, the lean-visaged monk, left the guest-chamber with a ready step, for Edelwold spoke but as Porphyro willed. The dove fashioned its note to the serpent's tongue. First passing into the chapel of St. Benedict, he stole from thence into the narrow garden of the monastery, planted in times of peace with such herbs as were then known, but now trodden under foot by the tramp of armed men, and covered with missiles and engines of defence. From this garden opened a thick postern gate through the massive walls on to a sort of little quay or landing place. Dismissing the slingsmen and warders who guarded it, to the guests' chamber, he drew back the massive bolts, and crept out upon this only landing place of the isle.

A cry like a night-hern, a whispered *benedicite*, was answered by the light stroke of an oar, and an instant after, the foremost of a fleet of galleys, which had lately left the shore under the cover of the night, touched the landing place, and two armed men leaped out.

"The Gauder or the King?" asked the breathless monk.

"Both. But *I* am William the Bastard—lead on!"

"But to be Lord Abbot by to-morrow's mid-sun," bargained the monk.

"Aye! aye! The Norman can be just—lead on!"

The fat ale, brewed in the winter-month, had waited so long in the cream-crested flagon for the holy cup, that Hereward, Lord of Bourne, who *could* pledge good ale in an unseemly vessel, seized the abbot's drinking-horn which stood upon the board, and filling it high, said, "Come! *drink-heal!* we may not wait. My Lord Abbot, liberty is as metely pledged in the ashen cup as in the silver flagon. Come!"

"God garner *hope*, then, for his Saxon children," pledged Edelwold, "and *curses* for the Norman!"

"A pious, and a righteous *drink-heal*," shouted a deep and iron voice in the Norman tongue; and as the crowd parted as did the bidden stream of Jordan for the Israelites, William the Bastard, thick-set, bull-fronted, firm-footed, and clad in his habergeon, his surcoat and his breast-plate of Milan steel, came in between them, like Odin into a conquered Scandinavian city.

"Ah! ah! *drink-heal*, the Norman to the Saxon *now*; and by God's splendour I will vow a vow; it's the Norman to the Saxon! Come, the Norman shall drink-heal, then sleep in my Lord Abbot's bed, which, doubtless is the softest in this swan's nest. AND THEN TO-MORROW, BY GOD'S SPLENDOUR, DO NORMAN JUSTICE!"

In the confusion, and some slaughter which ensued, Edelwold and Hereward made their escape to the shore, in the very empty galley which had brought William and Ralph Gauder, Earl of Norfolk, across the rough water to this islet of the Garruenos. After this, whilst the Normans caroused over Saxon viands, the cook fried himself a surpassing omelet, and brother Simeon and the sub-prior said not only *De profundis* and the Seven Penitential Psalms, but tasted a secret flask of well-stored Rhenish wine together, and comforted the flesh beneath sack-cloth and St. Benedict's girdle.

The morrow was Easter-day. Norman soldier and Saxon priest made ready for the investiture of Porphyro, the monk, as Lord High Abbot of St. Benedict's de Hulmo, and mitred Thane. The noon was come—a bright noon it was—the sun was high in heaven! The high altar was decked; the abbot had been anointed with the holy oil; had received the ring, the staff; he sat lordly in the abbot's chair—He had won all!

William, the Norman, approached the altar with a firm step. He faced the abbot, and then cried with stern voice:

"Ralph Gauder, Earl of Norfolk, bring to the altar Muriel, daughter of Hurnwulf, the Thane of Lothingland, who perished on the bloody sod of Hastings!"

The daughter of the Saxon came forth veiled, led by the Norman Baron. William took her hand, and bidding her raise her head-gear, told her to look upon Porphyro, Lord Abbot, and answer well.

"He told thee, woman, the Norman priest Lanfranc was here?"

"Yes."

"By God's splendour,—a lie!

"He told thee, woman, the Norman could save the Saxon Thane?"

"Yes!"

"By God's splendour,—a lie!

"He told thee, woman, this was for love of Heaven and thyself?"

"Yes!"

"Oh worthy priest! oh excellent son of St. Benedict! Listen, Saxon lady. To betray, if possible, this Saxon Heron, son of Hurnwulf, into Norman hands, thou wert sent; to carry in thy hand,—there being no other trusty messenger,—the convent's greatest secrets, thou wert sent; to tell the strength of Saxon archers, and the will of Edelwold, and Hereward, Lord of Bourne, thou wert sent; to make thee the prize of some lusty Norman, thou wert sent; or, to pawn thy honour for the Saxon's life, thou wert sent; to make thy wheaten acres and thy pasture land fill abbots' garners, thou wert sent. And, worst of all, thou warmed and cruel serpent, eating the Saxon's bread to betray the hand which gave it. Oh! worthy Judas! look upon him, lady! for *I*, the Norman, curse and disown him!"

Struggling with that immeasurable passion which even his habitual self-command could not hide, Porphyro arose—defence he had none—to defy was his only power.

"I am abbot, and the Lord's servant; one holy and set apart. The Church can deny thy power, thou Norman King!"

"One higher than kings shall judge thee, ere the sun be low. Hallo! Bowmen and billmen, do what I bid thee yesternight! I promised to be just and so I will be!"

According to old chartularies and Latin documents still preserved, and to the oft-repeated legend which I, who have trod these lands well know, still haunts the now deserted island of the Bure, the mitred abbot of St. Benedict's de Hulmo swung above the gateway of the Abbey that same hour; and in the dull night air he had no other dirge or death-wail for his hearse, than the shout of the rabble soldiery, the boom of the rough waters, and the cry of the lonely bittern.

But that same eve, ere the rich day sun sunk too pale in night, Muriel, daughter of Hurnwulf, dismissed by William, though with a heavy mulct upon her treasures, and guarded by the faithful herdsman, climbed the sweet, lonely, thymy heights of Lothingland, and ere the night star set, she and brave Hereward, Lord of Bourne, were far and far away, to a safe passage over land and sea!

REMEMBRANCE.

When last thy pleasant face I saw, a calmness filled my heart,
And present bliss was so complete that fancy would not part
With its image of the future, though its prospect looked so drear,
When thou wouldst go, depriving me of all I held so dear.

With childlike grace and innocence I've seen thy features beam,
When side by side in simple faith we dreamt our fairy dream;
That in after years, despite of change, in sympathy and truth,
Maturity would still confirm the feeling of our youth.

I miss thy face—I miss thy hand—yet love of thee remains,
Affection firmly keeps her seat and binds my soul in chains;
Thy memory serves to teach me that the world has joy to give,
For those who, loving faithfully, in hopeful spirit live.

Oh! good the lesson I have learnt, to live in patient pride
With ever-present earnest love for my enduring guide;
For though Fate takes away from us the faithful and the kind,
Life's beacon-star is left us while remembrance stays behind.

John Block.

POPULAR TEACHERS.

In every clime, in almost every age, the necessity of popular teachers has been felt, and everywhere, answering to the call, have popular teachers arisen, some of them amongst the noblest and most gifted minds of the human race.

But, concerning this teaching, great doubts have long existed—still continue to exist. Is it mere book-learning that the people want? Experience shows that it is not; that there is not, perhaps, a more fatal time for nations than when, too clear-sighted not to resent injustice, and not sufficiently enlightened to seek for redress by rightful means, they stand in doubt on the threshold of truth, the old shadows of night still lingering around them, and a few faint streaks of light alone proclaiming to prophetic minds the coming forth of day. True human knowledge, such as springs from the heart, and finds its way back with ten-fold power, is the right teaching, not only for the people, but for all men. How few can, in this sense, lay claim to the title of teachers? Poets are among the highest; and thus their strains have ever been linked with the history of humanity. Without seeking to depreciate intellectual progress, it must, however, be confessed, that it should not be made the exclusive aim of a people. The best teachers have not always been the most learned. Earnestness and truth are higher than science; noble as that is, *their* power is deeper still. Thus some of the best, though the least known of popular and efficient instructors, are those obscure and unheeded individuals who, in every class, diffuse around them a calm, moral light. Though seeking not perchance to teach, they are teachers; a few, when possessed of genius, rise into fame; by far the greater number belong to the common standard of men, and, like their equals, live and pass away unknown.

With the clear-sightedness of genius, Wordsworth made one of these men the chief personage of his "Excursion." The choice was derided and severely criticised. Few could understand why a poor, retired, common-place Scotch pedlar should have been selected as one well fit to convey to the reader the poet's pure and thoughtful philosophy. The character of such a man must, in the opinion of the world, be so thoroughly unpoetical! But poetry does not always tread the higher paths of life. Minds that are called "refined" are seldom poetical. They have yielded too much to external influences to possess that originality which is the very soul of poetry. They may give fair flowers, but the free, wild fragrance of nature is wanting: the greatest geniuses have always been those that remained most as they were first moulded

by the hand of God. These remarks apply in one sense to Wordsworth's hero. A solitary wanderer, bred amongst lonely hills; traversing the wild and romantic scenery of the north; communing silently with his own heart in the pure presence of nature; seeing enough of man not to abandon the sympathies of his kind; and dwelling sufficiently in solitude to preserve the completeness of his strongly marked individuality, was, in truth, a man calculated to possess a character full of the highest and most poetical feelings.

Who does not feel, moreover, that the romance of incident no longer holds that place which it once possessed in general estimation? It has long since been superseded by truer and far deeper sources of human interest. But neither poetry nor romance has perished; for, though their forms may change, it is not in their nature to die. In primitive ages they are in everything external; in picturesque and chivalrous manners, in varied incident, and a wild adventurous life. But when civilization has progressed, such may no longer be the case. The outward destiny of man is not then surrounded by the rude and wild charm of adventure. Calm, severe, and simple, it may also seem formal and cold, for the poetry of life has become all inward. But if the romance of incident has departed, that of thought remains. It is then that the poet's fancy seeks refuge in the human heart, and, sounding its infinite depths, brings forth strains of power. Is it not so now; is not genius in our time essentially an inward light, reflected over the external world? Though, for a while, Walter Scott brought back in his delightful fictions the spirit of the middle ages; though he

"Sang ladye-love and war, romance, and knightly worth,"

he could not pour new life into veins long withered and cold; and not all the charm of his productions can entitle him to be considered as one of the teachers of his day. He looked back to the past, when, with the other journeyers of humanity the word was, "Onward!" There was more truth and significance in the homely philosophy of Wordsworth's Scotch pedlar than in those bright visions which Scott's genius called forth. Nothing, indeed, can be unpoetical to the true poet's eye, for he sees meaning in everything. He knows that when externally the romance of life appears to have passed away, it still exists in the inward world, the soul's own home; that no period in the history of the human race can be really prosaic; cold or calm though it may seem, whilst the deep tide of human passion and feeling still flows on beneath. It was this insight into truth that influenced Wordsworth in his much derided choice of a hero. He knew that calm, pure minds, strong in moral worth, were both poetical and true teachers: and, indeed, this moral teaching, so deep and yet so unheeded in its effects, has made its way everywhere. In one of the wildest provinces of France, in rude, uncultivated Brittany, it has long found a home; and, if civilization implies morality, and not mere comfort and knowledge, there this teaching has not been in vain.

Backward as they are in many respects, the inhabitants of Brittany stand high in that truth and earnestness of character which are the real tests of a people. Grave, austere, and religious, the Breton peasant, with many great qualities, has, however, two serious faults; a strong aversion for change, and too exclusive an attachment for the traditionary customs of his race. But, though often tinged with fanaticism, his deep faith and high veneration for moral worth invest him with a native dignity which never fails to excite respect. This reverence for whatever is good and true in the nature of man, the Breton owes to the deep poetical feeling which he shares in common with all the descendants of the old Celtic race. From the earliest times to the present day their national poets have had great power over this strange people. "The poet," says an old proverb of Brittany, "is stronger than the three strongest things;—evil, fire, and tempest." The Breton bards have long past away, but many of their old songs survive and are still popular in remote districts. Though these strains possess a wild and peculiar beauty of their own, they are interesting chiefly to the historian and the antiquary, and it is more to the purpose of the present article to study the actual manifestations of the spirit which inspired them, than to trace what they were once in bygone times. If her old race of bards has vanished, Brittany does, nevertheless, possess, even now, popular poets who exercise a deep and worthy power. These are not, however, proudly gifted Bretons like Chateaubriand the royalist, or even like Lamennais the man of the people, men whose names have won the ear of foreign nations, but poor and obscure peasants who sing in their national dialect of the toil and sorrow of their brethren, and who cheer them on in the right path with pure, heart-felt strains.

The tailor, the miller, and the *cloarecs*, or youths who study for the priesthood, are generally the poets of a village of Brittany. The tailor, from his sedentary occupation, is an observer and a satirist. Shrewd, inquisitive, and fond of interfering, he detects and mercilessly exposes to ridicule all the vanity, ostentation, and folly, which happen to come under his notice. His satires, if just, soon become popular, but calumny and malice are never tolerated. The miller acts a wholly different part. He wanders in search of custom from place to place, spreading news and striking bargains, and whenever a romantic incident comes across his path, he embodies it forth in a homely strain, with which he cheers his journey and entertains his friends on his return. A crime which has spread terror and grief throughout the country, a high and generous deed, a love story or a lament over the premature death of a beautiful maiden, rank amongst his favourite and most popular themes. Many of these strains possess a high degree of poetical beauty, and something of that wild and mournful tone which characterizes the old Irish melodies. The *cloarecs* have a higher aim; their songs are generally grave and austere, like the life they are destined to embrace; many of these effusions betray, however, yearning regrets for the joys and vanities of life, and when the decisive moment is come, not a few of the *cloarecs*, shrinking from the priest's respected but arduous duties, return to the peasant's life of cheerful toil. Besides these three classes of popular teachers, there often rise men of individual power, who seek by pure and moral strains to improve their countrymen, and whose efforts are not received with the mistrust such attempts too often excite amongst the people.

Of these was Loïz Kam, a lame peasant dwarf, who lived some years ago in one of the most obscure villages of Brittany. Grave, thoughtful, and reserved, he dwelt alone; a pure and earnest-minded man, not unsociable, though seeking the companionship of none. He bore meekly, and yet with a certain degree of pride, the solitude to which he was condemned, not by his own choice, but on account of his infirmity. To a mind less noble, this retired life might have given food for many ungracious and envious thoughts, or at least for the indulgence of a wilful and bitter mood; but this quiet seclusion had charms of its own for Loïz, for he, the deformed dwarf, was a poet! Who can tell how many glorious visions of ideal loveliness shed their holy light in the dark dwelling of the Breton peasant; how many pure dreams and fervent aspirations hallowed that humble home! Though his thoughts flowed in the rude verses of a language destined ere long to pass away, though he could not have those hopes of immortal fame which soothe the poet's labour, yet Loïz had a glory of his own, less proud perchance, but not less pure. He knew that "with his

land's language" he should be remembered long, and that, were even his name to be forgotten, yet those strains through which he had outpoured each hope, desire, and deep feeling of his heart, would be sung for many years after he was gone, and cheer others with all the joys of life around them, as they had cheered him in his sad loneliness. Whilst the gentle Loïz Kam cherished these thoughts, the village to which he belonged was attacked by that deep moral leprosy, drunkenness. Calm, though they seem, the Bretons are men of strong passions; intoxication rouses them to deeds of the wildest frenzy, and in the village of Loïz violent acts, and a state of increased poverty, soon testified in many a sad and desolate home the progress of the fatal vice. Loïz felt himself called upon to awaken the erring ones to a sense of that right, which he, with his pure, honest mind, so clearly saw. In the silence of his lonely home, he composed a pathetic and heart-stirring appeal, setting forth the many evils intemperance had already created, and earnestly beseeching for a return to sobriety and moral dignity. The song was finished, and on the next village festivity, Loïz, habitually so calm and retired, came forth, and with grave, earnest voice, he besought all present to listen, for he had a song to sing which was "for the better teaching of every one." He began, with heart-beating, perchance, at the result of his experiment, but with bearing calm and firm. The song, which he had adapted to an old familiar tune, was heard in deep silence. It was a simple, touching strain, well framed to move the hearts of those who listened to it then, and though their applause was not vehement or loud, though to a stranger's eye their behaviour would have savoured of apathy, yet, in secret, many were touched, and went home that day "sadder and wiser men."

The effect of Loïz's strain was not instantaneous. True good is ever progressive. The song had to be learned, to be sung in cottages around the hearth on long winter nights, to be heard on the moor; and repeated by the labourer at his toil, until it became at length a familiar echo in the place, and every truthful word had sunk deeply in penitent and thoughtful hearts. Then, when the seed had been duly sown, was the fruit gathered, and many a gladdened and altered family circle told of the power of the humble dwarf's pure teaching.

Are not such the men the people need indeed? True, this primitive form of imparting moral advice does not suit every social condition. But it was not the mode, it was the spirit that gave Loïz Kam an influence so real. Example and conviction are strains of practical import. The humblest being that ever lived might form a perfect link in the wide chain of humanity, did he but know his own power. In this sense, all are teachers; and many, and powerful ones, though obscure, are there even now amongst us, men who take not a mission on themselves, and yet who fulfil one; who teach without authority, and exercise a pure and holy sway.

JULIA KAVANAGH.

Notices of New Works.

The Sea Lions; or, the Lost Sealers:—By FENIMORE COOPER, 3 vols.—Bentley.

THE merits of Fenimore Cooper, as a nautical writer, are too well known to need comment here. When we say that the Sea Lions is worthy of its predecessors, we say all that can be said on that head. Further, we have only to express a regret that so experienced a writer as Mr. Cooper should have fallen into the error of blending religion with romance, a system but little likely to produce good to any, while offering serious objections in itself. To suppose that a question so large as the divinity of Christ can be disposed of in the pages of a novel, where the action of the plot necessarily limits all such discussion, is to offer an insult to the great and good men on both sides of the question, who have thought a life-time of reverent research not too much to dedicate to what Mr. Cooper would here dispose of in a few hundred lines. The interest of the story turns upon the adventures of one Captain Gardiner, a frank young seaman, in the employ of Deacon Pratt, of Oyster Pond, Long Island, whose niece, Mary Pratt, is the loadstone of the young sailor's heart. It may be well here to mention that the religious controversy of the book, such as it is, is embodied in Mary and her lover, the latter being won over from his heresy, as Mr. Cooper would call it, to the true faith; as much, it would seem, from his love for Mary, who makes his conversion the condition of her hand, as from the consciousness of man's helplessness and God's power, forced upon him during an antarctic winter. A dying seaman confides to Deacon Pratt the existence of certain islands, not marked in the charts, where seals are to be found in abundance, and, moreover, indicates a certain key, where a chest of piratical treasures has been long buried, the secret having been confided to the sick man by a fellow-prisoner, into whose society misfortune had once thrown him. This seaman, Daggett by name, is one of a numerous colony of the same cognomen, inhabiting a neighbouring island, the Vineyard; a sea-faring race, who, upon hearing the intelligence of the death of a Daggett at Oyster Pond, send over a representative in the person of a Captain Daggett, to claim the chattels of their deceased relative. But little treasure had the poor mariner left behind him, save a chart, whereon had been carefully marked the islands and the key before mentioned, as carefully erased by Deacon Pratt, in his determination to reap the advantage of the secret himself. To this end, he fits out a schooner, under command of Captain Gardiner, but, in the meantime, the erasure upon the chart and other circumstances having aroused the suspicions of the Vineyard Daggetts, they also fit out a schooner of the same size, destined to sail in the track of the schooner of Oyster Pond. At length, Gardiner is ready to start, and having taken a tender farewell of Mary, and received minute and confidential instructions from the Deacon, the *Sea Lion* of Oyster Pond hauls off from the wharf and stands out to sea, closely followed by his rival, the *Sea Lion* of the Vineyard, commander, Captain Daggett. It soon becomes apparent to Gardiner that it is Daggett's intention to sail in consort, and having vainly attempted to give him the slip, in obedience to the orders of Deacon Pratt, a gale, in which mutual danger is incurred, produces good fellowship, which Daggett turning to his own advantage, succeeds in fastening himself upon Gardiner for the greater part of the voyage. After many perils, the islands are reached, and the seals found to be as abundant as described. Gardiner and his crew, in the exercise of prudence and industry, quickly secure a cargo. Not so Daggett, who with his hold half filled appeals to the more generous instincts of Gardiner, and thus inducing him to keep by him, eventually exposes both to the sufferings and perils of an antarctic winter. Here the same prudence and forethought preserve Gardiner and his crew, while Daggett's vessel is wrecked, his men frozen, till, finally, in his own person, he pays the penalty of his rash obstinacy, dying from the effects of frost-bitten legs. Spring sets in, and Gardiner returns with his cargo and the treasure. He has long been given up by the Deacon, who only survives to welcome him back, and dying, leaves Mary Pratt his heiress, recommending her to marry Gardiner, whose opportune conversion having removed all impediments, he becomes at once the husband of Mary and the co-heir of Deacon Pratt. The

perils of icebergs and floes, and the almost unbearable hardships of an antarctic winter are most powerfully and graphically described. The loss of Daggett's vessel will give the reader a good idea of the powerful interest of all the nautical portions of this novel. It is in their final effort to quit the islands before the gathering in shall have rendered it altogether impossible, that the disaster occurs. It is night, the watch is set, when suddenly the look-out forward announces, "Ice ahead." Roswell Gardiner is immediately called, and while this was doing:

"The Vineyard Lion swept past the Oyster Pond schooner, and Roswell announced his presence on deck, just as the other vessel cleared his bows. 'There's no time to consult, Gar'ner,' said Daggett. 'There's our road before us. Go through it we must, or stay where we are until that field-ice gives us a jam down yonder in the crescent. I will lead, and you can follow as soon as your eyes are open.' One glance let Roswell into the secret of his situation. He liked it little, but he did not hesitate. 'Fill the topsail, and haul aft the foresheet,' were the quiet orders that proclaimed what he intended to do. Both vessels stood on. By some secret process, every man on board the two craft became aware of what was going on, and appeared on deck. All hands were not called, nor was there any particular noise to attract attention; but the word had been whispered below that there was a great risk to be run. A risk it was, of a verity! It was necessary to stand close along that iron-bound coast, where the seals had so lately resorted, for a distance of several miles. The wind would not admit of the schooner's steering much more than a cable's length from the rocks for quite a league, after which the shore trended to the southward, and a little sea-room would be gained. But on those rocks the waves were then beating heavily, and their bellowings as they rolled into the cavities were at almost all times terrific. There was some relief, however, in the knowledge obtained of the shore, by having frequently passed up and down it in the boats. It was known that the water was deep close to the visible rocks, and that there was no danger as long as a vessel could keep off them. No one spoke. Every eye was strained to discern objects ahead, or was looking astern to trace the expected collision between the floe-ice and the low promontory of the cape. The ear soon gave notice that this meeting had already taken place, for the frightful sound that attended the cracking and rending of the field, might have been heard fully a league. Now it was that each schooner did her best! Yards were braced up, sheets flattened, and the helm tended. The close proximity of the rocks on the one side and the secret presentiment of there being more field-ice on the other, kept every one wide awake. The two masters in particular were all eyes and ears. It was getting to be very cold, and the sort of shelter aloft, that goes by the quaint name of "crow's nest," had been fitted up in each vessel. A mate was now sent into each, to ascertain what might be discovered to windward. Almost at the same instant, these young seamen hailed their respective decks, and gave notice that a wide field was coming in upon them, and must eventually crush them unless avoided. This startling intelligence reached the two commanders in the very same moment. The emergency demanded decision, and each man acted for himself. Roswell ordered his helm to be put *down*, and his schooner *tacked*. The water was not rough enough to prevent the success of the manœuvre. On the other hand, Daggett kept a cap-full, and *stood on*. Roswell manifested the most judgment and seamanship. He was now far enough from the cape to beat to windward, and by going nearer to the enemy, he might always run along its southern boundary, profit by any opening, and would be, by as much as he could thus gain, to windward of the coast. Daggett had one advantage. By standing on, in the event of a return becoming necessary, he would gain in time. In ten minutes the two schooners were a mile asunder. We shall first follow that of Roswell Gardiner's, in his attempt to escape. The first floe, which was ripping and tearing one of its angles into fragments, as it came grinding down on the cape, soon compelled the vessel to tack. Making short reaches, Roswell ere long found himself fully a mile to windward of the rocks, and sufficiently near to the new floe to discern its shape, drift, and general character. Its eastern end had lodged upon the field that first came in, and was adding to the vast momentum with which that enormous floe was pressing down upon the cape. Large as was that first visitor to the bay, this was of at least twice, if not of thrice, its dimensions. What gave Roswell the most concern was, the great distance that this field extended to the westward. He went up into the crow's-nest himself, and, aided by the light of a most brilliant moon, and a sky without a cloud, he could perceive the blink of ice in that direction, as he fancied for fully two leagues. What was unusual, perhaps, at that early season of the year, these floes did not consist of a vast collection of numberless cakes of ice; but the whole field, as far as could be then ascertained, was firm and united. The nights were now so cold that ice made fast wherever there was water; and it occurred to our young master that, possibly, fragments that had once been separated and broken by the waves, might have become re-united by the agency of frost. Roswell descended from the crow's-nest half chilled by a cutting wind, though it blew from a warm quarter. Summoning his mates, he asked their advice. 'It seems to me, Captain Gar'ner,' Hayard replied, 'there's very little choice. Here we are, so far as I can make it out, embayed, and we have only to box about until daylight comes, when some chance may turn up to help us. If so, we must turn it to account; if not, we must make up our minds to winter here.' This was coolly and calmly said; though it was clear enough that Hayard was quite in earnest. 'You forget there may be an open passage to the westward, Mr. Hayard," Roswell rejoined, 'and that we may yet pass out to sea by it. Captain Daggett is already out of sight in the western board, and we may do well to stand on after him.' 'Ay, ay, Sir, I know all that, Captain Gar'ner, and it may be as you say; but when I was aloft, half an hour since, if there was'nt the blink of ice in that direction, quite round to the back of the island, there was'nt the blink of ice no where hereabouts. I'm used to the sight of it, and can't well be mistaken.' 'There is always ice on that side of the land, Hayard, and you may have seen the blink of the bergs which have hugged the cliffs in that quarter all summer. Still, that is not proving we shall find no outlet. This craft can go through a very small passage, and we must take care and find one in proper time. Wintering here is out of the question. A *hundred* reasons tell us not to think of such a thing; besides, the interests of our owners. We are walking along this floe pretty fast, though I think the vessel is too much by the head; don't it strike you so, Hayard?' 'Lord, Sir, it's nothing but the ice that has made, and is making for'ard! Before we got so near the field as to find a better lee, the little lipper that came athwart our bows froze almost as soon as it met us. I do suppose, Sir, there are now several tons of ice on our bows, counting from channel to channel forward.' On an examination this proved to be true, and the knowledge of the circumstance did not at all contribute to Gardiner's feeling of security. He saw there was no time to be lost, and he crowded sail with the view of forcing the vessel past the dangers if possible, and of getting her into a milder climate. But even a fast-sailing schooner will scarcely equal our wishes under such circumstances. There was no doubt that the *Sea Lion's* speed was getting to be affected by the manner in which her bows

were weighed down by ice, in addition to the discomfort produced by cold, damp, and the presence of a slippery substance on the deck and rigging. Fortunately there was not much spray flying, or matters would have been much worse. As it was, they were bad enough, and very ominous of future evil. While the *Sea Lion*, of Oyster Pond, was running along the margin of the ice in the manner just described, and after the blink to the westward had changed to a visible field, making it very uncertain whether any egress was to be found in that quarter or not; an opening suddenly appeared trending to the northward, and sufficiently wide, as Roswell thought, to enable him to beat through it. Putting his helm down, his schooner came heaving round, and was filled on a course that soon carried her half a mile into this passage. At first, every thing seemed propitious, the channel rather opening than otherwise, while the course was such—north-north-west—as enabled the vessel to make very long legs on one tack, and that the best. After going about four or five times, however, all these flattering symptoms suddenly changed, by the passage terminating in a *cul de sac*. Almost at the same instant, the ice closed rapidly in the schooner's wake. An effort was made to run back, but it failed in consequence of an enormous floe's turning on its centre, having met resistance from a field closer in, that was in its turn stopped by the rocks. Roswell saw at once that nothing could be done at the moment. He took in all his canvas, as well as the frozen cloth could be handled, got out ice anchors, and hauled his vessel into a species of cave, where there would be the least danger of a nip, should the fields continue to close. All this time Daggett was as busy as a bee. He rounded the head-land, and flattered himself that he was about to slip past all the rocks, and get out into open water, when the vast fields of which the blink had been seen even by those in the other vessel, suddenly stretched themselves across his course, in a way that set at defiance all attempts to go any further in that direction. Daggett wore round, and endeavoured to return. This was by no means so easy as it was to go down before the wind, and his bows were also much encumbered with ice; more so, indeed, than those of the other schooner. Once or twice his craft missed stays in consequence of getting so much by the head, and it was deemed necessary to heave to, and take to the axes. A great deal of extra and cumbrous weight was gotten rid of, but an hour of most precious time was lost. By the time Daggett was ready to make sail again, he found his return round the headland was entirely cut off by the field having come into absolute contact with the rocks! It was now midnight, and the men on board both vessels required rest. A watch was set in each, and most of the people were permitted to turn in. Of course proper look-outs were had, but the light of the moon was not sufficiently distinct to render it safe to make any final efforts under its favour. No great alarm was felt, there being nothing unusual in a vessel being embayed in the ice; and so long as she was not nipped or pressed upon by actual contact, the position was thought safe, rather than the reverse. It was desirable, moreover, for the schooners to communicate with each other, for some advantage might be known to one of the masters, that was concealed by distance from his companion. Without concert, therefore, Roswell and Daggett came to the same general conclusions, and waited patiently. The day came at last, cold and dreary, though not altogether without the relief of an air that blew from regions far warmer than the ocean over which it was now travelling. Then the two schooners became visible from each other, and Roswell saw the jeopardy of Daggett, and Daggett saw the jeopardy of Roswell. The vessels were little more than a mile apart, but the situation of the *Vineyard Lion* was much the most critical. She had made fast to the floe, but her support itself was in a steady and most imposing motion. As soon as Roswell saw the manner in which his consort was surrounded, and the very threatening aspect of the danger that pressed upon him, his first impulse was to hasten to him, with a party of his own people, to offer any assistance he could give. After looking at the ice immediately round his own craft, where all seemed to be right, he called over the names of six of his men, ordered them to eat a warm breakfast, and to prepare to accompany him. In twenty minutes Roswell was leading his little party across the ice, each man carrying an axe, or some other implement that it was supposed might be of use. It was by no means difficult to proceed; for the surface of the floe, one seemingly more than a league in extent, was quite smooth, and the snow on it was crusted to a strength that would have borne a team. 'The water between the ice and the rocks is a much narrower strip than I had thought,' said Roswell, to his constant attendant, Stimson. 'Here it does not appear to be a hundred yards in width!' 'Nor is it, Sir. Whew! this trotting in so cold a climate makes a man puff like a whale blowing; but, Captain Gar'ner, that schooner will be cut in two before we can get to her. Look, Sir, the floe has reached the rocks already, quite near her, and it does not stop the drift at all, seemingly.' Roswell made no reply. The state of the *Vineyard Lion* did appear to be much more critical than he had previously imagined; until he came nearer to the land, he had formed no notion of the steady power with which the field was setting down on the rocks on which the broken fragments were now creeping like creatures endowed with life. Occasionally, there would be loud disruptions, and the movement of the floe would become more rapid; then, again, a sort of pause would succeed, and for a moment the approaching party felt a gleam of hope. But all expectations of this sort were doomed to be disappointed. "Look, Sir!' exclaimed Stimson, 'she went down afore it twenty fathoms at that one set. She must be awful near the rocks, Sir!' All the men now stopped. They knew they were powerless, and intense anxiety rendered them averse to move. Attention appeared to interfere with their walking on the ice; and each held his breath in expectation. They saw that the schooner, then less than a cable's length from them, was close to the rocks; and the next shock, if any thing like the last, must overwhelm her. To their astonishment, instead of being nipped, the schooner rose by a stately movement, that was not without grandeur, upheld by broken cakes that had got beneath her bottom, and fairly reached the shelf of rocks almost unharmed. Not a man had left her; but there she was, placed on the shore, some twenty feet above the surface of the sea, on rocks worn smooth by the action of the waves! Had the season been propitious, and did the injury stop here, it might have been possible to get the craft into the water again, and still carry her to America. But the floe was not yet arrested. Cake succeeded cake, one riding over another, until a wall of ice rose along the shore, that Roswell and his companions, with all their activity and courage, had great difficulty in crossing. They succeeded in getting over it, however; and when they reached the unfortunate schooner, she was literally buried. The masts were broken, the sails torn, rigging scattered, and sides stove. The *Sea Lion*, of Martha's Vineyard, was a worthless wreck—worthless as to all purposes but that of being converted into materials for a smaller craft, or to be used as fuel. All this had been done in ten minutes."

THERE are thoughts which most men reserve even from their friends, not because they are selfish, or knavish, or childish, or in any other grave sense base and discreditable, but because they may be chided as profitless, or derided as fantastic.

THE LILY AND THE STREAM.

A LILY-CUP was growing where the streamlet tide was flowing,
And rich with grace and beauty there it bent;
And pass'd the whole day long in dancing to the song
Which gurgling ripples murmured as they went.
Though rush and weed were there, the place was fresh and fair,
And wavelets kissed the Lily's tender leaf;
The Lily woo'd the water, and drank the draught it brought her,
And never wore a tint of blighting grief.

A strong hand came and took the Lily from the brook,
And placed it in a painted vase of clay;
But, ah! it might not be, and sad it was to see
The suffering lily fade and pine away.
The fountain-drops of wealth ne'er nursed it into health,
It never danced beneath the lighted dome;
But wofully it sighed for the streamlet's gushing tide,
And drooped in pain to miss its far-off home.

Now human hearts be true, and tell me are not you
Too often taken like the gentle flower;
And do ye never grieve, when Fortune bids ye leave
Affection's Life-stream for her gilded Bower?
Oh! many a one can look far back on some sweet brook,
That fed their soul-bloom, fresh and pure and shining,
And many a one will say, some painted vase of clay
Has held their spirit, like the Lily, pining

ELIZA COOK.

SERVANTS' SUNDAY MEMORIES.—I have known poor, tormented chamber and nursery-maids, who could laugh and dance six and a half days in the week, on Sunday afternoon be unable to eat. On that day their heart and their weary life were too heavy; then they dwelt so long upon the memory of their obscure, humble home, till they found therein some little dark place, even an old neglected grave of father or mother, and there they sat themselves down, and wept till the mistress came home again. Countesses, princesses, West-Indians, baronesses! ye, who, like true women, rule the slaves of your beauty more severely than the slaves of your service, be not imperious to the latter on Sunday afternoon. The people in your service are often poor country people, to whom the Sunday, which does not exist for them in cities, in the great world, or upon great journeys, was, in their childhood's time, when they were happy, a blessed day of rest. Willingly do they stand by thee, on thy festivals, empty and thirsty; upon thy marriage and funeral feasts, without any wishes of their own, they hold the plate and the dress; but on Sunday, the festival of the people, of humanity itself—the day upon which, with them, turn all the hopes of the week, and the poor believe that some few of the joys of the wide earth are guaranteed to them—that on this day, the joys of childhood, of that time when they really had some part in this covenant of grace and peace, must return again. That blessed time, when they had no school-hours, their best apparel, resting parents, playing children, the evening roast, green meadows, and a walk within them, where the social freedom of the fresh heart adorned the whole fresh world. Dear ladies! if then, on Sundays, these, thy menials, wade less deeply into labour, that Lethe of the past and the present—if their dark life invests them more painfully, and, sighing over the unfruitfulness of the present, they recal the merry sounds of their pure childhood, which to every man promises an Eden—then chide not, nor punish their tears; but let the longing, homesick soul, wander without thy castle gates, till the going down of the sun.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

DIAMOND DUST.

HABIT eats so deeply into man's humanity, that instead of constituting no more than his second nature, it expels the first, usurping the sovereignty. Our minds may turn their eyes so long in the same direction, that never again can we look quite straight. Thoughts, passions, affections, are domesticated by custom, till, like barn-door fowl, they will always eat their meat from the same platter, and sleep upon the same roost.

THERE are many who mistake the love of life for a fear of death.

ADVERSITIES are blessings in disguise.

GREAT souls are always loyally submissive and reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise.

THE mighty sounds of truth wander eternal over land and sea.

THOUGHT without truth is but serious trifling.

IT is from the union of nature and the human mind that art as well as science derives its origin and principle of growth.

MANKIND too generally mistake anarchy for liberty, ostentation for generosity, passion for love, and vanity for pride; yet how widely different are they all.

FRIENDS are the thermometers by which we may judge the temperature of our fortunes.

LET not people give by wholesale, so as to beg again by wholesale.

THOUGHTS are in the brain like flowers in their native soil; but, on paper, like exotics in a green-house, probably maintaining a dwarfish existence, but oftener killed by the transplanting.

IT is but the littleness of man that seeth no greatness in trifles.

ONE of the greatest problems yet to be solved—How much will a carpet-bag hold?

SENSITIVE natures acquire an instinctive dread of bad-tempered people, as certain nervous minds do of fire-arms; believing they may go off, even though not loaded.

THE elevation of mind in its maturity is valuable, most especially from the discriminative retrospect it commands over the fairy scenes of childhood.

A THOUSAND things are well forgot, for peace and quietness' sake.

THE difference between those whom the world esteems as good, and those whom it condemns as bad, is in many cases little else than that the former have been better sheltered from temptation.

FAILURES are with heroic minds the stepping-stones to success.

MAKE yourself all honey, and the flies will eat you up.

GREATLY do they err, who suppose that suffering is the cement of affection while it lasts. Our sympathy for the sorrows of our friends is the most tender when we have none of our own. It requires ease and leisure; pain exasperates, fear is selfish. The remembrance of grief does, indeed, attract and solder all who may have partaken in it, but seldom till memory has grown calm.

ABATE two-thirds of all the reports you hear.

HAPPINESS is a road-side flower, growing on the highways of usefulness.

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THE BRITISH COAST.

AMONG the many blessings which science has made cheap, is that of steam locomotion by land and by sea. We have already spoken of the former in connection with railways, and their advantages in facilitating the wholesome recreation and amusement of the people. But not less beneficial and advantageous in this as well as in other respects, is the same power applied to the navigation of our rivers, lakes, and seas. While the railway locomotive traverses the length and breadth of the land, and affords a rapid and cheap access to the finest scenery of our country, the steam-boat offers the attraction of its still lower fares and more ample personal accommodation, in inducing the lovers of Nature to run away for a brief season from their ordinary occupations at the desk, the counter, or the warehouse, to inhale the fresh breezes of the ocean, and feel its cool breath blow upon them like a new life. At the moment at which we write, swift and convenient steamers are daily carrying hundreds to Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, and Deal; or further off, to Leith or Dundee, along the length of the eastern coast; or, down the Channel, past the bold cliffs of Devon and Cornwall, and westward to Cork and Dublin.

And truly a glorious coast is that which abuts on the ocean, on nearly all sides of this old cliffy Albion. Here she ruggedly and sternly dashes back the wild billows as they come tumbling in against her rocky ribs. There she spreads out in grassy downs, fringed by the pebbled strand, on which the waves leap laughing to the shore. In one place, she as if opens her arms to take the Deep to her bosom, and bays, friths, and coves afford welcome havens and secure riding for the mariner. In another, she projects some huge promontory far into the sea, fretting the angry waters that boil and dash with bellowing roar through the caves underneath.

For so comparatively limited an extent of coast line, there is probably none in the world that presents so much variety and grandeur, as that of Britain. For picturesque beauty, what can compare with the south coast from Dover to Land's End? How full of historic interest, too, from the debarkation of Cæsar's legions under the chalk cliffs of Kent, or of the Norman invaders near Hastings, to the landing of the Prince of Orange in Torbay—three events that mark amongst the most memorable eras in British history.

But the grand beauty of that fine reach of coast is especially towards the west. We hold in our memory the delicious remembrance of a voyage once performed along the delightful coast stretching from Spithead to Plymouth Sound. Let us not forget to mention that lovely sail down Southampton water, with the New Forest on the one hand and the wooded fringe of Hampshire on the other; Netley Abbey peeping out amongst the trees from a green dell, in which it lies most charmingly seated. We sailed out of the noble harbour of Portsmouth, almost from under the bows of Nelson's gallant old ship, the *Victory*, a kind of national shrine there lying on England's element The Deep, to which thousands of visitors yearly resort to pay their affectionate tribute to the memory of their greatest naval hero. The roll of drums from the garrison, the evening gun fired from the wooden castles floating many a rood upon the deep, the frowning bastions with the guns pointed seawards, remind you on all sides that this is one of the great depôts of England's power in war. Less than an hour's steaming brought us to the beautiful coast of the Isle of Wight, sleeping in peace under the tranquil sky of evening. Passing Ryde, and Osborne, and Corfe Castle, we swept into the snugly sheltered Harbour of Cowes, the trees and green hillocks amid which the town and its villas seem to nestle, giving back the last golden rays of the setting sun. Night fell, as we steamed through the Solent, along the north coast of the Isle of Wight. One by one, the lighthouses along the coast lit up, and their friendly blaze came out, and burned clearer and clearer across the waters, as the darkness grew thicker.

This careful lighting up of our coasts for the guidance of the mariner homeward-bound, or coast-wise, by which he passes along as it were an illuminated highway, knowing at a glance, as he comes from off his two thousand miles voyage, the precise point of his native coast which he has neared, affords one of the most remarkable indications of the almost perfect state to which the contrivances of civilization have reached, as regards our commercial mechanism.

The heavy waves rolling in from the Atlantic, dashed with hoarse noise against the rocky Needles as we passed, the lights which crowned their pinnacle flashing across the

water crests, until at length they were left far behind, and what seemed only a dim star lay against the low horizon. Before us a ship of seemingly large burden, bore in under a press of sail from the Channel, impelled by a favourable breeze. In the dim obscurity of the night, she seemed like a huge sea dragon, swimming along with her enormous wings thrown upwards to the air. But she had soon passed, and was in our wake, pursuing the course we had just traversed.

The darkness grew complete, and we saw nothing, save the lights, looking out from the numerous headlands along the coast, until early in the following morning, when the loud rushing escape of the steam from the escape-pipe, the stoppage of the grumbling machinery, and the stamping about upon the deck, announced to those who were below, that we had came to a stand. Proceeding on deck we found that we had swung round into the beautiful harbour of Torbay, and were laid alongside the little jetty of Torquay. The sun was already on the verge of the horizon, and the tips of the green hills which hem in the lovely bay, were faintly kissed by his radiance. The little terraced town lay asleep, the boats drawn up high and dry upon the beach. Sweeping round in a most graceful bend, and lipping the sandy and shingly beach, the waters lay quiet and still, disturbed only by a gentle ripple, and half-reflecting the gems of beauty along its borders, which seemed to sleep in their shadows on its bosom.

Passengers were taken on board, and again we were swiftly steaming out of the bay, and along the bold precipitous coast towards Plymouth Sound. The rugged cliffs of Start Point and Bolt Head were passed, the abrupt coast here rising up in grand majesty; watch towers, their lights now extinguished, looming up at intervals. Far in the east, like a tall white tower, rose Eddystone Lighthouse, that masterpiece of engineering skill, and perseverance. Far out at sea, as if close against the sun, was observed a tiny little boat pitching among the billows, now on the crest of a wave, now lost between their hollows. Mackerel fishers they were—thus plying their venturous calling, and seeking life, with an inch of plank between them and the deep. And thus it is that the hardy spirit of the English sailor is nursed.

At length we rounded a sudden point, and Plymouth Sound, barricaded across by its magnificent breakwater, opened before us. Nothing can be more lovely than the scenery of this noble bay—the rocks, cliffs, verdure, and cottages, which surround it on all sides; the sudden spreading, and continuing beauty of the view as we sail along, the rolling swell of the billows now subsided into an even rippling of the water, on the face of which floated tall huge ships, thunder and destruction engirdled within their massive ribs—then further up the bay, from the many inlets and harbours, a thousand masts shoot up among, between, and above the rocks and houses—then the black-toothed batteries, citadel, soldiers' barracks, and magazines. Drake's Island, leaving open a glimpse into the Hamoaze, with the mastless masses of black and chequered hulks sleeping on the smooth water; and, opposite Plymouth, the projecting points of Mount Edgcumbe Park, carpeted with smooth verdure, and streaked and dotted with noble woods, looking like solid masses of emerald cut into fret-work—still further up, on green and flowery slopes, white-washed cottage and rural villa, perhaps nestling under a cliff, court the gazer's eye as pictures of peace and English comfort; the receding and distant hills, variegated with many hues, and swept with alternations of light and shade—old dusky Dartmoor solemnly reposing above and behind the wonders and beauties at his foot; all tend to constitute a scene of beauty and enchantment, the like of which, perhaps, is not to be found throughout the whole of even this beautiful Island.

But there are many other beautiful coast scenes besides this. From St. Abb's Head, near which Fast Castle projects on its rocky cliff, high above the sea at its base, to Dunbar,—past the rugged Bass rock, the haunt of thousands of screaming sea-birds,—past Tamtallon Castle, North Berwick Law, and up the Frith of Forth, to Edinburgh, is a glorious bit of coast for the marine artist, which Turner and Stanfield have both loved to paint. To sail up the Frith as the sun is setting, and arrive in Leith roads as the golden rays are shining on the fantastical ridge of buildings, forming the Old Town of Edinburgh, standing in strong relief against the dark range of the Pentland Hills, is a picture, which once seen, never perishes from the memory.

Nor is the western coast of Scotland without its grand beauties. Take steamer from Liverpool on a summer's afternoon for Glasgow, and the tourist will witness a succession of the most magnificent coast and island views. Skirting the bold coast of Man in the late evening, the lights already gleaming from the rocky Point of Ayre, in the early morning he will discern through the mist the wild Mull of Galloway, and the bold coast of Wigton. More northward he comes in sight of the lofty and precipitous Ailsa Crag, above a thousand feet high, like a grim ocean spectre; and as the morning sun climbs the horizon, the duskiness in which the brows of earth and the breast of the billows had been enfolded, is gradually swept off, and then he sees the white clouds of mist majestically rolling up the sides of the lofty hills of Arran and Bute; he catches glimpses of the veteran castles of Kildonar, Mount Stewart, and Dunoon, and sweeps into the magnificent Clyde, with its glorious panorama of almost unequalled scenery, as the sun reaches his meridian glory.

Let any one, then, who feels the vapours of the city pressing heavily upon him, betake himself off to the sea forthwith. If he be "no sailor," let him contrive to get to the coast by land. Let him there inhale the fresh breath of the sea, stroll among the shells and shingles along the beach, give himself up to play like a little child, and he will return to his home and his business, perhaps a wiser and a better, but at all events, a healthier man.

INQUISITIVENESS.

It has often struck me as curious, that those qualities which attract us towards the young, repel us from the old, and vice versâ. It is not only singular, but it seems to involve a perversity which it is very difficult to understand. We cannot conceive of a lover of flowers loving a bud, but turning away with indifference from the expanded blossom, which both attract him by the same qualities in different stages of development; yet, when he deals with the buds and blossoms of humanity, he seems to act from quite different feelings. Perhaps none of us are free from these strange influences, and a few moments' consideration on a subject few think of, might throw a light upon it, and lead to useful results. Let any one run over the list of his aged and youthful friends, and quietly enquire of himself what it is that he likes each for. The old he probably is attracted to by that quiet sedate good-humour which sits so well upon the brow, where Time above the silvered eyebrows has ploughed his deep furrows; the young as probably attract him by their restless energy, their ready mirth, and their ever boisterous cheerfulness. If a young friend and an old one could be made to change characters, what a difference the transformation would mark in our feelings toward them. The qualities would remain just the same, but we should despise the boisterous old man as a dotard aping the manners of youth, and treat the sedate grave youngster with that reserve and caution, which is generally shown to the individual, who, according

to the adage, has "an old head upon young shoulders." I have known disagreeable boys to grow into companionable and sociable men; and men whom almost every body liked when young, become absolutely repulsive as the years passed on; and strange as it may seem, and although there are no doubt many exceptions, yet I cannot help thinking that in many cases it has happened from their remaining unchanged, rather than from their having altered; the true reason being that there is an involuntary sense of fitness and appropriateness within most of us, which leads us to like different things under different circumstances, just as a man of taste would admire bursts of passion in the actor upon the stage, or the orator upon the platform, which he would deprecate in the preacher in the pulpit. There is not only a time, but a place for all things, and most things are good in their way; take them out of their proper sphere, and we cease to think them estimable; yet, after all, it is not the qualities which change from boyhood to manhood, and from manhood to age, so much as the mode in which they are shown; and so all-powerful is manner that it acts upon us, often, more powerfully than the realities which accompany it. It is possible, however, that I should not make what I mean understood, by writing abstractions, and gossiping metaphysics till doomsday, half so well as by introducing my reader to a quiet parlour, and a scene of domestic life, having especial reference to the quality mentioned at the top of this article, and which scene was fraught with important consequences to one of the little circle there assembled. It was one of those dark, misty, chilly, sloppy November evenings, which make a warm bright fireside seem so pleasant; and Mr. Williams, for that is the name we will give to the head of the family, had after the labours of the day in the city, reached his neat comfortable little house in the suburbs, suspended his damp great coat in the passage, hung his hat upon the accustomed peg, for he was a regular man, and there was a place for everything in his house, given up his dripping umbrella to the clean servant, with many pink bows in her cap, changed his dirty boots for the well-aired slippers, and ensconced himself in the cosy arm-chair in front of the fire, and by the side of the well-furnished tea-table, on which the urn was hissing and bubbling rarely. It was a well-furnished room—not sumptuous, but with an air of neatness and comfort, very pleasant to look at; and Mr. Williams was a comfortable-looking man, just such a one as you might imagine, with some truth, was well to do in the world, and on tolerably good terms with himself, and the rest of humanity. He was contented and good-natured, and had sat down, as was his wont, business being over for the day, to enjoy at once his tea, and the gossip his wife generally provided for him. Mrs. Williams was some years younger than her husband, not pretty, but with one of those quiet, good-humoured, intelligent-looking faces, which shed a mild cast of light around them, and the world seemed to pass tolerably easy with her. By the side of the mother, perched upon a high chair, and evidently in no small awe of his father, sat the only child, "Master John," as the servant maid called him, a boy of five or six years old, healthy-looking, florid, intelligent, and vivacious, and putting considerable restraint upon himself by holding his tongue "while pa had his tea;" an infringement of which duty was wont, as John well knew, to be attended with rather disagreeable consequences. "Well, John," said Mrs. Williams, addressing her husband, "who do you think has been here to day?" Mr. Williams had just dipped into his first cup of tea. As sipping hot tea is unfavorable to talking, he looked enquiringly over the edge of the china, asking with his eyes "who?" "Why," said Mrs. Williams, "old Mrs. Wilkins, and I really think the older she grows, the more tiresome she gets." Mr. Williams gave another interrogative glance, and Mrs. Williams continued, "you know how inquisitive she is, and to day she wanted to know everything." "Ah," said Mr. Williams, whose tea was getting cooler, and had been put down for the well buttered muffin, of which his mouth was pretty well full. "Ah, is she? What did she want to know?" "Oh, every thing," said the wife. "She thought business was generally very bad. Young Smith was likely to get into difficulties, and she hoped you were getting on well. How many clerks had you, and so forth. Then she thought this house rather small, and did not like the situation, and asked whether I intended to stop in it. Then she wanted to know about your brother Thomas, whether he had got over his difficulties, and whether your sister Eliza was likely to be married; indeed I can't tell you half the questions; she asked even to what I gave Mary a year, and if I found her tea and sugar." "Just like her," said Mr. Williams, "always trying to find out every body's business. I shall give her a short answer some of these days."

"And then Johnny," continued the wife, looking affectionately at the child, for whom she certainly had no half measure of love, and the boy's brightening eyes and ready smile, told that heart was with his mother, "And then Johnny, the darling, I could hardly keep him quiet; he terribly annoyed Mrs. Wilkins I am afraid, for he would not let her alone for a moment. He wanted to look at her reticule, and to see what was in it, and to know whether she had got any cakes or apples, and where she lived, and whether she had got a husband, and any little boys, and all manner of things. I could not help laughing at him, and yet I was vexed, for the cross old thing did not seem to like it, and took up her bag and moved her dress whenever the child came near her, as though he would poison her, and so I was glad when she went." "I should think," said Mr. Williams, "that Johnny was almost as inquisitive as Mrs. Wilkins, and worried her as much as she teased you."

It was a random shot, but it hit the mark which it was never aimed at, and though Mr. Williams did not himself comprehend that the exercise of curiosity about trifles is tolerated and even liked in children, while it makes old folk what are called bores, yet he made that truth pretty clear to his wife, who had much more intellect and power of thought than himself, and set her seriously to considering the matter, and when Johnny had gone to bed, and for a long while after, she thought about the child, and Mrs. Wilkins, and the random remark of her husband. She would not like her boy to grow up a tiresome, meddling, prying man, yet it was certain that he was inquisitive, very inquisitive indeed, and she liked him as much for that as she disliked Mrs. Wilkins for the very same thing; but it was not long before her mother's feelings were justified to herself, and her shrewd good sense told her that it was not the quality, but the mode in which it was exercised, that was disagreeable, and she resolved that her son's should have a right direction, at all events so far as her influence extended, and from that time her training was not merely affectionate but intelligent, and had a purpose in it. Most men owe a great deal, both of their good and evil, to their mothers; and if women thought better and oftener; as well, as earnestly, and as warmly as they feel, it is impossible to say how much they would benefit, not only their own families, but their country and all humanity. At all events, little Johnny's inquisitiveness, without being repressed, for it was rather fostered, was not suffered to run wild, but was directed to worthy and noble objects; and he has grown up (for this scene happened many years ago) not an inquisitive busy-body, but the oracle and ornament of the scientific circle which he adorns; and if you were to ask him he would tell you that he owes his position to his mother, who as long ago as he can remember, directed his boyish energies into good channels, encouraged him to wish to know the secrets of nature and art, studied

so that she might give correct answers to his questions, which like the simple questions of most children, are puzzling to the ignorant; and as he grew older, procured for him the best instruction she could compass, and through all his after life aided his progress by her advice, making up, by earnest affection, what she lacked in knowledge; and yet if the philosopher of to day recollected that night when he sat in the high chair at the tea-table, he might trace much of his present eminence to the random remark of his father, that he was "as inquisitive as Mrs. Wilkins." A. O.

A DAY WITH MARIA EDGEWORTH.

BY AN AMERICAN.

There are few persons to whom the present generation of men and women owes so large a debt of gratitude for pleasant reading as to Maria Edgeworth. The writer is not sure whether "Harry and Lucy," and "Simple Susan" continue to be favourites with children. Perhaps their place has been supplied by something more "*improving*." "Belinda," also, and "Patronage," and "Castle Rackrent," and "Helen," may not be sought for as of old at the circulating libraries. More highly spiced productions, probably, cause them to seem insipid. There must be some readers, however, to whom the mere mention of these books still awakens agreeable recollections, and who have found nothing in more modern fiction exactly to supply their places. Such persons will be interested in the description of a visit the writer had the privilege of paying several years since at Edgeworthtown House. He trusts that he shall be acquitted of any impropriety in publishing the details of that visit. Common usage has sanctioned similar statements in the case of other distinguished authors, and in regard to Miss Edgeworth, if the writer can convey to the public a tithe of that deep respect for her character, which the interviews to be narrated produced in his own mind, he knows that he shall be pardoned for the liberty he is taking. It was early in the morning of a July day, in the year 1836 (the reader will allow me to use the first person singular), when I left Dublin for Edgeworthtown, which latter place lies fifty-three Irish miles distant from the other in a north-westerly direction. On leaving the city we passed the fine buildings erected for the Law Courts, the barracks, the Military Hospital, and Phœnix Park. We saw at a distance the spire of the mad-house in which Swift spent some of the latter and most melancholy days of his life. Our road led us through Maynooth, where the large Roman Catholic College is situated, and Mullingar. There was little, however, to interest me on the way, excepting the beggars who surrounded the coach at every stopping place, and were most importunate in their demands,—whining, blessing, flattering, praying, and groaning in melancholy chorus. The sight was a distressing one, and only rendered tolerable by the reflection that this was made a matter of business with many of the poor creatures, and much of the grief and affliction was put on for the occasion.

I reached the inn at Edgeworthtown at half-past two in the afternoon, and immediately sent a package with which I had been charged, together with a letter of introduction, and my card to the authoress. Shortly afterwards the servant returned, bearing Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth's compliments, and an invitation to visit them. I walked forthwith to the house, which was at no great distance from the inn. I entered the grounds by the gate at the porter's lodge, and followed a broad gravelled drive, which wound through a beautiful lawn adorned by clumps of elms. This brought me to the great hall door of the mansion, which was square in shape, large and commodious, and painted of a yellowish colour. It was partly surrounded by flower-gardens, and had on one side verandas and trellis-work, covered with clustering roses. A servant received me at the entrance, and passing through the hall, which was ornamented with family portraits, and specimens of natural history, ushered me into the library, where a number of ladies were sitting, engaged in writing and sewing. One of them rose and accosted me, and I recognised Miss Edgeworth at once from descriptions of her which I had already received. She was a very short and spare person, and appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, although she must have been at that time not less than seventy. Her face had no very striking features. It expressed, however, in a marked degree good sense and benevolence. If there was anything peculiar in her physiognomy, it was the space between the eyes, which was very broad and flat. The forehead also was broad, while the lower part of the face about the mouth and chin was quite narrow. Her eyes were small, and of a colour between grey and hazel. They assumed a very pleasant expression when she smiled and half closed them. Her nose was nearly straight, and mouth small and slightly compressed. She wore a slate-coloured gown and a plain cap, with brown hair (a frizette, I thought) in small curls around her forehead. If her appearance was ordinary, her voice and manner were exceedingly kind and engaging. She presented me to the widow of her father, a lady of much dignity of address, and who preserved a great deal of bloom, although her hair was quite grey. Another elderly lady and two younger women were in the room, who I afterwards learned were relatives of the family. The apartment was large and well lighted, and combined all the conveniences of a library and the elegancies of a lady's parlour. There was a range of square pillars at the sides where a partition had apparently been taken down. In the recesses thus formed, and elsewhere beside the walls, well-fitted book-cases extended half-way to the ceiling, the spaces above being occupied by oil-paintings and engravings. Among them were likenesses of Ricardo, the political economist, Sir Walter Scott, Madame De Stael, Talleyrand, Lord Longford, and Napoleon. Tables covered with books, writing materials, needle-work, and baskets of flowers stood in different parts of the room, and about the grate, in which a fire of peat was burning, large, easy-looking chairs were disposed. Everything wore an air of comfort and refined taste, and it was at once to be seen that the usual occupants of that apartment devoted themselves to pursuits both rational and delightful. Here it was, as Miss Edgeworth afterwards told me, that all her books were written. She worked there, she said, surrounded by the different members of her family, often reading to them what she had just before composed, and receiving their corrections and suggestions. And, indeed, it was the very place in which one might suppose those elegant conversations, so full of wit and common sense, which abound in her novels, had been conceived. That cheerful library parlour seemed to be the home of all domestic virtues and graces. Nobody who lived in it could be dull, or ungenial, or unhappy.

After luncheon, which was served in the dining-room, a most interesting conversation took place. Miss Edgeworth talked a great deal, and all that she said was full of practical good sense and kindness of heart. The topics, at first, in compliment to her guest, related principally to America. Upon these subjects, particularly those connected with government and literature, she showed accurate information and liberal opinions. She appeared to be familiar with our best authors, and to have a proper appreciation of their merits, making discriminating remarks, I remember, respecting Irving, Willis, and Hoffman. We spoke of Indian words and their pronunciation, and she seemed pleased to be informed how Michigan, Hobomok, and other names were pronounced.

This led to the general subject of the Indians and their wrongs, in connection with which she read with much feeling a few lines from Mrs. Sigourney, whose name she accented improperly.

It happened that I had shortly before visited Abbotsford. When this was alluded to, she spoke in the most affectionate manner of Sir Walter Scott, who had died a few years previous, always calling him her "dear Sir Walter Scott." She described a tour to the Lakes of Killarney, upon which she had accompanied him and his family. When that interesting apartment at Abbotsford was mentioned, in which the personal relics of the poet —his hat, and stick, and clothes,—are preserved, the tears came to her eyes. It was evident she was a person of the most hearty good feeling, and overflowing with love to her friends. The conversation continued upon these and other subjects until late in the afternoon, when I rose to return to the Inn, upon which I was kindly asked to remain and dine, and take a bed at the house. My luggage was forthwith removed thither, and I found myself in the possession of a most comfortable apartment, in which, besides the usual furniture of a bed-room, were several easy sofas, screens, and curious old mirrors.

At dinner my seat was next to Miss Edgeworth, who talked all the time in the most agreeable way. What she said was marked as before with the strongest practical good sense, and the most cheerful and liberal views of mankind and the world. She showed also an accurate knowledge of many subjects which are usually considered to be beyond the reach of female study. Much of it was of an interrogative character, and required of me considerable self-possession and activity. I was quite well satisfied if I could answer her rapid questions with tolerable correctness. There are persons who possess the power of extracting from you all you know upon any subject—who arrive at once at the pith of your replies. She was one of these. If she agreed with any opinion expressed, she carried it out and illustrated it. If she dissented, she stated her objections with such clearness and force, that I should not have desired to argue with her afterwards, unless her winning kindness of manner had always given me courage to express my views with the greatest frankness. I can only hope to give a bare and meagre outline of this conversation—indeed, hardly more than an enumeration of some of the topics discussed. But even this may not be without interest, although it will afford no idea whatever of the extensive information, the warm-hearted generosity, and the vigorous and well-chosen language of the distinguished authoress.

She said she had never known Hannah More, and much regretted she had not. She had seen Mrs. Siddons act, but it was in the latter part of that lady's life, when her physical powers were on the decline. She spoke of the performance of Queen Catherine at this period as extremely interesting, the part requiring an exhibition of mental affliction a little blunted by bodily pain, which Mrs. Siddons' want of health enabled her to give with much effect. She had known Sir James Mackintosh well, and described his conversation as being of the most superior character. He knew the best that had ever been said or written on any subject. His memory, both retentive and recollective, was most wonderful, and his modesty equally remarkable. She wished he had not known so much of other people, that she might have known more of Sir James. She had been well acquainted with Watt, the improver of the Steam Engine. The statue of him by Chantrey, with its deeply wrinkled brow and expression of strong fixed meditation, was spoken of as the personification of Abstraction. "Yes," said she, "of Mathematics." In this connexion the wonders effected by steam in America were alluded to, and she gave to Mr. Fulton the credit of having first applied it to navigation.

She showed to me in the dining-room a portrait of her father, for whose memory she seemed to cherish the deepest veneration. When inquiry was made concerning his well-known talent for mechanics, she pointed to the clock, which she said was of his workmanship, and stated that the tower of the village church was raised from the ground by a contrivance of his, and put in its place in ten or fifteen minutes.

After dinner we went out upon the veranda, and then for the first time I ventured to speak particularly of her own books. She seemed to be gratified with the account of the warm reception "Helen" had met in America. I asked about "Taking for Granted," a new novel, which the papers about that time promised from her pen. She said this report had been spread, she presumed, by a friend, who had seen a little of the manuscript with that title. It was, however, unfinished, and she did not know when it would be completed. I spoke of how much we were led to expect from its name; and when upon being requested to state my conception of its meaning, I answered that it was probably intended to show the dangers of precipitancy in judgment and opinion, she appeared to be pleased, and said that was her meaning exactly, and requested if any instances illustrative of this occurred to me, that I would mention them, as she often derived much profit from such suggestions from her friends. We afterwards went into the hall, where she pointed out the portrait of her father's uncle, the Abbé Edgeworth, who attended Louis XVI. upon the scaffold. "This," she said, "was something for the family to be proud of." Here also was a picture of her great-grandfather, in his legal robes, and one of an ancestor of hers, a lady Edgeworth, which represents her in the act of making the sign of the cross, the same which saved Cranallagh Castle from the fury of a mob, as related in the memoirs of Richard Lovel Edgeworth.

When we returned to the library, lights were brought in, and the ladies commenced working, Miss Edgeworth being engaged upon a muslin cape, which sort of occupation, they said, she followed so much, that people were surprised she found any time for writing. Tea was afterwards served, and a pleasant conversation maintained until bed-time. Everything went on in an easy and quiet manner, so indicative of refinement and true politeness. Among all the members of this family the greatest harmony and affection seemed to exist, and I frequently observed little acts and words which, although unimportant in themselves, showed the constant influence of these delightful qualities.

I was down in the library the next morning at nine o'clock. Soon afterwards Miss Edgeworth came in from the garden with a large straw bonnet on her head, and holding in her hands a basket filled with flowers which she had just gathered. They were wet with the rain, and having engaged me to spread them out upon the floor, she retired to prepare for breakfast. In a little while we were all assembled at the meal, at which conversation flowed on in the same easy and unrestrained way as before. It turned at first upon prison reform, and she seemed to have an accurate knowledge of what had been effected in America in this department. Negro slavery was then mentioned, and upon this question she appeared to have more enlightened and just views than the English in general. Afterwards the subject of her own works was again introduced, and in answer to an inquiry if many of the characters and circumstances narrated were real? she said, she did not remember ever to have drawn a character which was taken entirely from life. Some incidents she had borrowed from true history. She mentioned the relater of the story in "Castle Rackrent" as very much resembling an old steward of the family. Churchill, in "Helen," she said, was made up from several fashionable *diners-out*, whom she had met in London. Some of the incidents in the "Contrast," one of the "Popular Tales," were real.

The shutting up of the wife in "Castle Rackrent" was also done by an officer who resided some time ago in the neighbourhood. The story of the will, which forms one of the most interesting portions of "Patronage," was real, and occurred in the memoirs of the Edgeworth family, as they had been written out by her great-grandfather. Lady Davenant was an imaginary personage. Being interrupted here by an expression of great admiration for that character, she seemed pleased, and intimated that she felt more pride in the delineation of it than in any she had ever drawn. "Simple Susan," she said, Sir Walter pronounced the most pathetic of her tales, and one which drew tears from him. In comparing domestic life in England with that in America, she expressed the idea that it must be much the same thing in both countries, and in this connection spoke of the rapid advancement of America in many departments, and instanced the art of engraving. The plates of our annuals, she said, were infinitely superior to the coarse prints of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which, in their day, were so highly prized. She also spoke of our reviews—which she always read—the *North American* and *American Quarterly*, which latter was then in existence. She preferred them as *reviews* to the English publications, although their essays might be inferior. She said they gave her better notions of a book, and directed her what to read and what to omit reading, more judiciously than the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*. Something being said of the political bigotry of the English periodicals, and their mercenary devotion to the interests of publishers and booksellers, she remarked she had heard of this latter charge, but from her own experience knew nothing. She sent her books to Mr. Bentley, and with the reviewing of them she had no connection.

After breakfast we walked in the hall and looked again at the family portraits. We examined that of the Lady making the Sign of the Cross, and also one of another Lady Edgeworth, who, although she was afraid of ghosts and fairies, had sufficient presence of mind to take a lighted candle gently with her hands from a barrel of gunpowder, into which it had been stuck by mistake during an attack upon her castle. Both these circumstances had been mentioned in the life of Richard Edgeworth, and doubted in the Reviews by ill-natured scribblers. To confirm the truth of the statement, his daughter brought out to me to read an old volume of manuscript, in her great-grandfather's own hand, in which these stories, with that of the will before-mentioned, and many other curious facts, were narrated. Besides the family portraits, there was one of Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton." There were also in the hall specimens of birds and insects from America, carefully preserved; a bead chain from a mummy's neck, a box with a picture of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh upon it, made from the wood of the door of that prison, and several other curiosities.

The time now approached for me to take leave, when Miss Edgeworth voluntarily offered to give me letters to some friends of hers in England. Before sealing them she handed them to me to read, and most gratefully do I recollect the kind manner in which she had written of myself, and of America. Perhaps no better proof can be afforded of the warm friendliness of her disposition than this unexpected courtesy to a young man but recently from college, who could contribute nothing to her intellectual gratification, and whose chief claim upon her regard was the introduction he had brought from a valued friend, and his own most sincere respect and admiration for her character and writing.

The coach was to start for Dublin at two o'clock, and shortly before that hour I left Edgeworthtown House, most deeply impressed with the quiet good sense, the extensive information, the liberal views, the warm heart, and the unaffected manners of her who was its chief ornament, and whose presence now, alas! no longer distinguishes it above all the hospitable Homes of Ireland.

THE SILVER FLAGON.

THE OUTLINE OF A NOVEL WRITTEN AT AN EARLY AGE.

By Silverpen.

It was a bright broad sunny day in June, some eighty years ago, so sultry and so hot, as to cause the two caged larks, which hung outside the open casement of old Adam Hayward's window, to abruptly end their carol of green fields and cloudless skies, and perching in the dullest corner of their cage, to not even chirp in answer to the merry whistle of the old goldsmith of Clerkenwell. It wanted yet an hour to one o'clock, but the day being hot as it was, and the hammer having clinked from early dawn, there seemed fair license for the clear, bright, foaming jug of ale which now stood on the wide bench beneath the low diamond-paned shop window. This, as it happened too, was the shadiest side of the street, and, therefore, any passers by most surely, on a day like this, came down it. If so, scarcely one but cast a glance upon old Adam's face, for it was a merry and a kind one, as well as upon his sparkling jug.

At this bright hour of noon, the jug had been sipped but once, when on there came a man as jovial, as merry-glanced, as sober and respectable, as the working citizen himself. Perhaps the sight of the brown jug was a cordial key-note of fellowship, for they looked, and then nodded kindly at each other. But even for this the stranger passing on might have been seen no more, had not a twinkling sun-beam stealing into the shade, and flickering on certain of the little lozenge-shaped window panes showed that there stood behind them an old chased silver flagon. As soon as ever he saw this, the stranger stopped, looked, and seemed to wonder; but this was no matter of surprise to the old goldsmith, for many a one of far higher breeding than this old man, had stopped to look, not once, but twice. Presently the stranger drew near and questioned the goldsmith. At first these questions being common things, were lightly answered; but when the earnestness of the questioner was observed, the goldsmith invited him within his shop.

"The flagon, for its mere metal or shape, would not be a thing of interest to one in so humble a station as myself," remarked the stranger, as he followed the goldsmith, "but that one similar to this is linked to a dark tale of a stolen parish register; the flagon, being part of the communion plate, was, as I have always believed, only taken as a mere blind to a more sinning purpose. My name is plain John Glover, the miller of Charnwood Forest, in Leicestershire, who, coming up to London yesterday for the first time in my life, can have been only led by mere chance into this street, which is as strange to me as any other."

When the flagon had been viewed outside and in, round-rim and massive handle, the dinner was announced as being both good and ready, whereat the three apprentices ceased to clink their hammers, and the merry goldsmith chirping anew to his birds, not only invited the miller to share his dinner, but also to taste the incomparable ale.

This merry meal gone by, the goldsmith told all he knew of this same flagon. How that sixteen years before this time, an aged Jew, with whom he had long had dealings, had, in return for some act of kindness, given it to him; how it had been brought to this Jew by an apothecary, whose name the goldsmith well remembered, was Langley, how it had been sold to him with strict injunctions to a speedy change within the smelting pot;

how the mystery that was linked to it, and its rare antique shape, had induced the Jew to preserve it, till thus giving it to the goldsmith, it became another's; and thus possessing it, how the goldsmith had placed it in his window, as a type of his trade, and as a rare specimen of antique chasing.

This Jew had now been dead some years, but old John Glover, of green-leafed Charnwood, turning round and round that flagon in his broad fat hands, till his eyes glistened like the dripping water on his own mill-wheel, did presently say that this same Langley should be sought for; whereupon, over another brown jug, old Adam Hayward did pledge that his own hammer should not again clink till he had given a hearty helping hand.

Days went by. No obscure lane or street was unvisited by the miller. Apothecaries' shops were many, thick crowded in the streets where bread was scarce, where misery kept watch and ward, where churchyards housed the countless dead, but no apothecary answering to the name of Langley could be found. As old John had come purposely to London to settle some disputed claim with the agent of the estate on which he rented his mill, it was not till he found the entire uselessness of his search that he took in hand the real business of his journey. This agent, whose name was Whitmore, lived richly in the western part of London, and being a man of many occupations, and having some secret reasons for dislike, it was not till the honest miller had made many fruitless applications at the agent's residence, that he was admitted. He here had waited some time in a room adjacent to Whitmore's study, when the intervening door was gently opened, and there emerged a lean hungry-looking man, who, when fairly out, and the door was closed, looked back upon it with a grinning leer. At length, as he passed the miller with a cat-like tread, and the leer still broad upon his face, the door was re-opened by Whitmore himself, who instantly saw the miller's wondering and curious look. The moment he beheld this, his colour went and came, and then like one forced into an act of grace, he beckoned John Glover to follow him. With a voice unusual for its blandness, Whitmore talked; in all his wildest dreams, the old miller had never supposed that the long disputed point about his ancient lease would have been so soon or so amicably settled. Even wine was poured out and offered, even an enquiry was condescendingly made as to the trout in the mill-stream; and old John knew by these signs that fear was in this bad man's heart.

Some evenings after this event, the goldsmith making his enquiries at a drug warehouse in the city, got tidings, that an obscure apothecary, answering the description of Langley, came there sometimes for drugs. He dwelt, it was said, in a garret, in some part of Southwark.

That very night, the miller and the apothecary went thither to search and make enquiry. After much trouble, they found the apothecary's room, in an obscure house, and ascending four flights of a common staircase, and passing doors rotting on their last hinge, and haunts of abject squalor or riotous profusion, they knocked, and entering, beheld the man they sought. He was evidently starving; yet, still his eyes glistened as they addressed him, as if they meted out, and weighed in a broad balance, some hopeful secret. A very small fire burnt in the wretched grate, a saucepan simmered, which emitting a savoury smell gave signs of supper; and one knife, one plate, one candle, and one suspicious bottle, graced the solitary table beside which Langley sat.

Whitmore, the friend of this Langley, was now a man past middle life, and had been agent to an ancient family of the name of Verdun for many years. Originally of extremely low birth, he had been noticed, when a boy, for his aptitude in such learning as is commonly taught in far-away country schools. For aptitude thus shown he had been fostered by the Verduns, and raised in position by being made their steward, and afterwards their agent, some thirty years before this inquiry by the miller and the goldsmith. No great while after this second great step in his fortunes, Mr. Verdun, to whom he was thus become agent, died while yet a young man, leaving a wife and four children—a son and three daughters. This son was younger than his sisters, and as he was thoughtless, generous, and gay-hearted, and Whitmore avaricious and exacting, they had never assimilated, even in the elder Mr. Verdun's lifetime, with anything like an amicable spirit.

Just at the time young Verdun came of age, he met, in a Leicestershire village, a set of strolling players; and in a barn used for such purposes, and in the character of one of Shakspere's most beautiful female creations, he saw and loved the virtuous daughter of the poor manager of the strolling company; one whose beauty, character, and mind would have done honour to a more enlightened audience. So in the green sylvan woods of Leicestershire, youth and hope made the love of weeks equal the love of years, and soon, before the altar of a village church near at hand, they became husband and wife. The mother of the new-made husband was a proud, relentless woman, who, as soon as this marriage was revealed to her, not simply denounced her son, but bound his sisters by a vow, never by deed or word to hold communion with their brother. Fate seemed to aid this criminal and cruel resolution, for, some few months after it was formed and sternly acted on, its object lost his life by a fall from his horse, and his young and broken-hearted wife had again to find refuge in her father's caravan; for the instant she made her claim, as the lawful wife of Mr. Verdun, Whitmore first displayed himself in his true character, and peremptorily and satirically denied her right. The aged clergyman, who had officiated at the marriage service was dead, the clerk denied having witnessed such a ceremony, the vestry of the church had been robbed, and no register, or attestation of such marriage was to be found. With the view of appealing to the mercy of her husband's sisters, the young wife journeyed again into Leicestershire, but scarcely had she reached the precincts of the old hall of the Verduns, than she was taken ill, and in the village poor-house, and without other aid than that of two aged women, who resided there, became the mother of a boy; but grief had so enfeebled her, that she died that same night. Her friends were too poor to take, or even aid the child; so his early years were passed under no better roof than one of straw, with no tenderer mother than the village beldame—with no thriftier nursing-cradle than the mud before the poor-house door—with no fairer landscape than the lazy stagnant pool beside it. All who noticed or helped him were persecuted by the agent; and more so when, after Mrs. Verdun's death, he became a sort of guardian to her daughters. The youngest of these married, when the child was about four years old; but she was soon left a widow, with an only daughter; and so returning to her sisters with her child, she lived in a very retired manner, leaving, as did the others, the entire control of the estate in the hands of Whitmore, who soon ruled it in the arbitrary spirit most congenial to himself. Thus, every tenant who fostered the young heir, William Verdun, he hated and injured in every possible way he could; but old John Glover was proof against his hate, and regarded every fresh vexation (which came by no means at rare intervals) as little as he did the mill-dust upon his rosy face.

As soon as he could, old John Glover took the boy home, and procured for him the best learning his means would afford. But every one who helped the boy, however humbly or indirectly, was so immediately an object of persecution and suspicion, as to at length fear even speech with the child. Yet, nevertheless, in old John's peaceful home, and in his own paternal woods, the boy

passed many happy days; and here it was he first made acquaintance with his little cousin Lucy. She, unlike her aunts and weak-minded mother, was bound by no vow of hate, and having a childish dread of Whitmore, and tired with the monotony of her dreary home, she soon shared with her cousin, in the old green woods, the secret book, the secret task; but at length even this was discovered, and sternly forbidden, and, when found useless, she was at once sent away to a distant part of England.

In one of the old gables of the manor-house there was an ancient library, usually kept locked; so that after Lucy Foster's departure, no thing of life ever was within it, except the spider or the buzzing-fly. But with an old key which he found in the miller's chest, William Verdun, when he was about twelve years old, got access to this ancient room, which had a door opening into the garden, and there for three years he read the old worm-eaten books which lined the walls. Whitmore, who had spies in all directions, heard at length of even this; and one night, to make sure of his prey, he crept there with stealthy foot, and found the boy. With much show of saving him from severer punishment, he grappled with him and thrust him forth, though the words which passed that night only made his interested hate the greater.

But, thrust out from one mouldering place of learning, the boy soon found another; and that was in the vestry-room of the very church, from whence all men said proof of his honest birthright had been stolen. This vestry held a quaint old heap of books, left years before by some literary vicar, and the clerk, whose name was Bonham, relenting, perhaps, in his cruel perjury against the orphan, tacitly encouraged the boy's love of learning, by leaving always, through the long summer days, the vestry windows ajar, as a secret means of ingress. Yet, in truth, as he grew older, it was not so much to read or learn that the young heir so often visited this ancient place, as upon its old worn altar-stones to pray for the mother he had never known. The old miller, too, was his never-failing friend; he vowed by all the silver drops which beaded on his old mill-wheel, that whilst a penny was left in his oaken chest or canvass bag, no man should do injury to this rightful heir of the Verduns. But those who have an honest love of learning, have often added to it much just and truthful pride; and the boy possessing this in no common measure, and learning, as he grew older, that Whitmore's exactions had largely diminished the old miller's substance, he secretly left him and the village, about a year before old John's visit to London, and people said that he had joined a company of strolling players.

Whitmore, now a widower, had an only son, for whom he destined both the hand and wealth of Lucy; for, through the means of having managed, now for so long a period, the entire business of the estate, he had acquired that uncontrolled influence over these three recluse sisters as left little doubt of his fully accomplishing his dream of worldly ambition.

Good old John Glover and the goldsmith found the apothecary to be a man well able to see his own self-interest. For now that Whitmore's gold flowed in far less lavishly than formerly, he had no objection to sell the secret, as his visitors soon found, provided he himself were safe. For some days, however, his cautiousness was stronger than his cupidity; but when, to his consternation, he learnt that the flagon yet kept its original shape, he found it would be far more politic, and more to his own self-interest, to reveal all he knew. Secretly in the power of the law, though at liberty, he at length produced the original leaf of the stolen parish register; for the leaf for which Whitmore had paid so dear a price, and which he had committed to the flames, was simply a copy of the original, though so ably executed upon stained parchment by an accustomed hand, as to deceive even his sharpsightedness. And thus the merry old goldsmith did more than even what he promised.

It was a lovely July evening some month after this time, when, in a little village on the borders of Nottinghamshire, a small strolling company of players were that night to astonish the rural public with the representation of King Richard the Third. Their temporary stage was a barn abutting on a green lane, or rather bridle road, selected for its convenience, for, under the deep hedge-rows, the two meagre horses, which dragged the company's caravan, found ample and luxurious food. The little theatre was lighted, though twilight had not yet fully closed around, and the play had commenced. Soon after this there came along this very lane a lady and gentleman on horseback. The latter, as he approached the barn, slackened rein, inquired of some of the bystanders the cause of the lights which twinkled out so merrily, and then impelled by what simply seemed curiosity, he dismounted, and throwing his bridle over a gate-post, entered under the roof, filled with the living words of one man's mind. He had entered but an instant; but once therein, he lingered as if bound by a spell, and soon his companion joined him. In no great while, for the play was much abridged, the curtain drew up, and revealed the great battle scene, the one where Richard falls. As this scene progressed, and the victor becomes triumphant over the king, one standing at the rear of the primitive stage, crossed it, and regardless of the time and scene, whispered in this victor's ear. Immediately he started and looked round; his deep earnest gaze falling at once upon a single spectator, who, no other than Whitmore, immediately called to his companion, and slinking out, pursued his way in unexplained silence.

And so on, till night had fallen over brown heath and wood; and till in the old manor house of the Verduns the three solitary sisters sat, wondering why Lucy, who was for the first time coming home in the care of the agent, was so long delayed. By and by, however, horses' hoofs were heard upon the old moat bridge, and Whitmore entered with Lucy on his arm. Yet, scarcely had the weak, though tender mother, caressed her child, when others crossed the bridge and sought admittance. And soon the wide door swung back, and the miller, and the goldsmith, and Langley came in. The three solitary sisters shrunk away (for even now, perhaps, they recollected their cruel vow) but Lucy, with the noble spirit of her race, recognized her cousin and one dear.

"How dare you! where is your right?" shouted Whitmore, paralyzed with fear.

"As your gold has been lately short," whispered Langley, as he crept with the trail of a snake to the agent's side, "there is the right of a Parish Register, of a Silver Flagon, and the law of the land.

The agent turned upon all one bitter searching gaze, more deadly upon him whom he had so deeply wronged, then, starting past those who had come to detain him, he bounded through the open door. He was followed, but he had mounted his yet unsaddled horse, and fled in the darkness of the night to the wolds. From this time, though active search was made, he was not heard of for many weeks, till a shepherd found a man and horse which had both perished in leaping the broad fissure of a dark ravine.

The right of William Verdun was soon made clear, and the old register and the silver flagon again rested in their wonted crypt.

The old hall was soon after this newly repaired and adorned, the solitary sisters weaned somewhat from their ancient oath of unchristian enmity, and not more than one April after, the loving cousins made their marriage vows in the still country church; vows nobler than is wont from cancelling an unjust, cruel, sinning

vow of hate. Old John Glover danced merrily that same night, and the Clerkenwell goldsmith was as full of spirits, as if beneath his own roof tree, and amidst his apprentices and singing birds.

The peaches on the long garden wall dropped no longer from the rusty nails; the moat was cleared from sedges and melancholy boughs; the woods from year to year were green and leafed, and often housed in summer time a picturesque caravan of strolling players, who, in the merry green wood, enacted sweetly and most touchingly, some quaint old tragic story!

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

Bear and forbear, whatsoe'er be your station;
Some there *must* be both to give and receive.
What could avail all the wealth of the nation,
Were it not meant to assist and relieve?
Some there must be to produce by their labour;
Some to consume when the seed ripens fair;
Is there a man but depends on his neighbour?
All nature teaches us—bear and forbear.

Bear and forbear—what's the use of oppression?
The spirit of Truth it can never be crush'd!
Why should we covet mere worldly possession?
The loud voice of Justice can never be hush'd!
Be sure, in good time, there will come restitution;
Was not the earth made for all men to share?
And He who made, wisely, the first distribution,
Still teaches us all we should bear and forbear.

J. E. Carpenter.

SONG FOR THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

God knows with what a trumpet tongue we've boasted of our wars,
And set our Soldier-idols up and lauded gallant Tars,
And blown a loud defiant blast across each purple sea
But men of Peace have risen, and said, "This shall no longer be,"
For that fierce Lion carnage-clawed we'll from our flag remove,
And straight inscribe with olive branch a gentle milk-white Dove.

O, hearken! hear Old England say, above her tale of strife,
"Eight hundred millions have we spent in wreck of human life,
That millstone from our groaning necks what miracle can free?"
We answer with these men of Peace, "Let war no longer be!"
And that fierce Lion carnage-clawed we'll from our flag remove,
And straight inscribe with olive branch a gentle milk-white Dove!

We do rejoice, Great Native Muse, that all who at thy shrine,
Are grand in touching England's harp, would scorn a fulsome line
In praise of those red butcheries, that sword-and-cannon band,
May style its "glorious victory" o'er any trampled land!
O give our bards the power of song! to help us to remove,
The Beast from off our Nation's flag, and substitute a Dove!

Henry Frank Lott.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR PROVERBS.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

"I am sure a nicer girl than Lucy Jenkins never lived, father; she's very respectably connected, and when her aunt dies, which she must do some day before long, there will be a good bit of money, they say; not that I care any thing about *that*, only you are always telling me to be careful and prudent, and to look after the main chance, and so I mention it just to satisfy you. I don't see why we should wait any longer; we have walked together for nearly a year, and if we are not acquainted with each other's tempers and dispositions by this time, we never shall be. I am sure she will make me the best wife in the world; she's so neat and tidy, that if she was'nt nearly so pretty as she is, it would be quite a pleasure to look upon her. There is not a fine lady that moves along with such a carriage as hers; such a light bounding step; and, as for her eyes—"

It was a most remarkable circumstance that William Joslyn never *could* get farther than this point; whether in speaking of, or looking at, the object of his affections, he always stopped at the eyes; and now we come to think of it, several instances of the like kind of fascination occur to us, and we recollect that a celebrated poet says of his love—

"As for her eyes, to be sure there's a spell in them,"

or something of the kind, and the terms "haunting eyes," "witching eyes," are well known to poets and novelists.

"Well, what of her eyes?" said old Joslyn, with that provoking sneer of his; "What of her eyes? come, out with it, boy! you always will stop there, and go off as if you were in a dream. For my part, I think your senses are gone wool-gathering altogether. To think of marrying at your time of life, with no provision made for a rainy day; why you must be mad, boy; but there, lovers, they say, always are, and it's of no use to reason with mad people; else I should say to you, as I've done before, why don't you wait a bit, and get things a little comfortable about you, as I did; four years I walked with your mother, and thought that little time enough to find out whether she was just the sort of woman I should like to be tied to for life, and you talk about one being enough, and think, because this Lucy Jenkins has got a pretty face, and a neat figure, which she knows how to dress to the best advantage, as she ought to, being a dressmaker, that she *must* be an angel. Then, as to the bit of money which you suppose she is to have, when her aunt dies, you know nothing certain about it, neither does Lucy, according to what she has told you. Mrs. Jenkins, it seems, has a small annuity from some source or another, and when she is in a good humour with her niece, which is not often, talks about leaving her her 'little property' when she dies, but this may be only talk; there may be some other claimant for this 'little property;' it may be so tied up that she can't leave it where she likes; she may take offence at Lucy's marrying—you know she has expressed disapprobation of you as a husband for her—or a thousand things may happen to prevent the realization of the expectations of the young woman in this respect. No, no, wait a bit, boy, and see how matters turn out; work early and late, and lay by part of your earnings, so that you may have something to fall back upon in case of sickness or other misfortune. You are not half so careful and prudent as I should like to see you; much too fond of pleasure-taking; recreation and pleasure are all very well—very necessary, but ruinous if you take too much of them. However, I may just as well speak to the wind. No doubt, you will do as thousands have done before you, 'marry in haste,' that you may have plenty of time to 'repent at leisure.'"

Here old Joslyn, the carpenter, a sensible, hard-headed, though not by any means hard-hearted kind of man, left off speaking, as he might as well have done some time since, for his son had not stayed to hear his lecture to the end, but shutting the door after him with a bang, had walked off to console himself for his father's obstinate adherence to the old fashioned notion that "it is better to wait than to want," by a reference to those oracles of his destiny, those well-springs of hope, and love, and ecstasy, the eyes of his fond Lucy, who met him as usual with a smile, and had not the slightest real objection to offer to his proposal for an early marriage, although she did, it is true, make some little show of opposition:—

"Some faint objections, and scarce uttered nays,
By looks accompanied which gave the lie
Unto their meaning."

And so, at the church of St. Mary, in due time the marriage was solemnized, and they twain became one; to have one heart, one mind, one hope, and one interest; sharing, and yet doubling each other's joy; mitigating and dividing each other's sorrow.

Every body said they were a handsome couple; and so, in truth, they were. It was pleasing to behold them stepping from that old church porch into the bright sunshine of present realized happiness, and old Joslyn, as he looked upon it, grew quite reconciled to the match, which he could not prevent, and even confessed confidently to a friend, that "if he had been in Bill's place, he believed that he would have acted just as foolishly;" whereupon a friend remarked, with an air of deep wisdom, that "we were all fools once in our lives, at least, and that there was some excuse for folly when the temptation came in such a lovely form as that before him;" and this sententious saying, being overheard by several of the by-standers, caused the utterer to be looked upon as a perfect oracle; for each one thought that it applied exactly to his own particular case, and justified the great crowning folly of his life,—to wit, getting married at an early age, or under circumstances which afforded but little prospect of future domestic comfort or happiness.

A year has passed since the young couple issued from the church door on the bridal morn, with hearts brimfull of love and happiness, and eyes that sparkled with the light of joy and hope, and bright anticipation.

Lucy has become a mother; it is a neat cottage in which they dwell, and well furnished, too, better than most houses of that size and description; an air of comfort pervades the place, and no convenience seems wanting which skill and ingenuity can supply. The young mother looks a little more pale and delicate than when we last saw her; she is, however, cheerful and smiling as ever, and by the way in which she and her husband meet, when he comes in from his work, it is plain that they have not *yet* at all events, begun to repent of their early marriage, although they have already had a few trials and vexations. In the first place, the aunt, with whom Lucy, who was an orphan, had been brought up, had taken a decided dislike to William Joslyn, and in consequence of her niece's marrying him against her wish, had made a will in favour of another relative. This was a sore disappointment, for her assistance had been calculated upon in the purchase of furniture and other housekeeping necessaries, the principal part of which they were obliged to get on credit, for William's father, although at the last, when he saw that the marriage was inevitable, he would fain have assisted them, had not the means; the expenses of a large family, of whom several were yet young, swallowing up all the profits of his business. Then Lucy, in consequence of illness previous to her confinement, and the calls and duties of maternity since, had been unable to continue her business of dress-making, and the distant relative, favoured by her aunt, to whom it had formerly belonged, had stepped in and obtained the connection. Latterly, too, William's work, which had hitherto been pretty constant and regular, began to fail him at times, and so just when they had the most occasion for an increase of means to meet necessarily increased expenses, they found them considerably lessened, and that, too, without much prospect of an improvement. Thus, instead of being able, as they expected, to liquidate the debts contracted for furnishing their house by the end of the first year, they had not nearly half done os, and now found themselves getting every week more and more deeply involved. And yet they had not begun to repent of their early marriage. Will, as he was commonly called by his associates, was a careless, easy sort of a young man, full of health, and strength, and hope; and Lucy, although not by any means of a sanguine or hopeful temperament, was tenderly attached to her husband, and *thought* that with him she could endure any hardships or privations, without repining or regret at having joined her fate to his.

"I *do* wish, Lucy, you would manage to keep that child a little quiet; my head aches ready to split, and here it has been squalling for the last hour or more; indeed. I cannot stop in the house if there is such a dreadful noise kept up."

It was thus that the husband of two years addressed, in a querulous, impatient tone, his young wife, who it was plain to see was likely soon again to become a mother. Lolling at full length upon a couple of chairs, he looked the very picture of fretfulness and ill-humour; it was the middle of the day, and yet it did not seem as if he had been to work, for his dress was that which he usually wore on Sundays and holidays; his eyes were bloodshot and heavy, his cheeks pale and sallow, and one could not look upon him without asking—can this be the cheerful-hearted, good-humoured, careless William Joslyn that I knew a short time since? There is certainly a very great change in him, and not only he, but his wife appears a good deal altered; her cheeks have lost that rich hue of health which once they wore; once they were round, and smooth, and shiny; now her features have become sharp and thin; and her eyes, although bright and lustrous as ever, are not nearly so pleasant to look upon, for their expression is changed; there is more of the hawk than the dove in the glance which she ever and anon turns towards her husband; and what a shrill voice she has; can this really be the once gentle and silver-tongued Lucy Jenkins? "How you talk about stopping the child's noise, I can't help its screeching: the poor thing is suffering with its gums; your headache is brought on by yourself, and you don't deserve any pity; if you will stop out of a night drinking, you must take the consequences. A pretty thing, indeed, to spend your earnings in that way; they are little enough, indeed, and ought not to be spent in pots of beer, so badly as we are off. I am sure I have privations enough to suffer, without your ill-temper, and every thing going to wreck and ruin about us, because you won't put a hand to mend what's broken. You are a very different man, William, that you are, to what you were two years ago, and I am sorry,—yes, I say it, and I mean it,—I am sorry that I ever married you."

"Alas! and has it come to this already? Changed, indeed, sadly changed, are you both, and every thing around you wears an altered aspect; the furniture which made your cottage so trim and comfortable, never properly your own, because never wholly paid for, but gone piece by piece, some seized for rent, some sold or pawned to procure the wherewithal to furnish, however scantily, the daily bread, and replenish the empty cupboard. Industry, and thrift, and perseverance, both of you lacked; you had never tested your capabilities of enduring cares and privations; you knew not the strength of your own or each other's minds and affections, the compatibility, or otherwise, of your tempers and dispositions; and if all had gone on smoothly with you, and you had not been subjected to any great trials and temptations, probably you had gone down to your graves cherishing the belief that with, and for each other, you could have endured, without repining and without estrangement of heart, any amount of sorrow and suffering to which you could have been in this life subjected. You launched without proper precaution and preparation upon the untried sea of matrimony—

"Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm"—

without stores, without chart, or compass, and contrary to the advice of more experienced mariners; you set sail on a sunny morn, with what you fondly deemed a propitious wind, upon that voyage which has no termination but death; and where are you, what are you now? scarcely out of sight of the shore, with but a very small portion of your life-voyage over, wishing yourselves back

again, apart, untrammelled; destroying instead of promoting each other's comfort and happiness, and almost cursing that state of companionship, which should be to you a source of mutual joy, and a cause of mutual thankfulness. You have "married in haste," and now you are "repenting at leisure."

Shall we pursue the theme, readers? Shall we describe more fully how this ill-matched, because too early matched, couple, sank, by degrees, into the lowest state of poverty and abject misery? How, what they imagined to be love, pure, fervent, and enduring, proved a short-lived passion, quite extinguished by the blasts of adversity, which but serve to render more intense and imperishable, the flame of true affection. Shall we speak of bitter words and angry recriminations, uttered by those lips once rife with vows of love and tenderness? of looks of rage, and hatred, and defiance, from eyes once beaming with fondness and pleasure? Shall we tell of sacred duties neglected—of health and strength undermined, and destroyed—of energies and talents prostituted to the vilest purposes—of early lessons of virtue and morality forgotten—of religion despised and insulted—of children arrayed against parents, and against each other—in short, of crime and wretchedness, such as is to be found in the lowest phases of human degradation? Nay, this were unnecessary, for all of you can call to mind some instance of an early and improvident marriage, which has led to nearly, if not entirely, similar results. We, therefore, leave this sketch—this mere outline—to be filled in with such details as every one's experience can supply, and earnestly hope that all will have an abiding conviction of the deep wisdom of the proverb, which says—

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

H. G. Adams.

"NO FOLLOWERS."

"You must have no followers," said a prim elderly lady to a young girl she was about to engage as a servant. "No, ma'am," said the girl, submissively. "Because," continued the matron, "it is a very improper thing to have persons coming about the house, and I never allow it."

This caution to have "no followers" is a thing that constantly meets our eye in newspaper advertisements; we read it and pass it by without a thought; even those most interested, viz., servants, scarcely reflect on it, except, perhaps, in some undefined way, so as to imbibe a notion that the advertiser is a "hard mistress;" and yet, simple and unpretending as the announcement seems, it is pregnant with injury and injustice. For what is the true meaning of such an intimation? Why, simply and sadly, that neither kith nor kin, father nor mother of the servant, will be welcome visitors to inquire after the health and comfort of the being that may be dear to them. There are plenty who will exclaim against this mode of looking at the matter. They will tell us that it is merely introduced as a salutary caution, to prevent the improper practices to which that "troublesome class," servants, are prone, such as gossiping, &c., and not with any view to hinder them from seeing their friends. A remark of this kind is made *after the injustice has been proclaimed;* but when the injunction first appears there is no exception made, no reservation is introduced in favour of the servant. The mistress does not refer to what might be substantially and fairly termed "improper practices," and add, that although these are prohibited, yet that no objection would be raised to the servant's relations calling to see her. No, this is not done; and there are numberless instances to prove, that, in a great many cases, it is the wish of masters and mistresses to cut off all communication between their servants and any other persons, even those with whom their earliest and best feelings are associated. Is this fair or charitable? Is it just, that because poverty obliges a human being to servitude, they must sacrifice all the tender emotions that friendship and love weave round the human heart? Those who hold a high station, either by wealth or other influence, recognise very fine feelings in themselves as regards sensibility and sympathy; they are fully alive to the comforts of intimacy and companionship, but they will allow their servants no participation in such refinements. No doubt, matronly wisdom will think it highly salutary to debar their servants from indulging in those vulgar tastes to which unrefined natures are prone. The ordinary routine of lady-like etiquette, the embossed cards, and all the frivolity of artificial arrangement, which amongst the middle and higher classes are often the substitutes for more endearing emotions, for natural feeling, aye, and for friendship, not being the course adopted by poor servants, their more humble mode of proceeding must be discountenanced and crushed. And yet the taste for pleasure is natural to all; the poor and lowly have the instinct of enjoyment as well as the more exalted, and their yearnings towards the friends of their youth is as strong as in their superiors. They remember the days when a happy home made life a passage of joy, not a burden; they have this sister, or that brother, whose presence would bring a smile to their faces, and joy to their hearts; would lighten the cares of labour, and make life flow on more smoothly.

When we consider how large a class of the community is composed of female servants, and how unnoticed they pass along their days of servitude, and turn into the grave; when we reflect on the hardships they are subjected to, the worryings and the troubles, and how seldom the social evils springing from their rather anomalous position are noticed, few will say that it is not time to let the tide of thought turn into such a channel, that the servant's lot may be ameliorated and the condition of society improved. It is now a pretty generally admitted principle that rational enjoyment is necessary for a human being; that if the qualities which are implanted in us, and which are termed the tastes and affections, be not exercised, the nature will be deteriorated and vice will follow. Some people think that vice and impropriety would be the result of any latitude that might be extended to servants; but, short-sighted people! the reverse is the fact. It is not under despotism that talent and genius flourish, neither is it under domestic tyranny that honesty or virtue is most prominent. Extreme restrictions not justified by policy or humanity will be evaded, and all the narrow qualities of cunning and deception, that would be neutralized under the sway of mildness and gentle management, will be brought into active operation when the harsher modes of treatment are introduced.

The order is given to have "no followers," but visits and inquiries are often made by stealth; the friend or relation comes like a thief in the night, and all sorts of watchfulness is brought to bear so as to prevent detection. It is thus that servants become cheats, finding that they are placed in antagonism to those who employ them, that they are constantly looked upon with suspicion and treated as enemies. Most of them may not be made absolutely miserable by such treatment, or be subject to fret and have gloomy notions (though many do); thoughtlessness may prevent this, but they will lose the softening influences and generous qualities that virtue and natural grace exhibit so beautifully. They will cease to be fair representatives of the being that God adorned with beauty; deformity will take the place of fair proportion; vulgarity and coarseness will supplant the best sensibilities of their nature. It is then that parties cry out, "What pests these servants are;" they having helped to make them so. Then the servant

becomes discharged, is thrown upon society, and society will suffer more or less by what I might term the *lost nature* of the individual. It is sad to witness the evil influences to which many servants are subjected; influences which make the eye dim, and the heart sad, and the step languid—which steal hope from the mind and joy from the face, leaving nothing behind but the *ruin*, the blasted tree of humanity. Oh, why do not men think of this, and not march on in the mad career of each other's desolation! I think I have partly shown that this want of feeling towards servants is unjust and impolitic; that it is unjust as regards the servant, and injurious to the community. There are few, I think, who will deny that reform is required in this respect. It must be admitted that people should have more enlightened notions of the relations of master and servant than are generally entertained. If a word is spoken to some parties, about the right of servants to be treated with kindness and indulgence, the rejoinder often is, that "they are hired to mind their business and think of nothing else;" "Sure, no one is bound to servitude—they have free will, and if they don't like their work they can leave it." This is a cold unhappy philosophy that seldom fails to recoil on those that adopt it.

In conclusion I would say to those who are placed over others—don't try to make the mind of your servants a blank by robbing them of the natural instincts of feeling and affection which are the safeguards of virtue and happiness. Don't be afraid to smile on them, or to express an interest in their welfare. Do not, oh! do not separate them from the friends of their youth, by telling them they shall have "no followers." P. J.

LOVE'S LOOK.

A look there is that gains the heart, it is the look of Love,
Surpassing far vain pleasure's smile, its source is from above;
Howe'er proud Beauty may enchant, it often will betray,
And Pleasure's smile may be a light to lead us far astray.

The look of Love which kindness gives, can bid our cares depart,
It sheds anew the dawn of hope within the grieving heart,
Warmly it lingers in the breast and stamps its signet there,
It animates the drooping thought and drives away despair.

Can heav'n afford a purer joy, than sweet affection feels,
When mid the strife and wounds of life it cherishes and heals,
The look of Love imparts a ray so cheering and divine
That surely it must be the beam which lights up heaven's shrine.

ROSE E. DALTON.

HINTS TO LADIES.—Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen to five-and twenty, during their age of detestability—men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course perhaps of fasting and self-humiliation, submit to fulfil those ill-contrived vows of obedience which are extracted at the altar—such men want for their companions women, not dolls; and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Ringlettina, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet-strings—faints if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory-girl upon a lamb's-wool shepherdess—dance like a dervise at Almack's—ride like a foxhunter—and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country-house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go out to dinner-parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of boddice.—*Mrs. Thompson.*

Notices of New Works.

Cumming's Isle of Man.

A HOME tour, presented with new points of interest, can scarcely fail to be valuable; and this is to be found in a volume which may serve at once as an instructive guide-book and scientific manual, and prove as acceptable to travellers as Dr. Mantell's "Geological Excursions round the Isle of Wight." With Mr. Cumming's work, the title of which is given below,* a few weeks or months may be pleasantly and profitably spent by the traveller in exploring that part of our dominions described by an old writer as the "navel of the Irish Sea,"—in more familiar terms, the Isle of Man.

This work is of an essentially scientific character, but interspersed with details and information on other subjects which adapt it to different tastes; and there is more of interest in the locality brought under notice than appears on casual or hasty observation. A long list of historic names is connected with it, it abounds in picturesque scenery, contains many rare relics of the olden time, quaint old bridges, Runic monuments, and other objects dear to the antiquary. In its botany and general physical features, it presents peculiarities not to be seen elsewhere, to which we may add, that it is the most ancient existing diocese of the British Isles. At the outset, the author informs us that the name of the island is derived from Mannanan-beg-more-y-Lheirr, or Little Mannanan, son of Lheirr, who, being a great necromancer, caused the island, in times inconceivably remote, to bubble up from the bottom of the sea. This, it must be allowed, is beginning at the beginning; but Mr. Cumming's philosophical view of the process is more to our purpose. The peculiar geological characteristic, as he describes it, is as "a book with its middle portion torn out, and its preface a good deal injured;" in other words, the *termination* of the Palæozoic period, the whole of the secondary series, and a portion of the tertiary are altogether wanting. There are ample evidences of climatic changes, of sinkings and risings of the land, of drift and diluvial action; in short, of those various natural operations in which we read the world's history; the result of which is a picturesque island, comprehending some 130,000 acres in extent, broken up into valleys, and hill ranges in some instances 2,000 feet high.

From certain appearances, it is concluded that the sea-level of the region was at one time 400 feet higher than at present; and among the more remarkable phenomena in connection with this part of the subject, Mr. Cumming notices the extraordinary boulder clay formation at the head of Castletown Bay. "Let us imagine an inland lake," he writes, "which in the extremity of a most severe winter has been frozen to a great thickness, bursting from the accession of waters on a sudden thaw; or rather let us call to mind the magnificent spectacle of the debâcle of the Val de Bagnes in the autumn of 1818, brought about by the extension of the glacier de Getroz, and the consequent stoppage of the Drance in the previous winter. The melting of the icy barrier, aided by the reflex action of the overpouring cascade, let loose in half an hour five hundred millions of cubic feet of water, to roar and rage and roll onwards through a narrow and tortuous gorge with unspeakable velocity and with awful grandeur; and thus ultimately a vast torrent of water, mud, gravel, boulders, and blocks of ice, poured forth upon the devoted district of Martigny, sweeping down in its passage, trees, bridges, barns, cottages, and even large buildings.

"Arrest such a torrent in its course, and, fixing it upon the spot, permit the waters quietly to drain off, and

* The Isle of Man: its history, physical, ecclesiastical, civil, and legendary, by the Rev. J. G. CUMMING, M.A., F.G.S., Vice-Principal of King William's College, Castletown.—London: Van Voorst.

you have in character just such an accumulation as that presented at the head of Castletown Bay, only substituting in the latter place angular and scratched blocks of limestone for the angular and scratched blocks of ice."

We cite another instance, a specimen of nature's handiwork, which occurs on the seashore ;—"The surface of the limestone, which is just exposed to the sweep of the waves at the highest spring tides, or when a storm rages from the south, is drilled with a series of holes of every size and depth. How are they formed? Look at that pebble or heap of pebbles which lies at the bottom of one of those clear briny pools. These are the tools with which the work is done; the natural augers which have pierced the solid stone. The effect is thus produced. The action of the atmosphere on a small crack or flaw in the limestone (and being in such close contact with trap-rock, and contorted so fantastically, no wonder that it is in some places much cracked!) produces a small hole. A little pebble, driven on by the breaker, lodges in it; the next high tide sets the pebble in motion, and the instrument begins the drilling operation. As the hole increases, other and bigger pebbles or hard boulders find a lodgment there, and assist in widening and deepening the hole till it is too deep for the refluent surge to be capable of moving the collection at the bottom, and then of course the action ceases."

From geology to topography the transition is easy; the descriptions of landscape scenery which occur in the work, are such as to tempt the reader to a nearer inspection. In Mona, as elsewhere, the names of certain localities are derived from supernatural events: on journeying from Douglas to Castletown the traveller crosses a small stream by the Ballalona, or Fairy Bridge, a name suggestive of the presence and pranks of the "good people." "It would be a mistake," observes Mr. Cumming, "to suppose that the minds of the Manx peasantry are uninfluenced by a superstitious feeling of reverence for the fairy elves, and for places which tradition has rendered sacred to their revels. The superstition has with them its use, it causes them to keep good hours; and in some parts of the island it would be difficult to prevail on a native to stir out after dark alone. Yea, it is said, that on dark, dismal, and stormy nights, up in the mountain parts of parishes, the tender-hearted peasants retire earlier to rest, in order to allow to the weather-beaten fairies the unmolested and unwatched enjoyment of the smouldering embers of their turf fire." This is an amiable and hospitable superstition, but the same feeling sometimes manifests itself in a less pleasing manner, as instanced by an occurrence that took place no longer ago than the latter part of 1847. "A farmer," we read, "in the vicinity of Peel, lost one or two of his cattle by disease. To detect the evil eye, or avert its malice, he determined on a cow-fire. With turf, coals, and gorse, a fire was kindled in the centre of the road, upon which the entire carcase of the defunct cow was placed. But an after-thought delayed proceedings awhile. The hide had been sold to the tanner, and an entire sacrifice was deemed essential. The hide was sent for, the purchase-price refunded, and then the holocaust was made." "There are several localities in the island which recall the dark days of witchcraft; the Curragh-glass, a gloomy bog into which the victims were thrown; if they perished, they were acquitted; but if they struggled out, they were burnt alive, or rolled in a spiked barrel down from the lofty summit of Slieauwhallin, as guilty of the charge. Nor is the imp of mischief lacking in Manx traditions; to him is attributed the scattering of huge blocks of stone found in unusual situations. This imp is called the 'phynnoderee,' a kind of reprobate or outcast fairy, who for his sins was transformed into a shaggy satyr, with long flowing goat's hair, and cloven feet. An instance is related of a certain farmer in the neighbourhood of Sneafell, who, being about to build a house, collected on the sea shore a goodly pile of boulders. There was, however, one enormous quartz boulder on which his heart was specially fixed, but which no human art could remove from the spot. In one single night the phynnoderee is stated to have transferred, not only this stone, but many hundred loads of the collected boulders to a distance of many miles inland, in proof whereof the erratic quartz rock is to this day pointed out, where it lies on an elevated spot on the mountain side."

Fistard Head, at the southern extremity of the island, is a point well worthy the attention of the curious or scientific visitor. There is a "rare grotto" in the rugged cliffs, which, according to Mr. Cumming, "at full tide may be sailed through, and on a calm day no voyage can be more delicious. Below is the deep blue pool swarming with fish of every character; crabs, lobsters, sea-urchins, star-fish, and medusæ (jelly-fish,) with long floating and stinging arms, present an ever-moving picture: above, the heavy-browed arches whose rude groinings have been carved out of the solid rock by that never-ceasing tool, with which old ocean fashions his wondrous palaces, where the flickering light dances to and fro as the splash of the oar stirs the ripple, doubled, and tripled, and interlacing with its fellows, returned from each jutting point of this winding cavity." Landslips are frequent in this imposing neighbourhood, and some of the crevices are said to have widened within the historic period. The author here records, that in pursuing his investigations, he once scaled the cliffs, climbing from below, "by the cracks and crannies in the perpendicular face, but," he continues, "I should not be disposed to venture a second time. Having once upon a time proceeded half-way, the in-coming tide, and the on-coming night forbad a return, and forced me to adopt the system of climbing-boys, with elbows and knees against the opposite walls of one of the narrower fissures. Right thankfully I placed my hands on the topmost ledge of rock, and drew myself on to its secure platform." Having told us of his own deliverance, the author relates a fearful incident. "Two samphire gatherers, husband and wife, had discovered a fine bed of that herb on a rocky ledge several fathoms below the great platform. In no place with which I am acquainted does it luxuriate more richly than in the clefts and crannies about Spanish Head. They determined to be possessed of this prized discovery; and for this purpose procured a rope, which the wife permitted to be passed under her arms, and in this manner, with an ample bag suspended from her neck, she was let down by the husband to the identical spot. When she had gathered as much as she could, she signalled to be drawn up.

"It would appear that in consequence of the additional weight, some of the strands of the rope were sprung, or, more probably, they had been chafed and severed against the keen edges of the rock. When within a few feet of the top the rope altogether gave way. Can we picture the agony of the husband in that moment, when he beheld his wife dashing headlong from pinnacle to pinnacle, till at length her mangled corse was received in the rolling surge?"

The islet known as the "Calf of Man," is also instanced as a place that will well repay a visit, on account of the two light-houses there erected, the peculiar character of the ground, and the associations coming down from Scandinavian times, connected with it, and of the beautiful and extensive prospect which it commands—the prominent points of Ireland, Wales, and England, being visible in clear weather. An adventurous feeling may excite the traveller during this trip, owing to the rapid and unruly motion of the tides along the rocky shores of this part of the island.

The Isle of Man merits attention also in an industrial point of view; it has mines of lead and copper, and quarries of excellent building-stone, particularly a sort of black marble, of which the steps to St. P[illegible]ral

are made, and which is again coming into request for ecclesiastical purposes. In 1846, six hundred and six boats belonging to the island were engaged in the fisheries, employing over 4,000 individuals, and more than three and a half millions of square yards of netting. In the same year 30,352 barrels of herrings were cured, being a little more than half the quantity cured in 1845. The fishermen get 32s. per barrel for the fresh herrings, and the total value of the fishery is said to be from £60,000 to £80,000 yearly.

Great events are associated with the name of Mona; these include the exploits of the early Norwegians, invasion, subjugation, and all the circumstances which history records of greater states. It was once the seat of learning, a reputation which the present college is well calculated to sustain. The heroic and unfortunate Earl and Countess of Derby occupy a proud place in Mona's annals; its shores have witnessed naval engagements, while among its great men are the names of Dr. Isaac Barrow and Bishop Wilson. Of the latter it is recorded that "he kept beggars from everybody's door but his own;" and among other traits, "he had ordered a cloak to be made by his tailor, giving him directions that it should be quite plain, with merely a button and a loop to fasten it. "But, my lord," said the tailor, "what would become of the poor button-makers, and their families, if every one thought in that way? They would be starved outright." "Do you say so, John?" replied the good bishop, "why then, button it all over, John."

In closing our remarks on the book, we think we cannot do better than commend it to the notice of all persons who delight in mingling science with pleasure, which so much enhances the interest of a tour.

THE "PEOPLE" AND POLITICS.

The opinion, that the majority of the people have no concern in political disquisitions, is at once insulting and injurious. They who maintain it, evidently mean to make a separation in the minds of men, between the government and the nation. It is insulting to the nation, as it insinuates that they are either incapable or unworthy of interfering; and it is injurious to the government and the whole community, as it renders that power, which ought to be an object of love, an object of terror and jealousy.

As to the intellectual abilities of the people, it is certain that some of the ablest statesmen, lawgivers, and men of business, have originated from that order which is called plebeian. There is a singular vigour of mind, as well as of body, in men who have been placed out of reach of luxury and corruption by their poor or obscure condition; and when this vigour of mind has been improved by a competent education, and subsequent opportunities of experience and observation, it has led to very high degrees of mental excellence. Plebeians have arrived at the very first rank in all arts and sciences; and there is nothing in politics so peculiarly abstruse or recondite, as to be incomprehensible by intellects that have penetrated into the profoundest depths of philosophy.

As to the right of the people to think, let him who denies it, deny, at the same time, their right to breathe. They can no more avoid thinking than breathing. God formed them to do both; and though statesmen often act as if they wished to oppose the will of the Deity, yet happily they want the power. And since men must think, is it possible to prevent them from thinking of the government? upon the right conduct of which depend their liberty, their property, and their lives. It is their duty to watch over the possessors of power, lest they should be prevented, by the encroaching nature of power, from leaving to their posterity that freedom which they inherited; a natural right, preserved from the oppressor's infringement by the blood of their virtuous ancestors.

But such is the effect of political artifice, under the management of court sycophants, that the middle ranks of people are taught to believe, that they ought not to trouble themselves with affairs of state. They are taught to think that a certain set of men come into the world like demi-gods, possessed of right, power, and intellectual abilities, to rule the earth, as God rules the universe, without control. They are taught to believe, that free inquiry and manly remonstrance are the sin of sedition. They are taught to believe, that they are to labour by the sweat of their brow to get money for the taxes; and when they have paid them, to go to work again for more, to pay the next demand without a murmur. Their children may starve: they may be obliged to shut out the light of heaven, and the common air which the beasts on the waste enjoy; they may be prevented from purchasing the means of artificial light in the absence of natural; they may be disabled from procuring a draught of wholesome and refreshing beverage after the day's labour which has raised the money to pay the tax; they may not be able to buy the materials for cleanliness of their persons, when defiled by the same labour; yet they must acquiesce in total silence.

Great and opulent landholders often exercise a despotism in their petty dominions, which stifles the voice of truth, and blinds the eye of inquiry. If tenants utter a sentiment in public, adverse to the courtly opinions of the great man, who is looking up to a minister for a douceur for himself, his sons, his natural sons, or his nephews, or cousins, the beneficial lease will not be renewed at its expiration. What has such a fellow to do with politics? Fine times, indeed, when rustics dare to have an opinion on the possibility of avoiding a war which a minister has declared unavoidable. A thousand modes of harassing and embarrassing the subordinate neighbour, who dares think for himself, are practised by the slavish rich man, who, possessing enough to maintain a thousand poor families, is yet greedily grasping at a place or a pension; or if he be too opulent to think of such addition, which is seldom the case, still views with eager eye and panting heart, at least a baronetage, and perhaps a coronet, glittering on high with irresistible brilliancy.

There is an habitual indolence which prevents many from concerning themselves with any thing but that which immediately affects their pecuniary interest. Such persons would be content to live under the Grand Seignor, so long as they might eat, drink, and sleep in peace. But such must never be the prevailing sentiment of a people, whose ancestors have left them the inheritance of liberty, as an estate unalienable, and of more value than the mines of Peru. Such indolence is treachery to posterity; it is a base and cowardly dereliction of a trust, which they who confided it, are prevented by death from guarding or withdrawing.

The middle and lower ranks, too numerous to be bribed by a minister, and almost out of the reach of court corruption, constitute the best bulwarks of liberty. They are a natural and most efficacious check on the strides of power. They ought therefore to know their consequence, and to preserve it with unwinking vigilance. They have a stake, as it is called, a most important stake, in the country. Let not the overgrown rich only pretend to have a stake in the country, and claim from it an exclusive privilege to regard its concerns. The middle ranks have their native freedom to preserve; their birthright to protect from the dangerous attacks of enormous and overbearing affluence. Inasmuch as liberty and security are more conducive to happiness than excessive riches, it must be allowed that the poor man's stake in the country is as great as the rich man's. If he should lose this stake, his poverty, which was consoled by the consciousness of his liberty and security, becomes

an evil infinitely aggravated. He has nothing left to defend him from the oppressor's wrong and the proud man's contumely. He may soon degenerate to a beast of burden, for the mind sinks with the slavery of the condition. But while a man feels that he is free, and fills a respectable rank, as a freeman, in the community, he walks with upright port, conscious, even in rags, of comparative dignity.

While the middle and lower ranks acquaint themselves with their rights, they should also impress on their minds a sense of their duties, and return obedience and allegiance for protection.

To perform the part of good members of the community, their understandings must be duly enlightened, and they must be encouraged, rather than forbidden, to give a close attention to all public transactions. Disagreements in private life are often justly called misunderstandings. It is through want of clear conceptions that feuds and animosities frequently happen in public. The many are not so mad as they are represented. They act honestly and zealously according to their knowledge. Give them fair and full information, and they will do the thing that is right, in consequence of it. But nothing more generally and justly offends them, than an attempt to conceal or distort facts which concern them; an attempt to render them the dupes of interested ambition, planning its own elevation on the ruins of their independence.

I wish, as a friend to peace, and an enemy to all tumultuary and riotous proceedings, that the mass of the people should understand the constitution, and know, that redress of grievances is to be sought and obtained by appeals to the law; by appeals to reason; without appealing, except in cases of the very last necessity, which seldom occur, to the arm of violence. I advise them patiently to bear, while there is but a hope of melioration, even flagrant abuses, if no other mode of redress appears, for the present, but convulsion. I would exhort them, not to fly from the despotism of an administration, to the despotism of an enraged populace. I would have them value the life, the tranquillity, the property, of the rich and great, as well as those of the poor and obscure. I would wish them to labour at promoting human happiness in all ranks, and be assured, that happiness, like health, is not to be enjoyed in a fever.

To accomplish these ends, I think too much pains cannot be bestowed in teaching them to understand the true nature of civil liberty; and in demonstrating to them, that it is injured by all excesses, whether the excesses originate in courts or cottages.

A ministry need not hire newspapers, or employ spies. Let them build their confidence in truth and justice, and the enlightened people will constitute its firmest buttress. Let it never be said, that the people have nothing to do with politics, lest it should be inferred, that such politics have no regard to the people.—*Knox.*

NATURE AND ART.

I WOULD speak of the importance of a knowledge of Botany to the inventors of flower patterns; whether for muslin, for damask, or for wall-papers. It is most certain that true taste will prefer the pattern which most nearly represents the natural flowers, with all their peculiarities of form, and in their true colours. The stems in nature may be stiff and angular: if they be so, it is vain to attempt in the pattern to give them graceful bends, and to hope, by so doing, to please the eye. To represent branches of hawthorn flowers on the twining stems of a convolvolus would be monstrously absurd. And yet faults as glaring are frequently committed by ignorant draftsmen, when they attempt the *composition* of floral patterns. Of course, I am not now speaking of the combinations of "*fancy flowers*"—blossoms that exist wholly in the brain of the calico-printer or the paper-stainer—these may be as fantastic as you please. But I speak of the unnatural distortion of real flowers, resulting from ignorance of the proper proportion and number of their parts. Why is it that floral patterns on wall-papers are out of fashion, or are driven up to the bed-rooms on the third landing, or to the back parlour of the country inn? It is not, surely, that *flowers* are out of fashion; or that the taste for them is less general than it was formerly. But it is that the *taste* of the public is not properly ministered to: it has outrun that of the manufacturer. In a rude state of education, bright colours and gracefully bended branches on the walls will please the eye that does not stop to question their propriety. But as refinement increases, truth in form will be preferred to brilliancy in colour, and the twining of branches that is not natural will be no longer thought graceful. It will be no longer regarded as a *twining* but a *twisting*—perverting nature for a false effect. This is the true reason why floral patterns in wall-papers are now so much out of favour, and why, when selecting the paper for a room, one is forced (I speak from experience) after turning over books of patterns till you are weary, to take refuge in some arabesque design—some combination of graceful curves of no meaning—as an escape from the frightful compositions that are called flower patterns. It is surely high time that our manufacturers should seek to correct this evil. These are not days in which any one can afford to be left a step behind the rest of the world. He that once loses his place in the foremost rank, is pushed aside and lost in the crowd that is eagerly pressing forward, and almost treading on his heels. Already French wall-papers are rapidly coming into use. They have brought down the prices of the home manufacture considerably, and they will undoubtedly drive home-made papers out of the market altogether, if the manufacturers do not exert themselves to produce more artistic patterns than they commonly originate at present. The French have been before us in the establishment of Schools of Design. At their schools Artistic Botany, or correct flower drawing, is regularly taught; and hence the great superiority of their flower patterns, whether on china, on silk, on muslins, or on wall-papers. It is not that French *taste* is superior to Irish or English taste; but it is that, in France, the principles of correct taste are more diffused among the class engaged in executing ornamental designs. Our workmen have as much inventive talent, but it requires to be educated. At present it wastes itself for want of proper direction and instruction.—*Dr. W. H. Harvey.*

CHINESE PIRATES.

Piracy is carried on to a great and alarming extent in the China seas. The pirate vessels and boats are peculiarly constructed, being remarkably fast; the crews are numerous, and the vessels are fully armed with guns, swivels, matchlocks, spears, boarding-pikes, and other weapons of an offensive description. Their usual mode of proceeding is as follows:—As soon as they get within reach of their victims, they throw on board the doomed vessel a large quantity of fire-balls, so prepared as to produce an intolerable and most offensive odour when explosion takes place; missiles of all kinds are then scattered around. When the terror and confusion thus created is at its height, the pirates grapple and board the prize, when, if resistance is offered, too frequently all on board are butchered in a savage manner. Pirates infest the seas between Hong-Kong, Macao, and Canton, inhabiting the Ladrone islands surrounding Hong-Kong, which seem to be abandoned to their sovereignty; and the passage between these forts is thus rendered extremely hazardous, both as regards life and property. —*China and the Chinese.*

NEVER HOLD MALICE.

Oh! never "hold malice;" it poisons our life,
With the gall-drop of hate and the nightshade of strife;
Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may,
But let anger like sunlight go down with the day.
Our spirits in clashing may bear the hot spark,
But no smouldering flame to break out in the dark;
'Tis the narrowest heart that creation can make,
Where our passion folds up like the coils of a snake.

Oh! never "hold malice;" it cannot be good,
For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood
Than to bitterly cherish the name of the foe,
Wait to sharpen a weapon and measure the blow.
The wild dog in hunger—the wolf in its spring—
The shark of the waters—the asp with its sting—
Are less to be feared than the vengeance of man,
When it lyeth in secret to wound when it can,

Oh! never "hold malice;" dislike if you will,
Yet remember Humanity linketh us still;
We are all of us human, and all of us erring,
And mercy within us should ever be stirring.
Shall we dare to look up to the Father above,
With petitions for pardon or pleading for love;
Shall we dare, while we pant for revenge on another,
To ask from a God yet deny to a brother?

ELIZA COOK.

CONDENSING.—There may be many authors who understand this art, but few who practise it, though it is far from being the least important that belongs to writing. True, the production of ideas must ever stand first, but to what undue lengths will the unchecked fancy go even in the strongest minds; and it is only by keeping them within proper bounds, discarding the weak and superfluous, and adopting the true and beautiful, that we can ever hope to give anything worthy of the admiration of posterity. Some can never write a letter without filling the whole sheet, and if the ink holds out they will write across and across the paper again; so that what at first was scarcely intelligible, at last defies not only the best skill and ingenuity of man to understand, but defeats every attempt to read it, while a clever man's letter is ever short, pithy, and intelligent, and you feel satisfied on arriving at the end of his epistle. Many a young author of real talents, begins his profession by labouring too much in the collecting and joining together of words. To collect words will ever be a common and easy labour, to originate and condense ideas a rare and difficult one. The very best author is but an artificer of a higher grade, and be assured that by learning to condense you will greatly increase the number of your readers.

ENVY is frequently the foundation of ill reports. There is a jealousy in some characters which renders the success of others the subject of malevolence instead of approbation. The sudden depression of those with whom they are connected, would give felicity; but if they are exalted in the scale of society, and receive the just encomiums of merit, it creates hatred. They now cease to be upon a level with such; and as they will not see by what principles they have been distanced, they seek to avoid comparison, and begin to detract either from the moral or intellectual qualities of those whom they once loved. Thus merit is frequently immolated upon the altar of caprice, or devoted to the sullen look of suspicion.

DIAMOND DUST.

THE power which is at once spring and regulator in all efforts of reform, is faith in man, the conviction that there is an infinite worthiness in him which will appear at the call of worth, and that all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment.

THE worst of crosses is never to have had any.

IN conduct, as in art, there is an idea of the great and beautiful, by which men should exalt the hackneyed and the trite of life.

HUMILITY is the dress-coat of pride.

THE sensations of joy felt on approaching the home of a beloved one, are like the twilight of morning before the sun has become visible.

"BE prosperous and happy, never require our services, and we will remain your friends." This is not what society says, but it is often the principle on which it acts.

A MAN'S honesty is the only commodity whose true value is exactly the price at which the owner rates it.

IF we examined our own faults attentively, we should have less time to detect, and more inclination to pardon, those of others.

INTELLECT and industry are never incompatible.

ZEAL without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto good.

BY being rubbed long and often against the great loadstone of society, we obtain, in a thousand little minute points, an attraction in common with our fellows. Their petty sorrows, and small joys—their objects of interest or employment, at some time or other have been ours. We gather up a vast collection of moral and mental farthings of exchange; and we scarcely find any intellect so poor, but what we can deal with it in some way.

EARNESTNESS and simplicity carry all before them.

NOTHING keeps a man from being rich, like thinking he has enough; nothing from knowledge and wisdom, like thinking he has both.

To encourage talent, is to create it.

POLITICS is a science which no one believes those who differ with him to understand.

ONE of the most marked characteristics of fashionable demoralization is a reckless neglect of principles, and a rigid adherence to their semblance.

MALICE is the spur of wit, good nature the bridle.

ALMSGIVING never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.

COMPARE your griefs with other men's, and they will seem less.

DISEASES are the interest of pleasures.

THE best dancing tune is the morning song of the lark.

DESTROY not your own health by drinking the healths of others.

THE greatest gift we can bestow on others is a good example.

IN aping the manners of foreign countries, we lose what is best in our own, and only expose ourselves to the ridicule of those we imitate.

WE ought to aim at such pleasures as follow labour, not at those which precede it.

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AMUSEMENT.

THERE is a more profound meaning in the word "Amusement" than most people in this country are disposed to admit. There is a philosophy in amusement, as well as in education; indeed, we have no hesitation in averring, that Amusement is a most important part of Education.

Of course, there are many kinds of amusement, varying according to the degree of moral and intellectual culture of those taking part in them. There are the low amusements of the gross and the uneducated, whom society has allowed to grow up in its midst, with minds untrained and untaught, with tastes unrefined by intercourse with art or letters, and who are narrowed in all their sources of pleasure and enjoyment. To these the brutal exhibition of a dog-fight or a public execution affords the only opportunity for a saturnalia of enjoyment—an enjoyment which is level with the meanest capacity, and no other.

How different the amusements of the intelligent and refined—such as an intercourse with the beauties of nature, a ramble through a beautiful country full of historic associations, a concert of exquisite music, a picture exhibition, a soirée, an agreeable book, or an evening's delightful conversation with intelligent persons. Then, there are the out-of-doors amusements; the manly games, of which the healthful game of cricket is one of the most cheerful and exciting.

The occupations of a very large portion of our town population are sedentary and unwholesome, and require, for health's sake, a frequent relaxation in games of this latter sort, which bring a man's muscles into action, and healthfully excite all the organic functions of the system. What is better calculated to blow away the vapours from the brain, and to give a thorough fresh-airing to the blood, than the breeze blowing across the heath, while the cricketer is actively engaged in batting, balling, fielding, and the other exercises of the game? Every muscle is put in action: he must run, and ply his limbs actively, the use of which, while sitting at his city desk, he had well nigh forgotten. He must be all alive—he makes the green carpet of turf fly from under him, while the welcome breeze plays around his head. He is cheerful and full of good-humour; care and anxiety are banished; and lumbago, head-ache, or gout is driven further from him in every run that he takes. He goes to bed well tired, and then enjoys the profound and refreshing slumber which he has earned on the cricket-ground; rising in the morning clear-headed, and renovated in health and strength.

It is a mistake to suppose that the man who plays at cricket, or who otherwise amuses himself in active exercise during the intervals of business, is wasting his time. Amusement is not waste of time, but rather economy of life. Relax frequently, if you would enjoy good health during a longer period of existence. If you relax not, and take no amusement—that is, if your calling should not itself be a constant exercise—then you will mentally suffer, in the pangs of indigestion, in weak and unhealthy lungs, in colds and rheumatisms, and in all the penalties which attend confinement and sedentary occupation.

Man has a strong natural appetite for relaxation and amusement, and, like all other natural appetites, this has been implanted in us for a wise purpose. It is not to be repressed, but will break out in one form or another. If we provide not the opportunity for enjoying wholesome amusements, men will certainly find out vicious ones for themselves.

There are, we believe, some people in the world who, under mistaken notions, would, if they had the power, hang the heavens about with crape; pick the bright stars from the sky; veil the sun with clouds, because of his shining too merrily on the gay green earth; pluck the silver moon from her place in the firmament, no more to brighten the young wooers, who laughed and loved under her beams; throw a shroud on the beautiful and life-heaving bosom of this fair planet; shut up our gardens and fields, and all the sweet flowers with which they are bedecked, and doom our world to an atmosphere of gloom and cheerlessness. But there is no reason nor morality in this, and still less religion. A benevolent Creator has endowed man with an eminent capacity for enjoyment, set him in a fair and lovely world, surrounded him with things good and beautiful, and given him the disposition to love, to sympathize, to produce, to co-operate, to enjoy; and thus to become an honourable and a happy being, bringing God's work to perfection, and suiting the divine creation in the midst of which he lives.

Who knows not that the heart of man is greatly influenced by the moral atmosphere which he breathes; and

that he is disposed to an affinity with the good, very much in proportion as his spirits are kept in that genial tone which their due relaxation promotes. Make a man happy, and his actions will be happy too; but doom him to dismal thoughts and miserable circumstances, and you make him gloomy, discontented, morose, and probably vicious. Hence coarseness and crime are almost invariably found among those who have never been accustomed to be cheerful, whose hearts have been shut against the purifying influences of a happy communion with nature, or an enlightened and cheerful intercourse with man.

And yet all, even the meanest of human beings (if any human being *can* be mean), possess the sense to discern, and the heart to love and even reverence beauty in all its forms. Why should not some care be taken, then, to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in art and nature among all ranks in the community? Why should not this means be adopted of unfolding the noble powers and affections of men? Why should not the fields and the gardens be thrown freely open to the classes who now waste their long hours in consuming toil, cut off from all higher pleasures, and impelled too often by the strong love of excitement, to seek a deceitful solace in sensual excess, after escaping from the burden of their daily care and labour? Above all, why should not Music be made a lightener of toil, a cheerer of social intercourse, a relief of loneliness, and a means of solace even in the poorest dwellings?

"Regarded as a refined pleasure," says Channing, "Music has a most favourable bearing on public morals. Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource; home will gain a new attraction; social intercourse will be more cheerful; and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together, to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society, perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fullness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed."

The improvement of the character of our popular amusements is a subject, we believe, well worthy the attention of our temperance reformers. Perhaps they do not sufficiently consider how much intemperance is the result of gross and uncultivated tastes, and of the too limited opportunities which exist in this country for obtaining access to amusements of an innocent and improving tendency. The workman's tastes have been allowed to remain uncultivated; present wants engross his thoughts; the gratification of his appetites is his highest pleasure; and when he relaxes, it is too often in indulgence in intoxicating stimulants. In the beer-house he finds comfort; there is a bright fire and clean hearth, contrasting strongly, perhaps, with his own uncomfortable home. Here he joins in merry talk with his fellows; he discusses the topics of the day, or the news of the neighbourhood. He thus learns to talk, to argue, and to measure wits with others. He acquires the habit of frequenting the public-house, for no other public place is open to him. There are few or no public galleries of art open to the poor. There are few or no cheap amusements, nor rooms for rational enjoyment and recreation; and until the people at large are furnished with such means of rational, healthy, and exhilarating enjoyment, we fear public-houses will continue to be frequented as now, and intemperance prevail in its grosser forms.

Men cannot be expected to spend their whole time in labour, going home merely to eat and sleep. There must be intervals of relaxation. Picture galleries, museums of art, concerts, gardens, exhibitions, theatres—all are better than the gin-palace and the public-house. Possibly we may only be giving a more concentrated form to vice, by frowning down in a pharisaic way those popular amusements. There was some time ago a kind of crusade against music licenses, originated by a belief amongst the respectable classes, that every assembly of the working class for singing and dancing, must, of necessity, be a scene of vice. To a certain extent they may be so; for, when innocent pleasures are forbidden by public morality, and repressed by law, these very pleasures become poisoned fountains. It is the prohibition, not the indulgence, which creates the vice.

No such objections, however, can be taken to the cultivation of a popular taste for music. Father Mathew, very properly, followed up his temperance movement by a singing movement. He promoted the establishment of musical clubs all over Ireland; for he felt that, as he had taken the people's whiskey from them, he must give some wholesome stimulus in its stead—and he gave them Music. Having taken away a mischievous pleasure, it was necessary to give a wholesome one; and Music was found to be the very thing wanted. Singing classes were established, to refine the taste, soften the manners, and humanize the mass of the people. As a means towards this end, we believe that nothing is superior.

We should like to see galleries of art also thrown open freely to the people. Accustom them to the sight of beautiful objects, and in course of time they will learn to understand them; their tastes will be educated, and their respect for genius excited. The exhibitions of Mechanics' Institutes, which, some years ago, took place throughout the provincial towns, were a good beginning, and we should like to see them repeated. Some of the most liberal and public-spirited members of the aristocracy are at present opening their fine picture galleries freely to the public; among others, the Duke of Devonshire is allowing immense numbers of the working classes to inspect his magnificent collections of painting and statuary at Chatsworth; and railway trips for the purpose are got up at Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, and others of the smoky towns of Yorkshire. The conduct of the working men, on these occasions, does equal justice to their manners and their intelligence. Let all such means of wholesome amusement be encouraged, and we shall shortly find foreign observers giving a much better account, than they can give at present, of the character, manners, and intelligence of the mass of the English people.

THE STORMY PETREL.

When the wind blows over the ocean in short and fitful gusts, when the dark horizon lowers, and the ship creaks and labours as if in anticipation of the storm that awaits her, then the low wailing cry of the petrel sounds beneath her stern, and instantly the billows are dark with the forms of these little birds. They have surrounded the vessel with a suddenness which would almost seem to justify the belief, common amongst sailors, that their home is in the wave, and that they only rise to the surface when a storm is nigh. Resting one moment on the water, the next they are shooting alongside of the ship; anon, they are far ahead, leaping with both legs parallel on the waves; again they are following in her wake, running on the surface of the sea, and mingling their sad *weet weet* with the mournful whistling of the wind.

We may smile at the shuddering awe with which these harmless birds inspire the hardy sailor, yet none may refuse to make allowance, not only for the prejudices, but also for the circumstances of his life. Alone for months upon the silent sea; compelled to pay close attention to the minutest prognostics of storm and

tempest; listening to the ever-rolling waves, until his practised ear distinguishes every variation in their sound, with a precision and delicacy scarcely known to the proficient in music; he associates sights and sounds until, in his simple yet thoughtful mind, he confounds causes with effects, and deems that the petrel raises the storm, from which it, in reality, flies for refuge.

We were once assured by a very intelligent sailor, that he had seen these birds, when the water was very clear, "grazing at the bottom of the sea." He even pointed out to us a dangerous spot near Caldy Island, Pembrokeshire, where they were in the habit of pasturing; adding, that frequently when he had been off that rock, on a calm day, he had seen one rise to the surface, when, ere he had time to slacken sail, a squall would come on, and immediately there would be hundreds of petrels around the boat. "*Superstitious* people," he said, "believe that the birds are bred from nothing; but I know that this is not true, as they hatch their eggs *under their wings* as they float in the water." Thus the bird, the storm-swallow of the Dutch, has acquired the familiar names of Witches, Devil's Birds, and Mother Cary's Chickens.

"The petrels," says Rennie, "are nocturnal birds. When, therefore, they are seen flying about, and feeding by day, the fact appears to indicate that they have been driven from their usual quarters by a storm." We should rather say that their sensitiveness to aërial change, which is seen to a certain extent in all living things, renders them uneasy before a storm can have reached their rocky abodes, as they appear with its earliest indications. "Though the petrels venture to wing their way over the wide ocean as fearlessly as our swallows do over a mill-pond, they are not, therefore, the less sensible to danger; and, as if feelingly aware of their weakness, they make all haste to the nearest shelter. When they cannot, then, find an island or a rock to shield them from the blast, they fly towards the first ship they can descry, crowd into her wake, and close under her stern, heedless, it would appear, of the rushing surge, so that they can keep the vessel between them and the unbroken sweep of the wind."

"As well," says Wilson, "might they curse the midnight lighthouse, that star-like guides them on their watery way, or the buoy that warns them of the sunken rocks below, as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approach of the storm, and thereby enables them to prepare for it."

If any oily substance be thrown overboard, these birds collect eagerly round it, keeping, as sea-birds do, their heads to the windward, and supporting themselves by slightly elevating their wings and "pattering with their feet" on the waves. We have read of a petrel which was kept alive in confinement for some time, and fed by smearing its breast feathers daily with oil, which it imbibed by sucking them. They are said to have the power of ejecting the oily portions of their food for the nourishment of their young, and also as a means of defence when caught. Pennant affirms, that the inhabitants of the Faroe Isles use petrels for candles, "on account of the quantity of oil they contain, by merely drawing a cotton wick through their bodies;" but if this eminent naturalist was not mistaken, we should prefer calling this strange light a *lamp* instead of a *candle*, as the body of the bird, probably, was not consumed, or at least was not luminous. Like the Esquimaux, the petrels seem to extend their taste for such substances even to the "end of a tallow candle;" for Mr. Couch found that one of these birds had swallowed about an inch and a half of a mould candle.

The stormy petrel is the least of our web-footed birds; scarcely measuring six inches from head to tail, while the wing is four inches and five-eighths from the bend. "This length of wing," says Mr. Hewitson, "with the white spot above the tail, gives it the appearance, when flying, of our house-marten."

The same gentleman gives a most interesting account of a visit which he paid to the haunts and nests of these little birds, in the island of Foula. He says, that they begin to lay at a much later period than any other sea-birds, which the fishermen assured him was in consequence of their not having yet "come up from the sea." However, towards the end of June, they arrived (doubtless from the depths below), and for some days were to be seen sitting about in the holes of the rocks, whence they were easily taken; and a man having brought him above a dozen tied up in a stocking, he let the whole party loose in his apartment. All the day the little prisoners pushed themselves into the crevices, and behind the corners of the furniture, refusing all food, and when it grew dark, they employed themselves in ceaseless endeavours to regain their wonted freedom, flying round and round the room, and vainly beating themselves against the window. For three successive days and nights this went on, when, happily, all except one effected their escape through a broken pane; the one was smothered in a basin of eggs!

In Foula the petrels bred in holes in the cliff at a considerable height above the sea; but at Oxna, Mr. Hewitson found their nests under the stones which form the beach, between which they penetrate to the soil beneath; so that in walking on the surface, he could hear them in the evening hours, "singing with a kind of warbling chatter." Directed by this talkative propensity he removed the stones, and seldom failed in finding two or three birds seated quietly on their secluded nests. The petrels lay but one egg, which is about an inch in length, and white, slightly speckled at the larger end.

Long-continued storms frequently drive the petrel far from its native element; several have been picked up in an exhausted condition in Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and other inland counties.

THE IMMORTALITY OF KINDNESS.

BY SILVERPEN.

Mrs. Grigg had for twenty years of her life been a milliner. Not, however, that humble description of milliner, whose business lay in trimming the best caps of small tradesmen's wives, or making the bonnets of little needy teachers of music or dancing, but a veritable duchess's milliner, who had not only made head-dresses for state-balls, but ruffles for Court, and what was far more to the purpose in her own estimation—money!

Leaving off business at the time she married her only child, Sophia, she retired to the *rus in urbe* of Mr Wildspoon, her son-in-law, at Clapham; but the young and old housekeepers not agreeing, and making strange warfare, not only in the honest hatter's absence, but also when he came home to enjoy a quiet hour at night, Mr. Wildspoon at last came to the excellent determination to get rid of "dear mother" as speedily and as peacefully as he could; the latter a necessary point, as the solemn lady held the keys of the cash-box, and was tenderly attached to "my dear child," in spite of the above mentioned peculiarity of always quarreling if in her "sweet society" more than twenty-four hours.

"Mother-in-law" thus finding it necessary to retire from the land of battles, drew four hundred pounds out of the three per cent. consols, and furnished a "genteel house," whither she retired with one servant, long her ally on a former scene, to accommodate the public with "apartments." Here, for some years she lived a life most congenial to her nature, though to her friends she constantly lamented those "adverse domestic circumstances which kept her from the sweet society of her dear child," and which compelled her to "let apartments." But her

friends and neighbours well knew that "compelled" was not the word, but that Mrs. Grigg liked to make thirty per cent. of her four hundred pounds, and keep the Wildspoons in seasonable awe, by adding to the mystery and importance of her cash-box. Nevertheless Mrs. Grigg had to war with fortune as well as her neighbours, though the cause of it was certainly a mystery, I will not say to her neighbours exactly, but to one or two personages whom fortune made her acquainted with, and who had reasonable motives for speculation upon her character. The mystery was, that her lodgings were always to let; not that she had not lodgers and applicants enough, but the fact was, no sooner were they what people might suppose comfortably settled, than they packed up their goods and departed; and this so invariably as to become a saying amongst the cabmen of the neighbouring stand. The mystery was still further increased by the fact, that the house was extremely well furnished, indeed, far beyond the ordinary run of lodging-houses; that its quick-departing occupants were always of a superior class; that Jane, the servant, was well-conducted and most respectable in her appearance; still for all this, the "apartments" were always to let. Again, in searching for a cause, it could not be the absence of religion, if religion consists in mere formula, for Mrs. Grigg was the most correct of church-goers, went thither usually dressed in rich black satin, always carried conspicuously a costly bound "church-service," and spoke of the excessive comfort the Wednesday evening discourses gave her Christian heart. Indeed, she occasionally shed tears about these matters, and looked with a pious up-raising of the hands to the likeness of her favourite preacher, which hung framed and glazed above her back parlour fire-place.

One wintry autumn evening, when the ticket at the parlour window had, the few past months, been taken so much up and down, as to have become quite limp and dirty, Jane answered a heavy and peremptory knock at the front door, and presently called her mistress, as it was a stranger enquiring about lodgings. At the very first glance Mrs. Grigg liked the aspect of the stranger, a grave, abstracted, taciturn man of, perhaps, thirty to thirty-two, who looked as if he would make due enquiry into any abstract proposition, say of grace, free-will, absolution, or faith, but not at all into such worldly matters, as concerned coals, candles, tea, and sugar, or the other small etceteras of material life. Mrs. Grigg saw this the instant the stranger reached the second floor; for after looking round the cheerful and well-furnished sitting-room, with a glance which plainly said, "oh I shall take these," he made no enquiries such as prudent people usually make, but fitted the easy-chair to the table, to see if he was likely to be comfortable whilst writing; measured the extent of the book-shelves and the side-table; what space was left on the floor for standing room; and evidently finding all these to be satisfactory, he took the "apartments" in the fewest words possible, and handing as reference, the name of a lecturer at one of the great city hospitals, departed, leaving Mrs. Grigg sole arbitress of coals and candles, tea and sugar, meat and bread. That very same night the Wildspoons were doubly awed by "mother-in-law's" excessive dignity and stringent law-giving. They felt pretty certain by this that there was an unusual prospect for the cash-box.

The very morrow evening Dr. Webster came, bringing with him, as Mrs. Grigg immediately ascertained, one small portmanteau, several chests full of books, and various philosophical instruments, and in a day or two he was as deeply immersed in his studies as if he had been accustomed to the place for a whole life. Exactly, in some respects, the kind of lodger Mrs. Grigg took him to be, though she did not reckon upon his profound penetration when he *did* take matters into consideration, which, however, was rarely; things went on very smoothly, and the abstract man studied, and lived with the rigid discipline of a true student, yet, nevertheless consumed, according to his weekly bills, such an immense amount of coals, bread, vegetables, meat, and tea, and sugar, as to be incredible, in any other view except in relation to the matter of forty per cent. Mrs. Grigg looked up at her favourite preacher with a complacent smile, and having ascertained that Dr. Webster was, though so young, one of the profoundest chemists of the day, and a man likely to become both wealthy and famous, she sat down quite contented to her prayer book and her weekly bills, and with but one desire left ungratified, namely, to let her ground-floor parlour and its accompanying bed-room.

She was soon fortunate; Dr. Webster had not been her lodger more than three weeks, than the dusty card dangled no longer, for Miss Maltby became her lodger, and her house was thus full. Rarely did Mrs. Grigg take lady inmates, but Emma Maltby had been highly recommended to her as the very soul of probity, and truth, and goodness, and so Mrs. Grigg broke her rule, in respect of a lodger so desirable; for one of the strange peculiarities of Mrs. Grigg's character was this, that she insisted upon rigid honesty in others, though as my readers may have by this time imagined, she practised this virtue very superficially herself, so superficially as to be a profound satire on the divine text she repeated thrice every Sunday of her life, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

The character of Emma Maltby was an extraordinary one to come in direct opposition to her own, as Mrs. Grigg soon found. Justice and truth were no mere abstractions, no things of words, but parts of Emma's very being; and whilst she trusted with the simplicity of a child, and believed with a grace which did her nature justice, yet *once* deceived, her sternness and penetration were masculine.

A few weeks discovered to Emma the true nature and policy of her landlady, and like former lodgers, she would have departed, and the brown ticket would have again dangled in the window, had not there sprung up in her heart a great liking for Jane, the servant, for she was ever ready to wait on her, often anticipative of her wants, and always respectful in her conduct. Her character, however, was the greatest enigma Emma had ever had to solve. For this singular reason, that if she were kind in return, if she tried to show womanly sympathy, it was coldly, doggedly received, nay, repulsed instantly, by a demeanour which spoke as plain as words, "treat me as the common world treats me, as a mere drudge and lodging-house servant, but don't be so womanly and gentle, it makes my conscience sore for the acts I have to behold and connive at against you." This solution of the difficulty was not quickly made, but was the slow growth of months; for as I have said, justice was a passion in the soul of Emma. She could not have wronged her landlady, she could not have wronged Jane, she endeavoured by almost a romantic course of honesty to give vitality to one of the loveliest texts of scripture; but without avail, for her winter stock of coals lasted her about one third of the time they had done in former lodgings, there were always mistakes in the baker's weekly bills, and perfect correctness the minute a book of entry was kept; a prevarication and denial on every point so plain in its injustice as to be like noonday. Unlike the philosopher up stairs, who observed a good deal, though so profoundly taciturn, Emma must expostulate when these facts were more gross than ordinary. But no more than twice to Mrs. Grigg, who on the first occasion, laid her hand on her heart; on the next occasion, talked very largely, very vociferously, and very coarsely; but it was on Jane, Emma tried to make an impression. "Do not let this occur again," she would say to her, "for you know I am not mean or unwilling to pay, and that anything I can oblige

you in is with pleasure yours, as I have tried to show by my daily acts; but I do like plain, straightforward, honest dealing, because I am confident, even in a worldly sense, it is the best." To these sort of words Jane never made an answer. And this was the part Emma considered noble in Jane's character; for though a party in such small nefarious acts as Mrs. Grigg thought reasonable in people who let lodgings, and, perhaps, a participator, still she never betrayed the one whose bread she ate: not that Emma was one to encourage her so to do, or express more than her conviction of a fact, but there are many in the world willing to participate in what they are well aware is an injustice, and yet weak enough to be the first to declare it one. There was another point which was strange to Emma Maltby in this reading of character, it was the influence Mrs. Grigg had over Jane, in spite of an utter absence of kindness on her part in a hundred things. "Miss Maltby," as Jane often declared, "was not only the best friend she had in the world, but one who did more acts of kindness for her in a week, than her mistress in the years she had worked for her and known her." Yet still was Jane often at fault, and a necessitated lie too often on her lips.

There are injustices in the world, injustices I believe of daily life, at which the angels weep, and which are of more significance in their action upon the condition of public and private morality, than vices of a larger kind and rarer occurrence. Drops form an ocean, grains the hidden reef of sand which stays the course of the noblest ship, and so these small injustices make up the social leprosy of preaching and knowing the worth of a sublime doctrine, yet acting in direct opposition to its holiest behest of justice. And the angels might have wept at this hourly wrong to Emma Maltby; for nobly honest and generous, every shilling was earned by the severest labour of the pen; and she toiled, whilst Mrs. Grigg talked with canting lips and added to the forty per cent. The reply a friend made to her one day when speaking of these matters, and her own resolution, was significant, "You are expecting what it is impossible to find, entire justice. Why, the milliner who makes your gown, the tailor who takes your cloth for a coat, would be mightily offended if you cast a doubt on the honesty of either; yet go to the table of the one and the board of the other, and see if no pieces are left when the garment is sent home? And so it is in London lodging-houses, lax morality passes off under the name of profit; and so, as this is the universal case, one must be contented to bear the evils around us, and shut our eyes upon injustice." "But I cannot," replied Emma, "I cannot be happy and yet place my daily life in connection with this class of ethics. The more so, as I believe, that not only an immense amount of this earnest action of justice exists in the world, and that seeking it I shall find it; but, also, that our tacitly yielding to what we know is evil, because it exists, is criminal in a double sense. And this the more, that, I believe, human progress is but the slow vitalizing of Christianity; the replacing words by works, faith by action. Therefore, to tacitly bear Mrs. Grigg's injustice because it is common, or to be unkind to Jane because she is a mere agent of evil, would do me infinite wrong." The friend smiled, but Emma was firm.

At last, resolved to leave, and giving notice accordingly, Emma, though she avoided Mrs. Grigg, did not lessen her good deeds to Jane, or her little acts of graciousness, doggedly received as they were, for she had often spoken of honesty and kindness, and she wished even, for her own heart's sake, to teach by example. As may be imagined, Mrs. Grigg was much chagrined by her lodger's resolution, and the more so, when, that same day, whilst fully revelling in the luxury of the forty per cent. derived from her abstract and uncomplaining lodger, she was called up stairs.

"Mrs. Grigg," spoke the abstract doctor, scarcely laying down his pen, or breaking the thread of his analysis of the doctrine of quantities, "I leave you this day week."

"Dear me, Sir. Pray what is the reason, for I am sure, the religious endeavours I have made to —"

"Doubtless, Madam; this day week, if you please, good morning." And the doctor unmistakeably, even to Mrs. Grigg, re-tied his analytic thread, and went on.

Mrs. Grigg would have liked to say much, but thus constrained, she walked out, without other display of her feelings than a bang to the door, which jarred the philosopher's nerves a little, and made him laugh.

Emma and Dr. Webster had never met, save once or twice upon the staircase, and thus were unknown, but they acted alike, because reasoning upon a true principle. Jane parted from her little mistress with much regret and real kindness, as Emma did from her, and when in one hour her door closed upon these two lodgers, Mrs. Grigg's conscience spoke some stern truths, which I do not think she would have confessed even to her favourite preacher.

Years went by, Webster did justice to his genius, and became famous and fairly rich; and Emma less a struggler, and one known for that womanly charity, which led her often in hospitals and elsewhere, to comfort and console the forgotten or unfortunate of her sex. One day, in visiting, as usual, one of the large city hospitals, a nurse directed her kindly consideration to a patient, who, admitted there for some disease of the knee-joint, was quite bed-ridden, and seemingly without friends to visit or sympathize with her. Emma Maltby hastened to the bed-side, and soon recognised in the altered and almost aged face before her, that of Jane, the lodging-house servant. She sat down, soon to find her hand grasped by the awakened and weeping sleeper.

"Oh! ma'am, how good and kind of you to come, I have often thought of you, indeed I have."

"I am very glad of it, Jane," replied Emma. "But why have you left your mistress?"

"Left!" exclaimed Jane, indignantly, "why, ma'am, when she found I could work no longer, I was turned out without caring what became of me, or whether I lived or died."

"It is exactly what I expected of her, Jane; I read her character well and truly. But I am glad that the little justice I practised to you has proved a true thing; for I believe that honesty and kindness are not texts for lip-service only."

"Your kindness has returned to my heart like a prayer, ma'am, since I have lain on this lonely and forgotten bed; hardly forgotten, I should say though, ma'am, for the great doctor who lived at missis's house when you did, ma'am, has been so kind to me since I have been here that I can hardly say enough."

As if renewing what had been scarcely discontinued, Emma's kindness shone again on Jane, and to a very important end, as time soon showed. For, making Emma's acquaintance by this bed, Webster soon appreciated her noble character; and both agreeing in other things besides that of opinion respecting Mrs. Grigg and the shallow policy of people like her, they got married in less than six months after this meeting. And in less than one month after this, Jane was sufficiently recovered to become Emma's housekeeper.

"And now," said Emma Webster, as she placed the keys in her old servant's hand, "let us be the truest mistress and servant, Jane. Faith on your side, trust on mine, and thus we may show to others, what I believe in, and what I have proved, that honesty is a self-rewarding justice, and that kindness is immortal seed, never sown without producing some eternal fruit.

SIMPLES.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

SIMPLES! It is certainly an unpromising subject. The very phrase has fallen out of fashion, and, in these days, means little better than a byword for ignorance and credulity. The still-room, that laboratory of household skill and household charity, with all the pretty *persiflage* with science its uses admitted of, is no more; and the gentle craft our great-grandmothers and their forebearers carried on therein, sunken and abused, is only active in the hands of quacks and cot-queans. But let the world laugh as it will, there is no exploded fashion of the past we more regret than this same womanly one—the study of simples. It had in it so many elements of physical and moral beauty, of mental recreation and human good; so many incentives to the love of nature, and the active practice of humanity, that however medical men, and modern fine mannerism, may conjoin to laugh it out of repute, we fancy society the loser, and doctors' bills more rife in consequence. Elder-born than Æsculapius, we find it laying figs to the wounds of Hezekiah, and trading to the fairs of Tyrus with balm of Gilead, frankincense, and myrrh—the very merchandise, by the way, with which the camel-mounted Midianites were on their way to Egypt, when the shepherd-sons of Jacob sold their brother. These simples, famous in the days of the Patriarchs, still form important items in the ordinary traffic of the East, and are there accounted amongst the richest gifts that one great man can offer to another. From the earliest times to (comparatively speaking) very modern ones, the art remained under high patronage; queens were amongst its nursing mothers, and she of Sheba, in her gifts to Solomon (the greatest simpler of his day), who spake of trees "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," forgot not the fragrant "judiacum" (balm of Gilead) in the oriental profusion of her offerings. Cleopatra studied (though, it would seem, for dangerous purposes) the properties of plants; and Shakspere makes the Queen, in "Cymbeline," order the gathering of innocent flowers to cover as guilty an object, "whiles the dew's on ground, gather these flowers;" "the violets, cowslips, and the primroses bear to my closet." "Whiles the dew's on ground," for it was a principle in the preparation of herbs, that this circumstance added to their virtue, an idea probably derived from the superstition which, from the earliest period, to that of "Nicholas Culpeper, Gent.," supposed every plant to be under astral influence, and directed them to be sought for only at certain seasons, and when the star that ruled them was in the ascendant. Thus, the Druids, who borrowed their knowledge of plants from the Egyptians, and were, in all likelihood, the first who studied our subject scientifically in Britain, gathered the sacred vervain "at the rising of the day-star, when neither moon or sun shone, with closed eyes, and the left hand; and in the incantation of the witches in "Macbeth," they talk of "root of hemlock digged i' the dark," as a potent ingredient of their spell. Even in later days, when lunar and planetary influence no longer lent a mystic interest to the gathering of simples, to seek them with the dew on them was still desiderated; some, such as violets (says Doctor Quincy), that they may be in their prime, fresh, and well-coloured; "and others, lilies of the valley," for instance, because, though of a "mighty fragrant scent," it is so volatile as to escape when the sun hath shone long upon them. What sweet persuasives to early rising, crouch in these recommendations? Imagine the fair herbalist, her lap filled with rosied leaves and flowers, red rose-buds, ladylilies, famous in former days as a cosmetic, and still used by continental ladies in their baths, and gillyflowers, which, in old Chaucer's time, were wont to give their spicy flavour to the ale. Alas! that modern fashion should have given up pharmacy, and no longer lend the éclat of her example to this feminine and delightful branch of it? in not doing so, with Dogberry, "she has losses." Can calisthenics bestow such suppleness of limb, such fine development of form, as these free wanderings in field and forest, which the researches of herbalists require? or, all the training of a D'Egville, or the dietetic art of a Sir Kenelm Digby, supply complexions pure and lovely as the fresh air, and early sunshine tint; or, the yielding attitudes and gracious aspect, which listening pity, and ready benevolence (twin attributes of the simplist's gentle art) involuntarily produce? Think of the pleasure which these fair ministrants must have enjoyed in the success of their remedies! and say if the conventional compliments that follow the exhibition of not more refined, but more modern accomplishments, ever woke in the bosoms of the graceful recipients a tithe of the delight their lady-ancestors experienced, when the grateful thanks of some convalescent attested the efficiency of their herby draughts and cooling ointments? In the days of the seventeenth century, the study of simples was as much a branch of education as music in our own, and young ladies took regular lessons in the art of preparing and prescribing them, from their family physicians—themselves but little learned in other pharmacy. Hence, the aristocratic nominals, appended to various recipes in any hundred-year-old British dispensatory—*bonâ fide* inventions of noble amateurs who, like "Ceremon, of Ephesus," held that "virtue and knowledge were endowments greater than nobleness and riches." It was no burden to carry with them on a sweet spring morn, "a knowledge of the blest infusions that dwell in vegetives." On the contrary, it must have added an interest to their walks which modern ladies do not dream of, when every bank and rivulet, wood, and common, offered "all blessed secrets" to their keeping; and an incentive, at all seasons, for that out-of-doors exercise, which our sex (wanting an object) are sometimes inclined to avoid. How we envy them the thousand simples, which the college of physicians weeded from the "Materia Medica," some hundred years ago, and which, however unimportant in regular prescriptions, gave them ten centuries of inducements for floral research over more modern herbalists. In the "primrose time" of the year, when Spring, strewing her way with flowers, called up the broad-leaved arum in the shade, and spotted wake-robin beside it; scattering the starry flowers of the lesser celandine on each moist bank, like "patines of bright gold," and scenting every hedge-row with hid violets. In those sweet days, when wind-flowers opened in the woods, and the thorny branches of the black-thorn powdered with snowy blossoms, shone on their outskirts; and the early orchis lifted up its purple spike; and the blue flowers of the ground-ivy pierced through its dark round leaves, and lit up banks and sunny borders; while the willow shook its yellow palms in the air, as the first bee sang pæans midst them—who does not sympathize in the congenial quests of these Hygeians, who won health for themselves, whilst eliciting for others curative properties from bud and leaf? They saw the summer's chaplet in its making; the coming forth of every bloom that formed it; from the bride-like blossoms of the wild cherry, "scented and white;" scattering the ground with pearly showers, to the red poppy with its flag-like petals, waving upon the outskirts of a camp of corn sheaves. All the sweet wonders of the flowery earth disclosed themselves to them. They saw the orchises in silent woods, configure insects in their strange efflorescence, and mime another portion of creation—for them the meadow queen waved her white plumes beside the water-courses, where money-wort shone pelf-like in the sun, and blue-eyed brooklime bathed its green stalks, mid-deep in the still shallows—

for them the wild rose wore her earliest garlands, and the May opened first her scented clusters, while sunburnt honeysuckle idling by the way, decked carelessly the hedge-row with her blossoms—now nestling its fragrant whorls amidst the dark leaves of the shining holly—now hanging pendulous from a way-side oak, or tangling in a coil of leaves and flowers around the trunk of a distorted pollard. From the meadows dappled with fair-rayed daisies, to the uplands burnished with golden furze; from the wide-spread commons, open heaths, and barren places, to the moist, rich valleys, and reedy swamps; every step for them was one of interest—various situations produced their different specifics, and demanded fresh pilgrimages, and daily tasks. Now, their pursuit led them amidst pastures, spangled with drooping cowslips, those delicate earrings of the vernal flora, whose leaves and flowers were deemed effectual in restoring beauty. Now into groves and rocky woods, where lilies of the valley, under the green sheath of their clustering leaves, affected secrecy, while every breath that shook the odour from their crimpéd bells, told of their "whereabout;" at others, the fair blossoms of the elder led them through shady lanes and sylvan alleys, arched with the leafy boughs of ash and elm trees, and interwoven with clambering clematis; where, with its hoar green leaves spreading far, spreading and twining with its small fine claspers, came forth the briony, or ladies' seal, bearing, at every joint, clusters of faint green flowers, in shape like tiny signets. Here, too, the bindweed threw its twisted stems from spray to spray; the natal robes of its fair flowers at morn, changing to shrouds at night; yet, like the germ of hope in human bosoms, replacing with fresh buds the daily disappointment, and blooming on till death. Sometimes, so many phases had their sweet vocation, they sought the gravelly hills where bugloss, and the purple foxbell grew; or penetrated thickets, "lit by the gems of many a starry flower," to seek the potent petals of St. John's wort, whose juices were supposed to cure madness. Nor was it only through the genial spring, and that fair time, "when winking marybuds begin to ope their golden lids," that their employments lasted. In the still days of autumn, "when the leaf incessant rustles from the mournful grove;" delicious days—with only just sufficient air to float the wandering thistle-down, or waft the fairy wefts from invisible factories, to glisten with the hoar-frost on the grass, or hang amidst the varnished berries of the dog-rose tree; days with languid skies and softened sunshine; with the lark's lingering song in heaven, and the robin's wild shrill note in the shade; the flowers of colchicum the roots of arum, with the majority of seeds and tubers, were in their prime. While in mid-winter, when the leafy bowers of "travellers' joy," a sered and tangled wreck, waved midst the desert hedges its plumed "akenias," like funeral bunches of grey marabouts, and mosses furred the banks where flowers had blown: even these were not without their uses, but were esteemed restorative and stimulating. All times, all seasons, brought in requisition their charming knowledge; whether they stole "along the lonely dale, in silent search, or through the forest rank with what the dull incurious weeds account." There was no lack of interest for them; "they looked upon the earth, and it taught them all its unpublished virtues"—its "secret stores of health, and life, and joy." For them, too, their pursuit was full of devotion as of charity. Holy names hung about the hedge-rows, and the gathering of herbs and flowers, like counting the beads of a rosary, reminded them of holy things and heaven; scriptural stories shone in floral characters, and saintly legends upon every leaf; for, as the ancients, in bygone times, devoted their herbs of virtue to the gods, so Catholicism, at a later period, dedicated them to the saints, and made their healing attributes an effect of this holy protection. Even still there lingers with us, in the rustic names of plants, traces of this pious nomenclature—names so simply beautiful that, like ballad poetry, they have been transmitted from generation to generation, and survive their age some centuries:—thus, "virgin's bower," "ladie's bedstraw," "star of Bethlehem," and "shepherd's staff," were, in those days, so many way-side hieroglyphics, reminiscent of the Nativity; while "passion flower," "holy thorn," "crosswort and veronica," "our ladie's thistle," "St. Peter and St. John's wort," told no less patently the story of the Crucifixion. "Herb of the Trinity," "lent lily," "pasque flower," "Christmas rose," referred to high events and seasons in the Church; while "Jacob's ladder," "manna grass," "Solomon's seal," and many others, recalled some incident of Hebrew history, just as "Bishop's weed," "Friar's cowl," and "Monk's hood," perpetuate the memory of monastic times to the herbalists of these. Alas! where are they? Are those meagre-looking men and haggard women, "in tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows, culling of simples," we sometimes meet with in our walks through woods and marsh lands, the only followers of the gentle craft, that numbered queens and nobles for supporters? Then fairest hands, for love of art and charity, busied themselves to seek for and prepare them. Now misery, ignorant and careless of their virtues, collects them for the purchase of a meal. It may be urged that the ladies of these times have not the same inducements for this study with those of old—that the increase of medical practitioners, and the number of hospitals and dispensaries render such knowledge no longer necessary; and yet few of us have not been placed in circumstances where the recollected lore of some old woman has been worth any doctor's skill for miles around. Imagine, too, the additional interest it would confer on Botany, its sister science. They would go hand in hand, throwing mutual light upon each other, and opening at every step fresh fields for practical research and active enjoyment. But while we advocate the modest skill that would enable our fair countrywomen to be more vitally useful in the circle of their families and poorer neighbours, we by no means desire to see them neglecting other accomplishments, or entering into the elaborate and expensive experiments which, in the days we have quoted, when every lady learned "the powerful grace that dwells in herbs, plants, stones," occasionally characterized their recipes, and which, at another time, we may probably recur to.

C. A. WHITE.

A VISIT TO GREENWICH.

"FIRST CITIZEN.—Oh! we know all about that.
AUTHOR.—No you don't."
Flat Contradiction.—A Comedy, in many Acts.

AMONG the various places resorted to by Londoners, of all grades of society, for amusement and fresh air, the one of which we are about to speak is undeniably a favourite. And deservedly so; for its natural advantages, and beauty of situation, are equalled by its historic and patriotic associations; and, besides, the air on Blackheath "is worth sixpence a pint" any day, as Keats said of some other salubrious region. To rich noblemen and gentlemen, who go there to eat white-bait, Greenwich may be merely "a place down the river, where one dines once or twice in the season;" but to other folks, neither rich nor noble, Greenwich proves powerfully attractive also, in fine weather. The most important points about a place for relaxation, in the eyes of people of business, are the facility, expedition, and cheapness with which the journeys to and fro can be performed. Now, Greenwich stands pre-eminent over most other places near London in these respects. It is easy of access at all hours of the

day, from any part of town, by railway, by omnibus, and by steam-boat.

Londoners, who have friends from the country staying with them, to whom they wish to give pleasure by a sight of all that the metropolis can show of grand or beautiful, must never omit to take them to see Greenwich and its appurtenances, College Park and Heath (for Blackheath is as much a part of Greenwich, as Southwark is part of London). Not being overburdened with that necessary evil, money, dear reader, we fully appreciate the value of such a place for spending a holiday.

It was on a fine sunny September morning of the present year, that we sallied forth into the Strand, in company with two friends (a lady and a gentleman), and hailed an omnibus hurrying along to the South Eastern Railway. In a short time we found ourselves inside a comfortable first-class carriage, steaming away to the royal town of Greenwich. In a quarter of an hour or thereabouts, we emerged from the terminus into the town, and proceeding up one of the narrow ascending streets of what is called Royal Hill, we arrived upon Blackheath. Here we had a visit to pay,—a visit which in no way concerns the reader, but which we venture to affirm that readers, both male and female, will feel some interest in, when we inform them that it was a *wedding* visit.

Strange that all people exhibit signs of curiosity, or sympathy, or emotion of some kind, when they see, or hear of a marriage! The parties may be utterly unknown to them; they themselves may not feel disposed to matrimony; they may never have been married, and may not be going to be married; and yet every one you speak to about a wedding will brighten up at the sound of the word.

With spirits duly elevated by our agreeable visit, we left the pretty new house, and walked on towards the Heath. Here everything was invigorating. The sun shone, the grass was green, a light fresh breeze blew, and the sky was clear; it was a lovely day late in the summer; such as few countries but our own can boast of, and few people but our countrymen really enjoy; for, after all, the British appreciate the pleasures of a country *walk* (not a *dolce far niente* lounge in the open air) more than most people. Our walk about Blackheath made us aware of the general estimation in which the place is held for salubrity in the immediate neighbourhood. Here and there our ears were assailed by one of the most pleasant sounds in nature—childish laughter; and troops of donkeys, bearing on their backs children in a state of ecstasy, came trotting past us. Occasionally we saw pretty girls mounted on these uncomfortable beasts, blushing, and laughing, and crying, "Oh pray stop him!" or, "Can't you make him canter?" Now, this is a thing donkeys object to do. They will trot, they will walk sleepily, they will kick up before and behind, but they will *not* canter. We met many parties of pedestrians, evidently walking on the Heath for the sake of a walk; many studious-looking men, with books in their hands, which we longed to tell them had better have been left at home, if they really came out for a beneficial walk. One youth, in particular, more pale than the generality of this pale-faced generation, was standing still on the grass in the midst of the bright sunshine, lost in the perusal of a book. How we longed to snatch it away, and bid him raise his eyes to the beautiful blue sky, instead of poring upon mere "words, words, words." *Entre nous*, reader, we would have kept the book, though; for it was one which we desire very much to possess, "Foster's Life of Goldsmith;" and, in return, we would have persuaded him to join our party; and then, instead of a head-ache, he would have got an appetite for dinner; and the recollection of some very pleasant conversation, and a beautiful smiling face. But the proprieties forbade; and we walked on, leaving the young man quite unconscious of our benevolent impulse in his favour, and, with bowed head, reading rapidly the printed page; regardless of the open volume which the great Author of all things had spread before him.

At length we determined to leave the Heath; and entered Greenwich Park, by one of the small gates in that part of the wall which skirts the Heath. Here the appearance of things was changed; but it was difficult to say which was most beautiful. There may be many of our readers who know nothing at all about Greenwich Park except that it is a Royal demesne, and was a favourite place of residence with our Tudor monarchs; there may be "other some" whose only idea of it is connected with the first meridian and the Royal Observatory; and not a few may think of Greenwich Park as a place where the "rabble rout" make merry at the Easter and Whitsuntide fairs; where indecorous mirth and ginger-bread nuts abound, and where people mount the hills, not for the sake of seeing the prospect, but to throw each other down. To such persons, and all else whom it may concern, we beg to say, that independently of fairs, and longitude, and bygone Royal favour, Greenwich Park has claims upon our attention. Firstly, secondly, and lastly: it is *beautiful*. Beautiful from its magnificent greenery of unshorn grass, stately avenues, and clumps of trees, and wild thickets for the deer, which abound within it. Beautiful from its varied and broken elevations, and *actual hills*; and from the air of partial wildness and neglect which pervades it. Thrice beautiful from its situation; as from all its higher points the eye commands the glorious Thames for many miles of its course, a considerable tract of country on both banks, and far off, the vast, smoke-canopied metropolis. The river, alone, is sufficient to give a proud tone to the feelings of the gazer from the heights in Greenwich Park. As far as the eye can see distinctly, it is crowded with vessels close along the banks; Woolwich, and its arsenal and dockyards, are close at hand; and the middle of the river bears in succession, or simultaneously, a number of moving vessels going up or down the stream between the sea and the mighty city. We invite any one, travelled, or untravelled, to spend a day in walking about Greenwich Park; certain that he will, if he have any true taste, pronounce it really beautiful; albeit the resort of cockneys and cheap-pleasure seekers.

From the park we descended to the town, which is large, and pretty equally composed of handsome new streets, and dirty, narrow, unhealthy, old ones. There are one or two handsome churches; but the grand object of interest here, is, as all the world knows, the College and Hospital for the pensioners of the navy. We will not attempt to describe this magnificent establishment, since its nature and objects are generally known; but, we will say this, that its noble appearance, both from the river and from the many courts and quadrangles belonging to the buildings, is in perfect harmony with the munificent justice of the idea which inspired its erection.

Greenwich Hospital is an institution worthy of Great Britain. The Painted Hall and the Chapel are open to the inspection of visitors. The latter is exactly what it ought to be; remarkable for nothing but extreme purity and simplicity of taste; the former is a very fine and brilliant building, but not *too* brilliant or gay, as it is intended to rouse in the spectator's mind recollections of England's naval glory, and adventurous commerce. The pictures here are for the most part valuable, for the sake of the events they commemorate, or the individuals they represent, and not as works of art. The three portraits which seemed to us to unite artistic interest with interest in the subject in a greater degree than the rest, are those of Columbus, Vasquez de Gama, and Captain Cook. Some objects of curiosity are shown here, with considerable pride, by the attendant pensioners; among others Sir Francis Drake's Astrolabe; a piece of the keel of the Royal George; models of one or two celebrated vessels,

(foremost among these, *the Victory*,) and those recent acquisitions the real coat and sword worn by Nelson, when he was killed at Trafalgar. After some conversation with a few intelligent old men among the pensioners, we walked down to the fine terrace along the river-front of the College, and seating ourselves on one of the benches, we remained for an hour watching all that was going on before us. Inexhaustible were the sources of amusement, instruction, and interesting speculation and reflection! Steam-boats hurrying to and fro, sailing vessels, brigs, cutters, coal-barges, tiny boats threading their way in and out among them all. How rich, how prosperous the land we live in seemed, from that point of view!

Presently our attention was attracted to a large vessel coming slowly down the river. Her deck was crowded with many men, women, and children. It was an emigrant ship, bound for Port Phillip. The people in the other vessels, the people on shore, all cheered her, as she passed; and wished her passengers a prosperous voyage, and happy lives in their new home across the wide, wide sea. The emigrants shouted, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. It was a sight to swell the heart, and to flood the eyes. Moreover it was a sight to bring deep thought into the mind of every thinking man. In that new Antarctic world, to which that life-loaded vessel was making her way, what new nations, what new forms of civilization will spring up in another hundred years? What will be the state of old England then? Will she be honoured and cared for by her grown-up children, who will have made themselves local habitations and names apart from her? That will be as they shall be nurtured by time and circumstance, and her own wise or unwise interference. If they learn to love truth and justice, more than shams and cheating—if they love and worship the true God, and do not bow down to the dust before Mammon—if they love honest labour more than dishonest idleness, then will old England be revered by her children, they will cast a veil over her imperfections, and will say proudly to the young nations around them, "See this is our grand and noble mother." This was my last thought as I left Greenwich. May it be a prophetic truth.

J. M. W.

THE HORSE-HAIR EEL.

In Shakspere's "Antony and Cleopatra" we find a simile made use of by the Roman conqueror, who says—

> "Much is breeding,
> Which like the courser's hair hath yet but life,
> And not a serpent's poison."

Shakspere here gives utterance in poetry to a common error, which is alluded to in Holinshed—"A horse-hair laide in a full pale of the like water, will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certainty of these things is rather proved by few."

This superstition still prevails in many parts of the country; and well we remember the period in our short history, when, with a desire as great as that which possessed Mr. Cross, we anxiously panted after the production of life. The unfortunate horses, whose tails were made to yield of their abundance to satisfy our curiosity, had no notion of the honour which was intended them. Certain it is, that the hairs were extracted with what are called the roots, and these, tied into a bundle, were allowed to swim in a running stream for the mystic space of nine days. We cannot tax our memory with ever having produced eels in this manner; the failure of the attempt was easily explained, by our not having pulled the hairs out properly, and hence the horse was subjected to repeated suffering. There is an animal called the horse-hair eel, however, which we have often seen in running waters, which is apparently without the power of locomotion, and in every respect resembles a horse-hair. Its colour is dark brown, approaching to black, without fins, and the smallest possible appearance of a head. The animal seems to be carried about by every eddy in the current where it exists, and but for the constant motion of what may be called the tail, might easily be mistaken for a horse-hair. A recent author mentions this superstition as still prevalent in Scotland, and also that the animal is common in Inverness-shire. The superstition is very likely to have arisen from some mountebank wishing to inspire the rustics with a proof of his supernatural power, which he could easily do by taking the animals from the water when still retaining life; they love the power of motion, which is regained by their being again immersed in their native element.

THE FERN AND THE MOSS.

A FABLE.

There was fern on the mountain, and moss on the moor;
And the ferns were the rich, and the mosses the poor.
And the glad breeze blew gaily, from Heaven it came,
And the fragrance it shed over each was the same;
And the warm sun shone brightly and gilded the fern,
And smiled on the lowly-born moss in its turn;
And the cool dews of night on the mountain fern fell,
And they glistened upon the green mosses as well.
And the fern loved the mountain, the moss loved the moor,
For the ferns were the rich, and the mosses the poor.

But the keen blast blew bleakly, the sun waxed high,
And the ferns they were broken, and withered, and dry;
And the moss on the moorland grew faded and pale,
And the fern and the moss shrank alike from the gale.
So the fern on the mountain, the moss on the moor,
Were withered and black, where they flourished before.

Then the fern and the moss they grew wiser in grief,
And each turned to the other for rest and relief;
And they planned, that wherever the fern-roots should grow,
There surely the moss should lie sparkling below.

And the keen blast blew bleakly, the sun waxed fierce,
But no wind and no sun to their cool roots could pierce;
For the fern threw her shadow the green moss upon,
Where the dew ever sparkled, undried by the sun;
When the graceful fern trembled before the keen blast,
The moss guarded her roots 'till the storm-wind had past:
So no longer the wind parched the roots of the one,
And the other was safe from the rays of the sun.

And thus, and for ever, where'er the ferns grow,
There surely the mosses lie sparkling below;
And thus they both flourish, where nought grew before,
And they both deck the woodland, and mountain, and moor.

L.

"I COULDN'T HELP IT."

It has often struck me that, among the various associations which are striving to do something for the great human family, an association to put down and utterly extinguish bad sayings would be of very great use, and there can be no doubt that there is plenty of work in that way to do. People may think it a light and trivial matter, but it would surprise a vast number who think themselves well-informed, to know how much of harm takes its rise in the meanest trifles. A word may seem a very small matter, and not worth much cavilling about, and an old saw, or a form of expression, handed down from generation to generation, may not be thought of much importance, but it should be recollected that words represent ideas, and that ideas govern the world. Everything depends upon good or bad ideas gaining currency, and being generally accepted; and if we view the subject in this light, we shall perhaps recognise its importance. At first, almost every human mind would shrink from that which bore the evident appearance of evil, and i.

the bad presented itself suddenly, it would almost invariably be rejected; but its advances are made slowly, cautiously, insidiously, and almost imperceptibly, and in the end it takes a sure hold. At first it is talked about laughingly, and lightly perhaps, then it is thought about with some reluctance and repugnance; but, if the idea be not at once rejected, it becomes more and more familiar, and at last it is practised. That, I am convinced, is the course of half the profligacy of youth, and of as large a proportion of the crime of maturer age. It begins with talking, and ends in doing; it springs from words, and debouches in deeds; expressions familiarize men with ideas; ideas when familiar are adopted, and lead to acts of a similar character; and thus the electric circle of vicious thoughts is completed and made effectual for evil. It may be thought that this has not much to do with "I couldn't help it," but it has this connection, that it shows the power of expressions, and may, therefore, be allowed to form a fit introduction to all the collection of minor bad sayings, that is, those not immediately leading to criminality; "I couldn't help it," seems to me one of the very worst. There is scarcely any means of calculating the amount of misfortune, misery, and domestic unhappiness which it either directly or indirectly occasions. It is not so much from its intrinsic badness perhaps, as from the frequency of its use, that it is dangerous. It is such a facile, easy, and ever-ready excuse, always at the tongue's end, and so difficult to contradict or disprove. It is never worn out or "used up;" in fact, the more it is used, the more capacity for use it seems to have. The more we accustom ourselves to it by adopting it, the more its circle of action extends, and the more ready it is to do our bidding, and I think that there is no question that many of us who start with it as a fallacy, end by adopting it as a fact. I am the more tempted to think thus, by its squaring so nicely with the theory, that the use of certain expressions leads to the adoption of certain ideas. Just as it is said that some men tell stories till they believe them to be true, so we use "I couldn't help it," to persuade others that we are not in fault, and, at last, involuntarily succeed in persuading ourselves. The young wife, anxious to please a perhaps pettish or exacting husband, forgets to do some trifling thing, and instead of at once avowing forgetfulness or pre-occupation, uses the ever-ready "I couldn't help it," which her mother had used before her, and finding the excuse passes muster (for her husband has long ago become imbued with the same doctrine), is more ready to use it on a second occasion, and still more ready upon a third; and, at length, instead of making it serve to cover involuntary omissions, she lets things go undone, satisfied that an excuse is ready, and comforting herself that she can't help it, and by and by, that which was at first really a plea, though a foolish one, for want of thought, becomes the palliation of wilful neglect, indolence, and slatternly habits, the sure forerunners of domestic unhappiness. From such small causes many a husband is driven to the public-house, and becomes a sot, and many a wife grows into a confirmed dram-drinker. The want of neatness and comfort, which "I couldn't help it" is always ready to account for, turns the house into a bear-garden, and two lives are embittered by the prevalence of an idea, based upon a saying. The children of such a family, if unhappily there happen to be any, soon catch the infection, and grow up to perpetuate the disease. They hear the sentence in constant use; they see that, like Charity, it covers a multitude of sins, and with their strong childish tendencies to imitation, they fall into its use as naturally as they learn to talk. If they play with the fire, and get burnt, of course they can't help it. If they throw down the tea-tray, or tables, they couldn't help it. If they break a window or a looking-glass, the same words are on their lips. I once knew a family of "couldn't help its," which it was positively dangerous to venture among, for the saying had, as it is always apt to do, fostered first carelessness, and next maliciousness. They would rub their bread and butter upon your coat-sleeve, spill their tea over your trowsers, and annoy you in twenty ways which the ingenuity of children only could devise; and although I am convinced that all this was often done purposely, yet the little creatures never could help it, and did not seem much to care whether they could or not. The truth was, that the mother was a woman who never had been able to help many things in the whole course of her life. Her servants robbed her, but she could not help that, she said; although, if she paid more attention to domestic matters, they would not have had the opportunity. Her chimneys caught fire—how could she help that? though the chimney-sweeper had not been in the house for months. Her youngest child had the small-pox; well, that she could not help, though she had never taken the precaution of having it vaccinated. In fact, there always was something wrong in that house, but it could never be helped. Where the wife can't help it, the husband often can, and *vice versa*: but this was a most unfortunate family, for Mr. Jones was no more able to help any thing than his wife or children. He bought goods without examining the samples, took them in without comparing them, and lost money by them; of course, he couldn't help that. He speculated in foreign stocks, and they went down, and sadly diminished his credit at his bankers; how was he to help that? He joined bubble companies, and was taken in, and incurred ruinous liabilities; it was not his fault, it was the roguery of others, and he couldn't help it. Mr. Jones, starting with a large capital and splendid prospects, was on the road to ruin, and had an expensive and miserable home; and neither he nor Mrs. J., if you would take their words for it, could help it. What wonder that their children should follow their example; or that their servants should have a ready excuse for spoiled dinners, lost plate, lamed horses, broken carriages, and enormous expenses. What was good for the goose was good for the gander too, and what served the purpose of the master and mistress, might well be good enough for servants and children, &c. "I couldn t help it" hid an inexhaustible mine of carelessness, indolence, malice, and peculation. I dare say, to many readers, this picture is neither new nor strange; probably, many may find some traces of the disease very close to them; and it is just possible that they may involuntarily say, they can't help it.

The active wrong which "I couldn't help it" hides, although I believe it to be both wide-spread and serious, is far from being so extended or so injurious as that arising from want of action. It is so much easier to omit to do than to do, and perhaps this explains the fact that a great part of our miseries arises from omissions rather than from acts. If bad ends were to be attained by sitting still, we may be sure that much more of evil would be done, for it seems more consistent with natures bred up in the "I couldn't help it" school, to suffer wrong rather than to do it. Many men allow wrong to be enacted which they would shrink from doing themselves. Thousands permit miseries to be suffered, which, for the world, they would not cause; by a little active exertion much might be prevented, and more amended; but those who are not active mis-doers, will justify themselves by saying that they cannot help it. There is a good-hearted class, too, who think that they cannot help the miseries of their fellow-creatures; they feel for them acutely when they see their trouble; but they go on, creating fresh woes, and adding to old ones, out of pure thoughtlessness, thus justifying the sentiment of poor Thomas Hood, that "want of thought" works as much evil as "want of heart." "I couldn't help it," is balm to

such folks, and turns the best qualities of their nature into the causes of evil.

The truth is, that there is very little that some one or another cannot help, and if every one would help what he can, there would be but little left wanting help. Ages ago, when pure ignorance gave rise to many afflictions, "I couldn't help it" was far more allowable than it is now. The further knowledge extends, the less "I couldn't help it" is admissible. The phrase has grown out of the vocabulary, which morality, truth, and good sense recognise; it possibly once excused bare mischance and misfortune, but it is now an excuse for carelessness, indolence, thoughtlessness, and, what is worse, toleration of wrong. We can help anything within the circle of our knowledge of the operation of the laws of nature; it is only that which results from the necessary action of those laws that we cannot help; and we ought not any longer to permit the doers or the passive abettors of wrong to shelter themselves under that old fable, "I couldn't help it." R. H.

THE TWO CROWNS OF QUEEN HORTENSE.

I.

It was the eve of the day fixed for the annual examination and distribution of prizes at the Institute of the Legion of Honour, at Ecouen, founded by the Emperor Napoleon, for the education of four hundred young girls of decayed noble families. Was it the anticipation of the morrow's ordeal,—was it the ardent hope, the school-girl ambition, aspiring as eagerly after the crown of laurel, the usual prize, as after a throne, that made so many a young heart beat high, so many a young cheek grow pale, and flush with excitement? No; all else had been for the moment forgotten in the announcement which, made at the principal entrance, passed from lip to lip, till through hall and corridor, and even the more remote apartments of the edifice, the cry was echoed, "The Emperor!" Was it the pomp and circumstance surrounding him that made the young creatures forget, in the imperial visit, all that had been for so many weeks their thought by day, their dream by night? No; the excitement must be ascribed to a feeling more personal to the Emperor, for he appeared alone, and in the simplest attire, his head uncovered, one hand holding his hat, the other thrust into his bosom; and while all rose at his entrance into the school-room, and stood with crimsoned cheek and downcast eye, as if each felt that to look up would be to meet the Emperor's gaze fixed upon her, he passed up the room with a quiet smile, followed by Madame Campan, the superintendent of the establishment.

It was not, however, to that lady, but to the pupils themselves, that he addressed any remark that he wished to make. Nor was he at a loss for their names; he knew each young girl personally, as he did their fathers, who had almost all served in his army, and not a single mistake did he make as he passed through the classes. Saying to one, whose copy-book lay open before her, "This writing might be a little more legible, the strokes less heavy;" to another, whose father had just been made a general, "When you write to your father, congratulate him from me on his promotion;" and to a third, "Are you better to-day, Amelia? You look a little pale; but methinks we should be better able to judge, but for the daub of ink which spoils that fair cheek." Then, as he passed on from her, he patted another on the head, "Why these disordered tresses? What we prize most in the toilet of a young lady is the care of her hair. Here is a stray ringlet, a deserter that must be punished," and with arch playfulness the Emperor let it loose to float on the shoulders of the young girl, crimson with an emotion that was not, in spite of her shame, altogether unpleasing, while many around would gladly have borne the rebuke to have been thus noticed. But when, in going through the classes, he came upon any child whose father or brother had fallen in his service, he called her to him, and his tones of command softened to a gentle and almost tender whisper as he embraced her.

Thus passing from class to class, he came up to three young girls; all three about eighteen years of age, and all three tall, beautiful, and graceful. One of them disengaged herself from her companions as the Emperor approached, and threw herself into his arms, greeting him by the name of "Father." "Yes, my Hortense," he said, returning her caresses, "a father who loves you tenderly. And how are your friends, Clarisse?" with a smile at the friend on her right; "and Marie?" with a glance to the one on the left. "You see I have not forgotten the names of your inseparables. Mademoiselle Clarisse," continued he, "your father, one of the bravest of my generals, has just set out for his new principality. I know that he is projecting a marriage for you. His choice is mine, and I trust it will also be yours. Marie," added he, taking the hand of the third in the little knot of friends, "as your father, my poor lieutenant, has lost his sight in the Rhine campaign, and cannot choose for you, I must act as his substitute. But we must settle this matter between ourselves. Well, Hortense, I hope you have not been idle this year. To-morrow is the day for the distribution of prizes. Have you any hope of one? I have a secret of Josephine's, that I find I cannot keep any longer. A few days ago your mother found, I know not where, one of my crowns—a crown obtained without any bloodshed; it was given me at the academy when a boy, a prize for mathematics, as well as I remember." Was it fancy in his hearers, or did his voice really falter? "She has shaken the dust from it, and if you obtain the prize, it is this old faded crown she is to place upon your head."

"It will be, indeed, doubly dear to me," answered Hortense, as she kissed the hand of her imperial step-father, who embraced her tenderly, and then closed his visit by his usual request on such occasions, that Madame Campan would oblige him by giving the children a holiday. Did the sight of the joyous faces, that brightened at a request they knew was never refused, call him back once more to those days in which his highest ambition was the laurel-crown won as a boy?—that crown which had nothing to fear either from the passions of men, or the changes and chances of this fluctuating world, and which, on the next day, the happy Josephine herself placed on the fair head of her happy child, the young Hortense.

II.

The distribution of prizes was over. It was the third occasion of the kind since the foundation of the noble institution in 1804, and had passed off with its usual brilliancy. And the young girls were scattered about the gardens, some in groups, talking over the triumphs of the day; some singly, seeking a quiet spot wherein to indulge in those reveries, vague, yet delicious as the hope with which they are fraught ever is to the young heart that, even when most it throws itself into the present, seems to do so only to plume afresh its pinions for a flight into the future. That present, in which the human heart will be content to dwell, has not yet come.

And yet it seemed as if the anticipations which had visited one among the eldest of that youthful band were not all bright and joyous; for tears were in the eyes of Marie, as she rose hastily from the bank whereon she had been sitting to meet her two friends, Hortense and Clarisse, as linked arm-in-arm they came in search of her. In the grove into which they now turned all three together, they found George, the gardener, lamenting

over some of the shrubs. "Good reason you have to-day to be sorry for being laurels. It is no trifle to furnish crowns for four hundred heads; and even if I had been let to cut them myself, you might have been better off."

"Oh, four hundred crowns!" said Clarisse, smiling. "Confess, my good George, this is a little exaggeration of yours. I can show you one at least that your shrubs have no right to reckon amongst their losses, the one given to Mademoiselle Hortense."

"You are right, Mademoiselle," said the gardener, after examining the laurel-wreath which hung on the young girl's arm. "Why, this branch must have been cut ever so many years ago."

"Well guessed, my worthy George," cried Hortense; "this crown was given to the Emperor when he was fourteen years old."

"Well, well," said George, "only to think! He was not long learning to care for another sort of crown. I warrant me, this would not satisfy him now." And on he went, wondering over the crown, and grumbling over his devastated shrubs, till the young girls, occupied with other themes, ceased to attend to him.

"Dear friends," said Clarisse, looking affectionately at Hortense and Marie, "my marriage with M. d'Herville, the richest banker in Paris, is to take place immediately, and to-morrow I leave Ecouen."

"So soon!" said Hortense, in a tone of surprise.

"So soon!" sadly and mournfully repeated Marie, and then burst into tears.

"What a poor foolish child," said Clarisse, tenderly kissing her. Paris is not so far from Ecouen that I cannot go that distance to see you, even if I had not a carriage and horses to take me to you. Besides, I suppose, you do not intend to stay at school for ever. Did not the Emperor tell you yesterday that he would charge himself with your establishment?"

"I know," said the still weeping Marie, "that the Emperor has promised my hand to my cousin Auguste, a subaltern officer, and as poor as my father; and yet I might have been happy had I never met either of you. Believe me, however, I say not this from disappointed ambition, but from affection that anticipates the wounds it must receive. You, Hortense, as the daughter of the Emperor, will marry, it may be, a king, or at least some great dignitary of the Empire, and you Clarisse, the only daughter of one of the Emperor's favourite generals, are to be the wife of the first banker in Paris. Think not it is your high rank that I envy, nor your brilliant fortune that I covet; no, I grieve only at the idea of the immense distance between you and the child of a blind half-pay lieutenant, the wife of a subaltern officer. Yes, a line of separation will be drawn between us. My pride will make it to me an insuperable barrier; and yet it will kill me should you suffer it to divide us, as suffer it you must. Do not say anything now, dear friends, I know all that you would say, all that you would promise, but I know too well that circumstances will be too strong for you."

"And do you pretend to be wiser than we are?" said Clarisse. "To have more experience than we have?" said Hortense, and both kissed off the tears that were now trickling unrestrainedly down the fair cheek of Marie.

"Ah!" said she, with mournful tenderness, "it is indeed so. Forgive me if I say I have more wisdom, more experience than either of you. I have the wisdom, the experience, that suffering and sorrow alone can teach. You are both too happy to understand me. You know not the power of circumstances. I tell you the world is about to separate us,—it must be so in the very nature of things."

"Never!" exclaimed Clarisse and Hortense in the same breath.

"Bless you for that one word," said Marie, "I must kiss it off your lips. That spontaneous burst is balm to my poor heart. Well, be it so. I will try to believe it, I like to think that the world cannot separate us in heart, but that you will both sometimes think of the poor Marie; of the class-fellow you loved so much at school; sometimes give to her memory a thought, a word, a sigh, a regret. But the high station which you will both occupy, has its requirements; your society will not be mine. You cannot stoop to me, and I must not soar to you. Again I beg of you not to pledge yourself to anything. I guess all you would say, all you now think, but it is because I do so that I am able to divine what you will think in a few short years."

"Marie may be right," said Hortense, rendered involuntarily grave, nay even sad, by her young companion's words. "Our friendship may be unalterable, and yet a thousand circumstances may prevent our meeting. But, stay, let us make one promise; let us pledge ourselves to meet under any circumstances in ten years from this time, on the same day and hour. It is now seven," added she, looking at a small enamelled watch that her mother Josephine had hung around her neck as she placed the crown upon her head. "Let us pledge ourselves to meet this day ten years at seven o'clock. But at what place?"

"At either of our houses," said Clarisse.

"That is too indefinite for a rendezvous," said Marie. "Who can tell where the abode of any one of us will be in ten years! God only knows."

"It is too true," said Hortense. "But what say you to the garden of the Tuileries, where, though pertaining to a royal residence, all classes of persons freely resort? Let us pledge ourselves to meet there. But stay, we must have a witness to our compact, and fortunately we have not far to look. Here is meet auditor for lady's pledge, or lover's vow." And a smile dispelled the momentary cloud upon her brow, called there by Marie's sad forebodings, as she summoned the old gardener.

"George, come here, and be witness to the vow we register in your presence. We three, Clarisse, Marie, and I, pledge ourselves to repair in ten years time, on this very day, and at this very hour, to the railing of the garden of the Tuileries, close to the Pont Royal. Whoever arrives first is to wait for the others on the Terrasse des Feuillants." And the three young girls interchanged pledges to this effect.

"On the 17th August, 1817, then," said George, reckoning on his fingers, "I will certainly, God willing, put on my Sunday clothes, and be at the railing to see you all."

A few days after, the three young friends left Ecouen.

III.

On the 17th of August, 1817, as the clock of the Tuileries was striking seven, a brilliant equipage stopped at the railing of the Tuileries garden near the Pont Royal. A young and beautiful woman with a little girl of eight years old alighted from it, followed by an elder lady. "Mamma!" said the child, "what makes you come here to-day at this hour, when hardly any body is here? I see no ladies, no children. Why did you come, mamma?"

"I will tell you another time, my child," answered the lady as she looked anxiously around, and then turning to the lady who accompanied her, she said, "will you have the goodness, Madame Germain, to take my little Hortense into the orange walk? I shall be engaged here for about an hour;" and as Madame Germain, taking the child's hand in hers, walked in the direction pointed out to her, the young Duchess proceeded to the Terrasse des Feuillants.

"Not here!" she said to herself, "neither of them here! One, alas! I can account for; but the other, the other! Oh, Clarisse! Yet I am still the same unchanged, unchangeable."

"But I must indeed be changed, since you, Marie, do not recognise me;" was now timidly uttered by a female, whose dress, though scrupulously neat, indicated that the wearer was not amongst the wealthy, while upon her faded cheek were the furrows of care rather than of age.

For a moment the Duchess fixed a scrutinizing eye upon that face, then crying "Clarisse! Clarisse! my Clarisse! but oh! how changed! Dear, dear friend! why is this? A sad story is in that face."

"And yet no unusual one," said Clarisse, as she sobbingly yielded to the entwining arms of her early friend, as they supported rather than led her to the nearest stone-bench.

"I am ashamed to bear up thus ill; I thought I had more fortitude; but this meeting recalls so many sad memories. Who could have thought, Marie, when we parted from each other immediately on leaving Ecouen, that we should have been so wholly separated, and that even in this meeting, fixed upon in almost childish folly, one of us should be wanting. When you went to the country to stay with your blind father, whilst your husband followed the fortunes of the Emperor"—and lowering her voice to a whisper, and casting an uneasy glance around—"of our Emperor, for is he not such still for us, Marie, our good, kind father of Ecouen? But to return:—When you went to the country, and Hortense left Paris to occupy a throne, I alone, of all three, remained—remained to lose myself in a vortex of pleasure, only to awake one day and find myself reduced to poverty, my father dead, and my husband a bankrupt. He did not long survive his failure, and I have now been three years a widow, and have one little child. You now know all the external circumstances of my life; the feelings, the thoughts that make its under-current, cannot be told so briefly. And now——"

"And now, dearest Clarisse," said Marie, with an effort at a smile, "you want to know my story. My husband rose from the rank of lieutenant to that of general. You are aware that we were both of old emigrant families, and the restoration of the Bourbons gave us back our titles and estates. From that period I have been anxiously seeking for you. Tell me, dear Clarisse," and she again fondly embraced her, "how is it that every effort to find you has been unsuccessful?"

"Because I was equally anxious to conceal myself from you. I, who laughed at your forebodings; I, who refused to believe that any circumstances could have power to separate us. But the positions were reversed, and therefore I avoided you."

"False friend!" said Marie, "how can you tell me so? But you will make me amends. Remember Ecouen; our childish sports, our sweet confidences; the bon-bons, the toys; the books, of which your love gave me more than a share, and which my love made me accept at your hands. Well, dearest, we must again begin our Ecouen life. If not toys and bon-bons and books, we must still share house and home and heart. Clarisse," added she, with somewhat of wounded feeling, on perceiving a motion as if to decline, "you must choose; you cannot be my friend and refuse to share my home. But I am pleading my own cause, and I feel as if I ought not to urge too warmly; but if you ever loved me, you will not refuse."

"You have conquered," said Clarisse. "I have wronged your friendship too much already by my studied avoidance; and yet I feel that I was yielding to my heart rather than my conscience, when I persuaded myself that I was bound to redeem my pledge, by coming to meet you to-day."

A momentary silence ensued—the silence of gratified affection. It was broken by the same word from the lips of both, "Hortense!" Another interval of silence succeeded—a silence full of sad and painful recollections. At this moment, an old man, in the garb of a peasant, approached the two friends: "I humbly beg your pardon, ladies," said he; "but I am waiting for two young girls, who promised to be here to-day."

"Here we are, my good George; for you can be no other than the gardener of Ecouen."

"I am he, sure enough, the same as I ever was; but I should never have known either of you. How changed you are from what I remember you! First, no bigger than my hand; then a little taller; then——but I did not come here to be chattering this way. The ten years are out to-day, for it is the 17th of August, 1817, and you are expecting a third person; is it not so? Well, she has commissioned me to hand you these," and the old man took from his bosom two small caskets and a note. Hastily tearing them open, the two friends found in each box the half of a faded laurel-crown. The note was as follows—

"Of the many crowns worn by my family, this is the lightest and the least evanescent. I send it to you, my sisters, my happy sisters; happy in being permitted still to breathe the air of home, still to tread your native soil. Pray for the poor exiled

"HORTENSE."

They were still bedewing the note and the crown of the poor Hortense with bitter tears, when Madame Germain returned with the little girl, who, at sight of a stranger locked in her mother's arms, uttered a cry of astonishment. "My child," said Marie, "I have often told you of my sisters at Ecouen. This lady is one of them; and she has a little sister for you, whom you will love as I love this my own dear friend."

The brilliant ducal equipage now drew up, and the two friends drove together to Marie's house, where the most tender friendship still unites them.

Lessons for Little Ones.

THE HALF-CROWN.

"Now, Lucy, be sure you go straight to school, and do not loiter by the way. You know I depend upon your being very steady, or I should not trust you by yourself at your age."

"Oh! mamma, you need not be afraid of me. I am very steady, very steady, indeed." And off tripped the self-satisfied child, humming a tune as she went, and considering herself the last person in the world to get into mischief of any kind.

But temptation was near at hand, and Lucy Graham was not in the right mood to resist it. She had not gone very far before she was attracted by a bookseller's window, and, regardless of her mother's injunctions, she stood and gazed with delight at the prints and half-open books, displayed so temptingly to view. One book especially drew her attention. It was a fairy tale of the most wonderful description, and the illustrations on the open pages appeared to the little girl as pretty as the tale itself. After looking at them for some time, and reading as much of the story as she could, under the circumstances, Lucy stepped into the shop, and inquired the price of the book.

"Half-a-crown, Miss," answered the bookseller.

Half-a-crown! It seemed an immense, an unattainable sum; for Lucy had never been in possession of more than a shilling at a time in her life. Mrs. Graham was a widow, with a very small income, and had no money to spare to make presents to her little daughter. Nevertheless, Lucy had hitherto been quite content, for she had never raised her wishes above her means. Now, however, her extreme desire for the possession of the beautiful fairy-tale filled her with discontent, at the thought of

the poor eight-pence-halfpenny in her little drawer at home.

"Oh! how I wish mamma was rich, like Mrs. Lawson," thought the little girl, as she proceeded on her way to school. "Patty Lawson has such beautiful things, and more books than she can read; and the other day she showed me such a heap of money. There were half-crowns, and shillings, and sixpences, and one half-sovereign, so pretty and bright. I wonder why all people can't be rich. Mrs. Lawson is not half so much of a lady as mamma; and I am sure Patty does not look as well as I do, though she has new dresses very often, and a drawn-silk bonnet, while I can't get any but straw." And thus the little girl ran on, becoming more and more dissatisfied as she contrasted her own situation with that of others.

She arived at school long after the rest of the pupils; and being asked the reason of her delay, and having no good one to give, Miss Benson ordered her to learn a long lesson as a punishment.

Lucy had not completed her task by dinner-time, and instead of going out as usual to play with the others after dinner, she was compelled to remain in the school-room, and devote her whole attention to the learning of the tedious lesson. For some time she sat quite still, softly repeating the words over and over to herself; but at length happening to let the book fall, she stooped to pick it up, at the same time throwing down a work-bag that had been left on the form beside her; the monitors who had the charge of tidying the school-room that day probably supposing that it was hers.

The bag made a heavy thump upon the floor, and Lucy wondered what could be in it, for it did not sound like the thimble or scissors. She looked inside to find out its owner. "Oh!" she said to herself, "it is Patty's. I dare say she has brought some of her money to school. I should like to see how much. I wonder if she would be vexed if she caught me peeping." And so, without much hesitation, the child dived to the bottom of the bag, and thence drew a weighty purse. Dear me! it is almost all copper. But I should be glad if I had so much copper as that. Stay, there is some silver also. Sixpence—a shilling—and half-a-crown!"

Lucy took the coveted coin into her hand, and looked at it long and earnestly. Slowly in the little girl's mind was developing the idea of a crime; the wish to take her neighbour's goods secretly, and without permission. And as she still sat and looked, the wish became stronger and stronger. "She will not miss it; she is very careless; and she will think the half-crown is still hidden amongst all these great pennies, for *I* did not see it at first. And then, that beautiful book! *I* ought to have something nice, as well as Patty Lawson."

There was an Eye watching the child; an Eye that penetrated through the blinds of that small dusky school-room, and right into her little heart. But Lucy never thought of that; she only thought of gratifying her covetous desires. So without more ado she put the half-crown into her pocket, looking furtively round the room as she did so, lest some prying person might be concealed under the benches, or in the cloak-closet. But no one was there: no one witnessed the commission of the theft.

Lucy placed the bag in Patty's desk, and went on with her lesson. She was able to devote her whole attention to it, for conscience was yet slumbering, and satisfaction alone at the idea of her intended purchase filled her young mind. Her companions came running in, merry and heated from a lively game at puss-in-the-corner; and after having washed their hands, the business of the school re-commenced.

Lucy thought the afternoon very tedious; besides which she trembled every time Patty Lawson looked into her bag, lest the latter should find out her loss. Once, too, when Lucy was leaning over a desk, to reach something that she required, the half-crown in her pocket struck against the leg of the desk, and the little girl, in her consciousness of concealment, actually feared that the slight thump would be remarked. She was already beginning to experience the natural retribution that ever follows more or less closely upon wrong-doing.

At length the welcome hour of dismissal came, and the pupils tripped along the streets by twos and threes; some immediately hastening home, others, in excess of light-heartedness at their release from the close school-room, turning into the great square to enjoy another game at puss-in-the-corner, or the more perilous delights of "giant's ground." Lucy was of the former number. She would willingly have proceeded home alone, that she might buy the beautiful fairy-tale, but a favourite companion persisted in walking all the way with her, and she dared not do more than glance at the window to see if the book was still there.

The half-crown remained quietly enough in Lucy's pocket all the evening, and indeed all night, though the little girl kept looking at it from time to time, as if she doubted its safety. The next morning she was up and dressed at a very early hour. When Mrs. Graham came down to breakfast, she praised her daughter for her amendment in punctuality, for it was usually a difficult matter to get Lucy ready in time for school. Poor Lucy! She knew well what had awakened her this morning, and the loving accents which ought to have fallen so sweetly on her ear, gave her no pleasure. Truly are they to be pitied who, sinning, are not yet hardened in their sin. Could they estimate the bitterness of the after-pangs, surely they would pause ere they gratified their desires at the expense of an aching conscience.

Though Lucy's extreme pleasure in the idea of possessing the fairy-tale was already somewhat diminished, yet the thought of giving it up entirely, and restoring the half-crown to its lawful owner, had never seriously occurred to her. Occasionally, during her unusually wakeful night, a still small voice had whispered in her ear, "You have done wrong: return the half-crown while there is yet time." But this voice was so faint, so opposed by the remembrance of the beautiful engravings which had dazzled her youthful fancy; the unfinished, unexplained marvels which had excited her childish curiosity; that her desire of obtaining the book remained almost as strong as ever, though she now felt that all her enjoyment of her purchase must be by stealth. For how could she account to her mother for her new possession without uttering a falsehood? and from this further evil Lucy shrank. Alas! poor child; this was to be her day of retribution.

As soon as her mother had prepared her for school, and seen that her dinner was nicely packed in her little basket, Lucy set off. She paused for an instant at the bookseller's window. The book was there; its gilded edges glittering in the morning sunbeams. Lucy summoned up all her courage and entered the shop, the half-crown tightly grasped in her hand.

"If you please, Sir, I want to buy that book," said she to the bookseller.

"Which book, my little girl?"

"That book in the window, Sir; you said it was half-a-crown."

"Oh! Prince Myrtle and Princess Orange."

"Yes, Sir, if you please;" and the little girl laid the half-crown upon the counter.

The worthy bookseller looked curiously at her. "You are very young to buy books for yourself," said he. "Are you sure your mamma would approve of it?"

"Oh! yes, yes," answered Lucy eagerly; though, at the same time, the blush of shame mounted to her brow, and dyed her cheeks with crimson, for she knew in her heart that she was speaking falsely.

The bookseller folded up the book, and said no more; and she was just about to leave the shop, when Patty Lawson passed the door, speaking loudly to one of her companions.

"The half-crown has been stolen, I am sure, and I shall get Miss Benson to make inquiries." This was all that Lucy heard, but it was sufficient. She tremblingly stole out of the shop, unobserved by Patty and her friend, who were walking quickly on; and instead of going to school, which she did not dare to do, she ran swiftly in the opposite direction, and got over a stile into the fields.

There was a small grove close at hand, and to this Lucy made her way. She seated herself in a green hollow, and tried to arrange her scattered thoughts. But in vain; a confused train of fearful conjectures passed through her mind, and she could not form a single plan of escape from the dreaded detection. She pictured to herself the wonder of her class, as the time went on and she did not appear; a wonder the more likely because she was a most regular attendant, nothing being allowed by her mother to detain her little girl at home, save real illness. She heard her governess ask one and another of her companions if they knew the reason of her absence. Then came Patty's tale of her loss, and the consequent examination of the whole school. Lucy's terrified imagination could easily represent the scene: Miss Benson's rigid countenance; the girls all ranged in regular order on the forms; their glances and whisperings amongst themselves. She nearly fainted when she thought how some might remember her being left alone in the school-room for a whole hour the day before; and how her absence would strengthen their suspicions. And now occurred the question, how should she ever dare to go home again? Miss Benson would, most likely, call upon her mother that very noon, to inquire after her missing pupil; her truancy would be discovered, and search made after her. Where should she hide? when return?

There was positive agony in these thoughts to poor Lucy. How ardently did she wish that she never beheld that beautiful fairy-tale, or that she had waited to see if she could not buy it honestly and properly, with her own savings and her mother's approbation. That dear mother! Lucy felt that she did not love nor confide in her as she ought; and this she began to see was her own fault, for Mrs. Graham was ever indulgent to Lucy's reasonable wishes.

Lucy had unconsciously held the book all this time in her hand, and she now took it from the paper that enveloped it. It was truly a tempting object; the back was curiously illuminated with crimson and purple, and gold, and smooth as satin to the touch, and the contents appeared worthy of the outside. Yet, Lucy put it away from her with a sigh; it was too dearly purchased to afford her any pleasure.

The sun was now high over head; the grove was wrapped in sultry stillness, and she knew that it must be noon. A short time after she had arrived at this conclusion, she heard merry voices laughing and talking at a little distance; and peeping cautiously above the bank, she saw three of her school-fellows passing along the pathway that wound through the grove. Their mirth was soon checked, and Lucy could not at first discern the cause, but listening intently to their conversation, she distinguished her own name and Patty Lawson's several times repeated. She shrank back into the hollow, and remained still as a mouse until they had passed out of hearing.

As the hours dragged slowly on, Lucy, in spite of her grief, began to feel very hungry. She opened the basket containing her dinner, and ate a slice of bread, and some preserves: and she had now got the idea firmly fixed in her mind that she should run away, as she had read only a few days before of a little boy doing. She half forgot her misery in the prospect of seeking adventures, and began to gather the wild roses and anemones around her.

Lucy at last heard her name loudly called. It sounded like her mother's voice, and Lucy fled from it with her utmost speed. She dared not face her good, kind parent, who would be so hurt and shocked by what her child had done. The voice seemed to come from all sides, and Lucy fancied that several people must be in search of her. Panting and exhausted, not knowing which way to turn, she threw herself down on a daisied hillock, and covered her face with her hands. As she was thus prostrate, and weeping bitterly, some one touched her shoulder.

"Lucy! my own Lucy! what is the matter? Why are you lying here?"

The little girl started up, and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, hid her swollen eyes and disordered face upon her kind bosom.

"Oh, mamma! mamma! take me home, and do not be *very* angry with me!"

"Angry with you, my child! I have certainly reason to be displeased with you for playing truant, and hiding yourself all day in the plantation, but you need not tremble so excessively. Come home with me, and tell me all about it, for I cannot imagine what motive you can have had for your conduct."

"Then you do not know; you have not heard."

"No, dear, Miss Benson called this morning to say that you had not been at school, and since then I have heard nothing, except that you had been noticed in the grove by those people who live in that house, which you can see through the trees; and also by a man who passed near you as you were eating your dinner, and wondered what you could be doing all alone."

Mrs. Graham said no more to her sorrowing child for the present, but taking her little hand in hers, led her home. After tea, the mother and daughter had a long conversation; and Lucy made a full confession of her temptation and her crime. Not, however, without much questioning from her mother, and many tears on both sides, for Mrs. Graham was deeply grieved. When Lucy had finished her recital, there was a deep silence, only interrupted by her sobs. Mrs. Graham was the first to speak.

"I forgive you, Lucy, the pain you have caused me. Do not sob so, my child, but listen to me. You must prepare to bear the disgrace that will inevitably result from your fault, for I shall have to tell Patty of the injury you have done her, and pay her back the money; and unless she be extremely considerate and merciful, she will have it in her power to wound you bitterly. The book shall remain in your possession, to remind you of your error, and to warn you against ever again committing a fault that entails so bitter an after-repentance. Lucy lived to be an amiable and excellent woman, for she never forgot the severe lesson she received in the temptation and remorse attending the fairy tale and the half-crown.

LOVE BETTER THAN FEAR.

The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature. Even for their own sakes, people should show kindness and regard to their dependents. They are often better served in trifles, in proportion as they are rather feared than loved; but how small is this gain compared with the loss sustained in all the weightier affairs of life! Then the faithful servant shows himself at once as a friend, while one who serves from fear shows himself as an enemy.—*Frederika Bremer.*

Rhymes for Young Readers.

ELECAMPANE.

Sonnets and Odes have been echoed in praise
Of many grand doings on many grand days;
Days when a victory-scroll was unfurled—
Days when proud princes were born to the world;
But I've just tuned my harp to the lightest of notes,
And so smile as ye may while its melody floats:
For I must and I will play a merry refrain
On the red-letter days of sweet "elecampane."

Famed honey of Hybla, oh! where's thy renown
To the almond-stuffed hardbake's, so lusciously brown?
Olympian ambrosia, oh! what wert thou worth,
Compared with the "Everton toffy" of earth?
And the ox eyes of Juno! did ever they flash
Like the "bull's eyes" we bought with our Saturday's cash?
Oh, tell us, Anacreon, was not thy strain
First awakened to rapture by "elecampane?"

Who forgets the quaint shop, or the street-corner stall,
Where he purchased his "brandy" condensed in a "ball?"
Where his tongue ran on politics freely and glib,
In the earnest destruction of "Bonaparte's rib;"
Where the "peppermint twist" its fair rivalry tried
With the quite as fair "lemon twist" close by its side.
Tell me, men "upon 'Change," have your glory and gain
Yet extinguished the halo of "elecampane?"

How we crammed and devoured the treasures we got,
"Rock," "candy," and "comfits," and heaven knows what,
That were no Dead Sea apples with ashes beneath,
For the innermost morsel stuck most to the teeth.
What bites of ecstatic enjoyment we had,
With a "something to suck" we could never be sad;
The school and the lesson, the book and the cane,
Were endured by the tonic of "elecampane."

Say, who of us paused with the terrible question
Of, how such indulgence would suit the digestion?
Whoever asked whether such doses were good
For the "tone of the system" or "state of the blood?"
Whoever at that time turned nervously faint
O'er the drop of molasses and streaks of red paint?
Whoever discovered the weight of a brain,
When its trouble was balanced by "elecampane."

You may set us down now at the feast of a night,
Where "temples of sugar" gleam out in the light;
Where the "bon-bons" of France in profusion appear,
And the saccharine "crackers" come thick on our ear;
But whoever dreams there of beginning to eat,
Whoe'er thinks the mysterious things are as sweet
As the "stuff" that we craved, in King Lollipop's reign,
In the vulgar formation of "elecampane."

The Bard that's immortal has plainly averred,
That the man whom the breath of soft music ne'er stirred,
Who hears nothing divine in Eolian reeds,
Is fit for nought else but the blackest of deeds.
I as truly and firmly believe that the child
Will grow into a monster, all dark and defiled,
A Lucretia or Nero, where Hope is in vain,
If its heart is untouched by sweet "elecampane"

Eliza Cook.

DIAMOND DUST.

A generous man will, in his treatment to an enemy, resemble the sun, which pours light all around it,—even upon the clouds that strive to dim its lustre.

A man may be great by chance; but never wise nor good, without taking pains for it.

It is not difficult to content one's self with solitude, when it is known that society may be had, if wished for.

Poets view nature as a book in which they read a language unknown to common minds, as astronomers regard the heavens and therein discover objects that escape the vulgar ken.

The power of awakening and keeping alive a general interest is one talent among many which may be envied. Every richly-gifted person has received with his rare gifts the obligation to make them effective in the widest possible circle. If he does not do so he is hoarding up his treasure, whether it be gold or talents.

Conscience is the best friend we have; with it we may bid defiance to man; without it all the friends in the world can be of no use to us.

Riches should be admitted into our houses, but not into our hearts.

To do good for evil is the perfection of conduct.

Not until he is at the verge of the grave, when he is about to enter into the realm of *unknown* beings, does man fully feel how much he loves such as are already known to him, who suffer like himself, who die as he does.

They declaim most against the world who have most sinned against it; as people generally abuse those whom they have injured.

Never reproach a man with the faults of his relatives.

No one can ever become learned, except by his own application. Modes and opportunities of education may facilitate our progress; but on the whole, our attainments must be resolved into our own diligence.

To abound in all things, and not to know the right use of them, is positive penury.

When people think justly, they will generally think the same on all subjects not under the influence of the passions.

Self-delusion is ever averse from inquiry, though by inquiry alone can the charm be dissolved.

He who beholds the faults of others through his own virtue, is always disposed to forgive them; indulgence is the child of purity of heart.

The only passion which age does not blunt is avarice; which, the longer we live, only becomes the keener.

How near are two hearts, when there is no deceit between them.

The mind, no more than a child, should be trusted out of leading strings; with judgment to guide, and discretion to guard, if it does not attain happiness and distinction, it will at least avoid misery and disgrace, to which an unrestricted imagination and uncontrolled sensibility will too often lead.

Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man.

A clever servant is almost invariably quick-tempered. The reason is obvious; superior talent is generally accompanied by pride, which must meet with many petty annoyances in the menial state.

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THE FAR WEST.

THE extensive district of the United States known as "the Far West," is yearly exciting an increased amount of interest amongst all of the industrious classes who are meditating a change of country, and it is constantly absorbing an immense proportion of emigrants from the old countries of Europe, as well as from the New England States of America themselves.

The boundless extent of fertile land still lying unoccupied throughout the vast valley of the Mississippi, and its tributaries, presents strong temptations even to the New England farmer, who, seeing a large family growing up around him, hesitates not at once to dispose of his old home farm, pack up his household utensils, and other "plunder," in his large covered freight waggon, drawn by four horses, seated in which are his wife, girls, and small children; and thus, himself and the bigger boys on foot, driving along the cows and the hogs, he sets out for a long journey to some new location in the Far West.

In this way he travels on day after day, and week after week, sometimes month after month, stopping by the side of a brook at night, cooking his food with the wood lying about, making his supper with a spice superior to that of the Indies—a good appetite—and sleeping at night on the bank of the stream where he had before spread his table; his board and couch alike supplied by benignant nature. If the weather be inclement, all bundle into the waggon, and sleep there. And thus does the pioneer of the wilderness journey westward.

He reaches the dense forest, and plants himself by the edge of a running stream, having an eye to future water-power. The woods soon ring with the sharp sound of his axe, and the ground is strewn with prostrate trunks of trees, the growth of ages. He boldly works on, with vigorous arm, now burning and clearing, until a little patch of ground is secured, into which he chips his first crop of Indian corn. He lodges meanwhile in the waggon, or by its side, cooking his repast from the faggots lying in the grove, till in course of time he has erected a rough cabin of logs for his accommodation. He is not particular at first: a split log-hut, ventilated by a chimney of sticks and mud, with one door and one half-window, serves well enough for the accommodation of a dozen. Give him time, and he will erect for himself a better dwelling. But his first care is for the clearance of the soil, and the getting in of his first crop.

Or, he steers his way still further westward. Leaving the dense forest behind him, he journeys across the almost boundless prairies, the unplucked gardens of the desert. He has ample verge and room enough. He has thousands of square miles of land amidst which to pick and choose. Stretching away in undulating waves far as the eye can reach, the rolling prairie invites him on, and the settler's waggon silently proceeds on its way, through the long grass glittering with bright flowers, over the sunny ridges, and across the sparkling streamlets; the only sounds that break the silence being the hum of the wild bee, the shrill cry of the prairie-hawk, or the hollow beating of the horses' hoofs as they drag their way wearily onward. At last the pioneer reaches some inviting spot on the verge of a strip of forest, offering a plentiful supply of future fuel; a stream of clear water runs close by; and abundance of rich grass offers pasturage for flocks and herds. He calls a halt—the waggon is unhorsed, and the settler is at home.

Here he lives for a time in content; he breaks up some two score acres of prairie, and fences it, drops his seed, and the ensuing harvest yields him an abundant crop. His bread and potatoes come almost at his bidding. He lives literally among flowers, for in summer and autumn the prairie around him is covered with them. He goes forth cheerfully to his labour, the dew bathing his feet as the lark springs singing up to the clouds in the early morning. He is far from the excitement and bustle of towns. He is lord of all he surveys. He hunts and shoots in the intervals of his work, or while the sun is mellowing his ripening wheat. He is not without his privations and hardships either. It is true he gets bread for himself and children easily, but many of the comforts of civilized and town life are quite beyond his reach. But he accustoms himself to do without these, and his children grow up in ignorance of what they are. He even grows to love solitude, and the lonely prairie; and no sooner do new settlers push into the district, in which he has located himself (for his waggon-wheel has pointed the way to those coming after him) than he begins to feel uncomfortable; the covered waggon is again horsed; and away goes the pioneer, pushing his course still further westward, to the furthest outskirts of the Far West.

Thus do many of these New England men pass their lives; sojourning in their purchase for a few years till another is made, and hastening away to a new abode to occupy that in turn, till a settler upon some neighbouring township, or a new acquisition from the Indian, furnishes an incentive to move again further west. Dr. Birbeck met with numerous specimens of this roving class in the course of his journeyings in those districts; one of those he mentions, who followed the occupation of a hunter, had erected no fewer than three huts in three several locations in the course of twelve months, and a very slender motive would suffice to place him in a fourth before the ensuing winter. These unsettled settlers must, however, be regarded as exceptions: the majority of the emigrants coming into these fertile districts, settle down at once, and for life.

The number of persons from New England constantly emigrating to the Far Western States for the purpose of settlement, is almost incredible. Mr. Chickering estimates that from New England alone, not fewer than 1,302,908 persons have emigrated to the West, from 1790 to 1840, not to speak of the immense numbers that have resorted thither from the other parts of the Union, and from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, and other European countries. These emigrants from the older States of America, not only carry with them capital and industry, but they take with them and introduce the laws and institutions of the old States, and by their energy and intelligence establish a controlling influence throughout the whole western region. Every settlement opens a demand for increasing emigration; those who go there, calling for their friends to follow them; and in course of time, railroads, canals, and all the improvements of the older States are introduced.

Every facility is given for the settlement of emigrants in the unoccupied territory. A person wishing to purchase land, can do so at once, and without expense. The price of choice land is only a dollar and a quarter (five shillings and two-pence halfpenny) an acre; and the title is obtained direct from the Government of the United States. When an emigrant has fixed upon a piece of land, he goes to the land office of the district, and takes out a warrant for the quantity he wishes to buy, deposits his money, and soon after receives a patent from Washington for his land, which is registered in the county. There are no stamp duties to pay, nor is he bothered with any of the expensive technicalities of English conveyancing. He settles down at once upon his land, and goes to work.

Notwithstanding the rapid influx of emigrants into the Far West, it is yet very thinly peopled; indeed by far the largest portion of it is entirely unoccupied, except by a few wandering tribes of Red men. The valley of the Mississippi alone is competent to support one hundred and fifty millions of people, yet the entire population settled in the district is not more than some six millions. A large proportion of the States of Iowa and Wisconsin is still unsurveyed, and there is an immense district extending from the Missouri river westward to the Rocky Mountains, six hundred miles in breadth, which is still the mere hunting-ground of the Red Indian. The valley of the Mississippi is, perhaps, without exception, the richest agricultural district in the world. Upwards of one thousand miles in breadth, by about two thousand miles in length, it extends from the boundary line of British Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and through its entire length it is watered by a system of streams, all navigable in their channels—some of them for thousands, many of them for hundreds of miles. The navigation of the Mississippi and Missouri alone is upwards of three thousand miles; and there are numerous other large rivers, such as the Wabash, the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Red River, the Arkansas, and the White River, all of which are navigable for steamers and large vessels for hundreds of miles from their confluence with the Mississippi. This noble system of streams, with which nature has thus furnished this great valley, by means of which the surplus productions of its inhabitants can be floated away from almost every farm and plantation throughout the region, tend to justify the appellation which De Tocqueville has conferred upon the valley of the Mississippi, as "the most magnificient habitation that God ever designed for man."

The most favourite resort for emigrants in this extensive district, is the North Western region, especially the States of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin; the comparatively temperate climate and dry atmosphere of the States rendering them much more favourable for the European constitution, than the rich low lands lying further to the south. The North Western district is of great extent, containing about 300,000 square miles; and much of it, towards the west, is still held by Indian tribes. One of the peculiar natural features of the district, especially towards the north, is the innumerable multitude of lakes which occur at intervals over its surface; the remains, no doubt, of a vast sea that once covered the whole country, extending north from the Gulf of Mexico, and perhaps reaching to Hudson's Bay. Some of them are of great extent, others are smaller, and all abound with fish. The surface of the northern part of the country is irregular, and often highly picturesque; hills, ravines, rolling prairies, mounds, hillocks, swells, and uplands, many of them covered with heavy timber, give immense variety to the district. The French who first explored the country, and the British and Americans who followed them, were so forcibly impressed with the novelty in the appearance of the country, so unlike anything they had before seen, that they felt themselves under the necessity of employing new names to designate it. Hence the terms *couteau des prairies*, *couteau des bois* (highland prairies, highland woods,) *hauteur des terres* (summit of land,) *plateau*, *tête du couteau*, and so on. Immense level tracts of country are also found at high elevations, some of them forty to fifty miles in breadth, steep slopes, covered with verdure, connecting them with the surrounding lower lands. From these the most extensive prospects are obtained. One of the finest of such tracts of country is that which separates the waters flowing into the St. Peter's and Mississippi, from those flowing into the Missouri rivers. It is two hundred miles in length, by about forty broad; and its mean elevation is 1450 feet above the level of the sea. It stands isolated amidst the surrounding level country; and seen from the valley of the St. Peter's, it looms before the observer like a distant shore. This extensive plain, the most elevated probably between the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson's Bay, is very beautiful at its northern extremity, being diversified by hills, dales, woodland, and lakes, the latter abounding in fish. From its eastern border the view is magnificent beyond description, extending over the immense green turf that forms the basin of the Red River of the north, the forest-capped summits of the *hauteur des terres* that surround the sources of the Mississippi, and the granite valley of the Upper St. Peter's. Still further to the north and east, the country is more irregular in its external features. In some places the limestone rock stands out high above the surrounding surface, isolated and naked, in the form and appearance of great mural escarpements, sometimes looking like an old castle or town. Numerous rapids occur, the finest of which are Rock River Rapids and the celebrated Falls of St. Anthony. The tongue of land situated between Lakes Superior and Michigan, is beautiful and picturesque in a high degree. Many of the lands are surrounded by gently swelling hills, thickly wooded. All over this northern district, however, there are as yet but few traces of settlement and civilization; no husbandmen's cottages, no herds, save of deer and buffalo, nor any of those cultivated fields whose mellow shades contrast so gracefully

with the foliage of the forest. Often the piercing solitary cry of the Northern Diver—the precursor, according to the Indian, of high winds and hurricanes—is the only evidence of living nature that presents itself.

But the most remarkable and striking feature of the Far West, is the immense tract of country stretching across the great upper valley of the Mississippi, in one place for nearly a thousand miles; a tract in most places wholly destitute of tree or shrub, and covered only with a luxuriant growth of wild grass, interspersed from April to October with flowers of every hue and variety. Such is the great western Prairie Land. This beautiful natural meadow is not more pleasant to the eye, than it is genial to the culture, and grateful to the toil of man. The soil consists of a very dark brown vegetable mould, in appearance like a mixture of the light feathery part of ashes, with a rich ooze. It is mellow beyond the conception of those who are acquainted only with the hard stiff soils of the Atlantic slope, or of the British Isles; and it is as rich and productive as it is mellow. The mould is from one and a half to two feet deep, and sometimes much more than that. It is pure mould, without any admixture of stone or gravel. Below this is a subsoil, generally a yellow light clay, or clay loam. Throughout the prairie country, the only timber is along the streams. There the first settlers generally plant themselves, for the convenience of the fuel. But the soil is here the shallowest, the best soil being in the interior of the prairie; so that the poorest land is taken first.

The best portions of this Upper Mississippi Valley are situated upon the western shore of Lake Michigan, including the eastern portion of Wisconsin; along the Illinois and Rock rivers, and their tributaries; along the Mississippi, on both sides, and generally the whole of Iowa. In Iowa the prairies are less extensive than in Illinois, and the proportion of wood is greater. In the southern portion of Iowa, below the Iowa River, the soil is more stiff than to the north of that river, where, by the admixture of fine sand, it is made more friable and mellow. By reason of this quality, and being also, for the most part, more level, the land south of that river retains its moisture later in the spring, and the soil thus loses the advantage of time which the climate would give in the difference of latitude.

Conjecture is at fault in its endeavours to account for the origin of the Prairies. Two circumstances unite to retain them in their condition, and prevent the growth of grove and forest over the spaces covered only with the long grass and flowers. The roots of the grass are exceedingly tough, and form a sward which keeps down the slower vegetation of the embryo forest, which is here, as elsewhere, conceived within the mould of the teeming earth. This sward is so compact and strong, that five or six yoke of oxen are necessary for a breaking team, with a very large plough running on wheels, called a prairie plough. The other circumstance adverse to the forest growth, is the annual burning of the prairies by the Indians and hunters, which has been practised since the country was first visited by the French in the seventeenth century, and is said, by the discoverer of the Mississippi, to be an old practice of the natives.

The prairie has for the most part a wavy surface—hence the term of *rolling prairie*—

> Stretching
> In graceful undulations, far away,
> As if the ocean in his gentlest swell
> Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
> And motionless.

Occasionally it is broken by ridges and deep ravines; in some parts it is only slightly undulating, sufficient to shed the waters; in others it is a dead level, as true as if it were drawn by the line. "To look at a prairie, up or down," says Nicollet; "to ascend one of its undulations; to reach a small plateau, (or, as the voyagers call it, a *prairie blanche,)* moving from wave to wave over alternate swells and depressions; and, finally, to reach the vast interminable low prairie that extends itself in front; be it for hours, days, or weeks, one never tires; pleasurable and exhilarating sensations are all the time felt; *ennui* is never experienced. Doubtless there are moments when excessive heat, a want of fresh water, and other privations, remind one that life is toil; but these drawbacks are of short duration. There is almost always a breeze over the prairies. The security one feels in knowing that there are no concealed dangers, so vast is the extent which the eye takes in; no difficulties of road; a far spreading verdure, relieved by a profusion of variously coloured flowers; the azure of the sky above, or the tempest that can be seen from its beginning to its end; the beautiful modifications of the changing clouds; the curious looming of objects between earth and sky, taxing the ingenuity every moment to rectify; all, everything, is calculated to excite the perception, and keep alive the imagination. In the summer season especially, everything upon the prairies is cheerful, graceful, and animated. The Indians, with herds of deer, antelope, and buffalo, give life and motion to them. It is then they should be visited; and I pity the man whose soul could remain unmoved under such a scene of excitement."

Such are the external features of the great New Land into which emigrants are streaming from the Atlantic States of America, and from the old countries of Europe. With a fertile soil, containing also within it the richest mineral productions, and with its unrivalled water communication, affording the means of an easy transport of its productions to all maritime countries, we cannot but regard this great valley of the Mississippi as the seat of one of the greatest empires which the earth has ever seen. Stretching from the shores of Michigan to the regions of the Upper Missouri, and from St. Peter's and the Couteaux des Prairies to the mouths of the Illinois and Missouri rivers, lie 150,000 square miles of probably the richest soil under the sun, ready, under the hands of a hardy and industrious population, to yield a countiful supply of corn for the inhabitants of the world. God has never presented a richer vineyard to the hand of man to dress and to keep, than this which is now spread out in that great western valley, and offered to the multitudes, harassed and anxiously striving for subsistence against the excessive competition of the thronged avenues of life and living in the New England States, as well as to the famishing millions in the old and over-crowded countries of this European hemisphere.

JOHN DAMPER.

A TALE OF A WET BLANKET.

"Do give that poor woman a penny, papa," said a little boy of about five years of age to an old man with whom he was walking some sixty years ago in one of the suburban districts. "Begone to your parish, woman," said the old man, turning to the beggar, who was soliciting alms in the high road; "and, John, my child, never give anything away without you are sure of getting something more in return. I never have through life." Ere the child had time for reply, the old man stopped suddenly before a small detached house, the shutters of which, from top to bottom, were closed, and its door-way occupied by those sad decorations of the "vampire of life"—"Mutes." The old man eyed the "hired emblems of sorrow" for a few seconds with something akin to astonishment, and in an under tone soliloquized—"Dead! God bless me, it is shocking! so sudden, too, and full ten years younger than myself. Wife and child beggars, of course; it always comes to this. A man who marries badly is sure to die a beggar. It is a pity, too, that I did not know he was so near it. God bless me, ten

years my junior! poor——, but it was his own fault, and thank goodness I am not accountable for other men's actions."

The sad procession made its appearance. The old man watched its snail-like progress with a tremor which showed how fearfully he felt the unbusiness-like habits of that great matter-of-fact visitant—death, who interrupts man in the busiest hour of his career. And turning to the boy with a convulsive movement of his frame, as if endeavouring to take an ideal leap *out* of himself, impressively said,

"See, boy, what poverty brings people to."

"Wouldn't they have put poor 'Uncle Joe' in the 'pit-hole' if he had not been poor?" earnestly asked the child.

"No, my boy; or, at least, not yet, for he was not so old as I am; and when they did, he would have left money behind him, and his family would have been sorry for him, for the good he had done them, as you will be for me when I die."

"Won't they love him, then, because he went into the nasty 'pit-hole' without leaving them any money, papa?"

"No, my boy; money makes love, and keeps it alive afterwards."

"Do not great rich men go in the 'pit-hole,' papa?"

"Sometimes, my boy; but that is when they are tired of living, and wish to make room for somebody else, who is sure to love them for all the money they leave behind them. No; rich men do not die so soon as poor men."

"But nurse says, 'everybody goes in the pit-hole,' papa."

"So they do, boy; but the poor die in a workhouse, which is much worse than only dying."

"Is the workhouse, then, the naughty place nurse tells me bad boys will go to?"

"No, my boy; but it is where they put poor people, and where you will be put if you do not save your money."

"Oh!" said the child; and the first mesh was woven in the entangled web of his future life—a dread idea formed from a commingling of poverty, death, and workhouse; it was the *tria juncta in uno* out of which was to grow the luxuriant tree of misery, which should shade his future life from the glowing sun of hope and happiness. The child was in the holiest and most sacred season of his life—the waxen age of first impressions. The old man's words had fallen deeply in his plastic mind—the seed was sown for the germination of ideas, good or bad—the embouchure of his future mental existence was ignited, perhaps like an interminable train of touch-paper, to smoulder to eternity.

The object of the old man's visit to the scene of mourning is soon told. He (Nathaniel Damper) was a rich tradesman. His deceased brother, some few years before, had married against the elder brother's wish, and, consequently, they had never been since upon more friendly terms than that of employer and employed (for being necessary to his business, the elder had retained Joe's services). A long and serious illness had kept the latter absent from business at a time when he happened to have some important trade books in his possession, which he had taken to his home to "make up," and it was to recover these that the old man visited the house of trouble.

On her return from her last sad duties to her husband, much to her surprise, and not a little to her indignation, at the thirteenth hour—that hour which passeth hope—the widow found her nephew and brother-in-law seated in her little parlour. In the chaos of her bereavement, his appearance came upon her as the type of angry feelings. For a few moments, and but for a few, bitter was the conflict that raged within her truly feminine bosom; but her heart was too full of anguish to hold enmity, though its beau-ideal stood before her; and she sat in silent sorrow. What will not silent suffering do? The matter-of-fact old tradesman was abashed in the recent abode of the great master of his own moving principle, death, who had now for the first time become his near neighbour. The hardest heart must not only bend before the grim monarch, but at its very contemplation. The old man understood no other sympathy but that of the purse-strings—he could offer nothing more than money. This he did, and, in addition, left his son under the widow's care, with a promise of liberal payment. Old Damper never gave something for nothing, though the gift were clothed in the garb of charity.

A long illness and meagre means had well watered the bitter weed of poverty in that little home; it grew from the centre of its foundation, and cast its shadow in every nook. It had, with the strength of a giant, torn up by its roots every emblem of comfort. Plate, books, furniture, all were gone. The old man had often pointed out to the child the theory of want, but this was an opportunity not to be lost of illustrating his theory with a practical example, and, therefore, when the widow had left the room, he once more expatiated upon the curse of poverty, fearfully impressing it upon the child's mind; the impression was not slight, it formed the subject-matter of his dreams that night.

Reader, do you remember dreaming in your childhood, when the world stood before you in its fresh morning mantle, unsoiled with care spots? Didst ever go to bed weary and worn, in company with that seedling of insanity, *one fixed idea*, an indefinite dread; an unaccountable horror of a vague expectancy, when the perturbed mind wedges open the languid eyelids? That night the poor boy's whole senses were in the torturing, but giant's grasp, of one fixed idea; how he hammered thought after thought at it with the hope of rendering it malleable; but no, his mental powers became bewildered in a chaotic whirlwind. Monsters stood before him, hideously grinning and making frightful grimaces. He hid his head under the bed-clothes, but there again stood the skeleton poverty, staring at him with large soulless eyes, and pointing its haggard finger at his breast, as if intimating that it would tear every happy hope of childhood from his bosom. Then, how he tried to shut out the phantasms from his sight by plunging to very agony his fingers into his eyes; then the demon took another form, he arose in beautiful little concentric circles, painted in as many colours as the rainbow. The colours were a relief; the boy took courage, his mind felt calmer, but the circles began expanding, and grew till they were as large as worlds, and the figure again came, but it was in Lilliputian stature; and as he travelled gradually up what seemed to be the inside of a huge cone, painted with burning circlets of many-hued fire, he grew larger and larger. The boy shrank, the perspiration rolled from his forehead, he tried to shriek for his parent, but he was tongue-tied. Nature became exhausted, and he swooned away the rest of the night. The next morning he was delirious, in high fever. The father came, a physician with him. The old man was enraged with the widow; it must have been her fault; the bed could not have been aired; she must have put him in damp sheets, or "*wet blankets*," suggested the physician. The "murder came out;" her previous day's trouble had caused the widow to omit the proper airing. The boy had slept in a wet blanket; the physician knew it. "It was not the first time in his practice that he had met with such a case;" the child would be subject to internal shiverings all the rest of his life. Nature herself could scarcely remedy the effects produced upon children by having wet blankets around them.

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Forty years since, in one of the leading streets at the west-end of the town, might have been seen a newly-

painted house and shop; its window was filled with innumerable cards, upon which were affixed every imaginable pattern button, from plain polished brass to silver-gilt. The inside of the shop was well stocked with swords, buttons, and military ornaments, everything looking bright and new. Over the shop-door, in bright gold letters, was "John Damper, late Zetterquist, Military Ornament Manufacturer," and there, at his desk, sat John Damper, just started on the road of life, ready and prepared to drive with all his might and main to that young tradesman's "Utopia," independence.

During old Zetterquist's occupancy, London could not boast a happier workshop, and many of its tenants, who had toiled for ten or twenty years, began to look upon it as snug and secure as a Government office, their hands ever oiled with good-heartedness; both master and men had plodded on together in the same interest. But with John Damper came its blight, for as fast as Zetterquist ran away from faults the former galloped after them; John held that, to make men work, there was nothing like flogging them well with a forty-tongued power of grumbling, and he grumbled from his very heart, which was like a huge tank of cold water from which, ideas, clothed in words of ice, were ever flowing.

The new master had not been long installed ere a sullen gloom fell over the spirits of his men, the disease was contagious (selfishness ever is), they emulated the spirit of their employer; they worked purely for *themselves*; they toiled round the wheel of time for the simple purpose of producing "Saturday nights." Orders became less frequent; the work worse in quality; the business did not seem to go on so well as it ought to have done; but then, John could not have been disappointed, for he had augured failure from the first. It was the second winding-sheet of his prospects hanging over him; but John was young, and though blighted in his seedling and his spring-tide, might yet sow his future path with hopes.

Notwithstanding that John had no faith in matrimony, believing, as he did, that wives were nothing but troublesome absorbents of "petty cash," he caused himself (for he was too cold to do such an unbusiness-like thing of his own free will) to be united to a lady, out of whom he hoped to hew a tolerably efficient housekeeper; and with her, John had got a bargain, that had gone at a great sacrifice. The union was a junction of contraries; she was a perfect little vessel of happiness, built by Nature to float in the sunny calms of a fond heart; but, steered by her father (a worldly helmsman) into a frozen sea, towed by avarice into the frigid latitude of John's bosom, to become prematurely ice-bound.

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The busy wing of time fluttered, and Nature had breveted John to the rank of parent, and 'twas a mere brevet, for, when congratulated, he would merely observe that he had another mouth to feed; the obliquity of his mental vision prevented his seeing that he had another brain to develope, a mind to form, a human soul to keep steady in the direct path of immortality.

"Do you know, John, I really think our little darling is the healthiest baby ever born," said the lady, some few months after the birth, playfully tossing the child before her husband.

"Don't believe it, Kate. Babies are never safe; they all have a large stock of diseases inside, which they let out one at a time, and ever when you can least afford it. They are a pest to every body but the doctors, who half live upon them."

"Oh don't say so, John; and how cruel of you, when you know the dear little fellow has not had an hour's illness since his birth."

No, he has not, but he will have; so 'do not count your chickens before they are hatched.' I think he is sickening for the measles even now, and if he is not, you know he must cut his teeth, that is certain."

"John, dear, do not mention the horrid teething; but he'll get through it well, I know he will, the dear little fellow," said the alarmed mother, tears starting in her eyes.

"Well, perhaps he will, Kate; but you know Mrs. Jones's last cut its teeth in convulsions; talk of his being so healthy, I only wish there was an office in London where I could insure my pocket and my night's rest against the inroads of the hooping-cough, which he is sure to have."

"John, now don't be cross; the dear child will live to repay us for our trouble, he will grow up to bless the evening of our days."

"He need not hurry himself to do that, Kate, as I would prefer having a good long morning. You know 'a bird in the hand is worth two in a bush,' and I have no ambition to see a second edition of my own manhood in circulation before the first has been thoroughly worn out. Another thing, Kate, think how badly and wild half the young men turn out." And thus ever did John poison the sweet waters of hope with the sour spirit of despondency; but, as yet, it had not adulterated the purity of his wife's heart, and she coaxingly said,

"I think, my dear, we had better, for the first time since our wedding day, ask a few friends to the christening."

"I think not, Kate. I have no pleasure in feasting other people. I shall live to want all for myself."

By suggesting Mr. Timothy Tubbs, a wealthy brewer, as the god-papa of the forth-coming christening, and thereupon erecting a few atmospheric mansions, such as insinuating the probability of that gentleman's taking a liking to the child, and making him his heir, and also the possibility of the old gentleman being induced to place a little of his spare capital in John's business, Mrs. Damper, however, gained her point.

The day arrived, the old brewer was brimming over with good spirits, and full of jokes. John was unusually buoyant. That day was a strange epoch in John's life; bright, though sciolous scintillations gleamed from his hopeless disposition; it was a small opening in his life through which he could catch, for the first time, a glimpse of life's rational path, lighted with radiant joy, and dotted on either side, though perhaps among brambles, with little constellations of hope; but, alas! it was transient (in such dispositions it always is). The light of hope was too dazzling for his dark-habituated mind. A film was before his mental vision; the curtain which had fallen before the foot-lights of his childhood, dropped and changed once more the flickerings of happiness into smouldering vapid smoke.

"Isn't he a delightful little darling now, John?" said the fond mother. "Why, there's not such another 'poppet' in the world."

"I can't believe that," replied the literal papa, "for my own part, I think if all the London infants were well mixed together in a bag, and then dropped out into the middle of Hyde Park, they are so much alike that I don't believe their own mothers would know their own; and I don't think that would make much difference in the long run, so long as every mother got one of some kind."

"A huge mistake, Damper," interrupted the brewer. "Babies, like Bramah's locks, are patented, and all separately registered, so that no strange key will pick the lock of their affections; like their own mothers' well-known features and voice, both of which are fitted into the wards of their hearts from birth."

"Well, well, it may be so; but for my part I don't like children, perhaps I wish I could; but they seem all alike—pretty, but stupid," was the amiable rejoinder.

"Don't like babies, indeed; a pretty old fool I am to be childless when I ought to have had a son walking

through life by my side, and profiting by my experience."

"But," replied John, "what trouble they give when they grow into wild extravagant young men."

"Bah—" was the only reply—and John Damper had lost another friend—the anticipated advance of capital had been swept away from the brewer's mental promissory note-book by that bah.

I could have loved that child, thought the brewer as he walked home that night; but one might as well set about loving an infant savage, for savage he will be—he won't be able to help it. I know he won't. I know what example is. No, no, no hydropathy for me. I'll not wrap *my* heart in a wet blanket; if it is to be tossed from its usual idolatry to my bachelor-self, it shall at least be in a dry one; and thus the first stone of young Damper's future prospects became mildewed as soon as laid, by his father's humid disposition.

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Another trundle at the hoop of time, and John had become the father of a family, which, like a vine, required but the tender hand of affection and encouragement, to have made it cling around the walls; and affixing itself in the interstices of his heart, growing each day in exuberance, until the shade of its luxuriant branches would have formed an arbour for the peace-rest of his old age. But, if his boy came bouncing home from school with a mind bent upon deserving the praises which his tutor had poured upon his o'erflowing grateful heart, his frigid Papa would encourage him with a "hope that the next copy would be better." If the school-master congratulated the parent upon his son's improvement in writing, the reply would be, "Ah, yes, he has a natural talent for it; he could scribble well when quite a baby." Mr. Damper possessed an extraordinary talent for contradiction; he so tripped up the heels of affirmatives with negatives and *vice versa*, that he made it quite a science. It was the science of working out his own prophecies by a self-created machinery of opposition, the wheels of which were ever entangling and crushing every project, moral or physical, his mind gave birth to. John was right, the boy never did learn, his mental powers were warped with the hot winds of discouragement, and he left school with a crude chaotic mass of indigested school-learning.

In his home, that foundation stone upon the proper regulation of which depends the fabric of fortune, our hero was no more successful. At meal-times the Damper family circle bore a strong resemblance to a set of hungry automatons, acting dumb-motional requiems at the disappearance of every mouthful. If the children laughed or talked, John "could not endure such rudeness;" if silent, "he hated sulky children;" and would tell his wife "to look at Jones's family, and see how well-behaved *they* were." If at any time he caught the children emptying the jovial fulness of their young hearts, in merriment, he would commentate upon the probability of the world's soon showering upon their risible faculties, lachrymal occasions that would make the former hiss like red-hot iron against an icicle.

John Damper had ever considered his children a trouble to him, and nature, as if to the assistance of his evil spirit, breathed across his hearth a blast colder than his own frozen disposition, nipping his household buds, and wafting their gentle spirit to their last (and really first) long home. The shadow of death hung over his house, but it moved not John—he said, "he expected it; the other would go soon, or live to torment him." This sad occurrence was stock-in-trade to him, and for the future when any acquaintance with proud paternal fondness boasted of his younglings, he would tell him *par parenthèse*, that he had just *buried* three, with as much *sang froid* as if communicating information of a recent purchase in the "three per cents."

His once merry little sanguine wife, in spirits as buoyant and in temper as elastic as an india-rubber ball, had become spiritless; the drippings from the wet blanket had nearly made her heart a petrifaction to her husband. So often had the cup of hope eluded her lips, that she became careless, listless, and it at last fell entirely from her grasp, shivering to a thousand atoms, and she fell head-long, head-long over the pieces, dragging with her even the shadow of prosperity. The jewel of domestic happiness—that little pivot, concord—upon which ever revolves the wheel of prosperity, and which is often the amalgamator of the "likings of the unlike," is sometimes so steeped in vinegar during the first moon of connubiality, that its progress is stopped at once; at others, like stern old walls, which are ruined by the preying of birds upon their fastenings, it is pecked to pieces, and it is years before it falls in ruin. The latter was the case with the Damper couple; for a statelier little breastwork of happiness, behind which he might have set at defiance the storms of the world, no man ever had than John Damper; but he had pecked and pecked with his hungry dissatisfied disposition, making breach after breach, until it had become a mere wreck.

Of his four children but one lived, and even he withered as he grew, for every bud of hope, long ere it could blossom into reality, was nipped, and would have died too, had it not been uprooted from the parental stem. When a baby he had been a pest; in boyhood a play-thing; and as he ripened into manhood before the distempered vision of his parent, he appeared in the shape of a rival. Did he ask for one profession, he was played with, permitted to construe silence into consent, till he had pictured to himself, in sanguine colours, a prosperous future on the stage of life; when lo! the prospect darkened, and the wet blanket interposed itself. It could not be afforded! If another, it could not be listened to. He was told that he was fit for nothing. Old Time kept shaking the sand from his glass, and young Damper fell through his minority that most unfortunate of mortals, "a man without a profession;" and the web of John's disposition had entangled another of his own predictions—his son *had not* turned out well. The young man had inherited his mother's sanguineous but gentle temperament; his young and buoyant spirit had been chained with promethean bonds; an electric spark of kindness from an extraneous friend lighted a flame of gentle but firm resistance in his bosom; and he left his home, and for a year afterwards the parent heard not of him, when, like a thunder-clap, the news came upon him, that his boy's protector having died suddenly, he had joined a hair-brained military expedition, and had fallen. To the father, the sad news amalgamated itself with some other losses, of a pecuniary nature, which he suffered at the time; the dark cloud embosoming future thunder merely hung over him; the shock was to come at some future time. To the mother, it was a shock which vibrated through her heart, and was followed by a flash of indignation at her husband's coolness, which rent asunder the last tie remaining of her earlier affection; for she *had* commenced her married life with, at least, an ideal ceremony of loving, and, for a time, sustained it with all her soul's strength, outpouring the bright invisible fluid from the heaven of her bosom; but it fell upon the cold, heart-shaped stone, which tenanted her husband's bosom, each drop being greedily absorbed each year as it rolled through space, taking up a mass of atomic bickerings, until there arose between them a time-hardened and petrified encrustation of hatred.

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Two years more had become chronicled on the roll of the bygone, and John began to have an inkling, that a man who enters the world with a presentiment of poverty, like him who starts upon the first round of the ladder of life with a determination to grapple with the topmost, is certain of realizing the greater portion, if not the whole of his fixed idea. A new establishment in the same trade,

worked with hopeful hearts, and in accordance with the spirit of the times, destroyed John Damper's business, cutting in twain the extremities which supported it; his best workmen went to the new house for better wages and kinder treatment, and his best customers left him for better and cheaper goods, and Damper fell into the "Gazette;" and did he *then* regret his wanton hewing down of that pillar of prosperity, the firmest supporter of the falling—an affectionate wife? No: he regarded her still as the fatal axe which had stricken the tree of his life's success. It was his idiosyncrasy.

His property was sold. The day of his ejectment from his home happened on the fortieth anniversary of his wedding day. Strange chance, emblematic of that fate which ever moves along the under-current of human life. With the tenacity of humanity for familiar scenes—on that day John entered the counting-house in bitter and regretting misery, and stood resting his head upon his desk in lingering meditation, till the dark life-long bubbles which had haunted him, boiled into a burning surge of suicidal thought, terrifically beating against his better manhood.

The door moved softly upon its hinges, and like an angel of hope in the hour of trouble, his wife, she—the broken spirited—stood by his side, the rustling of her dress aroused, perhaps, saved him. Damper startled, his fists were clenched, his lips were livid with rage, and with voice of thunder, he said, "You! you here, who have brought this ruin upon me. Begone to your friends, to those who have supported and kept you away from your husband whilst on the very verge of ruin."

"I am here now when all have left you. That heaven, John, which in its omnipotence can save—can also extricate from ruin. While there is life, there is hope. I am that hope."

"Cant, woman! cant, I say; begone, and leave me ere you madden me. I hate you!"

"I—" and as the angry reply was midway between her lips, and her eyes were flashing with indignation, she glanced upon the little date-remembrancer which hung in the counting-house, indicating the date of the month. It was the representative of that recorded by her marriage register. She gazed for a moment, and her ireful flashes became softened, diluted with the gushings of heart-molten anguish; the history of her life was written in those figures; quickly as the thought of deity a glimmering of past happiness flashed through time, and the good monitor, memory, had done its work. The more than human, the *christian* woman, with forgetful forgivingness, in true and holy womanhood sank upon her knees. The quietest of all answerers, memory, had spoken, and wrath was turned from her gentle bosom, and pointing her spare finger at the remembrancer, emphatically, but with a voice of pain steeped in honey, uttered, "John, John, let's keep *it* holy for once." The angry man, the contemplating suicide, shook; his frame became convulsed—a burning fire was in his breast—and turning his eyes to where she pointed, he became wrapped in the spirit of the past; "the ought to have been," and the "might have been," even as dark outshadows light, stood out in beauteous relief, out-painting the wet blanketism of his vision with memory; he gazed at the remembrancer, and like a big dew-drop, a tear, one solitary tear started from his eye; it was the harbinger of hope sent from a reformed heart; the messenger of the great God of peace to his bosom; a shower followed, and he was relieved; he bent—those knees that were never bent before for that sacred purpose, now touched the ground; both husband and wife were kneeling; burning tears fell in silence from both commingling, distilling a vapour of love, a fit offering to the offended angel of content, who stood with his beauteous hand, moving film after film from John's hitherto diseased vision. "Kate, dear Kate!" he could say no more, his o'ercharged heart near burst.

"John, love me now;" those tones wrung from his long-soiled heart its black spots, leaving it pure as in his earliest childhood, ere the wet blanket had enwrapped it in its chilling folds.

The rush of new ideas from the fountains of hope were too much for Damper's weakened brain; the sickness of joy was upon him, and a long and severe brain fever succeeded to his second, but only real, wedding. His wife had taken him to a new and pretty home; whose, he knew not. For the first time in his manhood, John was dangerously ill; and now bereft of fortune and friends, and even prospects, he began to feel little dartings of hope pass through his troubled heart. His despondency had passed its climax, and he was re-naturalized; the newly-discovered knowledge that *his much injured wife was his only friend* having once beaten itself into his soul, pioneered the way for others. In grateful ignorance, much did he strain his mind to discover the friends who were supporting him in his forlornness; and when told it was his creditors—those who he had so often averred "never did something for nothing"—how his astonished heart beat, and in its vibrations shook heaps of prejudice from the wall which had so antagonistically guarded it from sympathy with his species. When John arose from that bed of illness, it was as a new man; he felt himself almost wafted along the streets, so inflated was his heart with his new spirit, gratitude. How could he longer live upon his kind friends? He must press upon them one more favour, viz., to procure him an engagement—the means of supporting his now beloved wife. What resolutions he made to look for and pick up every little particle of felicity; and, oh! how bitterly he felt now the misery of being childless; had but his noble-minded son been in existence, how he would have idolized him. How painfully vivid was the remembrance of the many times the cup of happiness had been held to his lips, and what torments of retribution he was now enduring for the wantonness with which he had ever dashed it from him; but the great teachers in the business of life, experience and suffering, were working his cure.

Shortly after his convalescence, John sat in his little breakfast parlour, awaiting the appearance of his wife; he had never felt so happy; he was about relieving his heart of an accumulation of gratitude, for that day he intended calling upon his unexpected creditor-friends, who his wife had insinuated had supported them both. With a light and merry step she entered the room, placing the little remembrancer on the table, but with the card turned *from* John.

"Kate," said the husband, "will you never be tired of that stupid little tell-tale?"

"Can I tire of that which has been the means of restoring to me, in the fall of life, the husband of my youth—the true *elixir vitæ*, love. Tire? John—and of that dear little phrenotypic which called up a sparkling of happy memories, and thrust two estranged hearts against each other with such providential suddenness, that the faults which obstructed their union fell from both, leaving the purer parts like meeting globules of quicksilver, to combine and become one holy one."

What a mine had John sprung for the first time in his old age. The Sacramento of his existence—the golden valley of life—was open before him, with an angel for a guide, in his wife. His heart was full; and so tenaciously did it hold its happy and new-born contents, that "thank Heaven" was all he could ejaculate; and John, notwithstanding his poverty, felt rich in manhood. Like a diamond set in clay, is hope or gratitude embedded in poverty.

"John," said his wife, breaking silence, "it is within a few minutes of ten o'clock. When the hour has reached its full, you shall look upon the bright side of that remembrancer, which has done so much towards exhibiting to you the bright side of life."

John was once more a child; his curiosity became painfully aroused. What new pleasure could be buried in the womb of time that could interest him? and never did speculator in the terrestrial gaming regions of Pluto hang with greater suspense over the turning of a card. The time elapsed, the card was turned; the sight made his brain dizzy. The tumultuous current flowed from his heart, filling its veinous canals to repletion. The big blue veins in his forehead became knotted with excitement, and he grasped the table for support. The 1st of June stood chronicled, nay, arrayed like a reproving fiend before him. The saddest epoch in his life, like a ghost from the tomb of the past, stood typical of an irretrievable loss before him in the bright daylight of his present. An avalanche of remembrances rushed over him; every nook in his breast, every action of his past life, attended by its motive power, as closely as is the electric fluid by its thunder, stood before him. For a moment he regarded his wife almost vindictively, as if undergoing a relapse; then suddenly uttered, "Great Heaven, Kate, Kate—why this wanton cruelty—why so painfully call to my memory the day upon which he was given me? Have I not suffered enough? Dead, dead! Oh! how bitterly I feel his loss in the remembrance of his birth. I do, Kate. Then taunt me not with his death. I—I know I have killed him. Now are you satisfied?" And the man, yet weak in his virtues because of their fresh newness, swooned.

The poor wife became alarmed. She had dragged him to the very brink of the steepest abyss of misery, that he might with the greater ecstasy gaze upon unexpected, unhoped-for happiness; but she feared for the result of her experiment, and in agonizing suspense hung over him, awaiting his return to reason. "John;" and the soft tones of her voice aroused him. His eyes wandered round the room, and he thickly uttered, "Where is he—dead, dead!"

"Thank Heaven, my dear husband, our poor boy——" "Is here," said a young man entering the room, grasping his father with both hands—"Here, to make you both once more prosperous, and, at last, happy." For a minute the man could not speak, but his heart leaped upon his tongue, and, with tears of joy rolling down his face, he uttered, "My boy, my boy! God bless you. I see it all, Kate, Kate; my new-made bride, you are an angel."

And if Time had laboured half a century for the express purpose of out-mastering its own productions, and producing a chef-d'œuvre of happy days for the ushering in of John's new existence, it could not more have out-happied happiness. John was inebriate with joy; he not only saw pleasure in everything and everybody, but he saw it all double. The rest of that day was devoted to explanations and the reiteration of explanations, and which we will now in a few words offer to the reader.

The old brewer, who had long witnessed the boy's sufferings, at last induced him to leave his parent, and adopted him as his own son. The young man became passionately attached to a young lady, a distant relative of his adopted parent, and, having Mr. Tubbs's sanction, they were about being united, but a few weeks prior to the appointed wedding-day the lady fell a victim to consumption, and young Damper solicited and received the permission of his old friend to assuage his heartfelt sorrow with travel. Unknown to the brewer, when abroad, the high-spirited young man joined a military expedition; and rumour, who invariably demonstrates events by the first rule in arithmetic, carried to his parents the account of his death. Shortly after the young man's departure from England, the brewer died suddenly, leaving him heir to his property, upon the receipt of which news young Damper returned to his native country, arriving shortly after the news of his own death had reached his parents. By way of surprise, he sent for his mother, and then, to his astonishment, heard of the derangement of his parent's affairs. His mother, who had been parted from her husband some time, he established in a house of her own, in which he lived, and together they watched with pain the progress of Damper's commercial downfall, permitting it to proceed, with the hope that sad experience would prove his mental cure. The result has been shown. The realization of that dread which had been the curse of his life (the fear of poverty) had made him a better man. That universal pass-key of sympathy—assimilation of suffering—had opened his heart; and in the very nick of time, when he had become enabled to appreciate enjoyment, it became his own; for an hour after his restoration to his son, the latter presented him with a full and honourable release from all his liabilities. He had bought them up. And with "John Damper," old age and happy associations proved the fallacy of the foolish doctrine of universal selfishness. God sends the human being as fresh and pure in its speciality from his hands as he does the young plants; and the whiter the wax that has to be formed, the greater the probability of its being soiled by the hands of its "workers up." Remember this, ye parents and guardians, ye artificers in infant human clay, that every touch of your hands makes an impression; therefore, beware that ye make no impression which you would not have stand in bold relief during the whole of its future existence. And, further, remember that the physician lives not who can prove the most deadly disease, in its worst stages, to be beyond the curative power of that Being who in his mercy first instilled into the human mind that consolatory maxim, that "While there's life there's hope."

WILLIAM DALTON.

I'VE SELDOM HAD MUCKLE.

I've seldom had muckle, I never had mair,
It's but little in this life that's fa'en to my share;
An' night after night I've gane weary to bed,
To dream o' the morrow's fresh cravings for bread.

An' those whose high duty it was to assist,
Hae turn'd on their heel, an' hae faulded their fist;
But time's passing on, an' it winna be lang
Till I'm call'd on to finish both journey an' sang.

O the beautiful earth, wi' its music an' flowers,
Wi' its green spreading valleys, an' sweet shady bowers,
Has been like a charm to my grief-burden'd heart,
For the friendship o' Nature will never depart.

An' when I'm at rest, and I carena how soon,
For come when it may, I'll bid welcome the boon,
Let me sleep where the wild flowers peacefully wave,
For what gladdens my life, I'd have hallow my grave.

W. C.

FACTS FROM THE COUNTY HISTORIES,

BY DUGDALE THE YOUNGER.

RUDDER'S GLOUCESTERSHIRE, AND DUGDALE'S WARWICKSHIRE.

LODOWICK GREVILLE.

It was the tide of Easter, and Master Lodowick Greville kept holiday at his Manor of Seisincote in Gloucestershire.

Through the day we speak of, many a black jack and many a flagon had been filled and emptied, for foresters have keen appetites, and sirloins make men thirsty. And now the night was come, the belfry clock

of this lone wooded grange had tolled the curfew perhaps an hour or more, when a man in the prime of life, athletic and broad-chested, clanked with heavy footsteps down the wide staircase. He gained the last step, his iron-heeled boots rang upon the pavement, he stopped abruptly, involuntarily clutched the sheathed woodman's knife stuck in his belt, and clasping his hands together, burst into a loud laugh, "Sudden and subtle, and all's well." "Tuwhoop, tuwhit, tuwhoo." The owl's cry startled him, he cast one timid glance at the opened casement of the oriel window, and then treading lightlier along the hall, paused before an oaken door at its extremity. Ere he lifted the latchet he paused to listen; then changing his demeanour into one of lofty command, he threw back the door, and entered a banqueting hall of no great size, but still fitting to entertain some score of sylvan revellers. There was an air of moulder and decay about the place, for Master Greville rarely visited this distant manor, saving it were to kill a warrantable stag in the woods of Seisincote, when venison failed him in his chace of Milcote in Warwickshire. The hall was some thirty feet in length, proportionately wide, paved with stone, and lighted on one side with three arched windows, rich in the stained heraldry of an early age. One end of the floor was elevated into a narrow dais or platform, above which was a window larger than the rest. A few faded banners, suits of heavy armour, and implements of the sylvan chase hung around the dark walls, upon which the ruddy flame from the piled faggots on the brand-iron flickered to and fro; for though it was spring-tide, the night was sufficiently chill and drear to warrant the glowing fire which burnt in the middle of the hall. The fragments of the night's meal still remained upon the table on the dais; though supper had been long ended at the two strong oaken tressels which stretched downward along the hall. Some half dozen ale-bibbers yet remained, two of whom sat apart dividing the contents of a flagon. These men were habited as foresters in jerkin and hose of green, each having a belt of rough leather to hold his hunting knife. The one was a man of giant frame and stature; upon him Greville's eye fell with a glance keen and searching; and bidding the other bibbers finish their flagon in the buttery, the master of Seisincote drew a stool near the brand-iron, and sitting down, talked with the two who had shared the flagon.

A flask of Rhenish stood at hand, this was sipped often; the master of Seisincote laughed to see the potency of wine drown the last hope of conscience. By-and-by their earnestness had purpose in it; for in order to rehearse the main matter of the tragedy at hand, the stout-limbed forester lay down before the glowing fire, making his pillow of a rough log, drawn from a heap, which was piled for fuel against the brand-iron; whilst Greville crouching down beside him, said with an earnest and absorbed attention. "Now go on, I'll play the part of priest."

"Oh! oh! Huncote in a cassock, eh! eh!" laughed the burly forester. "But here it is, master Greville. Thy prayers are comforting, good parson—indite my will—quickly—may God send my soul to heaven. I'm cold—and chill—and——"

"Do't in a fainter voice, Huncote," whispered Greville, "or else thou'lt betray the lusty knaveling that thou art. We're ready, master Web, how wilt dispose thy manors?"

"I—I—I—have no manors," groaned Huncote, feigning the voice of a dying and aged man, "seeing that I rent Draicote of good master Lodowick, whose father I served in my youth. But I have gold in the merchant's hands, in his of Lombard Street, one Thomas Gresham. I have seven thousand pounds at interest—and seeing that I have neither kith or kin, being a bachelor, I bequeath this and all other moneys unto master Lodowick Greville, my honoured master, whom I have loved from his youth upwards. These I give and bequeath, with all flocks, household stuff, corn in field and out of field; and unto his lady, dame Margaret Greville, my best tapestried bed, and my aunt, Jones's candle cup and silver basins, reserving only unto mine attorney at Banbury, the legacy of one hundred pounds for——"

"Not so," cried Greville, clutching the uplifted hands of him who played the sick man's part, "we'll have *all—all—all*——we'll have scrip and stone—twig and bit; dost think we'd do't for less?"

"Hands off," said Huncote, with a laugh, "thou art over-avaricious, master Greville. If thou killed a deer thou'd leave some carrion for the ravens. So this man must be larded with the sweepings of the feast, or——"

"Fifty I say, fifty pounds," muttered Greville, "let it be fifty, Huncote. We'll have the rest ourselves. That is to say I—I'll count the smiles they'll buy, the virtues they'll buy, the many sayings, such as 'here's good luck to you, rich master Greville.' This very fifty 'll buy what virtue couldn't. Men's good opinion, eh! eh! Come, ye've said enough, the belfry clock has gone twelve, and—and—come on—now."

The two men rose at his command. Lighting a lamp which stood ready, Greville led the way into the same hall we have before spoken of. Here the three stayed to listen. Finding all still, one by one they crept up the oaken staircase, suppressing even a whisper or a breath. They stole along a wide dilapidated gallery, Greville shading the lamp with his unbuttoned jerkin, that not a gleam of its flickering light should be observed through the windows that lit the gallery. Again they listened; they stood upon the threshold of a rough-hewn door; Greville's hand was upon the latch, when it was drawn back by Charke, the younger forester.

"I—I—cannot go in; there's a noise; there are footsteps; we shall be seen. I dare—I daren't!"

"It is too late for conscience," muttered Greville. "If I havn't nerve enough to kill the old man, I have to kill *thee*, thou craven—come on."

Thus saying, Greville griped the arm of the forester, lifted the latchet of the door, and, followed by Huncote, turned the rude key upon the inside. The three men now stood within a bedchamber of fair size, but rudely furnished, after the fashion of the time. The walls were covered with arras of common device, which poorly hung rustled to and fro; the floor was spread with rushes; whilst on the hearth still smouldered a few dying embers. An antique mirror, decked with peacocks' feathers, a cabinet, and ebony chairs, were the principal furniture, saving the lofty bed, around which fell tapestried curtains, wrought with the Chaucerian story of Arcite and his Love. The pale moonlight that fell through the high arched window dimly lit the bed, and setting down the lamp in a distant corner, master Greville approached it. The curtains were gently moved aside, and there, pillowed by that tranquil sleep which comes with second childhood, was lying an old man, whose time-worn face was pleasant withal, bespeaking a nature akin to the gentlest dove. Greville looked on for some few minutes; yet to *his* heart flowed no remorse, no compassion, no tittle of that humanity which leavens the common nature of all common men. No! that one old feeble man was the barrier between him and gold—a lock that shut him out from a feast of mammon. He was resolved. He drew back to where Huncote stood, and whispering said,

"Art ready?—the service waits!"

The old man moved: he muttered audibly in his sleep, "My own dear Lodowick—my little son—we'll ———"

Huncote crept upon the bed; in a moment more his limbs lay heavy upon the old man.

"Now—hast courage enough to shut his mouth?"

Charke bent forward; then drew back again, as if he had trodden upon a serpent; clutched Greville by the

arm, and mouthing some inaudible word, pointed to the window.

Greville looked; eyes peered on them and on their deed; he started, and was about to speak, when the delusion ended: "Tuwhoop—tuwhit—tuwhoo," echoed through the chamber.

"Good Lodowick, help—help—h-e-l-p."

"Gripe him."

Charke obeyed; the death-struggle was violent; but, at length, all was still. The old man's feeble hands were motionless; the last breath rattled in the throat; and Huncote with a laugh said,

"He's gone. The gold is yours."

"Done?—No—he stares at us; quick ——"

"Pshaw—he's ——"

"Shriven, you would say; cover him—and now his doublet—his purse—there's no fear. None—none."

"None whilst the purse is heavy."

* * * * * * * *

For two days previous to this eve, the news had been spread through the manor of Seisincote that master Web lay sick and near to death, so that it was a matter of no surprise to the curate of Seisincote to be called on to administer consolation, and attest the last will of the dying man. This was done in the fading light of the afternoon following Web's death, and Huncote personated the feeble and dying man so artfully, that suspicion cast no shadow.

* * * * * * * *

It was at the close of an April afternoon, in one of those sylvan glades that skirt the southern bank of the Avon, that a troop of horsemen rode leisurely along. Two of the men were foremost, whilst the rest kept pace with a heavy country wain, which rolled noiselessly over the green sward. The group, with their variety of dress and features, their busy talk, the loud hallo, at intervals, to a couple of leashed hounds, the jingle of spurs and bridles, gave life to the otherwise tranquil scene. It was a primitive forest-path, girt with budding and antique oaks, which might have borne leaf and bough at the Conquest, or seen the elder days of Cymbeline, and been then the pride of Arden. The setting sun now slanted through their boughs, showing here the tints of summer green, or there a clump of hollies, or the bark of the picturesque birch, and throwing into broad relief the murrey-coloured doublet and crimson mantle of him who rode foremost. His companion, a burly-looking forester, rode a pace or two behind, as if to mark distinction, though his free speech and bearing implied an unwonted familiarity between servant and master. Their conversation seemed to bear allusion to one who travelled in the rearward with the wain, for he who rode foremost turned often, to mark with hawk-like eye the distant company, or catch with greedy ear the scattered words which were audible at intervals.

Evening had closed around before the company had cleared the forest glade, when, bidding his companion to heed warily the tongue of Charke, and see that the cabinet held in the wain was conveyed to his privy chamber, master Greville (for it was he) set spurs to his horse, and entered a green lane which led into Milcote Park, where was situated Milcote Grange, or rather Mount Greville, a fair manor-house, built by master Lodowick himself. It stood some half-mile from the ancient Grange, now a ruin, and having gained license in the 9th of Queen Elizabeth, he had spent large sums in its uprearing and adornment. Upon this point his ambition had warred with his covetousness; he wished to be the wealthiest and greatest gentleman in that country side, and though possessed of fair manors in several counties, he had envied the riches of Web, and long plotted his murder.

Avoiding the darkened avenue of trees which led to the Grange, Greville struck into a narrow bridle-road, less shadowed, along which rippled a little runnel of water that welled from a spring hard by. As he neared this spring, round which some ancient Greville had built a stone-seat and swung a dipping-dish, the sound of voices caught his ear. As the voices were familiar to him, he reined in his horse and listened. In a moment or two a shrill and aged voice rose high and clear, echoing amidst the leafed woods around. A superstitious awe crept chilling to his heart; his clenched hand shook; his lip grew livid; the dawning power of Conscience smote his soul; for in that song he recognised the Legend of Milcote Pool.

Hallooing in his loudest voice, he spurred his horse, and in a moment or two checked it upon the green sward of the welling spring. There was light enough for him to see two women sitting upon the stone bench; nor did he remain long in doubt, for one of them moved quickly towards him, and clasping his hand, said,

"It is, it is you, dear Lodowick. The night was so clear that I threw on my wimple, and came hither, thinking that thou wouldst wend by this path."

"Thou art over kind, dame Margaret," answered Greville haughtily; "to be at home with thy children, methinks, were more fitting, than to keep company with every churl of Milcote."

"This is unkind, dear Greville," replied the wife; "the good mother came but to lade water from the spring. I did ask her to sing the legend; for oh! I have had a dream, and—but you tremble—art well?"

"Out, woman, dost think I am thy nurseling. I had hoped to have had my cup and my board ready, that thou mightst have drunk to the wealth I bring thee."

"Ah! dost bring a caudle cup? I dreamt that it was filled with blood, and that an owl stood upon the brim and dipped its beak within. This may be idle, but ——"

"Idle! sooth it were a pleasant riddle for ——; but out ——."

He thrust his wife forcibly from him, urged his horse forward, and soon reached the Grange. Hastily dismounting, he strode into a banqueting-hall, far richer and nobler than that of Seisincote. Some thirty retainers, from the steward to the verderer, were busy at their evening meal. A glance assured him that Charke and Huncote were safe, for a rough pasty stood before them; so lifting up a lighted lamp, he quitted the hall by a door which led to the more private chambers of the house.

It might be that his harshness smote his heart, when the dear care of Margaret came before his sight, in the thousand devices for his welcome heaped around their private chamber. The holiday arras of stamped velvet, the mirror in its frame of filigreed silver, the ebony seats decorated with rich needlework, the foreign vase with a few early flowers, the damask linen, and the silver on the open beaufet, spoke of a woman's love and care. The Heaven of the moment left him, and the Hell returned; he seized a wine-flask which stood upon the table, and lifted it to his lips. His draught was deep; ere it was ended an arm encircled his neck; it was Margaret's. Though past the prime of life, she was still beautiful; and as she clung to him, half in affection, half in fear, and sought to read his face, he quailed beneath her gaze; and conscience and avarice reigning again supreme, he pushed her aside with rude haste, and strode from the chamber. Pacing a wide court, unlocking a postern-door, and ascending a narrow spiral staircase, built within the thickness of the wall, Lodowick Greville gained his privy chamber. It was wainscoted with oak, lighted by one oriel, and furnished as a study or library, after the fashion of the time. He bore no lamp with him, but the moon had now risen sufficiently high and clear to send through the tinted panes a flood of holy light. He locked, thrice locked the door; the old man's cabinet stood before him; he dragged it towards the window; he laughed with a madman's laugh; he knelt; he was

alone; he was the sole guest at this unrighteous feast of Mammon. The key, taken from the dead man's doublet, turned in its wards; Greville's hand shook with haste; each antique bolt was withdrawn; he pressed forward and clutched a bundle of time-worn papers. *He* wanted not will or deed; he dashed such records to the floor. Another partition was opened; drawers were revealed; and lo! gold was before him. Aye! aye! *here* was the talisman to power; *here*, beyond all passing dreams; *here* were the minted riches which princes have, and people hope for; *here* was the dust which raises and depresses; *here* was the *thing* which *all* men laud in the secret heart—to which Honour stoops, and to which, as to a Creator, men bow with an idolatrous knee. Ha! ha! the line of Greville would not have to ask, or sue, but as proprietary lords seek the court, not only richly plumed but with a score of retainers, and not in dilapidated suit or rusty beggary. Yes! yes! perhaps as knighted Sir Lodowicks, look askance on plebeians, and unglove to princes. Oh! oh! what wisdom in sending an old man to his rest, and, as an opiate to stray tears, rid him of the dust that could no longer serve. Ha! ha! here was the veritable coin; not to be prayed for, not to be toiled for, not to be hoped for—but visible, present, and seen.

The moonlight flickered on the polished floor—there is illusion in all things on which so fair a lamp shines. He spread each coin upon the floor. Ha! ha! it should be a DANCE OF GOLD—a floor paved as in oriental fable. He piled it high—higher. The minted faces of Tudor and Plantagenet were heaped in the hoard of the dead, and Lodowick Greville was the master. He sat upon the floor side by side with Mammon, forgetting the Past, dreaming only of the Future. The moon grew brighter; it lighted anew the floor. Greville's eyes wandered; they fell upon a narrow parchment; he looked nearer—his own name was written there. He snatched the parchment; he held it to the light; he read (Heaven bides her time and hour) the gold for which he was a MURDERER was his OWN—bequeathed by the very hand and heart whose blood now cried to Heaven.

The feast of Mammon was over—the gold was turned to blood; it rolled before him in one sanguine stream; the piteous cry of the old man knelled in his ears, and, awed by fear and remorse, Lodowick Greville covered his face with his hands, and, touched by the feelings of our common nature, wept tears such as few men shed.

* * * * * * * * *

Summer waned, and one more autumn strewed with russet tints the glades of Arden. The rudest hind in Milcote was happier than the lord of it, who, amidst feast and revelry, walked the earth accursed.

Would you read a man's heart, watch his sleep. The silent lip will reveal what the tongue were wise enough not to blab. Ambition in the muttered speech, overreaching cunning in the sneer, fear in the clenched hand and broken rest, whilst gentle breath and passive sleep are indexes of the soul within. So master Greville played the part of a happy man by day—by night the hell within was visible and seen.

At length it came to Greville's ear that Charke, who had been an object of suspicion from the first, had, upon a late journey to Stratford, boasted over a too often filled flagon, that he knew *that* which would hang the master of Milcote. This was enough; in the deepest glade of Milcote, the night after, an arrow from the shaft of Huncote silenced for ever the tongue of the vacillating and weaker villain. But that same night, the wages of the double sin were weighed in the scales of Avarice by the tempter, and in those of Extortion by the tempted. They quarrelled, and in the spirit of revenge, the body of Charke was cast deep within Milcote Pool, the very thing that Greville so dreaded, as bringing to bear the ancient legend which had been sung by the dripping spring.

Some two weeks were gone by. There was feasting and jollity, for it was the anniversary of Margaret's wedding-day. Greville laughed long and loudest; but men too often do so, when joy is least!

"We'll drink to the honest memory of Roger Web," said the attorney of Banbury, raising his cup.

"Ye-e-e-s, we will."

"Master Greville," said the cellarer, as he approached to fill his master's cup with a new flask of beaded Rhenish, "the under ranger is now from Milcote; he says poor Phil is found. God save us—a murdered man——"

"You lie—where—where," exclaimed Greville, starting from his seat with blanched face and fixed eyes.

"Murdered; his body floated upon Milcote Pool. Heaven, Sir, is good to bring so foul a secret from the deep."

"Good—you lie: he dropped in. He wasn't murdered."

"Strange," whispered all the guests.

"Drink friends, drink merrily," cried Greville, forcing a hollow laugh which rang through the hall, "knavelings bring strange tales. I must see if this be true." As he left the hall he turned—he saw all eyes upon him, and among them those of Margaret.

Gaining his privy chamber he gave way to a paroxysm of despair. Should he die by his own hand, or should he brave the worst? No! he held life dear. He would bribe Huncote again and again. Ah! ah! bribe him to die a dog's death alone, and save *him*, honoured master Greville.

He unlocked the cabinet. Yes, in the very moment of despair he could turn to mammon and worship. A hand was heard upon the door, he turned and beheld the ranger.

"Nice pastime, master Greville. Death and Gold seem here to go together."

"Here, feast in it—take it—wallow in't—have it *all*—*all*—so that thou wilt save me. *We* shall be safe, and——"

"*We*," muttered Huncote, "answer for yourself, master Lodowick. Hark ye; you played the niggard in a wrong hour, and I have made an old wife's story true."

"But I will pawn whole manors, if thou wilt save me. By the honour of a Greville I will."

"Honour, faugh! We take our passport together."

"But, I will crawl—fawn—lick—kiss, if thou wilt save me; is there no hope?"

"None, I'm not in a humour to hang alone. I want company."

"Ah? then here's for 't." With a fierce cry Greville sprang upon the ranger; but the giant-framed forester received the shock, as he would have done the fall of a leaf. He pushed Greville aside, and in a voice of thunder cried,

"Men, the murderer is ready."

The door was thrown back, and with a mortal agony the lord of fair Mount Greville beheld the constables of Stratford upon Avon.

"Tis false—tis false."

"That has to be proved. Jocelin Huncote has been our prisoner since noon. Thy very words condemn thee, master Greville; for to them we have been purposed listeners. Come on!"

Margaret still sat motionless at the board. There was a breathless pause. Feet clanked upon the stone flooring; a crowd moved up the hall, and upon his very hearthstone, Lodowick Greville stood branded as a murderer.

"God is very merciful, and bides his time," said an aged woman, pressing forward. "The blight of evil fortune is upon thee and thine, for in thee the Legend of Milcote Pool is come to pass.

"Ah, ah," cried many voices, "the one that when a corpse floated on its waters, a halter would be ready for a Greville. And hark, the very night owl whoops to tell thee so."

"Tuwhoop, tuwhit, tuwhoo."

"Ay! there he is, to tell thee of thy winding sheet."

Finis coronat opus; the end crowns the work. As many old books say, master Lodowick Greville "stood mute upon his trial," so that by the right of an old Norman law his estate might not be forfeited to the crown. But after his execution at Warwick, prosperity continued no longer to shine upon his race, and at the end of the second generation, the manors of Milcote in Warwickshire, and Seisincote in Gloucestershire, passed into alien hands; and little now remains of Mount Greville, beyond some mouldering stones, and the hoar tradition of an evil done.

THE QUIET HOUR.

LISTEN, listen, sounds are stealing
Tiptoe on the balmy air;
Eve, her rainbow robe revealing,
Blushes through the twilight fair
Whilst dreamy voices, touch'd with Pleasure's pain,
Hum their sweet incense through the yearning brain.

Listen, listen, streams are singing
Down amid the amber glade;
Fairies perfumed bells are ringing,
The night-bird trills from out the shade:
Shall not our silent souls awake to move
In unison, when all around is love?

T. J. OUSELEY.

SIMPLES, AND THEIR SUPERSTITIONS, &c.

IN our last paper, on this antiquated theme, we set before our readers some of the delights with which the occupation abounded—delights springing up within and without, from the practice of kind actions, which have a balance with our better angel; and from the pure knowledge which a study of the art produced; in making every wayside reminiscent of floral history, and of associations rich in pious tradition and poetic lore. It is not the least curious part of our subject, by the way, to trace how, from the very earliest ages to, comparatively speaking, modern ones; from scriptural times to those of Achilles and the centaur Chiron, and thence from Druidism to Catholicism, religion has directly blended itself with the curative art. In our own country the Druids, borrowing the mysticism of the East, "confined the knowledge of medicine to the priests, who attributed whatever relief they afforded to divine inspiration," a practice closely followed by the monks and friars who succeeded them; while the early books of the Old Testament show that the same state of things existed under the ancient Hebrew policy; and the practice of the primal Christians, its continuance. Under all these varying phases plants bore a conspicuous part; and, from the trial-ashes on the Jewish altars, to the cinerated misletoe on those of the Druids, and the burnt palm-boughs annually scattered from those of Catholicism, were doubtless progressive offsprings of a common type. Hence the mixture of magic, religious superstition, and charlatanry, that has mingled so profusely with the remedial faculty, rendering it, even to our own times, the widest field for empiricism. The mystery with which learning in bygone days enveloped her occult studies, and blinded the understandings of the vulgar, affected all departments of it, and left it difficult indeed to separate the facts of experience from the leaven of tradition; and even the sun-burst of the Reformation could not at once absorb the thick clouds of ignorance which obstructed the dawn of science, and particularly this interesting and important branch of it. When we know that, in this enlightened nineteenth century, the belief in charms and horrid nostrums is not wholly abolished, how shall we wonder at the absurd "carmina" of quackery, or the curious spirit with which some of the fair Galenists of centuries back elaborated their experiments when, passing from herbal simplicity, they adventured the most singular and expensive compounds? My lady Kent's powder, for instance, with its crabs' eyes, and amber, red coral, musk and pearls, hartshorn, bezoar, crystals, and wolfsbane; all levigated with citron-juice and rose-water, tinted with saffron, and made up with the jelly of vipers'-skins. The current belief in the sympathy of substances and the signature of plants, led naturally enough to those extraordinary essays; and accordingly we find no end of curious and extravagant preparations, the really useful components of which are masked in a crowd of unnecessary ones. The Countess of Kent's recipe is but a type of many others, and the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh's confection not a pearl less expensive than her ladyship's powder. For whimsicality, however, (and there seems a competition in it about some of the prescriptions,) commend us to the "sympathetic liniment," supposed to cure wounds by being merely applied to the weapon which had caused them, and consisting, with the addition of fine bole, and the simple oils of linseed and roses, of human fat, powder of mummyman's blood, and moss from the skull of one killed by violence! What more horrible compound could be imagined? There is a scent of witchcraft about it, worthy of Hecate and the three weird sisters, whose "charmed pot" scarcely contained items more hideous; yet, such was the faith or infatuation of the period, that both Sir Kenelm Digby and the Irish empiric Greatrakes, are said to have effected cures with it. Let not modern wisdom, however, laugh at the folly of its forefathers, when we find in a newspaper of 1847 an account of a woman swallowing a human skull, powdered and mixed in treacle, in occasional doses as an antidote for epilepsy. Even this, disgusting as it seems, dwindles into the comparative indifference of a dose of ordinary bone-dust, beside the brutal expedient of tearing the heart from a black hen while living, to roast and powder it for a similar purpose; or dividing, alive, a snow-white pigeon, to bind the separated halves to the feet of a patient suffering from the same formidable disease: both these last atrocious experiments have been perpetrated to our own knowledge within the last few years, the one at a little village in Essex, not twenty miles from the metropolis, the other in an interior hamlet of Kent; the actors being in both cases, we need hardly say (for credulity is the twin of ignorance), persons as humble in capacity as circumstances. But to return from these "modern instances" to the costly and whimsical prescriptions we were just now quoting, we find, amongst many others pleasant to read of at this lapse of time, all redolent as they are with the faded fragrance of musk and civet, a balsam, composed of cephalic herbs, rich spices, ambergris, and balm of Gilead, which it was the fashion for superannuants to carry in their cane heads, and little ivory boxes, to smell to *against paralysis* and all distempers of the head; but Doctor Quincy, in 1782, complains that it is giving way to more modish contrivances. There is an air of decrepit beauishness—of antique dandyism about this recipe, that reminds us of the old Duke of Queensbury, fresh from his milk bath, seated under his parasol in summer time, or with his hands in his muff in winter, in the balcony of his house in Piccadilly; and yet more of the pouncet-box and older affectation of Hotspur's "certain lord." But we have wandered wide of our subject, and must retrace our steps through gardens and field-paths to regain it. Not to lose an atom, however, of the information gained by the way, it is curious to note the appearance which London presents in the Elder Herbalists' descriptions of the whereabout of different plants. One tells us that English liquorice, much superior to that which we import, flou-

rishes exceedingly in the fields in the neighbourhood of Wellclose Square and Whitechapel. Loosestrife gladdened the ditches at Lambeth with its tall purple spikes, and parsley-piert and bucks-horn plaintain grew plentifully in Tuttle Fields, by Westminster. The sad green leaves and yellow flowers of winter-rocket, were to be found "particularly in the next pasture to the Conduit Head, behind Gray's Inn, that brings water to Mr. Lamb's conduit, in Holbourn;" and wild clary or Christ's-eye, and white saxifrage, were also common in this neighbourhood. Star-thistle, we are told, grew plentifully in many parts of London, but especially at Mile End Green and in Finsbury Fields, beyond the windmills; and what is equivalent to saying that the grass grew there, we find mithridate mustard running wild in the "streets of Peckham, on Surrey side." Burnet abounded in the vicinity of town, especially in the meadows by Pancras Church, and near a "causey-side" in the middle of a field at Paddington. While "langue-de-beef," as old Culpeper calls it, or "yellow bugloss," flourished by the ditch sides at Rotherhithe, and lilies of the valley tented their scented flowers, like "little bells with turned edges," amidst the rocky glades of Hampstead Heath. We might in this way spread out a flowery chart of London as it appeared little more than a century ago, and depict its geography by its indigenous produce. But enough has been said to lead the eye of the *habitué* back upon the waste places, green fields, and water-courses, which even thus lately interspersed the city, connecting it by verdant links to the suburbs; and leaving, as it were, tastes of rurality gradually extinguished by the growth of wealth and numbers. Another interesting branch of our subject, and one open to immense amplification, is the legends and traditionary lore attached to the study of simples, and which, transmitted with them from the east, by monks and pilgrims, became subsequently ingrafted on their own faith or fancies respecting them, and handed down from generation to generation, along with the less apocryphal virtues of the plants; and as the belief in astrological influences blended with the physician's art, long after the dawn of the eighteenth century, the mythological dedications of old Greece and Egypt continue scarcely altered even in name. The plants sacred to Apollo were, according to their farrago, herbs of the sun; the moon ruled those which, under whatever name Diana had been worshipped, were consecrated to her; and the astral Venus remained lady of such as had been dedicated to her in the days of her divinity. In the church, however (as we before said), these dedications were exchanged for more canonical ones; the Virgin superseded Aphrodite, and all the saints in the calendar shared amongst them the votive catalogue of plants reserved in pagan times for the Olympics. The antipathy presumed to exist between certain of these planetary influences, made the ground-work of many curious hypotheses. Ivy, being under Saturn, was opposed to the vine, of which Venus was the patroness, and in consequence, destroyed its results. Cato says, that wine could not be retained in a cup made of ivy-wood, by reason of this antipathy; and Culpeper recommends the bruised leaves as an antidote for a surfeit of wine. Perhaps it was in this sense typically borne at the feasts of Bacchus, where it is related in Maccabees, the Jews were compelled to carry branches of ivy. The baytree, sacred to Phœbus since the days of Daphne, was supposed to resist "witchcraft very potently," insomuch that according to Mizaldus, neither witch or devil, thunder or lightning, could hurt a man where it grew. The misletoe, precious as in the days when white-robed Druids divided with a golden knife its pendent branches, and received them in snowy cloths, that they might not be defiled by touching earth, was fastened round the neck as an amulet against the falling sickness; and the root of peony worn in the same manner, was supposed to prevent nightmare, and to cure convulsions in children. The blue-eyed "vinca," or periwinkle, gentle as Venus herself, if coldness came between man and wife, had a charm in its leaves, which being eaten by them together, brought back love. Oh, if it still retained this power, and it were known, how many would take it from the woods to plant it tenderly around their homesteads? Even sadness had its antidote in these days, and the root of the melancholy thistle borne about one, was said to cure all superfluous fear, care, and sorrow. It was worth while to have been a simpler then to have had faith in such sweet superstitions! The branches of the holm or hulver-bush were supposed to protect houses from lightning, and men from witchcraft, just as houseleek to this day is planted in the thatch of Irish cabins, with the impression that it will prevent or extinguish fire. But amongst these pleasant beliefs there were some of a different character. Burglars had no occasion for skeleton-keys, crowbars, or poisoned meats wherewith to still the dogs; hound's-tongue laid under the feet, effectually preventing their barking, while moon-wort opened locks and unshod horses, an effect very gravely urged by the author of the "English Physician," who had heard commanders say, that at White Down, near Tiverton, in Devonshire, "there were found thirty horse-shoes pulled off from the Earl of Essex his horses, being there drawn up in a body; many of them being newly shod, and no reason known, which caused much admiration;" but, he adds, significantly, that "this herb generally grows upon heaths." Basil was another plant of sinister reputation, capable of producing venomous beasts, if placed in a hot-bed for the purpose; and Hillrius, a French physician (a native of Gascony, we should presume), "affirms upon his own knowledge, that an acquaintance of his, by common smelling to it, had a scorpion bred in his brain." We might multiply such legends "ad libitum," but we merely quote them, to show through what thick darkness the students of our subject struggled to the light. Now, however, that the mysteries of tradition are no more, when a child may sit "under blue night-shade bowers" without fear of witchcraft or bite of scorpion, it would be a sweet task to resuscitate the long neglected art, and render it a source of usefulness and amusement.

C. A. White.

Notices of New Works.

Lays and Legends of Fairy Land. By Joseph Edwards Carpenter. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Mr. Carpenter is so well and favourably known to the musical public in connection with numerous ballads, that he may entrust this collection of "Lays and Legends of Fairy Land" with perfect confidence to his admirers, secure of a welcome in many a poetical niche. Among the superstitions here set forth in "numbers sweet and even," "The Warning Voice" of the Welch may claim affinity with the Banshee of the Irish. This superstition is comparatively but little known we cannot, therefore, do better than transcribe it here.

THE WARNING VOICE.

"In Wales, every Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, the relatives of the departed are busy whitewashing the head and foot-stones, and planting flowers on the graves; they also listen at the churchyard in the dark, when they sometimes fancy they hear the names of those who are destined to join their lost relatives called from the tomb."

Hark! a voice from the grave is calling,
Its low soft tones I hear;
'Mid the sound of dead leaves falling,
It comes on my startled ear;

And I fancy that voice hath spoken
A name that I loved too well;
And I know by that fatal token,
She is bound by a Fairy-spell!
For that voice from the grave comes never,
With its warning so low and clear;
But it calls from the world for ever
Some form we have once held dear.

I have planted that clay-cold dwelling
With the flow'rs of the early spring;
And already the tale they're telling,
But sorrow and care must bring;
As a star that e'er shone out brightly,
A bud that I cherish'd well,
Her name has been murmur'd nightly
From the grave where her fathers dwell!
And that voice from the grave comes never,
With its warning so low and clear;
But it calls from the world for ever,
Some form we have loved most dear.

From the Lays we select the following, heartily wishing that by some stereotype process it could at a glance be conveyed from these pages to the minds of their readers.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow,
Give me the man who'll say,
That, when a good deed's to be done,
"Let's do the deed to-day."
We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of a past that comes too late

Don't tell me of to-morrow,
There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty,
Who the future can foretell,
Then, why put off till to-morrow,
What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow,
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do,
We cannot do at last;
To-day it is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

There is sound philosophy in "The Common Path," none the less valuable that it conveys a principle already beginning to be understood and appreciated. The days of permitted vagaries to genius are fast passing away. The recognition of life as a stern and earnest fact, only the more stern and earnest to the gifted above their brethren, is rapidly superseding the abuse of intellectual excellence with which the past teems. We may yet hope that to be *great* and *good* will become synonymous terms. In the mean time, prosperity to all poets and teachers, who hedge round the rising generation with noble principles in a terse and agreeable form.

THE COMMON PATH.

Do not despise the common path
Your fellow-creatures tread,
Who strive, by honest toil, to earn,
At least, their daily bread;
But, rather, shed upon its gloom
What ray of light you may,
Remembering that a flower may bloom
Upon the common way!

Do not avoid the common path,
For, if your deeds be good,
'Tis there, amid the very throng,
They best are understood;
There is no secret road to fame
By fraud or folly led,
The wide highways of nature are
The paths for *men* to tread.

Do not forsake the common path
If fame, at last, be thine;
The sun itself would fade without
A world on which to shine:
The glory of a noble mind
Is not itself alone,
But in the oft-reflected light
Emitted from its own!

Do not abuse the common path,
Though much within it lies
Of ill, that might be far removed
Away from human eyes.
The brightest flower that buds and blows
From rankest soil may spring;
The spirit that the highest soars
Be longest on the wing.

Do not disown the common path;
Look back to history's page,
And see from whence the mighty sprung,
Whose names in it engage:
The common path hath given us all
The names of fame and worth;
For men are born to *make* their way
Upon the common earth.

Do not disdain the common path,
For "onward" is the way;
The loiterers only sink beneath
The troubles of the day.
The common path is rife with good,
Nor, need we there repine,
If we're but known and understood—
The common path be mine!

One more extract to which the heart of many a parted friend will respond, attesting the truth and tenderness of the sentiment, and we have done.

IN DREAMS THOU'RT WITH ME STILL.

Thou art not with me when I tread
The forest path at eve,
Where the full branches over head,
Their fragrant garlands weave;
Yet all things in my lonely walk,
The stream, the flowers, the tree,
The very birds but seem to talk
In gentle strains of thee!
And when in midnight's gentle gloom
Sweet sleep mine eyelids fill,
I see thee in my curtain'd room,
In dreams thou'rt with me still!

Thou art not with me, yet I feel
Thy presence when I go,
Where the pale moon-beams all reveal
Our wanderings long ago;
And when the song-bird fills the air,
Thy voice seems sweet and clear,
For memory has such power, that there
I fancy *thou* art near;
Until the midnight's darker gloom
My wearied eyelids fill,
And *then* within my curtain'd room
In *dreams* thou'rt with me still.

To perpetuate by meditation the remembrance of woe, is to embalm a viper that has stung you.

A FEW WORDS ON GOLD FISHES.

We are always in the right path when cultivating a nearer acquaintance with Nature; and whether we find delight in domestic floriculture—in nursing useful vegetables and herbs—in tying up the fragrant honeysuckle, that trails its summer blossoms round our cottage porch—or in carefully tending a glass bowl of gold fishes, there is a continual joy for all who cling to the beautiful; and the soul-ennobling voice of Nature will ever speak in musical tones, to the ear of her patient listener. As an ornament and graceful link of beauty in the adornments of a cottage parlour, a neat globe of gold fishes seems to be associated with our pleasant fancies of pleasant things and happy homes. It is now more than a century since Thomas Gray wrote his "Ode on the death of a favourite Cat, drowned in a tub of Gold Fishes;" but one descriptive verse retains its hold on our memory whenever we see the golden gentles with their transparent fins:—

> "Still had she gaz'd, but, midst the tide,
> Two angel forms were seen to glide,
> The Genii of the stream;
> Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
> Through richest purple to the view
> Betray'd a golden gleam."

So many are the modes of treating gold fishes, that it seems useless for us to set up any rule for feeding and preserving them, more than what discretionary ability and experience may suggest. Great care should be used in taking them out of the bowl, that their fins are not damaged; for by them the fish balances itself in the water, and keeps its back upwards—by the tail it moves forward. The larger silken-threaded fins, when once broken, injure the animal for some time, and, indeed, too often is the cause of death. These beautifully-coated creatures of the finny tribe, are the *Cyprinus Auratus* of Linnæus, and belong to the *carp* variety. They are not, as some people have asserted, indigenous to this kingdom, but were brought from China and Japan about two hundred years ago. Among the most strange notions of cultivating a knowledge of the habits of the finny foreigners, is to place them in a most unnatural position, with a bird in the hollow centre of the bowl or globe; it may be called a fanciful way, it is certainly anything but natural. Too much care cannot be exercised in changing the water, and which will be all the better without a varied mineral impregnation. A net (and not the naked hand) should be used for this purpose. If the fishes have a relish for crumbs of bread, these should be given at regular periods, and the water changed before the bread has been in long enough to sour it, or this may be fatally poisonous. Opinions vary concerning the aliment of gold fishes; however, it is certain, that they will consume bread with apparent greediness; and we know instances where they have been fed in large ponds for years, without any (seeming) bad results. Now when confined within the limits of a glass bowl, they should have their water cleared as often as possible, and they would be all the better to be removed into a larger vessel every night. The whole of the *carp* tribe have a dislike to unpleasant waters; they congregate most in clear runlets that have been long undisturbed, and particularly such as abound with aquatic plants. Indeed, to such as delight in the golden beauties, we would advise a consideration of the peculiar formation of the fish for breathing. An ingenious writer tells us, "that the water sucked in by the mouth and vented by the gills, contributes a minute portion of air, but enough to keep up the circulation of the blood, and maintain life; if we were to tie up the gills, the fish would be immediately suffocated." Hence, the necessity that we never allow the water to remain until it is muddy. When they become black, it is indicative of their spawning-time, and they should be placed in a larger vessel of wood or stone for a time; when this is not done, for want of room the fishes are lost, and are (by many) ignorantly supposed to have been black with disease. The glass fish-bowl, is not, as formerly, the sole property of the rich, the ornament of the pillared hall alone; no, we can now find it standing among the geraniums, the fuchsias, the crysanthemums, and the verbenas, that grace the cottage window of the provident and tasteful operative; such a picture is no despisable index to the page of intellectual progression, it is of the True, the Happy, and the Bountiful.

Leodiensis.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

There are two points in which it is seldom equalled, never excelled—the classic chasteness and delicacy of the features, and the smallness and exquisite symmetry of the extremities. In the latter respect, particularly, the American ladies are singularly fortunate. I have seldom seen one, delicately brought up, who had not a fine hand. The feet are also generally very small and exquisitely moulded, particularly those of a Maryland girl; who, well aware of their attractiveness, has a thousand little coquettish ways of her own of temptingly exhibiting them. That in which the American women are most deficient is roundness of figure. But it is a mistake to suppose that well-rounded forms are not to be found in America. Whilst this is the characteristic of English beauty, it is not so prominent a feature in America. In New England, in the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and in the central valley of Virginia, the female form is, generally speaking, as well rounded and developed as it is here: whilst a New England complexion is, in nine cases out of ten, a match for an English one. This, however, cannot be said of the American women as a class. They are, in the majority of cases, over-delicate and languid; a defect chiefly superinduced by their want of exercise. An English girl will go through as much exercise in a forenoon, without dreaming of fatigue, as an American will in a day, and be overcome by the exertion. It is also true, that American is more evanescent than English beauty, particularly in the south, where it seems to fade ere it has well bloomed. But it is much more lasting in the north and north-east: a remark which will apply to the whole region north of the Potomac, and east of the lakes; and I have known instances of Philadelphia beauty as lovely and enduring as any that our own hardy climate can produce.—*Mackay's Western World.*

A HOME TYRANT.

Fastidiousness is a dreadful weapon of domestic tyranny. Many a household can tell the grinding power of a selfishness which disguises itself under the form of delicacy of tastes and habits. Many are the tears of vexation, anxiety, mortification, and disappointment, occasioned by the unfeeling temper and inconsiderate exactions which are the legitimate fruit of undue attention to personal comfort. One must be little observant of what is about him, if he have not sometimes been driven by the ingenious requisitions of the self-indulgent, to wish that the hair-shirt, the pulse-and-water, and the flinty bed of the anchorite could be tried for the reformation of such. Providence seems often to discipline these people by increasing the sensitiveness they have voluntarily induced or cherished, until it becomes a tormenting want which nothing in nature is capable of allaying. They are crushed by the gods their own hands have set up.—*Mrs. Kirkland.*

THE HOLY WELL.

It is not generally known that the tavern in Holywell Street, Strand, London, known by the sign of "The Old Dog," is raised on the site of the "celebrated Holy Well," from which the street derives its name. Fitz-stephen mentions this well in 1660, as being "famous and frequented by the scholars and youths of the City, when they walked forth to take the air," and Stowe alludes to it as "being much decayed and spoiled with rubbish, purposely laid there for the heightening of the ground for garden plots." The coffee-room, at the tavern above-mentioned, is supposed to be built immediately over the spring. The following lines were prompted by the interesting remembrance which forms one of the many thousand poetic legends connected with our modern Babylon.

They say, three hundred years ago,
The cold, pure water used to flow
From a gurgling fount, with trees around,
Where "The Old Dog" Tavern may now be found.
They say it was a wondrous spot,
And the "Chronicles" keep it unforgot;
For the pages of History often dwell
On the storied fame of the "Holy Well."

I can see the place as it was of yore,
When its crystal riches would ripple and pour
From a fountain channel, fresh and dank,
Mid flowering rush and grassy bank;
When the pale cheek left the City wall,
And the courtier fled the palace hall,
To seek the peaceful shadows that fell
On the waters of the "Holy Well."

The scholar sat on some old grey stone,
Where the ivy was thick and the moss had grown,
And he conned his book, while the gentle tide
Came softly bubbling up at his side.
Plighted lovers went wandering there,
Blending their sighs with the twilight air;
And many a warm lip stooped to tell
Its first romance by the "Holy Well."

Sweet birds came to plume their wing,
And lave their beak in the healing spring;
And gorgeous butterflies stopped to play
About the place on a sultry day.
Folks came from the east, and came from the west,
To take at that fountain health and rest;
From the north and the south they came to dwell
By the far-famed stream of the "Holy Well."

Oh, a goodly site was the old place then,
When the waters were sought by the Red Cross men;
When the brave Knights Templars there were seen,
With their "hostelrie" gay on the field of green;
When the famished pilgrim lingered there,
Blessing the draught with a grateful prayer,
As his cockle hat and scallop shell
Were thrown aside at the "Holy Well."

And now we see in the busy street
A "hostelrie" where men do meet;
Though they wear no symbol red-cross bands,
And draw no steel with their strong right hands.
For many a year there has been no trace
Of the legend lore that marks the place;
No stranger dreams of the verdant dell
That was famed afar for its "Holy Well."

Close and narrow that place is now,
Where the beautiful water used to flow;
But those who will may go and see
Where the waters sprung up—pure and free.
On the mouth of the tide they may lightly tread,
As they would on the graves of the honoured dead
At the sign of "The Old Dog" gossips still tell
Rare things of the ancient "Holy Well."

Ah, many among us, like this old place,
Exist in the world without a trace
Of the exquisite truth and goodly power,
That filled our spirits in Life's young hour.
Time has choked up the magical spring
With the burthens that Trouble and Toil e'er bring,
Yet we turn with joy to let Memory tell
Of the days when our heart was a "Holy Well."

ELIZA COOK.

SELF-HELP.

CAN we not learn the lesson of self-help? Society is full of infirm people, who incessantly summon others to serve them. They contrive everywhere to exhaust, for their single comfort, the entire means and appliances of that luxury to which our invention has yet attained. Sofas, ottomans, stoves, wine, game-fowls, spices, perfumes, rides, the theatre, entertainments; all these they want, they need, and whatever can be suggested more than these, they crave also, as if it were the bread which should keep them from starving; and if they miss any one, they represent themselves as the most wronged and most wretched persons on earth. One must have been born and bred with them to know how to prepare a meal for their learned stomach. Meantime, they never bestir themselves to serve another person—not they! they have a great deal more to do for themselves than they can possibly perform; nor do they once perceive the cruel joke of their lives, but the more odious they grow, the sharper is the tone of their complaining and craving. Can anything be so elegant as to have few wants, and to serve them one's-self, so as to have somewhat left to give, instead of being always prompt to grasp? It is more elegant to answer one's own needs, than to be richly served; inelegant, perhaps, it may look to day, and to a few, but it is an elegance for ever and to all.

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